THE

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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

VOL. XIX

MAY, 1902, TO OCTOBER, 1902, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
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1902

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIX.

MAY, 1902—OCTOBER, 1902.

FRONTISPIECES.

ARTICLES.

DEPARTMENTS AND SPECIALTIES.

FICTION.

POETRY.

UFFALO HUNTING, by John Innes
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE

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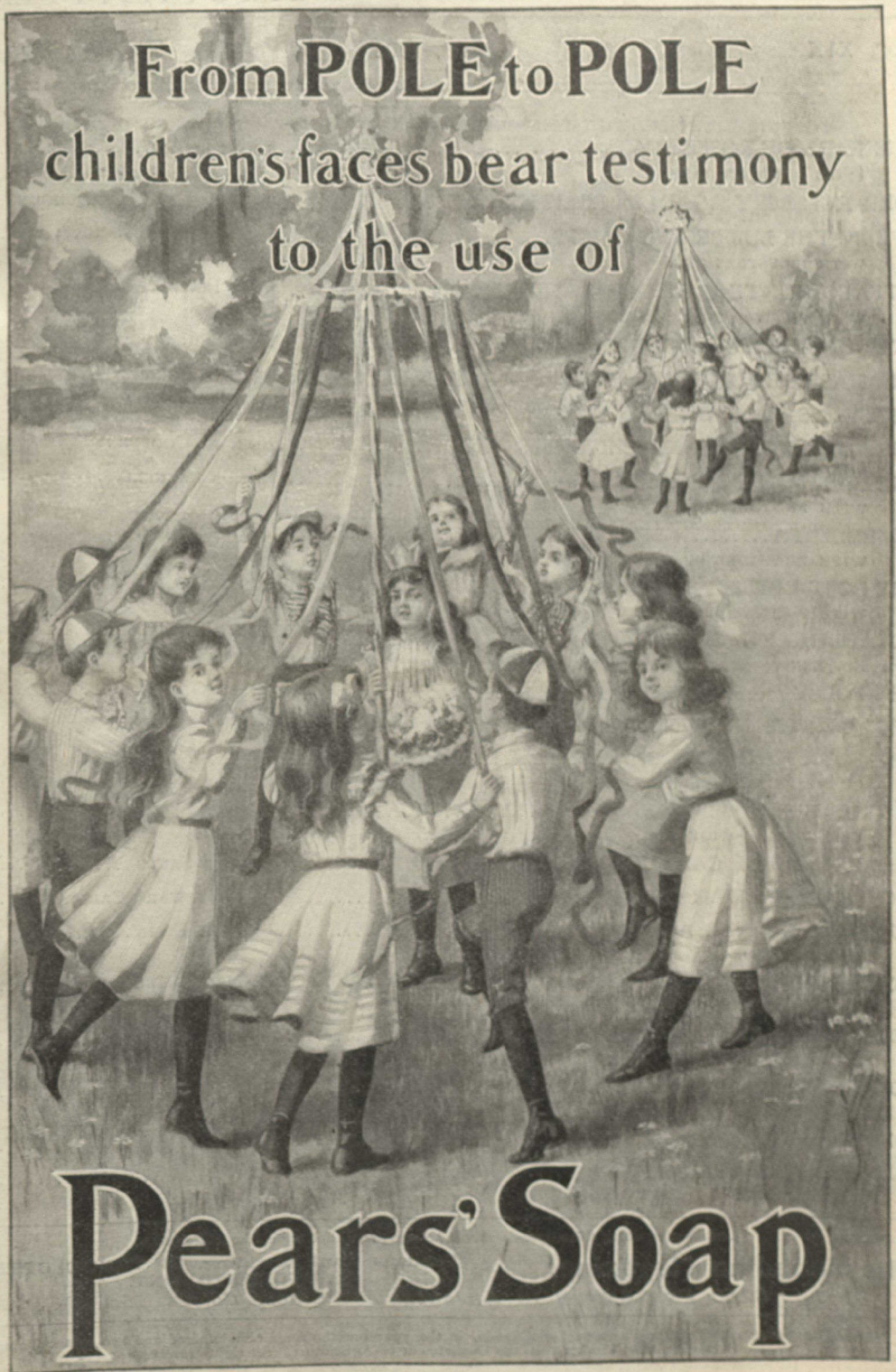

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS:

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* * *

PERILS OF ELOQUENCE, by Robert C. Dunbar, shows the different stages through which a sentence uttered by a public speaker passes before it appears in the daily newspaper. There is the shorthand writer's copy; his transcription; the telegraph operator's copy; the typewritten copy made by the telegraph receiver; the night editor's pencilling; the foreman; the typesetter; the proof-reader; the form-maker; the plate-caster and the pressman. This is a most informing and interesting article which will also appear in June.

A gentleman in Berlin, Ont., writes: "I have been a subscriber for only a little over a year, but in that short time I have acquired a liking for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE beyond that for any other magazine which comes to my hand. I hope you will continue your present policy of placing before your readers all that is new and instructive about our own country. There could be nothing better than the articles on the Duke's visit, the Canadian Northern Railway, the Bank of Montreal, and so on. Let us have a story occasionally, and articles on foreign lands too, but let Canada be first."

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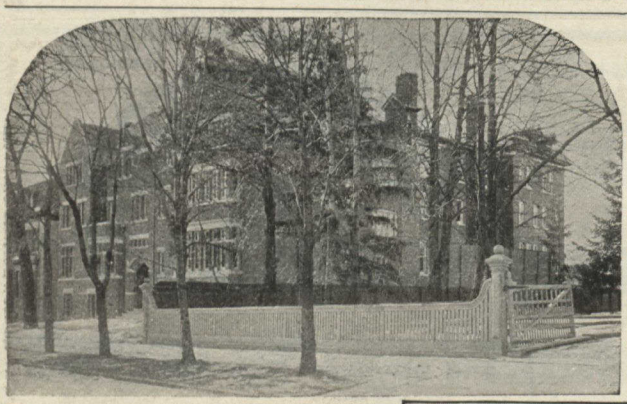

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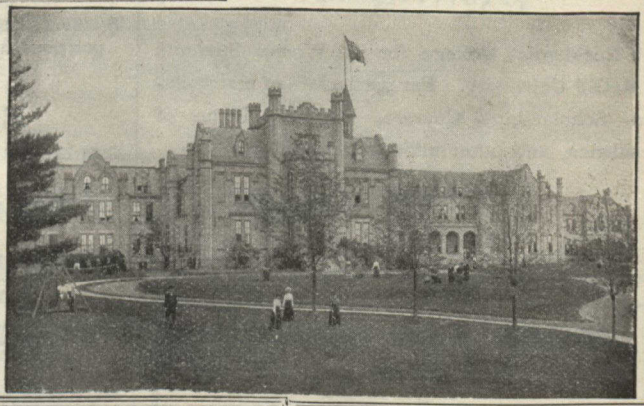

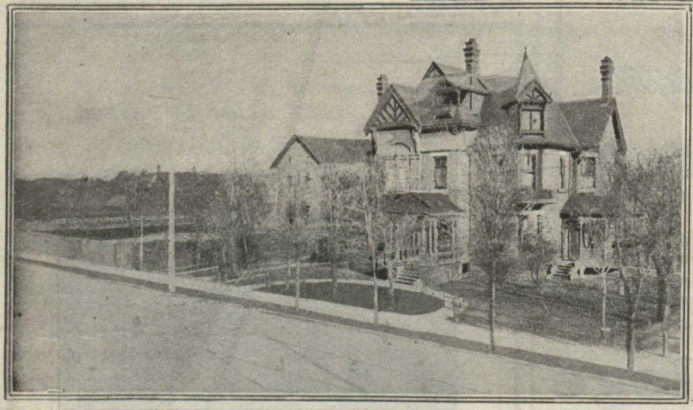

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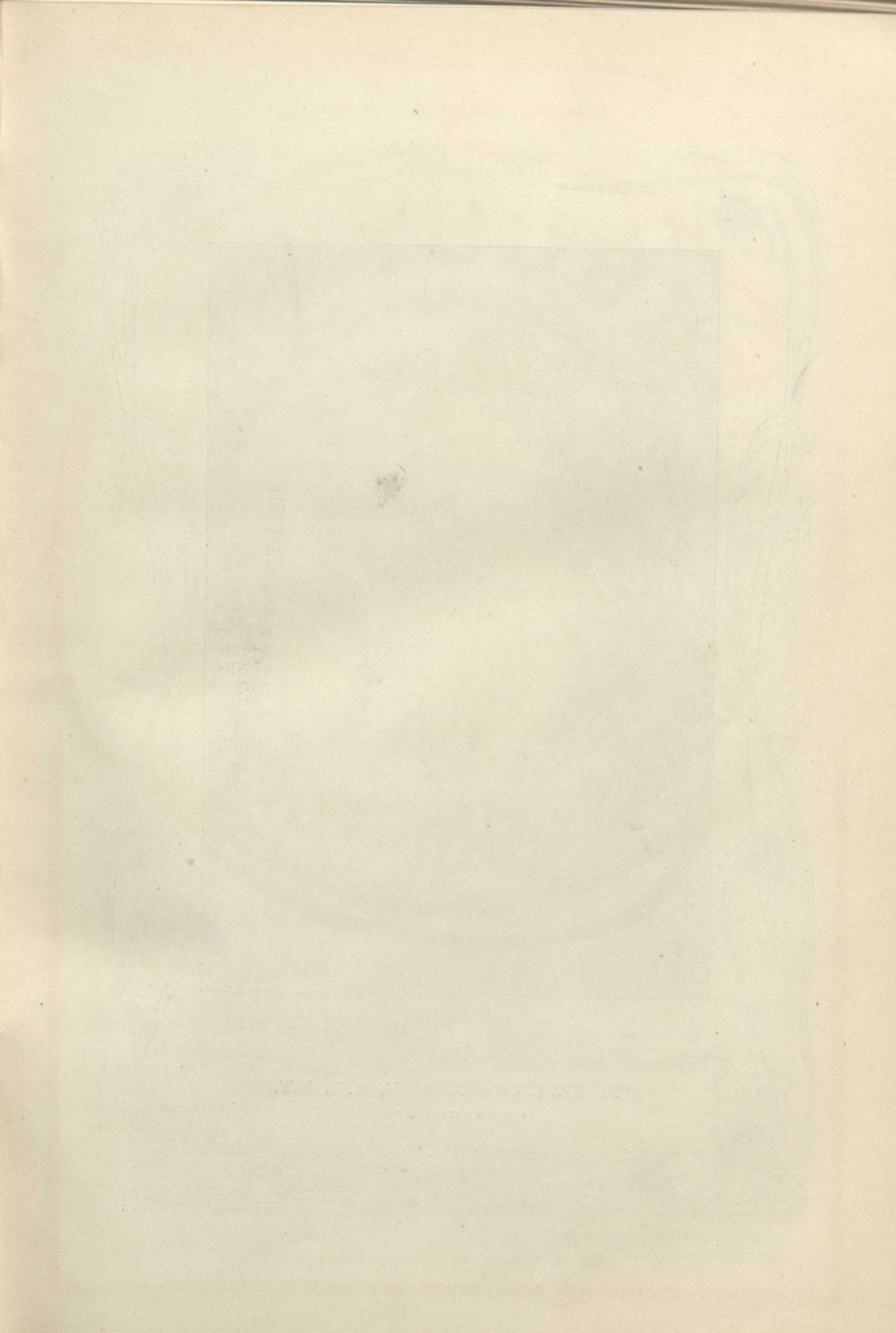


THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

PHOTO BY ELLIOT & FRY

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX MAY, 1902 No. 1

LORD ROSEBERY AGAIN IN POLITICS

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun

LORD ROSEBERY has suffered not a little in Canadian estimation at the hands of the cable correspondents. His exceptional position in British politics has been ascribed to vacillation, caprice, and lack of practical purpose. He has been thrown into contrast with Mr. Chamberlain, the alert, resourceful and audacious leader of the Conservative democracy. To us on this continent the one man has been pictured as wanting in successful leadership, the other as a new type of English politician, half American in method, a modernized jingo, bordering upon the demagogue. Neither view is in the least degree accurate. It is by looking through the spectacles of the New York cable correspondents that we get these distorted visions.

To explain the keen interest taken in Lord Rosebery's recent speeches, especially that delivered at Chesterfield last December, when he announced his return to politics, one must go back several years. A certain veil of mystery surrounds the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the Premiership in 1893, and Lord Rosebery's accession thereto. There has been gossip, half-fanciful, possibly half-real, but authoritative explanation of why Mr. Gladstone insisted upon retiring when he did, and how far Lord Rosebery secured the loyal co-operation of Mr. Gladstone's associates in the Cabinet, there has been none.

A commonly accepted story is that when the Home Rule Bill had been forced through the House of Commons and rejected by the Lords, the veteran Prime Minister desired to appeal again to the constituencies. But his colleagues urged that as the majority secured in 1892 had been given in favour of other promised measures besides Home Rule, it was well to attempt to carry some of these—Welsh and Scotch disestablishment, reform of the registration laws, local option, etc.—before dissolving again.

Feeling that his failing faculties did not warrant his staying longer in active politics, Mr. Gladstone withdrew. His mantle fell upon Lord Rosebery, but, as we can see now after the lapse of years, the vitality of the Liberal party departed with its illustrious leader. The seeds of decay were in the Ministry he left behind him, and according to the stories current at the time and since, the leader in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, was never on cordial terms with the new Prime Minister. It was even said that they did not speak.

Be that as it may, the Ministry soon fell. The elections of 1895 gave a great majority to the Salisbury-Chamberlain coalition, and Lord Rosebery's position, equivocal enough, owing to defeat, was rendered intolerable by Mr. Gladstone suddenly emerging from his retreat and beginning a campaign against the Armenian atrocities, and incidentally, of course, against the foreign policy of the Ministry, a policy which had a modified support from Lord Rosebery. Recognizing that the rank and file of Liberals still regarded Mr.

Gladstone as chief, Lord Rosebery wisely laid down the leadership, announcing his retirement in a dignified and consistent speech at Edinburgh in October, 1896.

Every public utterance of his since has been subjected to curious examination. His attitude, a perfectly comprehensible one, has been misconstrued From almost every argument or illustration he has used, unwarranted conclusions or grotesque inferences have been drawn.

The Chesterfield speech, read in the light of these facts, must strike an impartial onlooker as a strong and reasonable deliverance, telling enough from the party standpoint and constructive enough as far as a politician in opposition can frame a policy. Naturally Lord Rosebery began by allusions to the past—his own past. He cut himself loose from Home Rule. He ridiculed the Liberal programme, that of his own Ministry in 1894, as promising too much, and bound to break by reason of its own bulk, and, to use his expression, he "wiped the slate clean." He laid down flatly and forcibly the view that any new Liberal policy must regard the sentiment of Empire—not an Imperialism of "greed, aggression and violence," but one of "affection and family feeling, of pride, and of hopefulness." Then he arraigned the "inefficiency" of the present system of administration—an inefficiency which he found expressed in British foreign relations, in the conduct of the war, and in the Ministry itself. In supporting this three-fold indictment he brought out many facts, and expounded many views, from which, if we are so minded, we can construct Lord Rosebery's "policy."

This, in brief outline, is really his attitude to-day. There is no mystery about it. Whether you agree with it or not, you can hardly avoid admitting that its meaning is plain, its spirit statesmanlike and patriotic, and when coupled with Lord Rosebery's declaration that he is ready for political service if his countrymen want him, constitutes him at once an alternative Prime Minister in the event of such an individual being in demand to carry on the King's Government. This, in itself, is a gain to British Liberalism. For several years, while the former Prime Minister lurked in the background, the feeling was general and well-founded that no one in Opposition—not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, not Sir William Harcourt, not Mr. Asquith—possessed either a personality strong enough, or a following in the country numerous enough to form a Ministry with any chance of life. Estimable and clever men each of these. But worth and ability alone do not constitute leadership. Parliamentary leaders you can select in ten minutes at a caucus called together in a simple manner. An electorate of six millions of voters is not bound by any such selection.

It was inevitable that a breach should occur between the former and present leaders of the Liberals. One felt himself impelled to repudiate so much of the other's policy that the line of division between them became more clearly defined. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is engaged in keeping his nominal forces together for present Parliamentary purposes. Lord Rosebery has an eye to the future, and his open bids for reconciliation with the Liberal-Unionists were intended to take effect in the time to come when, the war being over, the supporters of the Ministry may begin to quarrel among themselves. The alliance between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists is cemented by the war and the Irish question. Lord Rosebery foresees a time when, these obstacles removed, something like the old-time strength of the Liberal party should re-assert itself.

We, in this country, whatever our political sympathies may be, are far enough removed from the strife in Great Britain to take a fairly impartial view of British politicians. We ought to be able to regard Lord Rosebery without partizan feeling. We cannot possess the insight, the certainty of knowledge, employed by those on the spot, but we have an advantage in perspective. The Chesterfield speech,

from this standpoint, was not a great speech. It inaugurated no new era in political action. Except that Lord Rosebery released himself definitely from his former pledges of withdrawal, the occasion was hardly important politically. The allies of the ex-Minister in the press and the House of Commons had worked up curiosity and excitement by methods quite familiar to the politics of all countries. The Management had arranged matters well for purposes of stage effect. The personality of the man enabled them to do this with success. But the speech, clever as it was, and Lord Rosebery's speeches are always that, failed to make any profound impression upon the country. His subsequent deliverances have only accentuated the division between the official Liberal and the Liberal-Imperialists.

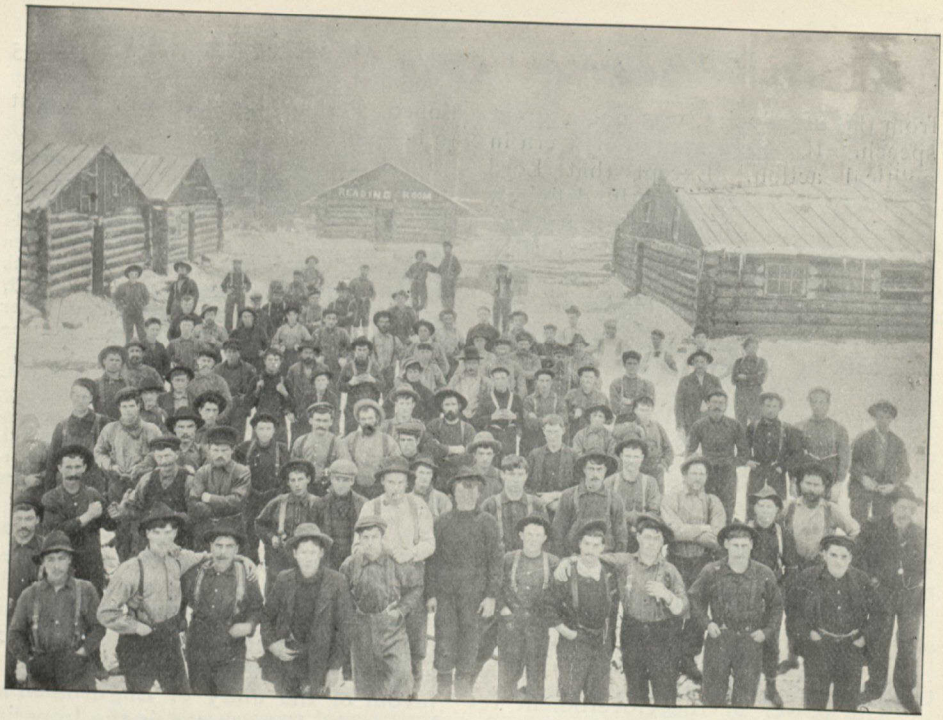
The power of the Government remains absolutely unshaken. For the moment, and until the conclusion of the war, Conservative rule in the present temper of the English people is as sure of continuance as anything in politics can be. A dozen Roseberys could not by any feats of oratory alter the situation. The influence of the pro-Boers, as they are called, is out of all proportion to the noise they make. The Liberal party still exists, and under favourable circumstances is bound to revive. Its policy and main reason for being is not opposition to the war. It is held together by attachment to principles which cannot be developed now, because the time is not opportune. When the occasion arrives for once more raising the banner of Reform, the mettle of Lord Rosebery will have to prove itself. Meanwhile, there is a period of reaction, or rather quiescence, in domestic legislation, and this works out to the temporary disadvantage of the Liberal party. The old Tories have been hurried along by Mr. Chamberlain's zeal. But the limit to their patience will soon be reached.

Of all Lord Rosebery's recent declarations the one with the most direct bearing on future politics was his reference to Imperialism already mentioned. Perhaps his exact words ought to be quoted:

"The last piece of advice I shall venture to offer the Liberal party is this—that they shall not dissociate themselves, even indirectly or unconsciously, or by any careless words from a new sentiment of Empire which occupies the nation. To many the word 'Empire' is suspect as indicating aggression, and greed, and violence, and the characteristics of other Empires that the world has known. But the sentiment that is represented now by Empire in these islands has nothing of that in it. It is a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and of hopefulness, and the statesman, however great he may be, who dissociates himself from that feeling must not be surprised if the nation dissociates itself from him."

If this advice be taken, the swing of the pendulum must in due course restore the Liberals to power; but if other counsels take possession of the party, and it allows itself to be divorced from the growing sentiment in favour of the unity of Englishmen at home with Englishmen in the Imperial domains beyond the seas—a long ascendency of the Conservative party may safely be predicted.

But the approaching peace, and a budget imposing duties on wheat and flour, clearly point to a new political situation. Lord Rosebery is in the best position to take advantage of both these factors. His attitude on the war has been in accordance with popular sentiment. As to free trade, he has consistently adhered to the Cobden policy. A year or two ago, during his retirement from party strife, he visited Manchester and there upheld free trade and all its works in a stirring speech, one of the most pronounced reiterations of the doctrine of Peel, Bright and Cobden given in the present generation. More recently still, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, his chief lieutenant, have declined to endorse a preferential trade policy involving a revival of protection. Practically a new issue has suddenly appeared. The war once out of the way, an appeal to the traditional and accepted views of Englishmen on trade matters may meet with a response from powerful elements now quiescent. Lord Rosebery is apparently the man best fitted to make that appeal.



ONE OF 500 LUMBERING AND MINING CAMPS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

LIFE IN THE LUMBERING CAMPS

By Norman Patterson

ALONG the northern outskirts of the Province of Ontario are 500 camps containing 50,000 woodsmen and miners. These camps are collections of houses, temporarily built, and each able to accommodate from 10 to 50 men. There are no streets, no water-works, no doctors, no lawyers, no churches, no public libraries ; only a general store where the necessaries of life may be purchased, and an occasional saloon. From seven to nine o'clock each evening these men spend their time in idleness or in amusements which are sometimes vicious. There are no theatres, no music halls and no home-life.

The needs of these men are attracting much attention. The Ontario Government has done a little towards giving them travelling libraries ; the boss lumbermen have done something towards erecting reading rooms ; McGill and Queen's Universities, the Canadian Club of Toronto, and various organizations throughout the Province have sent them books, papers and periodicals. Several broad-minded educationists have devoted some of their spare time in giving instruction to evening classes. Much has been done, much remains undone. More libraries are needed, more permanent library buildings are required and educational facilities should be extended.

The Ontario Government should do more than it has done. Its revenue from woods and forests is nearly a million and a half dollars each year. It can afford to make a much larger grant for the good of these pioneer labourers on the frontier than it has yet seen fit to do. On this point, Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, the secretary of the Reading camp movement (Nairn, Ont.) says :

"The Government now offers a dollar for every dollar spent in books and papers by a

public library board, and why should not something similar be offered to these employers in lumbering, mining and railway construction camps, who provide a special building—club house, reading camp or tent for this purpose? What is needed and what is fair is the diffusion of education, not the education of a privileged class alone."

READING ROOM AT A LUMBERING CAMP

There is no doubt that every provincial government owes a duty to this class of citizen, a duty which embraces the supplying of reading matter and general instructors until such times as these camps are broken up and removed or until they have grown into organized villages capable of supplying their own reading rooms and schools. From an industrial, as well as a philanthropic standpoint, it is advisable. In the general interest of the country, it is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Fitzpatrick states another point which is of interest also for its own sake. He believes that hereafter forests in Canada will be cut periodically and that lumbering operations will be of a more permanent and stable character. If this be true, and it is to be hoped that it is not merely the wish which is father to the thought, the expense of erecting permanent reading rooms would be more easily justified. Of course, these permanent reading rooms need not be expensive. They may be built of logs or rough lumber, cheaply finished and plainly furnished. Mr. F. H. Clergue, the Sault Ste. Marie manufacturer and lumberman, has adopted portable buildings which admirably suit the purpose, and which may be recommended to all mine-owners, lumbermen, and railway contractors. Of course, the larger reading rooms may also be used as churches and general meeting places.

In addition to reading facilities, there is a great need of medical facilities. At present, few railway construction or lumbering camps have resident physicians. Many camps are a hundred miles from the nearest medical man and two hundred miles from a hospital. At Nairn Centre, for example, there are eight hundred men within a radius of twenty miles, and no doctor nearer than Webbwood, eighteen miles by rail, or Sudbury, thirty-three miles by rail. Within the last fifteen months six men have died by accident, one hundred and fifty were invalided by disease, and fifty by wounds. The death and accident rates of the lumber-

ANOTHER READING ROOM

A READING ROOM INTERIOR

ing, mining and railway construction camps is as high as they are in the British army in time of war. Monthly visits of medical men are unsatisfactory. It is also hard to get physicians to settle in such districts, where the distances are great, the travelling uncomfortable and the patients poor. In case of accidents, in many of the camps lying off the railway, it may be two days before a doctor can reach the camp, and then the patient is usually beyond the aid of medical skill. When smallpox breaks out, it is impossible to do much to check its ravages, and the public health is seriously endangered. Mr. Fitzpatrick suggests that medical students who have finished their college course should be allowed to spend their fifth year in the camps, such experience to count as if spent in a hospital. The idea is to be discussed by the Medical Council in June and should find favour there. Failing this, Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks the Medical Council may be induced to grant a special certificate of registration for this special work, and good for one year only. Such a twelve-month would, he thinks, be of much more benefit than a fifth series of lectures at a medical college.

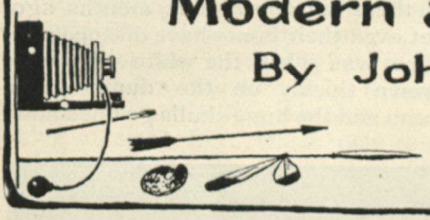
These young doctors may also receive government appointments as sanitary inspectors and educational instructors, and thus be even more generally useful and influential. Two provincial mining professors from the universities were recently sent through the mining camps giving lectures and instruction. The appreciation of the miners shows that the men will welcome any teaching which makes for the improvement of their business knowledge. Evening classes in both technical and general studies would be a great boon to the men in these isolated communities, men isolated from social, literary and religious advantages. It is only so that gambling, obscenity and drunkenness can be kept down and the workingman kept moral and progressive.

These observations and suggestions apply to the other provinces as well as to Ontario. In the great railway-building area of the Northwest the Dominion Government will also have responsibilities, and it is hoped that some of the inhuman experiences of the building of some of the Western lines will not be repeated. Even the meanest railway navvy has a value, and he should not be treated as a dog and left, without medical attendance, to sink miserably into an unmarked grave. There are many unavoidable hardships on the frontiers, but our governments should not allow any one to fail to distinguish between what is avoidable and what is not.

Buffalo Hunting

Modern and Ancient

By John Innes



"EXTERMINATE the buffalo," said the wise-heads amongst the North American peoples, "and the Indians are at our mercy." How true this was, and how well the saying has been carried to an almost absolute conclusion, is a fact well known to all who take an intelligent interest in the Great West. The Indians, from time immemorial, have been dependent upon the game of the country for a living; and of all the game the buffalo were the most valuable. The horns were used for the making of ornaments, household utensils, and various gear for the warriors. The hides of the cow served as coverings for the lodges, and as warm robes against the winter's chill. Those of the bulls were converted into shields and thongs and ropes. The flesh, both fresh and dried, formed the staple food of the tribes, and the bones and sinews had also their several uses. So the red men warred with one another over the buffalo; made peace again, hunted the buffalo, and were happy.

Then came the white men.

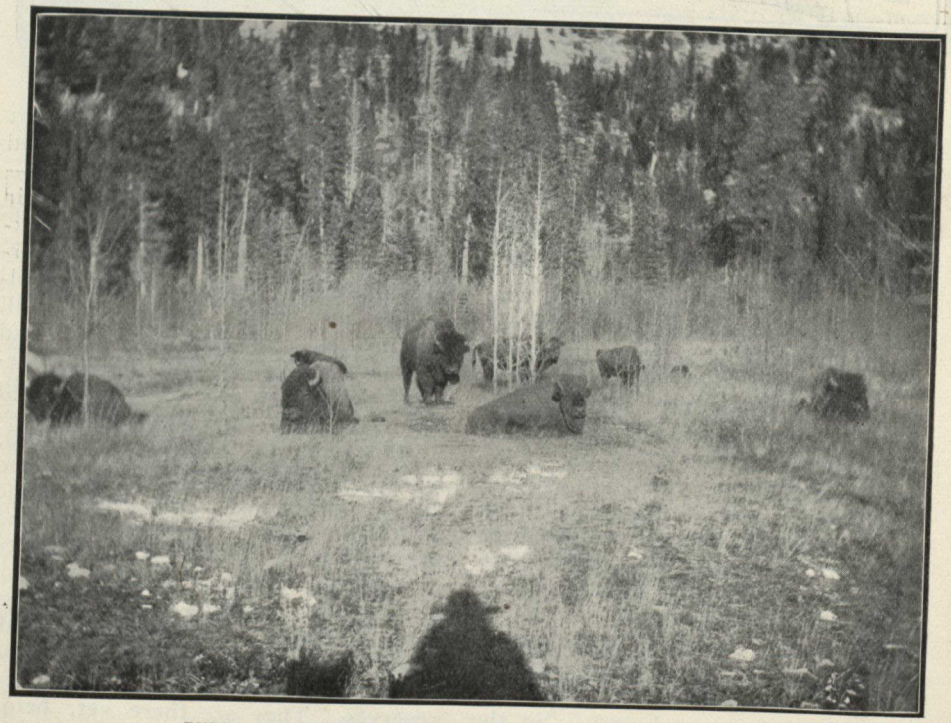
At the first they were welcome, for the Indians are good hosts, and the pale faces taught them many things and gave them articles of wondrous beauty and weapons new and deadly, in exchange for the spoils of their hunting expeditions. Afterwards these visitors hunted on their own account. More and more arrived. Whole waggon trains, with women and children, wended their snaky way across the prairies and settled and hunted. The Indians awoke to a realization of the fact that their country was being invaded, and did what you or I would have done—fought for what they considered their rights. Trading posts were attacked, trappers and settlers were murdered wholesale. Reprisals naturally followed, and troops poured in. Still the natives remained well-fed and aggressive, lived on the buffalo, harassed the troops, and made everything like settlement well-nigh impossible. At this juncture came the command, "Destroy the buffalo." In season and out of season this was done. The prairie was white with their bones, and the smell from the rotting carcasses of the mighty beasts stank to heaven. The Indians saw, got hungry, and became gradually and sullenly resigned. Later on they signed treaties, ate government beef and flour, and lived on reserves. They are there yet, being gradually civilized out of existence.

And how of the beasts that were made the victims of grim necessity? The poor remnant of them were treat-

A BUFFALO BABY

ed very much like the Indians, for the greater number are now on reserves, although a few isolated bands—like non-treaty red men—still roam at will over the sheltered country in far Northern Alberta.

It is a well-known fact that if anything in this life is forced out of its normal condition there is certain to follow a corresponding reaction. It is now the whites who are spending money and making laws to preserve the buffalo, and the Indians—who as a class do not give a tra-la-la for legislation—who love to kill them on the sly just for old times' sake, and also I presume to satisfy certain natural longings for a good square meal of their own getting.



BUFFALO IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK, NEAR BANFF

It is passing strange to see on every hand throughout the West innumerable evidences of this vanished race of animal kings. They, the numberless, the owners of the feeding grounds from southern Mexico to the Arctic chill, before whose coming no living thing could stand—are all gone. The plains are netted with the million deep-worn trails over which they marched; the grass-grown hollows where the great bulls wallowed, score the prairies in thousands. They might have passed there but a few short months ago. Yet even their bones have disappeared. Time was when the white ribs were strewn thickly on the dumb green ocean and the huge skulls grinned amid the bunch grass. Even here civilization could not let them rest. Wise men found a place for these poor remains in the commercial market, and lo! the carts passed to and fro, hundreds upon hundreds of them, each with its load of gathered bones to pile in grim array beside the railroad tracks ready for the cars to bear eastward. Thus passed the buffalo.

In Canada there are some few remaining, however. Three or four hundred run wild in Northern Alberta,

and a far smaller number are preserved in the Rocky Mountains Park near Banff.

Taking arms, ammunition and a pony, I determined to shoot some of the latter "bunch" for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

My shooting apparatus consisted of a rapid fire, twelve-shot camera ; my ammunition was a quantity of film cartridges, and my war-horse was a daisy. I chose him as being the most likely thing in sight from which one could fall off easily. He towered to the height of something under eleven hands, which was most convenient, because when I desired to dismount I had only to straighten my legs and let him walk away ; and when I wished to proceed it was so simple to just sit down on him, twist his tail, and jiggle on again.

Off we went ; down through the village of Banff and along the Anthracite trail. The mountains were looking their best in the crisp autumn air, and the sailing masses of mist far overhead flung shadow-curtains that softly shifted and gloomed all amongst the valleys and far up the noble ranges, causing the snowy summits to glisten or fade in magnificent variation. Ghostly violets, purples, and grays, lingered amid the broad masses of nearly naked trees ; and brown and gold were the infrequent leaves which the winds whisked hither and thither amongst them. Only the evergreens stood stoutly and stiffly, caring not a jot for the approaching winter.

I turned my buffalo-runner toward the foot of the great Cascade mountain, jogged across a small prairie to the C.P.R. tracks, and passing through a huge gate in a huge fence, found myself safely within the happy hunting grounds. The space on the inside of that fence appeared just as big as the space outside, as far as one could observe, so, following a grass trail, running in the direction of the valley between the Cascade and the Little-Stoney-Squaw mountains, I arrived at the camp of the men whose duty it is to keep the buffalo herd within bounds. A war-whoop brought Ellis, the boss herder, and one of his assistants into the open. Them I informed that my mission was to shoot buffalo, whereat they were in no wise enthusiastic until

FULL-GROWN BULL

they spied the weapons, after which they gave full information as to the whereabouts of the herd.

It was truly exhilarating, that hunt, because Mr. Ellis had told me it would be as well not to excite the animals as they were cross that day. I knew by the often evinced desire of my buffalo-runner to stop and eat grass, that however excited or cross the buffalo got the horse certainly would be calm and deliberate.

We ambled gaily into and out of and all about the clumps of trees and

opinion was, as, to my relief, he ceased shaking his head, gave a blasé sort of sigh, and turned his huge bulk contemptuously about. His actions said as plainly as words could : "Great Scott ! here's another idiot with a camera." Then he walked lazily away toward the foot of the Cascade mountain, and was lost to view on the farther side of some trees.

About this time I recollected that an excellent opportunity for a snap-shot had been everlastingly missed ; so, having awakened my buffalo-runner, I

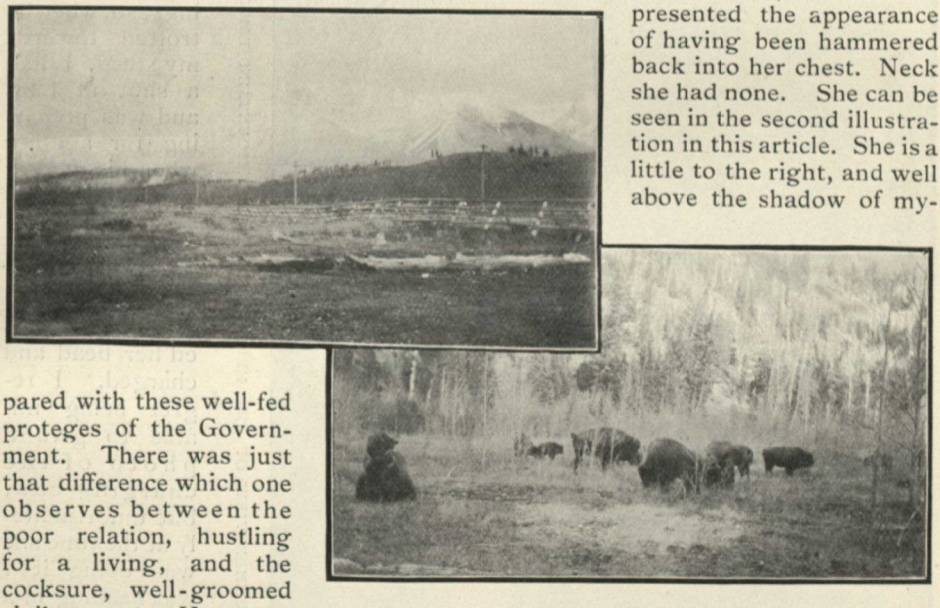
THE FRIENDLY CALF INVESTIGATES THE CAMERA

scrub which dotted the prairie ; till, pushing through some extra thick bushes, with hat over face to prevent scratching, and camera held on high, I suddenly heard a scrambling and a snort. My steed stopped dead, and I awoke to the consciousness that a young and energetic bull was eyeing my "outfit" with suspicion from a few yards distant. I looked at him ; he looked at me ; and my horse, true to the estimate I had placed on his character, let his ears flop, lowered his head, and apparently slumbered. It was easy to tell what that buffalo's

determined to head him off and try again. By dint of much exertion we extricated ourselves from the tangle of bush and galloped towards an open space in the direction in which the bull had disappeared. Troubles never come singly ; swinging around a corner we galloped gaily into the middle of the whole herd. They evidently were not expecting us, which fact gave me an opportunity to get a good snap of a few of them at quite close quarters. It will be noticed in the first illustration —which is the snap-shot spoken of— that only one bull is fully alive to the

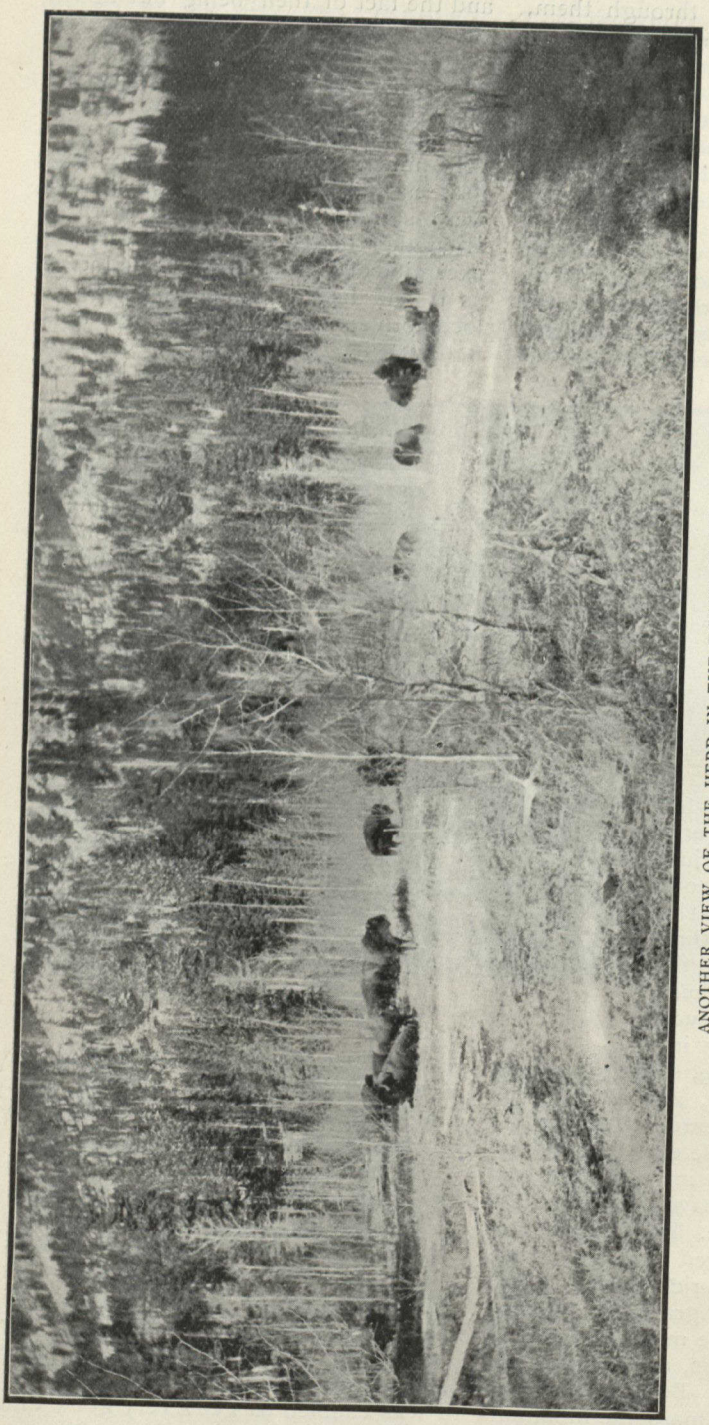
situation ; so, passing through them, we vanished amid the trees, and on looking back through the sheltering trunks I could see the whole band up, switching their tails about and trotting here and there with much moaning and grumbling ; evidently in great wonder as to what all the excitement was, anyway.

It was certainly a very interesting sight. The buffalo which I remembered having seen in the old days upon the prairie, seemed to my mind to have been ragged and unkempt when compared with these well-fed proteges of the Government. There was just that difference which one observes between the poor relation, hustling for a living, and the cocksure, well-groomed civil servant. However, they were certainly impressive. The huge, shaggy heads of the bulls hung low, and swung from side to side, the beards sweeping the ground, as their little eyes glared from beneath the black masses of tossed foretops, in an endeavour to locate the cause of the trouble. The great humps were tawny-coloured at the crest, darkening into a rich, rusty brown lower down, and gradually shading into black where the matted hair hung long below the jaws, neck, chest, and about the forelegs. Behind this towering and impressive mass the hindquarters sloped sharply away to the tail, and the fact of their being but lightly covered with hair, gave them the appearance of being ridiculously inadequate for the task of propelling the huge forequarters. The portions of the hide touched by the sunlight were very much the colour of the dried grasses and leaves upon which they were standing. The cows were in altogether better proportion, with the exception of one old dame. She looked as if she had unwillingly charged a locomotive in her giddy youth and had not hurt it. She had two or three double chins, and her head presented the appearance of having been hammered back into her chest. Neck she had none. She can be seen in the second illustration in this article. She is a little to the right, and well above the shadow of myself and horse upon the foreground. A very well-proportioned cow is that which appears in the second picture to the left, and behind the bull.



SCENES IN THE PARK AT BANFF

So the great brutes searched for the imaginary danger, and finding none, fell to bunting one another vigorously till they were tired, and when all was again quiet I and my war-horse left the shelter of the trees and moved in a wide circle about them, edging closer and closer as the beasts became more accustomed to our presence, till finally I was enabled to get a very good shot at a fine young bull not fifteen feet dis-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HERD IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK

tant. This is shown in the second plate.

All further efforts at close quarter work were suddenly frustrated by the friendliness of a calf. I had noticed that he took an absorbing interest in the whole proceedings, so, when he trotted towards my steed, I had a shot at him, and was preparing for another when his mother —a vulgar person — with a switch of her tail and a bawl of warning to her offspring, lowered her head and charged. I regret being unable to give a photo of the charging cow, but unfortunately at the time she was doing it I was heading in a direction which prevented my looking at her. From this incident onward the operations consisted of sniping at long range.

Now, the foregoing is a true and accurate account of the modern method of shooting buffalo. It has the supreme merit of unselfishness, in that the animal, after being safely bagged, is in reality left just as good as ever for the next camera maniac whom a delirious craving for snapshots drives in his direction.

Enough of civilization. Let us brush away the years ; banish the railroads and towns and cattle ; blot out the reserve lines, and look once more at an old-time buffalo hunt, in the days when Indians were Indians, and the great hairy bison was king of the plains.

It is morning in the camp. The sun has not yet arisen, but the blue smoke already curls upward from between the wings of many lodges, which stand in a small level meadow in a sheltered valley. Close by rushes and swirls a glacier-fed stream, its waters skirting the foot of a precipitous bank of yellow earth upon the side opposite the village. Behind the clustering tepees wooded terraces gently slope to the upper prairie.

There is an air of suppressed excitement amongst the inhabitants. The squaws chatter incessantly as they prepare the morning meal ; the dogs are kicked for more trivial offences than is usual, and the children cluster in groups and are silent. The bucks stalk majestically amongst their gathered horses, examining their favourites with care, for this day will test them to the utmost. Only last evening scouts had brought word of a large herd of buffalo on the prairie to the eastward.

The bustle of preparation continues. The sky is slightly overcast ; a lazy wind favours the expedition, and hardly has the sun lighted the highest snows upon the mountains which tower in the west before the hunters are in readiness for a start.

Every man is mounted on a small pony, and leads by a rawhide thong his buffalo-runner. These latter are the most highly-prized possession of the red man, being chosen for their sure-footedness, intelligence, endurance, and speed. They—the horses—are naked, save for a long rawhide strip fastened about the under jaw, and gay feathers or totems plaited into forelock and tail. In hunting, the rawhide strip mentioned passes up one side of the animal's neck to the withers, where it crosses in front of the rider to the other side, and is allowed to trail behind upon the ground. This is a provision made to enable any man who is thrown to more readily catch his mount.

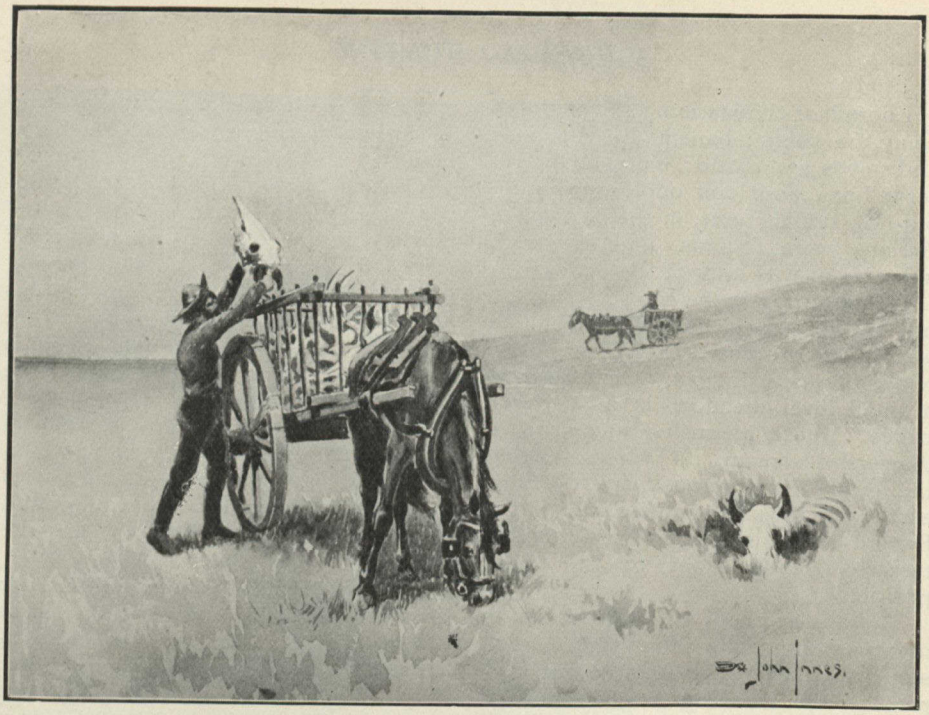
The scouts climb the hills to the upper prairie. In loose procession the hunters follow. Every man is close wrapped in multi-coloured covering against the morning chill, and has his face daubed with paint in an odd design, while feathers or ornaments of some description flaunt bravely above the fantastically dressed hair.

Over the rises and into the hollows of the great grass sea they ride ; whilst the scouts approach each ridge with caution, and peer into the valley land beyond in ceaseless search for the quarry.

Ha! They have dismounted, and are crawling stealthily toward the crest of a long divide. The excitement is intense as the dark bodies worm their way, hugging close, close to the ground. The main body of hunters sit like statues and watch. A quick sign is passed ; it is the sign of the buffalo.

BUFFALO SIGN

In a moment the warriors fling themselves from their ponies, throw aside their blankets or skin coverings, and vault upon their hunting beasts. It is then that the Indian appears at his best. Horses and men are transfigured with the spirit of the chase. The riders are naked, save for their gorgeous breechclouts, neck ornaments, and weapons. Gaily-beaded quivers of hide hang at



COLLECTING BUFFALO BONES ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES

their backs, full of their best arrows. Spears and bows complete their equipment. The scouts and younger men take charge of the discarded ponies.

Under the direction of the hunting chief a long line is formed facing the ridge from which the buffalo were sighted, and the horsemen ride silently forward. All is in readiness, the unconscious beasts are in sight grazing quietly upon the slopes. Every man grasps his weapons more closely, and grips with the naked knees the quivering beast he bestrides. A quick signal is followed by a general shout, and over the ridge rushes tumultuously the crescent-shaped line of shrieking, painted savages, each lying low upon his horse's neck. In a moment the buffalo have taken alarm, and, with cows and calves in the centre, gallop ponderously away. The dust from the thousands of striking hoofs rises like the smoke of some mighty fire, and in that dust the slaughter is carried on. Through the rear guard of old bulls the horsemen press to where the bellowing cows and younger animals race for their lives. The bowstrings thrum incessantly, and the arrows find lodgment in the vitals of the great beasts. The ones so struck, stop stupidly, sink to their knees, and lie quietly down as though to sleep. At times the arrow only wounds and enrages some bull; then roaring he charges. Should he be able to drive the charge home, they would be as a straw before a tornado.

Dust! blood! sweat! thundering of hoofs! crashing of horns! yells, as of a thousand devils! bellowing! roaring! rushing! heat! stumbling! choking!

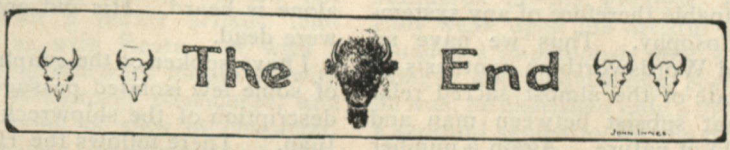
Arrows gone; horses spent; the herd dispersed; the hunt is over.

It has been a truly great day. All the way back to the ridge from which the buffalo were first sighted, the prairie is strewn with dead and wounded animals. The warriors return to camp, and the chattering squaws sharpen the knives and depart, with ponies, travoys and dogs, to bring in the spoils.

Hundreds of warm robes, hundreds of hides to cover the lodges, meat for

the winter, horn and sinew, and everything useful safely secured. Is it to be wondered at that the tom-toms bang and thump far into the night, and the hunting songs rise and fall in measured cadence under the stars? Truly the Great Spirit is in a bountiful humour.

This ancient method of hunting bison is undoubtedly more picturesque and exciting than the modern shooting expedition before described. However, hunting for a magazine editor, and hunting to live—are they not precisely the same thing?



AT MIDNIGHT

TURN Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear Lord,
And let us sleep;
Give us our portion of forgetfulness,
Silent and deep.

Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes
To close their sight;
Shut out the shining of the moon and stars
And candle light.

Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad,
The shades of gray,
The fancies that so haunt the little hours
Before the day.

Quiet the time-worn questions that are all
Unanswered yet;
Take from the spent and troubled souls of us
Their vain regret;

And lead us far into Thy silent land,
That we may go
Like children out across the field o' dreams
Where poppies blow.

So all Thy saints—and all Thy sinners too—
Wilt Thou not keep,
Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
Thou givest sleep?

Virna Sheard

THE NATURE-POETRY OF BYRON AND SHELLEY

By Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.

BYRON'S nature-poetry lends itself readily to investigation for a variety of reasons. In the first place, we may take Goethe's word for it that he is "a child when he begins to think," and incapable therefore of any systematic philosophy. Thus we have no profound Wordsworthian synthesis to investigate of the almost sacred relations that subsist between man and the world of nature. Again a number of his poems are imitatively classical in manner, the earlier satires for example. Here the poet never departs from the mundane ideals of the type; and thus we may at once eliminate a not inconsiderable series of poems from our consideration. There remain the metrical tales, the dramas, "Childe Harold," and humoristic satiric poems in the "Beppo" or "Don Juan" manner.

Within this category of poems there are three Byrons to be considered. In the metrical tales the incidents and characters have absorbed all the romanticism. The description, dashed in here and there in the pauses of the action, is for the most part colourless and artificial. In the early dramas and in the "Childe Harold" the description is genuinely and romantically inspired, and, however misanthropic in its sentiment, it is devoid of the extreme cynicism of the humorous and satirical poems. In this last group he broke a lance with sentiment. Here, though we may discover pictures of intensest realism, like the shipwreck in the "Don Juan," we shall discern few traces of the mood that inspired the closing cantos of "Childe Harold" or the nature passages of "Manfred," where the signs of Shelley's influence and Wordsworth's are clearly discernible in his almost religious devotion to Nature.

The change came when with "Beppo" Byron discovered that he could vent his gathering cynicism in humorous satire. The year which followed produced the memorable fourth canto of "Childe Harold" where the serious mood is still supreme. But elsewhere through the short remainder of his career the crackling of cynic laughter alone is heard. His old enthusiasms were dead.

I have spoken of the graphic realism of some few isolated passages, as the description of the shipwreck in "Don Juan." There follows the Haidée episode which affords us a final brief return to his earlier manner. Byron has scarcely surpassed in tenderness and delicacy of sentiment the twilight description which closes the third canto:

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast."

In this tone the description continues. But the poet realizing how out of keeping it was with the prevailing mood of his satire, breaks off with one of his madcap verses—

'I feel this tediousness will never do"—etc

Of these three Byrons, therefore (the classical Byron of the early satires is excluded), the Byron of the middle period chiefly concerns us here. This does not bear with it the implication that in the "Childe Harold" series he attained the summit of his genius. But there, and in his early dramas, his nature-poetry is found in its highest development, unrestrained by his later-developed antipathy to anything that savoured of "enthusymusy" or Wordsworthian didacticism.

In the discussion which follows of Byron as a romantic nature-poet his philosophy of nature is first considered, or rather, if he would disclaim the intention to philosophise, at least the

prevailing mood is sought which inspired his nature studies as a whole. What points of contact there may be here in a general way with Shelley are examined briefly, and in conclusion a comparison somewhat more definite in character is instituted between the two poets.

In discussing Byron we are not dealing with a purely artistic temperament as with Keats, nor with a simple straightforward nature as with Shelley. Artistically considered, and from the point of view of character, Byron is a very complex product. We must distinguish the clay from the gold in his mind and disposition ; we must divide the chaff from the grain in his work. His nature-philosophy, such as it is, is largely the outcome of circumstance, and only in part does it seem to be an ordinary growth of his intellect as it would have expressed itself under normal conditions. Love of admiration, whatever cynical veneer he may have sought to hide it by, was part of the original clay of his composition ; and the desire, at first ingenuous, to attitudinize before the public is clearly evident from the outset of his career. This was while he was London's idol, the spoiled child of a capricious world. And when this world spurned him contemptuously aside, realizing as we must the pride and vigour of his manhood and the keen edge of his penetrating intellect, shall we wonder at the added clay of disdainful cynicism which clogged and weighted down his native generous sympathies, destroyed his ideals and aspirations, and brought forth the bitter Dead Sea fruit of disillusionment in the savage protest of his later verse? Keats may have been ignored by the world, but his artistic ideals sufficed him, and the solitary approval of his own artistic conscience ;—" when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine." Shelley may have been spurned by the world, but his faith in the humanitarian ideal never deserted him ; and in the lowest ebb of his stagnant popularity the ardour of his unabated hopes supported him, and the consciousness that, however unsuccessfully in the present, he had still laboured with undeviating aim for the moral and material advancement of the race.

But Byron was incapable of either ideal. He was, if judged by the standards of the greatest, emphatically weak upon the artistic side, and blundered impetuously into his finest things ; and revolutionary poet though he was, he cherished only a distant and a scornful sympathy for the purely humanitarian ideals of the Revolutionary period.

He is pre-eminently, then, a poet of revolt without the resources of an artistic conscience, or the stimulus of a humanitarian ideal. With this in mind we shall not find it difficult to estimate the limited scope of his nature-philosophy, the outcome as it was of no closely-reasoned system, but the creation of an impetuous mood.

If we ask ourselves, therefore, what relation Byron assumed to subsist between man and nature, a problem which Wordsworth devoted his lifetime to solve, the answer is not far to seek. Like Rousseau he sought Nature as a wounded beast seeks his lair, and found in her a misanthropic refuge from the hated world of men. Her consolation for him was in proportion to her inaccessibility and her strength, as witness the positive exultation which pulses through his descriptions of storm and sea and mountain.

But the charm of Nature's solitudes has been felt as passionately by Shelley. The opening lines of " Julian and Maddalo " sufficiently emphasize that peculiarly modern exultation for the ranker sides of Nature, in which Byron also shares. But the question is whether the pleasure is here with Shelley so selfishly exclusive.

> I love all waste
> And solitary places ; where we taste
> The pleasure of believing all we see
> Is boundless as we wish our souls to be ;
> And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
> More barren than its billows ; and yet more
> Than all, with a remembered friend I love
> To ride as then I rode :—for the winds drove

The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north ;
And from the waves, sound like delight broke forth
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
Into our hearts aerial merriment.

A more explicit statement of the desire for community of pleasure with a kindred soul is found in the "Stanzas in Dejection," though not in this instance in connection with desolate scenery.

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion.

Shelley therefore shows no trace of that savage spirit of misanthropy which inspires Byron's highest flights of nature-poetry, and yet examples abound in his poetry which reveal in him the power to represent as strenuously as Byron scenes of savage desolation.

It is not necessary, however, to restrict our discussion here to the wilder aspects of the outer world. Many of the gentlest passages in Shelley's verse represent conditions altogether removed from the human sphere. Of this type are the many exquisite Nature myths that are scattered through his poems ; and in his spheral symphonies when stars and sun and moon sing together, though the theme of their song is love, the passion strikes a universal and not a human note. Byron, on the contrary, with all his vehement misanthropy and partly because of that, infallibly refers Nature to human standards by implication of scornful reference, and by seeking to wrench that sympathy from Nature which the world denied. He seems to follow Nature to her wildest haunts, not like Shelley or like Keats, for any love of mystery or of beauty, but as a homage to her inaccessibility.

The early "Childe Harold" had its share of romantic posing, but disillusionment was as yet rather a mask assumed than a habit formed. The second Canto contains the first example of the misanthropical juxtaposition of man and nature to which I have already referred.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless you, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress ;
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.

Childe Harold II. xxv-vi.

As Byron's life become more embittered, passages of this sort multiply. But cynicism of a more biting nature grew by degrees to be a habit of his mind, until in the "Don Juan" it finally put an effective check upon the genuine expression of his sympathies. I pass over the well-known examples of misanthropic description in the remaining cantos of "Childe Harold,"* and quote the famous lines from "Manfred" which represent the last and highest flights of his nature-poetry in this connection.

From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine ;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger ; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men ;

* See Esp. C. H. III. xiii. f. and lxxii.

I held but slight communion ; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain top
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream or ocean in their flow,
In these my earthly strength exulted ; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development ; or watch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim ;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone ;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so—crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again.

This is extremely Byronic, alike in the crude vigour of the verse and in the malignant cynicism of the sentiment. Byron is, or affects to be, as hearty a man-hater as his unhappy predecessor Swift, whose misanthropy preyed upon his mind until it became a disease. It is pessimism upon its ignoble side. We can imagine, and indeed the facts supports us, a pessimism inherently charitable in its essence, which challenges not man's pitiable weaknesses, but the unswerving ruthlessness of Fate. But Byron's quarrel was both with destiny and man. Waging that larger warfare, he attains in "Cain" an unwonted nobility of utterance, but in the petty acrimony of the lesser contest he sinks to a level of petulancy where his eloquence or his amazing wit alone could save him from literary disaster.

This undercurrent of bitterness flows through all that Byron wrote concerning man and nature alike. The world is always curious to learn the harsher secrets of the human heart ; and when these secrets were poured forth with an irresistible eloquence which neither Rousseau nor Goethe had surpassed, all Europe paid homage to his genius. But apart from that which was half sincere and half romantic posing, there were certain definite qualities besides in Byron's poetry (and this intimately concerns his descriptive work) which confirmed his popularity at home and abroad.

Among the many things which attracted the reading world to "Childe Harold" on its first appearance, two stand prominently forward as still commanding our admiration. In the first place, his power of throwing the poetical halo of historical association around the objects he describes, a power which he shared with Scott alone in his generation ; and again the remarkable rush and vigour of his description, which he shared with Shelley in his more impetuous mood. The "Childe Harold" best represents Byron upon the historical side, but any of his contemporary or later work might exhibit the rushing vigour of his style, as for example, the story of Mazeppa's ride, Jacopo Foscari's description of the joys of swimming in the first scene of the "Two Foscari," or, more famous than all, the shipwreck scene in "Don Juan.

Yet discerning critics have not allowed these and kindred passages to pass unscathed. They find in all of them heinous faults of style, infelicitous phrasing, and slovenliness in the structure of the verse. This we are prepared for in view of the acknowledged bluntness of Byron's artistic sense, save in the peculiar domain which he conquered for himself in humoristic satire. But the criticism goes deeper, and affirms that these great descriptive passages are mere feats of eloquent rhetoric and not born of an imaginative insight into the object or scene described. Browning was even bold to assert that it was precisely this rhetorical element which vitiated in his eyes the famous apostrophe to the Ocean in "Childe Harold." If this is not allowed to pass unscathed, what hope of redemption is there for his ordinary descriptive verse ?

It is truly a very debatable borderland which divides great rhetoric from true poetry, and our solitary judgment might wander far astray in an attempt to establish a reliable demarcation. The question is almost a metaphysical

one, and susceptible rather of statement than of proof. Certain broad facts are, however, established with tolerable clearness in reference to this question ; the most important being that on the whole other national poetries, the French for example, make their appeal from the rhetorical elements which they contain ; while on the contrary too large an infusion of rhetoric is counted by us as a defect. It would seem therefore that this affinity of Byron with continental poetry on what appears to us its weakest side, is the most satisfactory explanation of his unrivalled European popularity. His foreign readers because they are foreign are callous to much of the uncouthness and even slovenliness of Byron's verse ; because their ears are tuned to other rhythms they are deaf to his discords ; and finally because they judge poetry by other standards than we they are led captive by the splendid vigour of his rhetoric.

If the question of the distinction between rhetoric and poetry is too obscure for purposes of argument, let us for a moment examine Byron's nature-poetry in detail for tangible results about which there can be no dispute. What then are the objects of Nature which Byron most cares to describe ; and keeping the object of the paper in view, do these descriptions afford points of contact with similar descriptions in Shelley?

Shall we consider it an indication of Byron's gloomy temperament, or of his poetical feeling for mystery, that above all he loves Nature in the hours of night ?

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful.
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.

Manfred III. 4.

Even the few lines of this passage quoted betray its misanthropical affinities. One curious fact must however be noted, namely the extreme gentleness which characterizes this and almost every night or twilight scene in the poems. In "Lara," in the "Siege of Corinth" and in "Parisina" a similar tenderness prevails to the disturbance even of our preconceived ideas of Byron. But generally it will be found that the mildness of Nature serves as a foil to the tumult of human passions, or as in the "Parisina" affords a peaceful setting for a tragic event. The celebrated stanzas in the third canto of "Childe Harold" are inspired with a similar tenderness of feeling ; but there the tranquillity of night forms an effective contrast with the storm which soon thunders among the sleeping Alps.

Shelley does not give us so many extensive studies of Nature by night, but obtains his effects rather by a few delicate touches full of the subdued colour which moonlight sheds upon a familiar scene.

Shelley only, or Coleridge, could have given us the delicate description in "Rosalind and Helen" of the frail cloud wandering across the moon into the darker spaces of the sky. The poetry of the stars too, though he moralizes less about them, is better transmitted in Shelley's verse than in Byron's. One quotation must suffice.

As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken Earth ; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.

Orpheus, 87f.

It may not be possible to set this passage over against any one of Byron's night pieces, and argumentatively to prove its superiority. It is not only by virtue of a subtle poetic quality, which may be felt rather than described, that it is beyond the reach of Byron. If we examine it in detail, every line while adding to the general

effect will be found perfect within itself, and intensely musical in the harmony of its pauses. The serene objectivity of the picture is likewise unattainable by Byron, who ever sullies the fair face of Nature with the tempest of his passions, and mars the gentlest scenes by the suggestion never long withheld of human turmoil. If finally it is suggested that Byron is admirable in his rendering of the mood of night, in voicing the feelings that those mysterious hours inspire, criticism here cannot lift a dissenting voice. But Shelley has also translated the feelings which night evokes, and few lovers of poetry would care to barter his exquisite stanzas "To Night" for any or all of Byron's wonderful descriptions.

Considering Byron's love of the sea, it is astonishing to note the comparatively few descriptions of it to be found within the poems. The ocean apostrophe already referred to, is somewhat under the ban, but it is really too fine for wire-drawn quibbling when the last word has been said. If characteristic detail is neglected, and if lines of luminous poetic power are rare in the range of his sea descriptions, they still possess qualities which raise them very far above mediocrity. Especially remarkable is their astonishing vigour, to which I have already had occasion to draw attention, in reference to the "Don Juan" shipwreck, and the swimming passage in the "Two Foscari." This vigour, it will be noted, resides in the stirring sense of conflict between man on the one hand, and the forces of Nature ranged on the other. The shipwreck scene would lose its appeal for us if deprived of its intense humanity. If Shelley were therefore to be judged here purely upon his descriptive merits, the lack of this dramatic element would surely tell against him. And so closely are our human destinies wrought up with the sea, that there is much force in the objection. But here again Shelley's imaginative vigour comes to his aid, and if on the score of human interest we cannot set his sea descriptions by the side of Byron's, they still have definite poetic qualities in which Byron's are lacking. There is not, for example, in the latter such a disinterested and impersonal study of an ocean storm hurling itself aimlessly upon a barren shore, as is described in the first canto of "Laon and Cythna." But neither is there in Byron following upon such a conscientiously objective study, such a fantastic disregard of natural possibilities as the sequel of Shelley's description involves. The storm, it will be remembered, had been fierce, and after the passing of the tempest Shelley is careful still to observe that the waves were running mountain-high beneath the sunset.

> And with it fled the tempest, so that ocean
> And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere—
> Only, 'twas strange to see the red commotion
> Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
> Of sunset sweep, and their fierce roar to hear
> Amid the calm:

Thus far admirable and true, but continue—

> down the steep path I wound
> To the sea-shore—the evening was most clear
> And beautiful, and there the sea I found
> Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

What can have happened while he was walking down the steep path? The next stanza tells us that

> There was a woman beautiful as morning
> Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
> Of the waste sea—

and I suppose that we must accept her as the cause of the miracle! It is impossible to avoid impatience at such meaningless destruction of a fine description. Is the whole thing meant to be purely symbolical? It is the same fault that disturbs our gravity in the "Alastor," where the poet, in his leaky and crazy craft, with a wretched cloak for sail, performs prodigies of seamanship that startle the sober sense. In the "Alastor," as in "Laon and Cythna," the surrounding description, apart from a few obscurities, is clear-cut and precise, which merely serves to intensify the incongruous effect.

Byron, it is needless to say, is free from such absurdities. The saving grace of humour was his, and a strong infusion of common sense made him careful to cause other people rather than himself to appear ridiculous.

It would serve no further purpose to follow Byron step by step in the varied descriptions which belong to his romantic period. The same general characteristics everywhere prevail to impress upon his nature-poetry the stamp of a vigorous individuality. His nature-verse, therefore, like his poetry in general, is essentially Byronic—more vigorous than profound, the highest reach of declamatory eloquence rather than the inevitable and subtle inspiration of the poetic spirit. As Tennyson has said, Byron's merits (and his defects) lie upon the surface. The pilgrimage of his first hero affords us a brilliant panoramic view of Southern Europe and Asia Minor. We pass "Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea," and skirt the bright Mediterranean shore until

> "Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
> Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
> Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
> Array'd in many a dun and purple streak
> Arise;"

The scenes in the Levant and Switzerland are brilliantly portrayed upon a background of historic human action; or, as in the last two cantos, imbued with the strenuousness of his own unrestful soul. It is, indeed, a magnificent itinerary. And yet, though never erring on the side of tediousness, the narrative yields us nothing that can compare as *Nature* poetry with Wordsworth's account of his pedlar's crawling journey through northern England. "Byron's merits are on the surface"; and no poet is more admirable than he to reproduce the picturesque and obvious detail which would strike the casual observer's eye. But to recapture the spirit of a natural scene, apart from its adventitious human associations, he is powerless. He revelled in storms, for his own nature was tempestuous; and in peaceful twilight scenes, for they were as balm to his spirit. But apart from this Nature was a meaningless word for him.

The world of human action and endeavour was his sphere; and there, had he possessed a more competent grasp of character, his defective artistic sense would have been his only bar to supremacy. But in the companion realm of nature-poetry no series of brilliant descriptions, however picturesquely diversified, will suffice to raise a poet into distinction. Here Byron must yield to five, at least, of his contemporaries. He lacks Wordsworth's fine impressiveness, the last result of the contemplative spirit brooding at once upon beauty and mystery. He does not surpass Shelley in emotional vigour, nor in the power in which both are alike supreme in English poetry, to grapple with the resistless forces of nature. Still he falls immeasurably below both Keats and Shelley in his feeling for sensuous beauty, whether of the eye or ear, and in his gift of artistic expression. He has more diversity than Coleridge, and his nature inspiration is less remote from the sphere of human action. But Coleridge again combines the power of mystical suggestiveness with a limpid purity and directness of expression, which flashes upon our vision at once the spirit of the scene and its visible attributes of beauty. With Scott he would seem to vie in diversity, in historical allusion, and in graphic picturesqueness of detail. He is probably inferior in realistic precision; but where there is so little difference in power, the question of relative superiority is an idle one, and a mere matter of individual preference. The comparison resolves itself into the problem which Ruskin propounded concerning the extent to which a poet is permitted to make Nature the echo and reflection of his own emotions. And this, opening out as it does the further problem of the fundamental distinction between ancient and modern poetry, between objective and subjective art, is too extensive in its scope, and too familiar in its details to be discussed here.

A BUSINESS TALK ON THE YUKON *

By F. C. Wade

IT is rather presumptuous on my part to speak of a business talk, because I am not a business man. But in certain kinds of business he who runs may read, and so far as the Yukon is concerned a very primordial business germ is all that is necessary ro realize that the Yukon business interests are not being attended to by the Canadian people as they should be.

I suppose you are all familiar with most of the facts with regard to the Yukon and its situation, because of the interest that was awakened in that far-off country in 1897 and 1898 ; but perhaps it would be well to point out one or two features with regard to its area and extent. To begin with, the Yukon is situated on our west coast, locking arms with Alaska—in fact, there is a little too much locking arms on the part of Alaska at the present time. That long arm that goes down on the western coast, seems to get longer all the time, so that it is difficult to tell which is our own country and which is the Alaskan arm with which we are encircled from time to time.

In the fact that Alaska at the north was purchased by the United States Government from the Russians, we have the first error or misfortune made with regard to the Yukon, and one of the most unfortunate things that ever occurred so far as the development of the north-western part of Canada is concerned. It was bad enough to have an immense hostile country below the 49th parallel, and all along our south. It was worse to allow that country to become possessed on the north of a large district which must ever remain hostile to us. We see the difficulties of it every day—customs difficulties, the trouble in delimiting our boundary, the tearing down of the British flag at Skagway, and other matters which might at any time lead to international complications.

The Klondyke, which is a portion of the Yukon, is situated in about sixty-four degrees north latitude ; in fact, Circle City, a little below the Yukon, was so called because it was supposed to be within the Arctic Circle; it was afterwards found out not to be within the Arctic Circle, but it was sufficiently far north to justify the name. The Yukon country itself is 198,000 square miles in extent, which is considerably more than the area of Quebec, and very considerably more than the area of Ontario—twice the area of Ontario as it used to be given in the geographies.

The Klondyke mining camp, of the trade of which I have to speak, is a circumscribed area, bounded on the south by the Indian River, on the north by the Klondyke River, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, and on the east by the Yukon. It is some 800 square miles in extent.

The mileage of creeks actually operated in the Yukon does not go over fifty miles. Professor McConnell, Mr. Meyers, and others who have visited the country agree that there is no reason for imagining that the gold area will not extend to almost all the creeks in the Yukon, and when I tell you that only fifty miles have been worked, and that there are seven thousand miles of creeks in the Yukon, almost all of which are unprospected, you can have some idea of the future which lies before that country. (Hear, hear.) As to the little area of the Klondyke, with which we have to deal, I would like to make it clear to you that it has only been actively developed during the last four or five years.

The first stake was driven by George Cormack on Discovery Claim at Bonanza, on August 16th, 1896. The stampede into the country commenced in 1897, and continued in 1898. The first large gold production was made

* An address delivered before the Canadian Club of Toronto.

in 1898, when $10,000,000 were taken from the pay gravels of the country. That is according to the Governmental returns, but a government return is like an Income Tax return—I do not care what the Government is, or what the municipal body that is at the head of affairs, such a return must always be misleading. You remember that old story which is told in Fawcett's "Political Economy," about a street in London where the income tax was levied, and nobody on the street had an income at all, although it was one of the richest streets in London; but afterwards when the street was closed and every resident had to be paid damages according to his income, the amount swelled to tremendous proportions.

It must not be expected that a royalty official return will be any more accurate than an income tax return, especially when the miners are not the old miners of the old '49 days, the old miner or old prospector who spends all his life in the mountains, whether it be on the American or on the Canadian side, and whose single boast is his honour, and especially when they are dealing with a substance in which so much value is incorporated in so small a space or bulk as it is in the case of gold.

However, taking the returns as they are, ten millions of dollars were taken out of the soil in 1898, sixteen millions in 1899, twenty-two millions of dollars in 1900, and twenty-four millions in 1901. And yet people ask us every day on the street, in the face of these figures, if the gold production of the Klondyke is falling off. It has almost trebled in four years.

When we first arrived in the Yukon in 1897, and, travelling over the ice during that winter, came to Dawson, the sensation that I, in common with all others, no doubt experienced, was a very composite one. It did seem strange, after passing over hundreds or even thousands of miles of forest, stream and wilderness, to suddenly descend into a little basin formed by the junction of the Yukon and Klondyke Rivers in among the hills, under the shadow of Moosemin Mountain, and find a little city all by itself, a sort of microcosm, a coming metropolis.

Even then, in the dead of winter, Dawson City was composed of tents and huts made up of rough frames covered with tarred paper, with some whipped lumber made in the locality, but largely made up of packing boxes, and anything else that could be obtained. Windows there were none. What might be called the windows of the cabins were made up largely, at the mines and in the city, of bottles set side by side. Strange to say—and this is a matter to be considered in connection with the referendum, no matter how remote the country, and no matter how impossible it is to get window glass, if you penetrate into the regions adjoining the North Pole, you find bottles, bottles, everywhere. There they were turned to a useful purpose, because they were set side by side, and chinked in with moss, and they made a very good window indeed.

However, such was Dawson in 1897-8, a collection of tents adjoining the old fishery hut of George Cormack, a collection of tar paper and canvas houses scattered around without any regard to sanitary arrangements, and with no street. Nothing better could have been expected.

We were in our infancy, and just then Miss Flora Shaw, of the London *Times*, descended upon the camp and found that we had not good roads, and that the billiard tables were not strictly up to date, and the London *Times* has been talking about it ever since.

However, the spirit of enterprise soon became very evident in the camp, with the result that after the lapse of four years we have to present to you the City of Dawson. In 1898 a cluster of huts, to-day a city with an assessment of $12,000,000 real estate and personalty. (Applause.) In 1868 there was not a steamer on the Upper Yukon River; the first small steamer —a very small one indeed—arrived in June, 1898, and the succession of steamers arriving has been so tremen-

dous that now we can show you on the Upper Yukon a fleet of twenty-seven steamers valued at $878,000, and just bonded on the British market for nearly $1,000,000.

On the Lower Yukon River were formerly the *Arctic* and the *Weir* and a few of the old tubs of the Alaska Commercial Company that were being operated. We now have two fleets. The fleet of the Northern Navigation Company, of twenty-eight steamers, valued to the assessor at $1,125,000, and the fleet of the North America Transportation Company, of seven ships worth about half a million of dollars.

So that on the two ends of the river we have about two and a half million dollars' worth of steamers.

In the City of Dawson we have about $12,000,000 worth of real estate and personalty. In the two years we have produced about $46,000,000 of gold. In houses and land alone the assessment amounts to some $5,000,000.

So that in four years that little country has piled up a total — I am not taking into account all the public buildings built by the Government, or the 218 miles of roads built by the Government with all these public improvements — of over $100,000,000, and that not at some railroad centre in Eastern Canada, and not at some great lake terminus in the Province of Ontario, but at sixty-four and one-half degrees north latitude, under the very shadow of the North Pole.

It seems to me that is very excellent evidence of what enterprise in a country can accomplish.

The White Pass Railway was also built, and last year that White Pass Railway netted some one million and a quarter of dollars in profits, and paid a dividend of twenty-five per cent. to its shareholders.

On all sides, then, you have evidences of enterprise, trade and progress.

During last year there were carried into the country by the White Pass Railway and the steamers in connection with it, no less than 36,000 tons of freight, as against 32,000 tons in the year previous. And last year there were taken in from Vancouver alone 9,600 cattle, horses and sheep, as against some 2,000 in the latter part of 1898. So much for our trade in the Yukon.

But what can be said with regard to our trade interests in the Yukon? What trade interests have the Canadians as a people managed to secure in the Yukon, and to what extent have they shared in the marvellous prosperity of that camp?

It is indeed regrettable that a camp of such value, so far as gold mining is concerned, has to be opened up to the entire world. It does seem regrettable that foreigners and aliens from everywhere should be allowed to swoop down on that camp and without "by your leave" or "if you please," or without even an epithet to command your admiration and attention, simply take possession of our mines on Eldorado and Bonanza—on Eldorado, where the gold mines run $2,000 to the lineal foot; on Bonanza, where they run $1,000 to the lineal foot. It seems hard that these men should be able to take possession of the mines and to send and carry the gold away to Seattle and other places, and build public buildings in a magnanimous way in the different cities of the United States, build great stone blocks in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, and that we in Canada should have nothing whatever left in return for all that is taken away. I say that it seems unfortunate that this should be so. It is difficult to distinguish between this state of things and simply allowing our friends on the other side of the line to enter the Treasury at Ottawa with wheelbarrows or whatever other utensils they may prefer, and to carry away the gold that belongs to the country.

However it cannot be helped. An alien law in a mining camp could never possibly succeed in Canada. The Canadian people, so far, have not developed as a mining people. The alien law was tried in Atlin, with the result that the

Atlin camp was killed the moment the law was passed; and if the alien law had been applied in the Yukon, the Yukon would have been strangled at its very birth.

The United States nation has, with its Swedes and Germans, hardy men of great industry, furnished the grandest class of miners that the world can produce. We have found them in the Yukon leading the way. In the early days of Cassiar it was impossible at times to get enough British subjects to fill a jury. In the Yukon, in my own department, I have had to use the same jurors over and over again, owing to the difficulty in getting sufficient British subjects. While the English and the Canadian show no aptitude for mining (whether it is abhorrence to working underground or not, I do not know), the French Canadian in the Yukon has shown himself an excellent miner, and to-day very closely contests the belt with the Swede, the Norwegian, the Scandinavian and the hardy Norseman that we have in that country.

The only excuse that can be given for allowing a country to be exploited in this way, allowing the gold to be dug from the bowels of the earth and carried off to a foreign country by foreigners, is that it develops Canadian trade, and that is the point upon which I wish to address the Canadian Club. Because persons interested in Canadian trade have not put forward sufficient energy to gain that trade in the Yukon, I am here to-day to say a few words.

It is true that in the beginning of the country the Canadians had no share in the trade at all; but during the last few years their interest in the trade has very considerably increased. Vancouver has become a large shipping point. Victoria is shipping to some extent. The Northwest Territories are shipping to some extent, and you will often be told, and I have no doubt that you have been told, that the Canadian trade with the Yukon is so grown that to-day we control sixty per cent. of the trade. That is true in a sense, but it is not true in the sense in which I desire to have the matter understood by my fellow-Canadian people.

It is true that the Canadian middleman is used much more than he was, and that the buyers in the Yukon to-day buy through middlemen, and in that way all these figures go to the Canadian trade. But the Canadian manufacturer is not by any means getting the trade of the country to the extent which those figures would seem to indicate.

To come down to details I might say that my object in discussing this point is simply to urge that one or two things should be done; that is, either that the Government should be prevailed upon to appoint somebody out of the trade, conversant with the manufacturing and with all the manufactured products of Canada, who will go to the Yukon and acquaint himself with the needs of the country, and then visit all the factories in Canada, and in that way help to increase the area and volume of Canadian trade with that country; or that the Manufacturers' Association, which I see is now devoting itself largely to education in the matter of manufacturing and trade, should take that matter up. Certainly the Government has had a great deal to do in connection with that country for several years past, and has carried on its shoulders much more than it should have attempted to carry.

With regard to the trade itself, I may say that it has been disappointing to us all up in that country from the very beginning, to notice the very slight interest which seems to have been taken by Canadians in the country. To begin in highest circles, let me tell you that but one Minister in the Government of Canada has ever visited that country as yet—the Minister of the Interior. I believe three members of Parliament, two from British Columbia and one from Nova Scotia, have visited the Yukon. Now, is it possible, gentlemen, that a new country can be successfully governed

without the members of the House of Commons and the members of the Cabinet visiting the country and acquainting themselves with its conditions and needs? If it were the same kind of country as Ontario or any of our Eastern Provinces, there would be nothing in my argument; but when it is a placer and quartz mining country, about which you can learn nothing in any other part of Canada, surely it is necessary to go to the mines and understand the needs of the country.

What I say is not for the purpose of attacking the Government, but I want to awaken all Canadian public men. Although the Opposition has choke-damped the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa for years with scandals in connection with the country, followed by Royal Commissions of Investigation, which always showed that there was nothing in the scandals, not one single member of the Opposition in the Parliament of Canada has up to date visited this Yukon country, a country larger than almost any other Province in Canada.

Now, with regard to the newspapers of Canada. I produce here one of the Dawson daily papers. We have three daily papers in Dawson, filled from edge to edge with all possible despatches concerning every item of news that occurs in Canada every day; and there is also a weekly paper, besides some small magazines and leaflets.

Although those papers, with the greatest enterprise and industry, are filled with news from all over Canada, there is not a paper in Canada to-day which contains any news from the Yukon. Seattle papers, as well as those of Tacoma and San Francisco are filled with news from the Yukon. It has been their specialty for years. But our Canadian papers contain nothing whatever with regard to that district.

Seattle newspapers and other American newspapers, especially of New York, are represented by scores of reporters and artists, and have been from 1897; while no Canadian newspaper has ever had a responsible correspondent or an artist, or any one in the country to give them information with regard to that country.

I say our public men are at fault, and our newspapers are at fault. And again I want to say that the manufacturers, and those represented in the trade of the country, have been far more at fault than anybody else. What house of any consequence has sent agents to the Yukon to solicit trade or to seek to understand the trade question there? What house of any consequence in Canada can show an advertisement in the Dawson *Daily News*, or in any daily newspaper in the Klondyke? Those papers are full day after day with advertisements from Seattle and all the cities of the United States, and scarcely in any paper in Dawson, even to-day, after it has contributed so much to the welfare of Canada, and so much to the production of Canada at any rate, can such a thing as a Canadian advertisement be found in 1902?

The great business in the furnishing trade of the Yukon is, of course, the outfitting of the prospector. In the early days that was the greatest business. The prospectors who came to the country claimed that they could not be properly outfitted on the Canadian coast. The Canadians did not understand the needs of the prospector as the Americans did in those cities of the United States, where they had had much more experience in mining matters than had been gained in Canada.

To put it in a rather simple way, the prospector, you remember, goes far away from the centres of population, and travels one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles into the wilderness, and he must not only have the staples of existence, flour to make his slapjacks, the bacon that he requires from time to time, and the tea, but he must have his small and inexpensive luxuries. All the pleasures that enter into the hard existence in those remote points in the wilderness (if he has any pleasures) are very gross and material indeed, and are not to be mentioned in such a select assemblage; but if the miner does enjoy anything it is some luxury, some

little jelly or preserves put among his outfit. The outfitters of the American coast cities, with due regard to his tastes and pleasures, were able to make a more attractive outfit than were the outfitters of the cities on our side of the line.

There are a great many lines of goods which should be furnished to the Yukon trade. Why is it that we do not furnish butter to the Yukon trade? Surely our butter is better than any that could be furnished from any other part of the world. But our butter is packed in such tins, and in such a way, that the rust and air affect it. My experience is that Canadian butter cannot be bought, because it always spoils. That is the regular experience in camp. When we arrived at Skagway in 1897, four tons of Canadian butter had to be thrown over the edge of the dock into the Lynn Canal, which was certainly a fine advertisement at the outset for Canadian butter.

Then take Canadian bacon. Why do we not use Canadian bacon in the Yukon country? We want to use it. I say for the credit of the trading institutions up there, whether large or small, they feel that they are to make their money there, and they want to use all the Canadian staples they can; but they claim they cannot use Canadian bacon because it is not cured to last a sufficiently long time. Everything has to be carried in during the summer, to last not four or five months merely, but an entire season and half a season afterwards—a year or eighteen months. So much for our butter and bacon. These are technical matters in which I may be astray, but I tell you simply what all the business men in the country tell me.

Why do we not monopolize the Yukon market in canned goods? Our goods are better and sweeter, and there is probably more food in them than in similar goods from anywhere else. They object to the labels; they object to the tins as being too heavy.

Why do we not have our rubber goods in that country? For the simple reason that if we bought the Canadian rubber miner's boots which are furnished at the Coast, it would take almost a team of horses to carry those boots up to the mine. The prospector or miner can go and get a pair of Gold Seal rubber boots from the other side of the line, which are light and easily worn.

Our shovels are too long in the handle; our picks are too heavy. Of the steel candlesticks to be driven into the frozen gravel we have not shipped any into the country.

Why does not Canadian cheese take possession of the market of the country, and Canadian condensed milk? In some cases it may be from lack in the supply of the articles themselves, and in other cases through fault in the method of packing and labelling, or in the tins or articles in which the goods are placed. But above and beyond all other reasons, because the manufacturers of our country have taken no interest in the country, and the newspapers have taken no interest in the country, and Parliament has taken little interest in the country beyond the debates which have taken place during the last few sessions.

It seemed to me it might be well to bring these matters before this Club, and it might be well worth while to point out, too, that there is no difficulty whatever in entering that country at the present time.

I am often asked—everybody who comes from that country is often asked—Isn't it very difficult to get into the country? Isn't it frightfully cold when you get there?

Here we object to our British friends always alluding to Canada as the Lady of the Snows; but every Canadian seems to hurl the same insult at our Yukon country. It is true we have cold there in the winter time; but you have it cold down here and in every part of Canada in the winter time. And surely every grown-up Canadian has stamina sufficient to know what a small argument that is.

We have the most beautiful summers it is possible to imagine; a more glorious summer climate could not well be

conceived. In the winter the cold is dry. We have, however, an open summer up to the end of September and well on into October ; then by the middle of May the ice is gone out of the Yukon River, and from then on to the end of September or October we have as delightful a summer as you have. And we have what you have not in the summer. During the summer time we have daylight all night, which makes it possible to carry on all the works of the country at a double shift, and in that way to accomplish a great deal more than can be accomplished anywhere else.

We have the country, we have the climate, and we have the products.

As to the methods of getting into the country. It should be clearly understood that whereas in the old days you had to go by steamer to Skagway, and then scale the passes and endure a good deal of hardship, in the summer time in any case you had to scale the Chilcoot and White Passes and then come down the river in boats at a considerable expense. It is to-day no more difficult to go to the Yukon than it is to go on the steamer down to Quebec. It takes a little longer, perhaps.

From Victoria or Vancouver to Skagway you travel on an ocean steamer, well appointed in every way, as pleasantly as could be. At Skagway you take the White Pass Railway over the Pass. You have not to get out and clamber over the pass and carry anything, but you can ride in your slippers and lounging-jacket as well as you can anywhere else in the world ; and when you reach Whitehorse all you have to do is to step on a palace steamer and in two days you are in Dawson.

Surely if all that has been accomplished in the short space of four years, and if we have to offer you a country which has produced in one-tenth of the time seven-eighths of the gold products of Canada, a country which last year imported thirty-six thousand tons of freight of all kinds for the consumption of the people of that country, and surely if you have the butter, cheese, canned goods, bacon and all the other staples which you hear about all the time, and if this is the growing time of Canada, and if the people of Toronto are as enterprising as they seem to be, and if we are in a period of growth and advancement, then when you and our public men spend so much time looking towards the development of trade with Australia and the Antipodes and all other parts of the world, you ought to be equal to reaching out and joining hands with the Yukon and getting close trade relations and securing the benefit of the Yukon trade.

THE BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By John A. Cooper

THE sufferings entailed on one hundred thousand women and children in a country overrun by an enemy and with their own protectors broken up into small marauding bands, must be very severe. Whether the Boer women and children suffered more than they should have, is an open question. Suffering was inevitable, but the degree of the suffering was to some extent within the control of the British.

The early situation is best explained in Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the war. He says :

" When considerable districts of the country were cleared of food in order to hamper the movements of the commandos, and when large numbers of farmhouses were destroyed under the circumstances already mentioned, it became evident that it was the duty of the British, as a civilized people, to form camps of refuge for the women and children where, out of reach, as we hoped, of all harm, they could await the return of peace. There were three courses open. The first was to send the Boer women and children into the

Boer lines—a course which became impossible when the Boer army broke into scattered bands and had no longer any definite lines ; the second was to leave them where they were ; the third was to gather them together and care for them as best we could.

"It is curious to observe that the very people who are most critical of the line of policy actually adopted, were also most severe when it appeared that the alternative might be chosen. The British nation would have indeed remained under an ineffaceable stain had they left women and children without shelter upon the veldt in the presence of a large Kaffir population. Even Mr. Stead could hardly have ruined such a case by exaggeration. On some rumour that it would be so, he drew harrowing pictures of the moral and physical degradation of the Boer women in the vicinity of the British camps. No words can be too strong to stigmatize such assertions unless the proof of them is overwhelmingly strong—and yet the only 'proof' adduced is the bare assertion of a partisan writer in a partisan paper, who does not claim to have any personal knowledge of the matter. It is impossible without indignation to know that a Briton has written on such evidence of his own fellow-countrymen that they have 'used famine as a pander to lust.'

"Such language, absurd as it is, shows very clearly the attacks to which the British Government would have been subjected had they *not* formed the camps of refuge. It was not merely that burned-out families must be given a shelter, but it was that no woman on a lonely farm was safe amid a black population, even if she had the means of procuring food. Then, again, we had learned our lesson as regards the men who had given their parole. They should not again be offered the alternative of breaking their oaths or being punished by their own people. The case for the formation of the camps must be admitted to be complete and overwhelming. They were formed, therefore, by the Government at convenient centres, chiefly at Pretoria, Johannesburg, Krugersdorp, Middelburg, Potchefstroom, Rustenburg, Heidelburg, Standerton, Pietersburg, Klerksdorp, and Volksrust in the Transvaal ; Bloemfontein, Kroonstad, Bethulie, and Edenburg in the Orange Free State.

"Such camps as refuges were no new things, for the British refugees from Johannesburg have been living for over a year in precisely such places. As no political capital and no international sentiment could be extracted from their sufferings, and as they have borne their troubles with dignity and restraint, we have heard little of the condition of their lives, which is in many ways more deplorable than that of the Boers.

"Having determined to form the camps, the authorities carried out the plan with great thoroughness. The sites seem to have been well chosen, and the arrangements in most cases all that could be wished. They were formed, however, at an unfortunate moment. Great strain had been placed upon our Commissariat by the large army, over 200,000 men, who had to be supplied by three tiny railways, which were continually cut. In January, 1901, De Wet made his invasion of Cape Colony, and the demand upon the lines was excessive. The extraordinary spectacle was presented at that time of the British straining every nerve to feed the women and children of the enemy, while that enemy was sniping the engineers and derailing the trains which were bringing up the food.

"The numbers of the inmates of the refugee camps increased rapidly from 20,000 at the end of the year 1900, up to more than 100,000 at the end of 1901. Great efforts were made by the military authorities to accommodate the swelling tide of refugees, and no money was spared for that purpose. Early in the year 1901 a painful impression was created in England by the report of Miss Hobhouse, an English lady, who had visited the camps and criticized them unfavourably. The value of her report was dis-

counted, however, by the fact that her political prejudices were known to be against the Government."

As a result of Miss Hobhouse's agitation, a committee of ladies to investigate the camps was appointed some nine months ago. To some extent they have found that Miss Hobhouse was right, and that some defects had existed. They found that tents had been scarce and the water supply bad. It is easy to understand both these defects. The population in the camps increased rapidly, and it took time to get tents enough for everybody. The water supply in South Africa is always bad.

The committee goes on to say that it ought to have been foreseen that a dietary without fresh milk, vegetables or meat would be followed by a lowering of vitality and by scurvy. This is true, but even if it had been foreseen, it is a question if the meat could have been procured. The official dietary says that each person shall have a half-pound of meat daily, in addition to coffee, flour, sugar and salt. The meat, no doubt, was often lacking. The Boer women, even with money in their possession, would not be able to buy it.

The ladies report that measles broke out, and pneumonia and kindred diseases followed. There was not a sufficient supply of doctors and nurses. This again is understandable though regrettable. Many a British and Colonial soldier suffered for lack of doctor and nurse. It could not be expected that Boer women and children should be immune from suffering. The committee found that the camp at Aliwal north was a disgrace. Here, no doubt, there was criminal carelessness which might have been prevented. The commanding officer at Kroonstad, in some way, allowed diseased persons to be moved into the nearest camp and an epidemic followed. This also was criminal.

Yet Mrs. Fawcett's committee do not declare for breaking up the camps. During the time they have been investigating, they have made recommendations. These have been adopted by authorities and the necessary improvements made. Mr. Chamberlain assisted in the good work—a fact which is admitted by *The Review of Reviews* and by *The Speaker*, two journals which are not given to admitting much in his favour. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain seems to have repeatedly urged Lord Milner to give greater attention to the work of improvement. The only criticism *The Speaker* makes is that Mr. Chamberlain started six months later than was necessary.

The great mortality rate has been reduced, and we know that there never was any brutality and cruelty, and that everything is now being done for these unfortunates. Miss Hobhouse has won fame as a reformer. These are the first results. The second will be that the women of the world must recognize that if they continue to worship brute force, to deify the man in uniform, and to encourage the war spirit, they must suffer if they come within the baneful influence of such struggles. The Boer women, right or wrong, inflamed the war spirit of their husbands and sons, and they have paid the penalty which follows upon all human weaknesses. The lesson is open to Canadian women. If they desire to assist the progress of civilization, let them discourage the complacence with which war is regarded. Peace at almost any price is preferable to war.

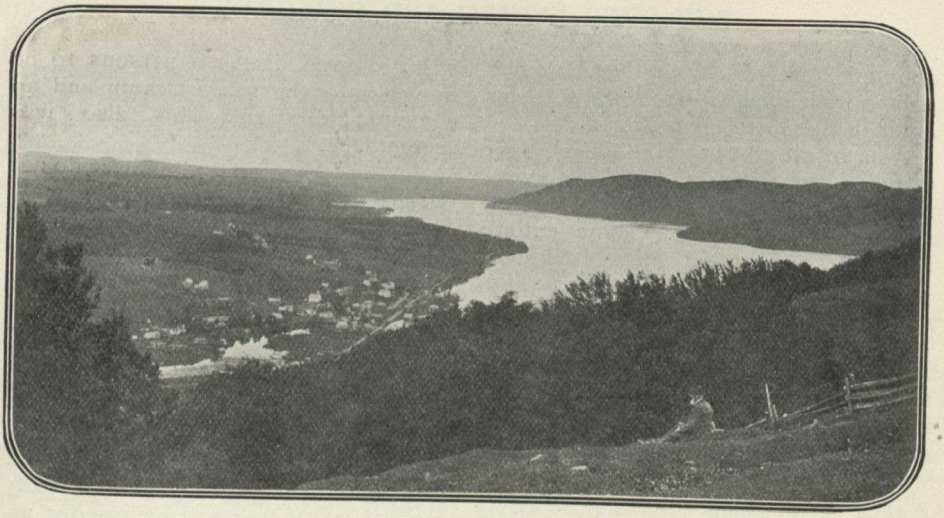


PHOTO BY JONES, ECHO VALE

A VIEW OF NORTH HATLEY AND LAKE MASSAWIPPI

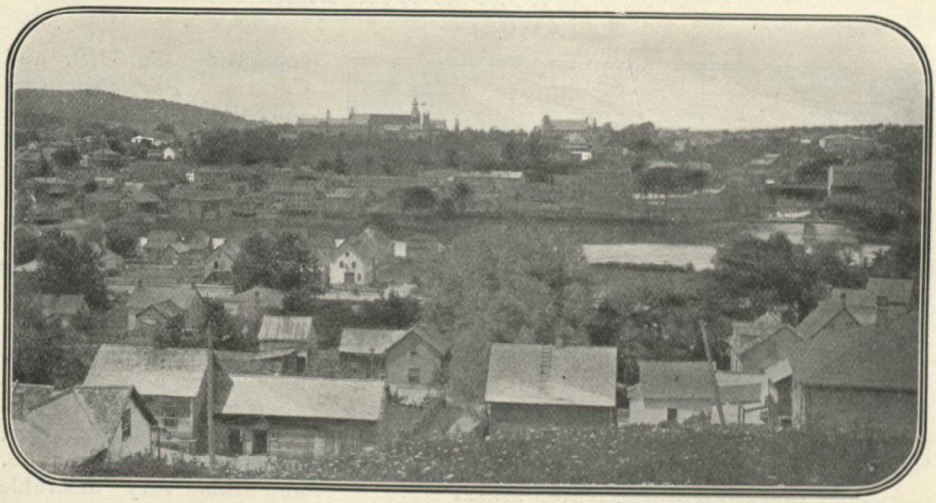
THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

By L. S. Channell, Publisher Sherbrooke Daily Record

THAT portion of the Province of Quebec which is known as "The Eastern Townships," forms almost as distinctive a part of Canada as though it were a province in itself. It is a part of Quebec which was not settled previous to the British conquest. It, therefore, was never touched by the seigniory system. During the French occupation, and for at least ten years subsequent thereto, it was a vast wilderness covered with forest, and untrodden by any but the native Indians. It was a neutral district, lying between the French district along the St. Lawrence and the English settlements along the Atlantic. At the present day it is generally understood to comprise the eleven counties of Missisquoi, Brome, Shefford, Drummond, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Compton, Wolfe, Arthabaska and Megantic, and the approximate population is 290,000.

FISHING IN VICTORIA RIVER, LAKE MEGANTIC

The name "townships" arose from the fact that the land was granted in townships. A number of indivi-



SHERBROOKE—THE LEADING CITY OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

duals intending to become settlers, would organize themselves into an association, and select one of their number to make all the arrangements with the Government. This agent also looked after the survey, the roads and mills. Forty associates was the number usually required for a township ten miles square. Each associate usually got 200 acres of land. In all the grants two-sevenths were reserved by the Government, of which one-seventh was for future disposition, and one-seventh for the support of the Protestant clergy.

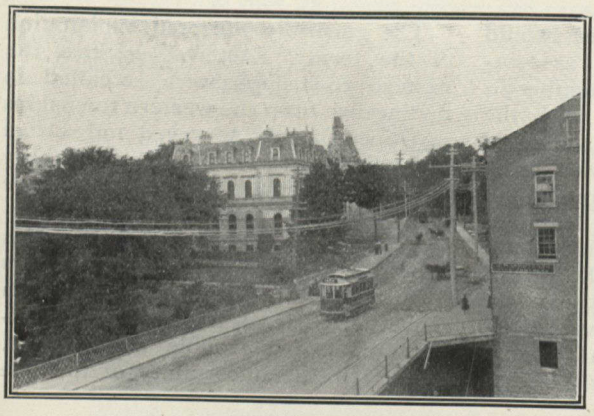
The generally accepted explanation of the term "Eastern" is, that the eastern townships were so called to distinguish from the western townships in Upper Canada surveyed and settled immediately after the Revolutionary war. The eastern townships were mostly granted after 1791.

Previous to 1786, every influence was brought to bear to prevent settlers locating in this territory, as the then Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, feared trouble might arise, owing to the uncertainty of the line

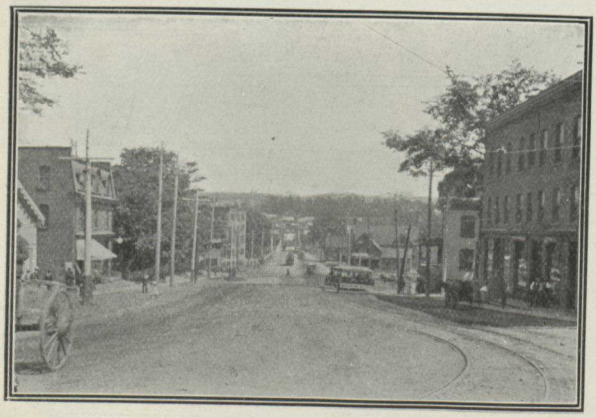
SHERBROOKE—COMMERCIAL STREET

PHOTO BY BOUCHER, SHERBROOKE

SHERBROOKE—WELLINGTON STREET



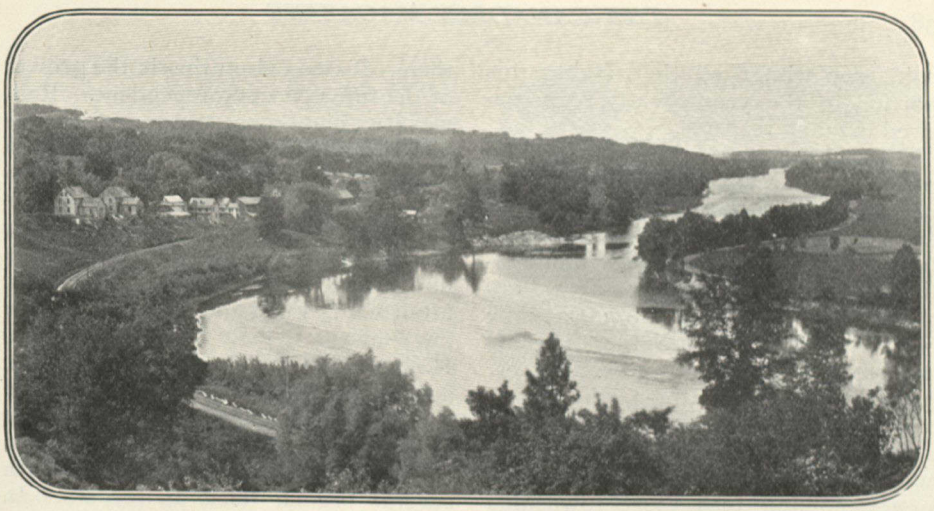
SHERBROOKE— COMMERCIAL STREET



SHERBROOKE—KING STREET

separating the U.S. and Canada. For this reason the United Empire Loyalists passed it by and went to the townships in Upper Canada. A few only who first settled on the shores of Lake Champlain and in the cities of Montreal and Quebec, afterwards established homes in these townships. A change, however, was made by the new Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, who assumed office in 1786, and this very desirable tract of land was opened for settlement a few years later. It was free to all who would undertake certain road work and development. Commencing in 1792 the townships were rapidly taken up by settlers coming from the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont. Although they were not U. E. Loyalists, they were those not satisfied with the United States Government and its catering to the French Republic. A large number of the men who fought against England in the Revolutionary war did so as a punishment to the English party in power, and not with the expectation of a new government under French protection. This was the class of men who wended their way northward and took up the free land, again living loyally and contentedly under the flag which some of them had fought against but a few years before.

The line between the two countries was not then definitely known, and when many years later it was surveyed by com-



THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER

missioners specially appointed, homes, farms, and in some cases whole villages, were found to be under a flag which it was supposed had been left forever. When first settled a tract of land on the boundary between Canada, Vermont and New Hampshire, was claimed by officers of both countries to be under their jurisdiction, and the feud was carried so far that there was no law nor order in this special section.

The inhabitants of these townships show a personality different from other sections of Canada. The Mother Country has sent her children, English, Scotch and Irish, to take root in the soil; while the French-Canadians have moved in rapidly and occupied the land jointly with the descendants of the first settlers from the United States. The enterprise and push of the Yankee, guided by the caution and dogged determination of the English, coupled with the polished instinct and suavity of manner acquired from the French, has produced a manhood unsurpassed by any in the world. This mixed population lives harmoniously together, the French-Canadians co-operating and harmonizing with their English brethren. Differences will be found in the habits of life and tone of thought of a people so diverse in race, in social habits, and in creed, but these differences do not lead to strife.

The nature of the country forming the eastern townships differs greatly from the French parishes of the Province, which lie on all sides except to the south. Instead of great plains are found hills and fertile valleys, traversed by mountain ranges, and intersected by numberless rivers and water-courses, taking their rise in picturesque lakes. Thus, in addition to its fertile character, the eastern townships is a country famous for its scenery, and one retaining its green hue until late in the autumn. In point of beauty it is not surpassed by any part of the American continent, and rivals even that of Switzerland, if beauty consists in the combination of the picturesque with adaptability to the wants of life. Many districts may be more grand, but grandeur alone is merely one of the elements of perfect beauty.

Tourists gather from all parts of America during the summer months, to enjoy the scenery and derive benefit from the invigorating, health-giving climate. For invalids, portions of the eastern townships are not excelled anywhere; for the summer seeker after rest and recuperation they cannot be surpassed, and for the sportsman the lakes, rivers and forest offer all that can be desired. The winter sports of skating, hockey, curling and tobogganing, are enjoyed by all, both young and old. These, with the bracing,

cold, dry winter weather, makes this portion of the year greatly to be desired in many respects.

Agriculture has always been the principal source of revenue. In the past these townships were recognized as a great producing country for export beef, but the west gradually monopolized this business, and for a few years the farmers had a hard time to make both ends meet before they became accustomed to the changed conditions. About ten years ago the farmers commenced to realize their future lay in dairying, and gradual growth has been made in this direction until now the money coming into these townships from cheese and butter is something extraordinary. The prospects for the future, in this line of agriculture, are very bright. Farmers who, a few years ago, had heavy mortgages and felt discouraged, are now clear of debt with money ahead, all owing to the changed conditions taken advantage of. The butter and cheese of these eastern townships carried off the highest awards at the Chicago World's Fair.

Large mills, manufacturing pulp, paper, woollens, cotton, print goods, etc., have been established, and gathered cities, towns and villages around them. On manufacturing is the growth of the future largely dependent. Railways are numerous, and manufacturers will find plenty of water power with a railway alongside to carry their products to the ends of the world.

At Sherbrooke, called the hub of the eastern townships, is found the through line of the Grand Trunk system from Montreal to Portland, Me.; the "main line" of the C.P.R. from Montreal to Halifax; the terminus of the Boston and Maine R. R., reaching all parts of the New England States; also the headquarters of the Quebec Central Railway, which runs to Quebec, with several branch lines as feeders. In other parts of these counties are also to be found the Central Vermont, Maine Central and Orford Mountain railways.

In minerals the country is specially noted for asbestos and copper. The former is located on the Quebec Central, and ranks as the largest asbestos mines in the world. The copper mines at Capelton and Eustis are probably the best payers of any east of Lake Superior. Gold has been found in many places, but although it has paid where sluices were used, never found in sufficient quantity to be called a gold-producing country.

BOLTON PASS, NEAR LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG PHOTO BY MISS WOOD, KNOWLTON

The demands of summer tourists, and boarders from the city, have produced many resorts on some of the best known lakes. Lake Memphremagog, with Newport, Vt., at one end, and Magog, Que., the other, is thirty miles long, five to eight miles wide, and over two-thirds of its waters in Canada. With its high mountains along the west side, it suddenly captivates the traveller, who, if one of wide experience, says it can only be compared to the lakes of Switzerland. Mount Orford reaches up to the height of 3,000 feet, while a few miles away is Owl's Head with 2,700 feet to its top, and the water at its base, a few feet only from shore, is over 700 feet deep. This lake has become very popular, not only with Montrealers, but annually draws a large number from Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Some expensive and very pretty summer residences are to be found on the islands and shores. High mountains rising directly from the shores is one of the beauties noticeable on this as well as many of the smaller lakes to be found throughout the eastern townships.

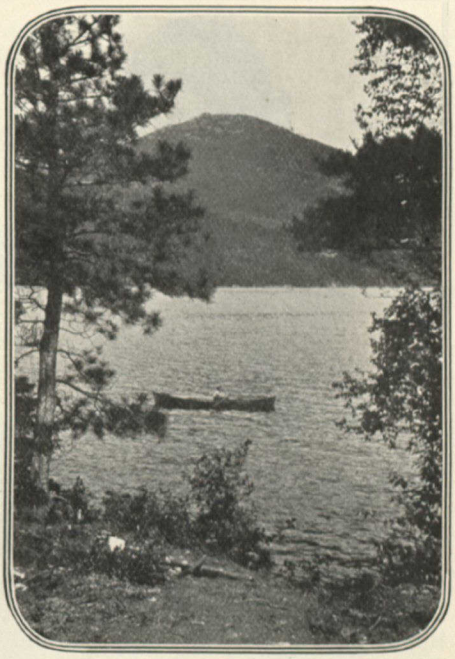


PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG—OWL'S HEAD FROM ROUND ISLAND

A few miles west is Brome Lake, on the shores of which is the pretty village of Knowlton. This place has its thousands of summer visitors, drawn mostly from the city of Montreal. North Hatley, located at the outlet of Lake Massawippi, has become very popular with citizens of the United States, who have built many private homes, and add 800 to 1,000 to the population during the summer months.

Lakes Megantic and Spider, situated at the boundary with Maine, are distinctly a sportsman's paradise. The settlers thus far are few, and the woods mostly in all the grandeur that time only can produce before man strips off the timber. A large club is kept up in royal style by citizens from Boston. Here it is one can see quantities of game of all kinds, taken from the water and on land.

With all that nature has provided in beautiful hills and fertile valleys, and a climate that is strengthening and delightful, it is no wonder the resident of the eastern townships feels proud of his heritage.

SPIDER LAKE AND ARNOLD RIVER

Down the Arnold River, a small stream emptying into Lake Megantic, did Benedict Arnold and his men pass on their famous march from Boston to Quebec in 1775. Traces of this journey of famishing men are occasionally found.

COMEDIETTA

By

Marion Smith

With Drawings by Emily Hand

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

HER MOTHER, and
COUSIN POLLY } lovers of Helen.

CHINA DOLL, a very large doll from the land of China,
LILY, the beauty doll—dressed in silk,
BETSY PRIGG, a rag doll quite fat and rather queer,
TOPSY, another rag doll—the darky doll,
TINY BABY DEAR, the very small doll,
HELEN, the Little Girl at Our House. } friends to Helen.

Place—Our House: Time—When the Sandman comes.

THE ACT.

SCENE.—*An upper room lighted; an open doorway showing part of hallway. On the hall table, Betsy Prigg: under the table China Doll—visible all but the head: on a sofa within the room, the other dolls in a heap—Lily on top. Helen, upright in her cot. At the doorway, Mother in evening dress. Moving around the room, shading some of the lights, etc., Cousin Polly.*

LILY, THE BEAUTY DOLL

VOICE.—(*bass and from below*) Ridiculous woman, are you *never* coming?

[From the doorway to the cot, a wave of kisses—smilingly; from the cot to the doorway, one kiss—charily. Exit Mother.]

COUSIN POLLY—(*completely shading the nearest light*) Now, isn't *that* nice? Lily over there on the sofa can certainly go to sleep.

HELEN.—Yes. Put Lily up high, on the boo-rō. I broked her arms off: my Mother sewed them on to-day. Where's Betsy Prigg?

C. P.—Betsy Prigg is out on the hall table, fast asleep.

HELEN.—(*recumbent*) I shut-ted my eyes too. There! Tight! I never bro-ked my China Doll. My Mother will buy me a new doll with lots of heads on it.

C. P.—(*seating herself close to the cot*) Cousin Polly knows a lovely song :—

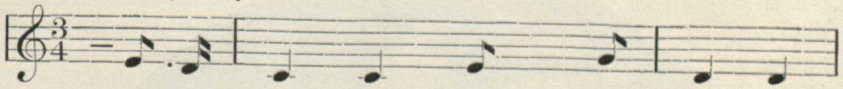
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest
Under the silver moon,
Rest, rest——

HELEN.—My Mother is not out, my mother's gone down town. *Where's* my Own Mother?

C. P.—Why gone down town and she will not see one of the birds on the trees, not one. They are all in bed, every little bird.

Rest, rest, sleep and rest
Under the silver——

HELEN.—Where's the Topsy Dolly? Me likes Tiny Baby Dear: Tiny Baby's a love-ly, love-ly dolly.



C. P.—(*gently*) Hush my babe, lie still and slum-ber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
May thy days in——

HELEN.—*That's* the one. That 'o good. Sing By-o Helen.

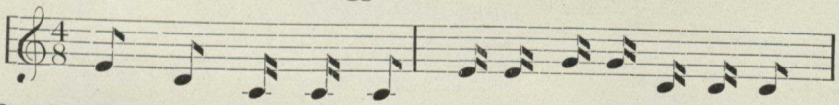
C. P.— By-o He—len, by-o Gir-lie,
Helen dar-ling shut your eyes.
Shut your sweet-est eyes, dear gir-lie
Like the birds——

BETSY PRIGG

Lily with your eyes so big—,
By-o Li-ly, fairest Lily—
Lily with——

HELEN.—Sing By-o Betsy Prigg.
C. P.— ——and Bet-sy Prigg.
By-o Bet-sy, charming Bet——
HELEN.—Sing By-o Lily.
C. P.— ——and

HELEN.—I never bro-ked the China Doll. Sing By-o China Doll.
C. P.—(*faintly*) By-o China Doll, by-o——
HELEN.—Sing By-o China Doll *bigger.*



C. P.—(*aloud, with speed*)
By-o Chi-na Doll
Pinkie, chinkie China Doll,
By-o China Doll
Chink, chink, wink.
Chink, chink, China Doll,
Think, think, China Doll,
Shut your eyes, China Doll,
Chink, chink, wink ;
Shut your eyes, China Doll,
Both your eyes, China Doll,
All your eyes, China Doll,
Wink, chink, chink.

HELEN.—My mother's not out. My mother's——
C. P.—(*gently*) Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber.
HELEN.—*That's* the one. That's good. Sing By-o Helen.
C. P.—(*very gently*) Slumber He-len, in thy bed.
HELEN.—Sing By-o Helen *bigger.*
C. P.—(*crescendo*) By-o He—len, angels guard thee.
HELEN.—Where's you' hand?
C. P.— Gen-tle an—gels, guard thy bed,
(*diminuendo*) Sweet to thee, O, dearest gir-lie,
Sweet the dreams where
Sleep——has——led. [curtain.

Lt. Winthrop Lt. Mason Lt. Procter

Surgeon Hartley Commander Sclater Paymaster Franklin

OFFICERS OF THE ILL-FATED "CONDOR"

THE LOST BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR

By Agnes Deans Cameron

THE last vestige of hope for His Majesty's sloop-of-war *Condor* is given up. The ill-fated vessel has gone down—another name on the long, sad list of "*Sailed from port; never spoken; lost at sea.*"

H.M.S. *Condor* left Esquimalt, His Majesty's station in the North Pacific, on December 2nd, bound for Honolulu, and has never been heard of; according to schedule she should have reached port in eleven days under steam, or in a month under canvas. This was the *Condor's* first commission, she having been built at Sheerness in 1898, and going into commission at Chatham on November 1st, 1900. She left on 10th November for Esquimalt to relieve H.M.S. *Pheasant.*

The *Condor* was a steel-sheathed, twin-screw sloop-of-war of 980 tons displacement. She drew only 11½ feet, and her length was 180 feet over all. She is not the historic *Condor* identified with the bombardment of Alexandria, but owns that boat as her honourable god-parent. Her armament at the time of her disappearance consisted only of four three-pounders and six 4-inch quick-firing guns; and her total cost to the Admiralty for construction was £59,379.

The *Condor* was a type which found no favour with a large section of England's fighting men. Lord Brassey, while she was under construction, in an official report, refers this slightingly to her: "Two sloops and four gun-

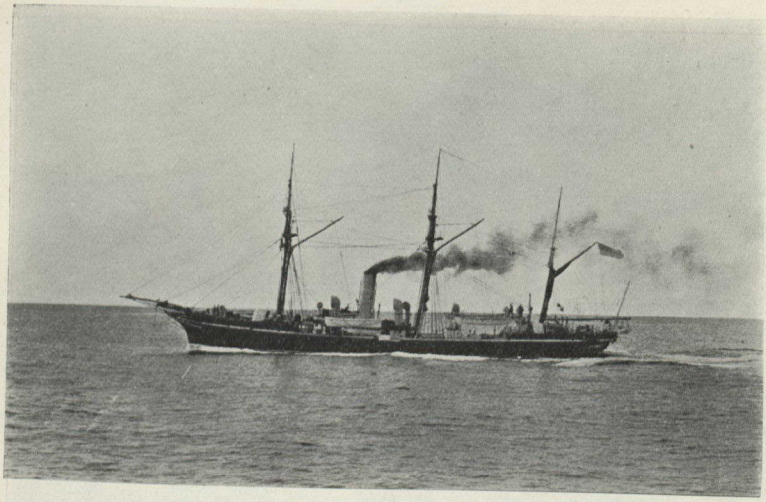
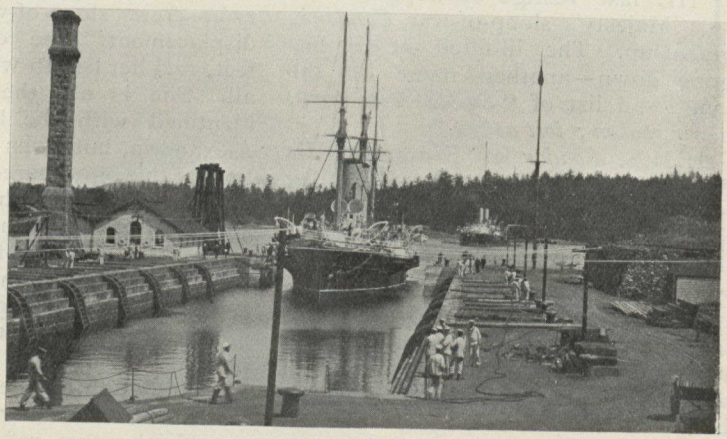


PHOTO BY JONES, ESQUIMALT

H.M.S. "CONDOR" LEAVING ESQUIMALT HARBOUR ON HER LAST VOYAGE

boats have, we regret to say, been laid down." She was one of seven vessels of her model, H.M.S. *Shearwater*, now *en route* to Esquimalt to relieve the *Icarus*, being one. The *Rosario*, on the China station, is another, and the *Vestal*, now bound also for the China station, is another of the seven. The others are the *Mutine* and the *Rinaldo*. Other warships from Esquimalt have diligently searched for the lost vessel; and with true sisterly sympathy the U. S. revenue-cutter *Grant* spent nearly three weeks in the sad search. The *Grant* recovered from a fishing village on the west coast of Vancouver Island one of the *Condor's* boats, a derelict picked up by the Indians. The captain of the cutter gave his dress sword in exchange for the boat, since the Indians were loath to part with their salvage. One of the other searching vessels found part of a mast which Esquimalt officers have positively identified as belonging to the *Condor*. These two—the boat and the fragment of mast—are the only two meagre signs as yet yielded up by the sea. What happened to the *Condor*? Did she collide with another vessel? Did the terrible December storm free her deck-guns from their moorings till they, loosened, became a menace rather than a defence? When did the storm strike her; in the daytime, or in the night-watches? How did they perish, those brave men who manned her? That we need not ask. They were accustomed to look death in the face—and when God summoned them to the last "roll call," they went calmly and bravely.



DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMALT, BRITISH NAVAL STATION, WHENCE THE "CONDOR" CLEARED ON DECEMBER 2ND, 1901

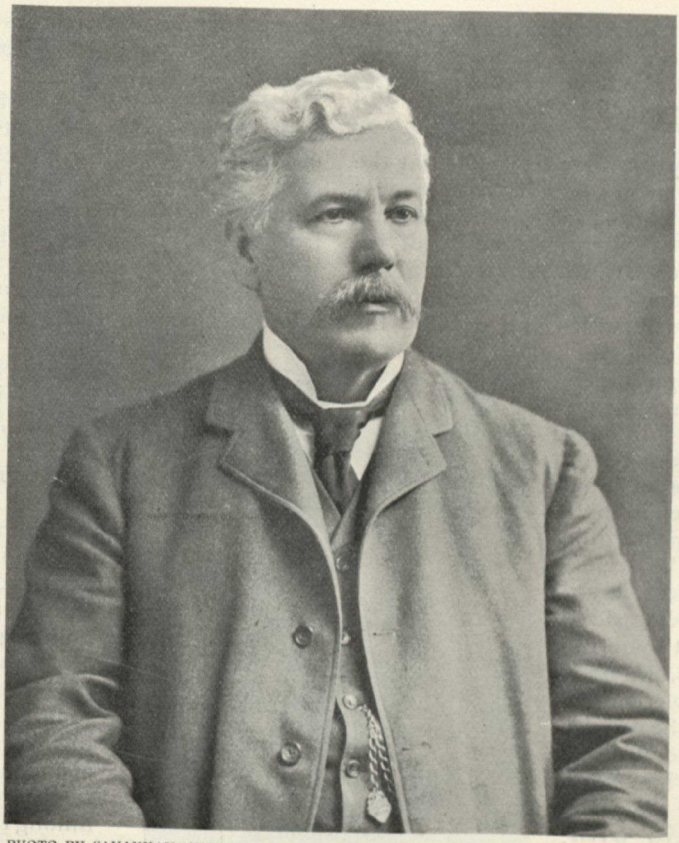


PHOTO BY SAVANNAH, VICTORIA

THE HON. WILLIAM TEMPLEMAN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. XXXIV.—SENATOR TEMPLEMAN

AS a journalist, as a political leader, as a parliamentary candidate, as a senator, as a member of a Dominion Cabinet, the Hon. William Templeman has risen from the printer's case to the desk of a privy councillor. His success in life, now crowned by his summons to the Ministry, has been wrung from fortune by perseverance, integrity and industry. British Columbia acknowledges him to-day as one of her leading citizens, as one whom she delights to honour and as one worthy to represent her in the councils of the nation.

And yet what Senator Templeman has accomplished is open to every boy in the land. He had no extraordinary start in life. The horizon of his boyhood was as circumscribed by limitations as that of any Canadian youth of half a century ago. The old wooden desks in the village schoolhouse of Pakenham, in Lanark County, doubtless bore the scars of his jack-knife. And this was almost the limit of his schooling—the little schoolhouse which has done so much for the Canadians of to-day. The simple curriculum consisted mainly of the three R's, but perhaps the teaching, if limited, was thorough.

Having graduated at the "common" school the sturdy, independent, Scotch-blooded boy of sixteen entered the of-

fice of the Carleton Place *Herald* and became an apprentice of the "art preservative." Later he went to Almonte, became a partner in the Almonte *Gazette*, and laid the foundation of a political career. He learned what the Canadian youth born to leadership must learn. He learned to know himself and the people among whom he lived. A short residence of three years in Memphis, Tennessee, tended perhaps to sharpen his faculties and develop his powers of observation. Foreign travel and residence usually do that. In any case, William Templeman was an honoured citizen in that little Ontario burgh, and when he decided to go west, as so many of Ontario's brightest youths have done, he and his wife were presented by the people of Almonte with a beautiful hammered-silver tea-service inlaid with gold.

MRS. TEMPLEMAN

Eighteen years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway was crawling slowly across the western prairies and stepping slowly and carefully over the Rocky Mountains and down through the valleys of the Columbia and the Fraser. The City of Vancouver was not even a name. On the Island was the only town of importance in British Columbia, and there was the seat of government and the throne of justice. To this beautifully-situated City of Victoria came this Eastern Ontario printer and publisher. The office of the *Times*, then managed by the late Mr. J. C. McLagan, was opened to him. From the mechanical department he drifted to the editorial side, as many of Canada's editors have done, since leader-writing and political campaigning go well together. Eventually he became the proprietor of the *Times* and the leading Liberal politician on the coast. Nor was either of these positions easy to fill. To publish a daily newspaper so far from a paper-mill, so far from the centre at which news is distributed, was no easy task. Yet it was profitably done. To make a profession of Liberalism in those days was no easier. The Conservative party, triumphant in Eastern Canada, owned the West, body and soul. The being a Liberal in those days almost involved social ostracism. But through all the trying and disappointing struggles Senator Templeman and those who fought with him exhibited that spirit of unconquerable determination which, among those of Saxon speech, as Macaulay says, is never so sedate and stubborn as toward the close of a long and doubtful struggle. Three times did the proprietor of the *Times* himself essay the parliamentary lists against a candidate whose personal popularity challenged the courage of the most doughty opponent. Three times he engaged in the unequal fight, and three times the other was a victor. Each time, however, there were signs that Mr. Templeman was gaining in popularity and influence. Shortly after the general elections of 1896 he was called to the Senate and more recently to the Ministry.

Senator Templeman has avoided the arts by which the average politician

seeks favour and has conducted his political warfare in a manly and generous spirit. The result is that his new honours have given gratification to all classes of British Columbia's citizens.

None, perhaps, outside of his own household have had such an opportunity to judge of the character of the man and estimate his worth as those who have served with him in a journalistic way. The temptations of newspaper life are varied and many. Corporations with fat money-bags are constantly seeking an organ, and the more reputable a newspaper the higher the bid for its support. Politicians with axes to grind, municipal officers with civic offences and delinquencies to condone, and private citizens with personal animosities to satisfy and ambitions to appease, seek the favour of the editor, and not infrequently are ready to pay handsomely for the same. To the independence of spirit of its proprietor, manifested sometimes when the importunities of creditors outran the capabilities of the office safe, is due the fact that to-day Senator Templeman's paper is referred to by friend and foe as a fearless and independent journal.

Senator Templeman has a sound judgment, a well-stocked mind, and the power of making a lucid and forceful speech. He is not given to fireworks or oratorical display, but his work is nevertheless sure and keen.

John Nelson

THE FOLLY OF RAILWAY SUBSIDIES

By W. D. Gregory

THE last report of the Minister of Railways and Canals states that to June 30, 1901, we had given in aid to railways $228,539,890, made up as follows :

Dominion Government	$174,501,269
Provincial Governments	35,453,723
Municipalities	18,584,898
Total	$228,539,890

This includes the amount that we have expended upon the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways for construction and equipment, and to meet the annual deficits during the period of operation, but does not include the land grants or the value of the exemptions from taxation.

Until recently the railways constructed in Canada, with scarcely an exception, were subsidized by the Dominion Government to the extent of $3,200 per mile, but latterly the Dominion subsidy has been increased so that if a road costs over $15,000 a mile, it receives an additional subsidy of 50 per cent. of the excess of the cost over that figure, until the total Dominion subsidy reaches $6,400 per mile. The usual subsidy given by our own Province to railways is $3,000 per mile, and is in addition to the Dominion subsidy. The largest subsidy we have paid in recent years was that given to the Rainy River, or, as it is now called, the Canadian Northern Road, which extends in this Province from Port Arthur to the Minnesota boundary. The promoters of this road received a subsidy from the Dominion Government of $6,400 per mile, and from the Ontario Government $4,000 per mile, making the total subsidy $10,400 per mile. After these subsidies had been secured, the Manitoba Government guaranteed the bonds issued by the owners of the road to the extent of $20,000 per mile, thus making the total amount received by the promoters in cash and Government guarantee $30,400 per mile. Of course if the bonds should not be paid, and the Manitoba Government should have to step in and

make good its guarantee, it would be entitled to take over the road. The books of this company, showing the cost of the road, are not open for inspection, but it is stated on good authority that the cost of building the road was less than $20,000 per mile. It should be added that under a condition recently imposed the Dominion Government has the right to set off interest at the rate of 3 per cent. upon the amount of its subsidy against any charges that may be made for carrying mails over the subsidized road. So profitable has railroad building become in some instances under the subsidy system that recently a firm of Quebec railroad builders, after receiving a subsidy from the Dominion and Quebec Governments on a road constructed in Quebec, took up the rails and ties and with them constructed another railroad, upon which they also received a subsidy. Whether or not the same outfit is still being used to earn subsidies I cannot say. The Canada Atlantic road, which is 290 miles long, and extends from Depot Harbour, on Georgian Bay, to a port near Montreal, has recently been sold to the Vanderbilt interests. It received in subsidies from the Dominion, Ontario and Quebec Governments and certain municipalities, $2,439,093. In addition to this, the Dominion Government is now engaged in constructing a wharf for it at its western terminus at a cost of $139,000. Instances without end might of course be given, but I mention these as examples of the great subsidizing policy which has been followed in this country.

The people of the United States, especially the people of the West, have had to meet much the same conditions as those that have existed on this side of the line, and it is natural to compare our policy with theirs. So far as the United States Government is concerned, it has never given a single cash bonus. All the aid it has ever given to railroads has been confined to assistance to the transcontinental lines. To these lines it advanced $64,623,512 and took back as security interest-bearing mortgage bonds. The interest paid or accrued on these bonds reached $73,479,407, making the total liability of the railroads to the Government, $138,102,919. Of this sum $126,644,782 has been repaid or is to-day fully secured to the United States. The country has therefore received back in principal and interest almost double the original amount advanced. In addition to the aid thus given, the United States made large grants of public lands. The Western States, however, were more prodigal in their aid to railroad builders than the central Government. Between fifty and sixty years ago some of them made extensive money grants, and as a result several of them became practically bankrupt. No railway bonuses are given in the United States to-day. In fact, in most of the States the provisions of the state constitution would prevent any subsidy being given even if the members of the Legislature desired to vote one. In the Eastern States, so far as I am aware, no aid by way of bonus or land grant was ever given any railway company. The Canadian policy regarding railroads, and the policy that prevails in the United States, are brought into close contact on the bridge recently built across the St. Lawrence near the town of Cornwall, in this Province. That part of the bridge lying in Canadian territory received subsidies from the Dominion and Ontario Governments to the extent of $125,000, and is practically free from taxation, while the portion of the bridge lying in American territory received no subsidy and pays a substantial sum for taxes in the State of New York. The difference between the railway aid policies of Canada and that of the United States is largely responsible for the difference between the national finances of the two countries to-day.

An argument that we frequently hear advanced is that unless we grant cash subsidies new territory will not be opened up, and business will stagnate. This view is not borne out in the Territory of Oklahoma. Twelve

years ago Oklahoma formed a part of the Indian Territory, and white settlement within its borders was not permitted. In May, 1890, it was opened up, and has rapidly progressed. Today it has a population of 500,000. It possesses schools, colleges, banking institutions, and one thousand miles of unsubsidized railroad, while its debt is less than $1.00 per capita. The railroads of Oklahoma received no land grant, and even paid, though but a nominal sum, for their right of way. Just as long as we pursue the policy of giving subsidies no railroads will be built without them, but if we abandoned our present policy we would find that legitimate railroad construction would proceed as rapidly here as across the line. Those who advance the "stagnation" argument must have a poor opinion of our country. No subsidies are given in Michigan, but notwithstanding this fact it has gone steadily ahead, and within the last year or so has actually outstripped Ontario in population.

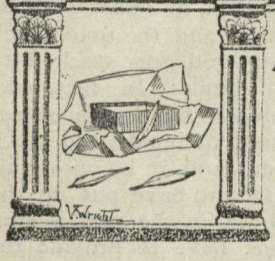
If the subsidies which we give had the effect of reducing rates, there would be a good deal to say for them, for we should then receive back in the form of the cheap carriage of our produce at least a part of our outlay, but, unfortunately, the subsidies which we pay are applied for no such purpose. They are realized on at once by those who receive them, and the road which is built is mortgaged and stocked to the uttermost limit. In fact, the larger the subsidy the larger sometimes the amount of bonds and stock which is issued, and it is upon this issue that those who have put up the subsidies, and whom the road is supposed to serve, have to provide the interest and dividends. There is no doubt that our subsidizing system is largely responsible for the present high rates which prevail in this country. It has led to the construction of some roads, which would not have been constructed without Government aid, and the present owners of these roads have to charge high freight rates through the sparsely settled country which the roads traverse in order to obtain even a scanty return upon the stock or bonds which they hold. If we build roads without regard to the natural and commercial conditions which prevail in the districts which they traverse we shall always have to pay for our folly in the end.

A SONG OF THE GROWING-TIME

WHENEVER falleth the rain
Making the brown fields green,
And the young wheat riseth amain
The coming sunburst to greet,
Then I think of God's mercy kind,
Ever to usward inclined.
Sunshine to temper the wind,
Rich showers to assuage the heat ;
So that all rejoicing again,
Our songs of praise might be heard
Blending with brook and with bird
And with all things chaste and free,
And swelling the joyous strain
Of the young earth's symphony !

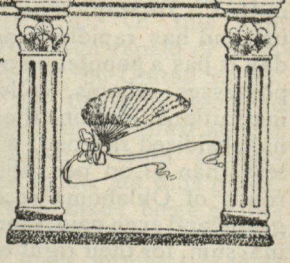
Manitoba *W. H. Belford*

THE FOUR FEATHERS



By A.E.W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buller," "Parson Kelly," Etc.



CHAPTER XI—DURRANCE HEARS NEWS OF FEVERSHAM

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

A MONTH later Durrance arrived in London and discovered a letter from Ethne awaiting him at his club. It told him simply that she was staying with Mrs. Adair, and would be glad if he would find the time to call, but there was a black border to the paper and the envelope. Durrance called at Hill Street the next afternoon and found Ethne alone.

"I did not write to Wadi Halfa," she explained at once, "for I thought that you would be on your way home before my letter could arrive. My father died last month towards the end of May."

"I was afraid when I got your letter that you would have this to tell me," he replied. "I am very sorry. You will miss him."

"More than I can say," said she, with a quiet depth of feeling. "He died one night last month—I think I will tell you if you would care to hear," and she related to him the manner of Dermod's death, of which a chill was the occasion rather than the cause; for he died of a gradual dissolution rather than a definite disease.

It was a curious story which Ethne had to tell, for it seemed that just before his death Dermod recaptured something of his old masterful spirit. "We knew that he was dying," Ethne said. "He knew it, too, and at four o'clock of the afternoon after—" she hesitated for a moment and resumed: "after he had spoken a little while to me, he called his dog by name. The dog sprang at once on to the bed, though his voice had not risen above a whisper, and crouching quite close, pushed its muzzle with a whine under my father's hand. Then he told me to leave him and the dog altogether alone. I was to shut the door upon him. The dog would tell me when to

open it again. I obeyed him, and waited outside the door until ten o'clock. Then a loud sudden howl moaned through the house." She stopped for a while. This pause was the only sign of distress which she gave, and in a few moments she went on, speaking quite simply without any of the affectations of grief. "It was trying to wait outside that door while the afternoon faded and the night came. It was night, of course, long before the end. He would have no lamp left in his room. One imagined him just the other side of that thin door-panel, lying very still and silent in the great four-poster bed with his face towards the hills and the failing light. One imagined the room slipping away into darkness, and the windows continually looming into a greater importance, and the dog by his side, and no one else right to the very end. He would have it that way, but it was rather hard for me."

Durrance said nothing in reply, but gave her in full measure what she most needed, the sympathy of his silence. He imagined those hours in the passage, six hours of twilight and darkness; he could picture her standing close by the door, with her ear perhaps to the panel, and her hand upon her heart to check its loud beating. There was something rather cruel, he thought, in Dermod's resolve to die alone. It was Ethne who broke the silence.

"I said that my father spoke to me just before he told me to leave him. Of whom do you think he spoke?"

She was looking directly at Durrance as she put the question. From neither her eyes nor the level tone of her voice could he gather anything of the answer, but a sudden throb of hope caught away his breath.

"Tell me!" he said, in a sort of suspense, as he leaned forward in his chair.

"Of Mr. Feversham," she answered, and he drew back again, and rather suddenly. It was evident that this was not the name which he had expected. He took his eyes from hers and stared downwards at the carpet, so that she might not see his face.

"My father was always very fond of him," she continued gently, "and I think that I would like to know if you have any knowledge of what he is doing, or where he is."

Durrance did not answer, nor did he raise his face. He reflected upon the strange, strong hold which Harry Feversham kept upon the affections of those who had once known him well; so that even the man whom he had wronged, and upon whose daughter he had brought much suffering, must remember him with kindliness upon his death-bed. The reflection was not without its bitterness to Durrance at this moment, and this bitterness he was afraid that his face and voice might both betray. But he was compelled to speak, for Ethne insisted.

"You have never come across him I suppose?" she asked.

Durrance rose from his seat and walked to the window before he answered. He spoke looking out into the street, but though he thus concealed the expression of his face, a thrill of deep anger sounded through his words, in spite of his efforts to subdue his tones.

"No," he said, "I never have," and suddenly his anger had its way with head. It chose as well as informed his words. "And I never wish to," he cried. "He was my friend, I know, but I cannot remember that friendship now. I can only think that if he had been the true man we took him for, you would not have waited alone, in that dark passage, during those six hours." He turned again to the centre of the room and asked abruptly:

"You are going back to Glenalla?"

"Yes."

"You will live there alone?"

"Yes."

For a little while there was silence between them. Then Durrance walked round to the back of her chair.

"You once said that you would perhaps tell me why your engagement was broken off."

"But you know," she said. "What you said at the window showed that you knew."

"No, I do not. One or two words your father let drop. He asked me for news of Feversham the last time that I spoke with him. But I know nothing definite. I should like you to tell me."

Ethne shook her head and leaned forward with her elbows on her knees. "Not now," she said, and silence again followed her words. Durrance broke it again.

"I have only one more year at Halfa, It would be wise to leave Egypt then. I think. I do not expect much will be done in the Soudan for some little while. I do not think that I will remain there—in any case, I mean, even if you should decide to remain alone at Glenalla."

Ethne made no pretence to ignore the suggestion of his words. "We are neither of us children," she said; "you have all your life to think of. We should be prudent."

"Yes," said Durrance, with a sudden exasperation, "but the right kind of prudence. The prudence which knows that it's worth while to dare a good deal."

Ethne did not move. She was leaning forward with her back towards him, so that he could see nothing of her face, and for a long while she remained in this attitude quite silent and very still. She asked a question at the last, and in a very low and gentle voice.

"Do you want me so very much?" and before he could answer she turned quickly towards him. "Try not to," she exclaimed earnestly. "For this one year try not to. You have much to occuy your thoughts. Try to forget me altogether"; and there was just sufficient regret in her tone, the regret at the prospect of losing a valued friend, to take all the stings from her words, to confirm Durrance in his delusion that but for her fear that she would spoil his career, she would answer him in very different words. Mrs. Adair came into the room before he could reply; and thus he carried away with him his delusion.

He dined that evening at his club, and sat afterwards smoking his cigar under the big tree where he had sat so persistently a year before in his vain quest for news of Harry Feversham. It was much the same sort of clear night as that on which he had seen Lieutenant Such limp into the courtyard, and hesitate at the sight of him. The strip of sky was cloudless and starry overhead; the air had the pleasant langour of a summer night in June; the lights flashing from the windows and doorways gave to the leaves of the trees the fresh green look of spring; and outside in the roadway the carriages rolled with a thunderous hum like the sound of the sea. And on this night, too, there came a man into the courtyard who knew Durrance. But he did not hesitate. He came straight up to Durrance and sat down upon the seat at his side. Durrance dropped the paper at which he was glancing, and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" said he. This friend was Captain Mather.

"I was wondering whether I should meet you when I read the evening paper. I knew that it was about the time one might expect to find you in London. You have seen, I suppose?"

"What?" asked Durrance.

"Then you haven't," replied Mather. He picked up the newspaper which Durrance had dropped and turned over the sheets, searching for the piece of news which he required. "You remember that last reconnaissance we made from Suakin?"

"Very well."

"We halted by the Sinkat fort at midday. There was an Arab hiding in the trees at the back of the glacis."

"Yes."

"Have you forgotten the yarn he told you?"

"About Gordon's letters and the wall of a house in Berber. No, I have not forgotten."

"Then here's something which will interest you"; and Captain Mather having folded the paper to his satisfaction, handed it to Durrance, and pointed to a paragraph. It was a short paragraph, it gave no details, it was

the merest summary, and Durrance read it through between the puffs of his cigar.

"The fellow must have gone back to Berber after all," said he. "A risky business. Abou Fatma—that was the man's name."

The paragraph made no mention of Abou Fatma, or, indeed, of any man, except Captain Willoughby, the Deputy Governor of Suakin. It merely announced that certain letters which the Mahdi had sent to Gordon summoning him to surrender Khartum, and inviting him to become a convert to the Mahdist religion, together with copies of Gordon's curt replies, had been recovered from a wall in Berber, and brought safely to Captain Willoughby at Suakin.

"They were hardly worth risking a life for," said Mather.

"Perhaps not," replied Durrance a little doubtfully. "But, after all, one is glad they have been recovered. Perhaps the copies are in Gordon's own hand. They are, at all events, of an historic character."

"In a way, no doubt," said Mather. "But even so their recovery throws no light upon the history of that siege. It can make no real difference to anyone, not even to the historian."

"That is true," Durrance agreed, and there was nothing more untrue. In the same spot where he had sought for news of Feversham, news had now come to him; only he did not know. He was in the dark, he could not appreciate that here was news which, however little it might trouble the historian, touched his life at the springs. He dismissed the paragraph from his mind, and sat thinking over the conversation which had passed that afternoon between Ethne and himself, and without discouragement. Ethne had mentioned Harry Feversham, it was true; had asked for news of him. But she might have been—nay, she probably had been, moved to ask because her father's last words had referred to him. She had spoken his name in a perfectly steady voice, he remembered, and indeed the mere fact that she had spoken it at all might be taken as a sign that it had no longer any power with her. There was something hopeful to his mind in her very request that he should try during this one year to omit her from his thoughts. For it seemed almost to imply that if he could not, she might at the end of it, perhaps, give to him the answer for which he longed. He allowed a few days to pass, and then called again at Mrs. Adair's house. But he found only Mrs. Adair. Ethne had left London and returned to Donegal. She had left rather suddenly, Mrs. Adair told him, and Mrs. Adair had no sure knowledge of the reason of her going.

Durrance, however, had no doubt as to the reason. Ethne was putting into practice the policy which she had commended to his thoughts. He was to try to forget her, and she would help him to success, so far as she could, by her absence from his sight. And in attributing this reason to her, Durrance was right. But one thing Ethne had forgotten. She had not asked him to cease to write to her, and accordingly in the autumn of that year the letters began again to come from the Soudan. She was frankly glad to receive them, but at the same time she was troubled. For in spite of their careful reticence, every now and then a phrase leaped out—it might be merely the repetition of some trivial sentence which she had spoken long ago, and long ago forgotten—and she could not but see that in spite of her prayer she lived perpetually in his thoughts. There was a strain of hopefulness, too, as though he moved in a world painted with new colours, and suddenly grown musical. Ethne had never freed herself from the haunting fear that one man's life had been spoilt because of her; she had never faltered from her determination that this should not happen with a second. Only with Durrance's letters before her, she could not evade a new and perplexing question: By what means was that possibility to be avoided? There were two ways. By choosing which of them could she fulfil her determination? She was no longer so

sure as she had been the year before. The question recurred to her again and again. She took it out with her on to the hill-side with the letters, and pondered and puzzled over it, and got never an inch nearer to a solution. Even her violin failed her in this strait.

CHAPTER XII.—DURRANCE SHARPENS HIS WITS.

IT was a night of May, and outside the mess room at Wadi Halfa three officers were smoking on a grass knoll above the Nile. The moon was at its full, and the strong light had robbed even the planets of their lustre. The smaller stars were not visible at all, and the sky was washed of its dark colour, curved overhead, pearly-hued, and luminous. The three officers sat in their lounge-chairs and smoked silently, while the bull-frogs croaked from an island in mid-river. At the bottom of the small steep cliff on which they sat, the Nile, so sluggish was its flow, shone like a burnished mirror, and from the opposite bank the desert stretched away to infinite distances, a vast plain with scattered hummocks, a plain white, as a hoar-frost on the surface, of which the stones sparkled like jewels. Behind the three officers of the garrison the roof of the mess-room verandah threw a shadow on the ground; it seemed a solid piece of blackness.

One of the three officers struck a match, and held it to the end of his cigar. The flame lit up a troubled and anxious face.

"I hope that no harm has come to him," he said, as he threw the match away. "I wish that I could say I believed it."

The speaker was a man of middle age, and the Colonel of a Soudanese battalion. He was answered by a man whose hair had gone grey, it is true. But grey hair is frequent in the Soudan, and his unlined face still showed that he was young. He was Lieutenant Calder, of the Engineers. Youth, however, in this instance, had no optimism wherewith to challenge Colonel Dawson.

"He left Halfa eight weeks ago, eh?" he said, gloomily.

"Eight weeks to-day," replied the Colonel.

It was the third officer, a tall, spare, long-necked Major of the Army Service Corps, who alone hazarded a cheerful prophecy.

"It's early days to conclude Durrance has got scuppered," said he. "One knows Durrance. Give him a camp-fire in the desert, and a couple of sheiks to sit round it with him, and he'll buck to them for a month, and never feel bored at the end. While here there are letters, and there's an office, and there's a desk in the office, and everything he loathes, and can't do with. You'll see Durrance will turn up right enough, though he wont hurry about it."

"He is three weeks overdue," objected the Colonel, "and he's methodical after a fashion. I am afraid."

Major Walters pointed out his arm to the white, empty desert across the river.

"If he had travelled that way, westwards, I might agree," he said. "But Durrance went east, through the mountain country towards Berenice and the Red Sea. The tribes he went to visit were quiet, even in the worst times when Osman Digna lay before Suakin."

The Colonel, however, took no comfort from Walter's confidence. He tugged at his moustache, and repeated:

"He is three weeks overdue."

Lieutenant Calder knocked the ashes from his pipe, and refilled it. He leaned forward in his chair as he pressed the tobacco down with his thumb, and he said, slowly:

"I wonder. It is just possible that some sort of trap was laid for Durrance.

I am not sure. I never mentioned before what I knew, because until lately I did not suspect that it could have anything to do with his delay. But now I begin to wonder. You remember the night before he started?"

"Yes," said Dawson, and he hitched his chair a little nearer. Calder was the one man in Wadi Halfa who could claim something like intimacy with Durrance. Despite their difference in rank there was no great disparity in age between the two men, and from the first, when Calder had come inexperienced and fresh from England, but with a great ardour to acquire a comprehensive experience, Durrance, in his reticent way, had been at pains to show the new-comer considerable friendship. Calder, therefore, might be likely to know.

"I remember that night, too," said Walters. "Durrance dined at the mess, and went away early to prepare for his journey."

"His preparations were made already," said Calder. "He went away early, as you say. But he did not go to his quarters. He walked along the river bank to Tewfikieh."

Wadi Halfa was the military station, Tewfikieh a little frontier town to the north, separated from Halfa by a mile of river-bank. A few Greeks kept stores there, a few bare and dirty cafes faced the street between native cook-shops and tobacconists; a noisy little town, where the negro from the Dinka country jolted the fellah from the Delta, and the earth was torn with many dialects; a thronged little town, which yet lacked to European ears one distinctive element of a throng. There was no ring of footsteps. The crowd walked on sand, and for the most part with naked feet, so that if for a rare moment the sharp high cries and the perpetual voices ceased, the figures of men and women flitted by noiseless as ghosts. And even at night, when the streets were most crowded and the uproar loudest, it seemed that underneath the noise, and almost appreciable to the ear, there lay a deep and brooding silence, the silence of deserts and the East.

"Durrance went down to Tewfikieh at ten o'clock that night," said Calder. "I went to his quarters at eleven. He had not returned. He was starting eastward at four in the morning, and there was some detail of business on which I wished to speak to him before he went. So I waited for his return. He came in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, and told me at once that I must be quick since he was expecting a visitor. He spoke quickly, and rather restlessly. He seemed to be labouring under some excitement. He barely listened to what I had to say, and he answered me at random. It was quite evident that he was moved, and rather deeply moved, by some unusual feeling, though at the nature of the feeling I could not guess. For at one moment it seemed certainly to be anger, and the next moment he relaxed into a laugh, as though in spite of himself he was glad. However, he bundled me out, and as I went I heard him telling his servant to go to bed, because, though he expected a visitor, he would admit the visitor himself."

"Well!" said Dawson, "and who was the visitor?"

"I do not know," answered Calder. "The one thing I do know is, that when Durrance's servant went to call him at four o'clock for his journey, he found Durrance still sitting on the verandah outside his quarters, as though he still expected his visitor. The visitor had not come."

"And Durrance left no message?"

"No. I was up myself before he started. I thought that he was puzzled and worried. I thought, too, that he meant to tell me what was the matter. I still think that he had that in his mind, but that he could not decide. For even after he had taken his seat upon his saddle and his camel had risen from the ground, he turned and looked down towards me. But he thought better of it, or worse, as the case may be. At all events he did not speak. He struck the camel on the flank with his stick, and rode slowly past the post-office and out into the desert, with his head sunk upon his breast. I

wonder whether he rode into a trap? Who could this visitor have been whom he meets in the street of Tewfikieh, and who must come so secretly to Wadi Halfa? What can have been his business with Durrance? Important business, troublesome business, so much is evident. And he did not come to transact it. Was the whole thing a lure to which we have not the clue? Like Colonel Dawson, I am afraid."

There was a silence after he had finished, which Major Walters was the first to break. He offered no argument; he simply expressed again his unalterable cheerfulness.

"I don't think Durrance has got scuppered," said he, as he rose from his chair.

"I know what I shall do," said the Colonel. "I shall send out a strong search party in the morning."

And the next morning as they sat at breakfast on the verandah, he at once proceeded to describe the force which he meant to despatch. Major Walters, too, it seemed, in spite of his hopeful prophecies, had pondered during the night over Calder's story, and he leaned across the table to Calder.

"Did you never inquire whom Durrance talked with at Tewfikieh on that night?" he asked.

"I did, and there's a point that puzzles me," said Calder. He was sitting with his back to the Nile and his face towards the glass doors of the mess-room, and he spoke to Walters, who was directly opposite. "I could not find that he talked to more than one person, and that one person could not by any likelihood have been the visitor he expected. Durrance stopped in front of a café where some strolling musicians who had somehow wandered up to Tewfikieh, were playing and singing for their night's lodging. One of them, a Greek, I was told, came outside into the street and took his hat round. Durrance threw a sovereign into the hat, the man turned to thank him, and they talked for a little time together;" and as he came to this point he raised his head. A look of recognition came into his face. He laid his hands upon the table-edge and leaned forward with his feet drawn back beneath his chair, as though he was on the point of springing up. But he did not spring up. His look of recognition became one of bewilderment. He glanced round the table, and saw that Colonel Dawson was helping himself to cocoa, while Major Walters' eyes were on his plate. There were other officers of the garrison present, but not one had remarked his movement and the moment's sudden check. Calder leaned back, and staring curiously in front of him, and over the Major's shoulder, continued his story. "But I could never hear that Durrance spoke to anyone else. He seemed, except that one knows to the contrary, merely to have strolled through the village and back again to Wadi Halfa."

"That doesn't help us much," said the Major.

"And it's all you know?" asked the Colonel.

"No, not quite all," returned Calder slowly. "I know, for instance, that the man we are talking about is staring me straight in the face."

At once everybody at the table turned towards the mess-room.

"Durrance!" cried the Colonel, springing up.

"When did you get back?" said the Major.

Durrance, with the dust of his journey still powdered upon his clothes, and a face burned to the colour of red brick, was standing in the doorway, and listening with a remarkable intentness to the voices of his fellow-officers. It was perhaps noticeable that Calder, who was Durrance's friend, neither rose from his chair, nor offered any greeting. He still sat watching Durrance; he still remained curious and perplexed; but as Durrance descended the three steps into the verandah, there came a quick and troubled look of comprehension into his face.

"We expected you three weeks ago," said Dawson, as he pulled a chair away from an empty place at the table.

"The delay could not be helped,"

replied Durrance. He took the chair and drew it up.

"Does my story account for it?" asked Calder.

"Not a bit. It was the Greek musician I expected that night," he explained, with a laugh. "I was curious to know what stroke of ill-luck had cast him out to play the zither for a night's lodging in a café at Tewfikieh. That was all," and he added slowly in a softer voice, "Yes, that was all."

"Meanwhile you are forgetting your breakfast," said Dawson, as he rose. "What will you have?"

Calder leaned ever so slightly forward with his eyes quietly resting on Durrance. Durrance looked round the table, and then called the mess-waiter. "Moussa, get me something cold," said he, and the waiter went back into the mess-room. Calder nodded his head with a faint smile, as though he understood that here was a difficulty rather cleverly surmounted.

"There's tea, cocoa and coffee," he said. "Help yourself, Durrance."

"Thanks," said Durrance, "I see, but I will get Moussa to bring me a brandy-and-soda, I think"; and again Calder nodded his head.

Durrance ate his breakfast and drank his brandy-and-soda, and talked the while of his journey. He had travelled further eastwards than he had intended. He had found the Ababdeh Arabs quiet amongst their mountains. If they were not disposed to acknowledge allegiance to Egypt, on the other hand they paid no tribute to Mahommed Achmet. The weather had been good, ibex and antelope plentiful. Durrance, on the whole, had reason to be content with his journey; and Calder sat and watched him and disbelieved every word that was said. The other officers went about their duties, Calder remained behind, and waited until Durrance should finish. But it seemed that Durrance never would finish. He loitered over his breakfast, and when that was done he pushed his plate away and sat talking. There was no end to his questions as to what had passed at Wadi Halfa during the last eight weeks; no limit to his enthusiasm over the journey from which he had just returned. Finally, however, he stopped with a remarkable abruptness, and said, with some suspicion, to his companion:

"You are taking life easily this morning."

"I have not eight weeks' arrears of letters to clear off, as you have, Colonel," Calder returned with a laugh, and he saw Durrance's face cloud, and his forehead contract.

"True," he said, after a pause, "I had forgotten my letters," and he rose from his seat at the table, mounted the steps, and passed into the mess-room.

Calder immediately sprang up, and with his eyes followed Durrance's movements. Durrance went to a nail which was fixed in the wall close to the glass doors, and on a level with his head. From that nail he took down the key of his office, crossed the room, and went out through the further door. That door he left open, and Calder could see him walk down the path between the bushes, through the tiny garden in front of the mess, unlatch the gates, and cross the open space of sand towards his office. As soon as Durrance had disappeared Calder sat down again, and resting his elbows on the table, propped his face between his hands. Calder was troubled. He was a friend of Durrance's; he was the one man in Wadi Halfa who possessed something of Durrance's confidence; he knew that there were certain letters in a woman's handwriting waiting for him in his office; he was very deeply troubled. Durrance had aged during these eight weeks; there were furrows about his mouth where only faint lines had been visible when he had started out for Halfa, and it was not merely desert dust which had discoloured his hair. His hilarity, too, had an artificial air. He had sat at the table constraining himself to the semblance of high spirits. Calder lit his pipe, and sat for a long time at the empty table.

Then he took his helmet and crossed the sand to Durrance's office. He lifted the latch noiselessly, as noiselessly

he opened the door, and he looked in Durrance was sitting at his desk, with his head bowed upon his arms, and all his letters unopened at his side. Calder stepped into the room and closed the door loudly behind him. At once Durrance turned his face to the door.

"Well?" said he.

"I have a paper, Colonel, which requires your signature," said Calder. "It's the authority for the alterations in C Barracks. You remember?"

"Very well. I will look through it and return it to you signed at lunch time. Will you give it to me, please?"

He held out his hand towards Calder. Calder took his pipe from his mouth, and standing thus in full view of Durrance, slowly and deliberately placed it into Durrance's outstretched palm. It was not until the hot bowl burnt his hand that Durrance snatched his arm away. The pipe fell and broke upon the floor. Neither of the two men spoke for a few moments, and then Calder put his arm round Durrance's shoulder and asked in a voice gentle as a woman's:

"How did it happen?"

Durrance buried his face in his hands. The great control which he had exercised till now, he was no longer able to sustain. He did not answer, nor did he utter any sound, but he sat shivering from head to foot.

"How did it happen?" Calder asked again, and in a whisper. Durrance put another question.

"How did you find out?"

"You stood in the mess-room doorway listening, to discover whose voice spoke from where. When I raised my head and saw you, though your eyes rested on my face, there was no recognition in them. I suspected then. When you came down the steps into the verandah I became almost certain. When you would not help yourself to food, when you reached out your arm over your shoulder so that Moussa had to put the brandy-and-soda safely into your palm, I was sure."

"I was a fool to try and hide it," said Durrance. "Of course I knew all the time that I couldn't for more than a few hours. But even those few hours somehow seemed a gain."

"How did it happen?"

"There was a high wind," Durrance explained. "It took my helmet off. It was eight o'clock in the morning. I did not mean to move my camp that day, and I was standing outside my tent in my shirt-sleeves. So you see that I had not even the collar of a coat to protect the nape of my neck. I was fool enough to run after my helmet, and you must have seen the same thing happen a hundred times—each time that I stooped to pick it up it skipped away, each time that I ran after it, it stopped and waited for me to catch it up. And before one is aware what one is doing one has run a quarter of a mile. I went down, I was told, like a log just when I had it in my hand. How long it happened I don't quite know, for I was ill for a time, and afterwards it was difficult to keep count, since one couldn't tell the difference between day and night."

Durrance, in a word, had gone blind. He told the rest of his story. He had bidden his followers carry him back to Berber, and then influenced by the natural wish to hide his calamity as long as he could, he had enjoined upon them silence. Calder heard the story through to the end, and then rose at once to his feet.

"There's a doctor. He is clever, and, for a Syrian, knows a good deal. I will fetch him here privately, and we will hear what he says. Your blindness may be merely temporary."

The Syrian doctor, however, pursed up his lips and shook his head. He advised an immediate departure to Cairo. It was a case for a specialist. He himself would hesitate to pronounce an opinion, though, to be sure, there was always hope of a cure.

"Have you ever suffered an injury in the head?" he asked. "Were you ever thrown from your horse? Were you wounded?"

"No," said Durrance.

The Syrian did not disguise his conviction that the case was grave, and after he had departed both men were

silent for some time. Calder had a feeling that any attempt at consolation would be futile in itself, and might, moreover, in betraying his own fear that the hurt was irreparable, only discourage his companion. He turned to the pile of letters and looked them through.

"There are two letters here, Durrance," he said, gently, "which you might, perhaps, care to hear. They are written in a woman's hand, and there is an Irish postmark. Shall I open them?"

"No," exclaimed Durrance, suddenly, and his hand dropped quickly upon Calder's arm. "By no means."

Calder, however, did not put down the letters. He was anxious, for private reasons of his own, to learn something more of Ethne Eustace than the outside of her letters could reveal. A few rare references made in unusual moments of confidence by Durrance had only informed Calder of her name, and assured him that his friend would be very glad to change it if he could. He looked at Durrance, a man so trained to vigour and activity that his very sunburn seemed an essential quality rather than an accident of the country in which he lived; a man, too, who came to the wild, uncitied places of the world, with the joy of one who comes into an inheritance; a man to whom these desolate tracts were home, and the fireside, and the hedged fields, and made roads merely the other places; and he understood the magnitude of the calamity which had befallen him. Therefore he was most anxious to know more of this girl who wrote to Durrance from Donegal, and to gather from her letters as from a mirror in which her image was reflected, some speculation as to her character. For if she failed, what had this friend of his any longer left.

"You would like to hear them, I expect," he insisted. "You have been away eight weeks"; and he was interrupted by a harsh laugh.

"Do you know what I was thinking when I stopped you?" said Durrance. "Why, that I would read the letters after you had gone. It takes time to get used to being blind after your eyes have served you pretty well all your life," and his voice shook ever so little. "You will have to answer them, Calder, for me. So read them. Please read them."

Calder tore open the envelopes and read the letters through, and was satisfied. They gave a record of the simple doings of her mountain village in Donegal, and in the simplest terms. But the girl's nature shone out in the telling. Her love of the countryside, and of the people who dwelt there, was manifest. She could see the humour and the tragedy of the small village troubles. There was a warm friendliness for Durrance moreover, expressed not so much in a sentence as in the whole spirit of the letters. It was evident that she was most keenly interested in all that he did, that in a way she looked upon his career as a thing in which she had a share, even if it was only a friend's share. And when he had ended, he looked again at Durrance, but now with a face of relief. It seemed, too, that Durrance was relieved.

"After all, one has something to be thankful for," he cried. "Think! Suppose that I had been engaged to her? She would never have allowed me to break it off, once I had gone blind. What an escape!"

"An escape?" exclaimed Calder.

"You don't understand. But I knew a man who went blind, a good fellow, too, before—mind that, before! But a year after! You couldn't have recognized him. He had narrowed down into the most selfish, exacting, egotistical creature it is possible to imagine. I don't wonder, I hardly see how he could help it; I don't blame him. But it wouldn't make life easier for a wife, would it? A helpless husband who can't cross a road without a wife at his elbow, is bad enough. But make him a selfish beast into the bargain, full of questions, jealous of her power to go where she will, curious as to every person with whom she speaks—and what then? My God, I

am glad that girl refused me. For that I am most grateful."

"She refused you?" asked Calder, and the relief passed from his face and voice.

"Twice," said Durrance. "What an escape! You see, Calder, I shall be more trouble even than the man I told you of. I am not clever. I can't sit in a chair and amuse myself by thinking, not having any intellect to buck about. I have lived out of doors and hard, and that's the only sort of life that suits me. I tell you, Calder, you won't be very anxious for much of my society in a year's time," and he laughed again with the same harshness.

"Oh, stop that," said Calder. "I will read the rest of your letters to you."

He read them, however, without much attention to their contents. His mind was occupied with the two letters from Ethne Eustace, and he was wondering whether there was any deeper emotion than mere friendship hidden beneath the words. Girls refused men for all sorts of queer reasons, which had no sense in them, and very often they were sick and sorry about it afterwards; and very often they meant to accept them all the time.

"I must answer the letters from Ireland," said Durrance, when he had finished. "The rest can wait."

Calder held a sheet of paper upon the desk, and told Durrance when he was writing on a slant, and when he was writing on the blotting-pad; and in this way Durrance wrote to tell Ethne that a sunstroke had deprived him of his sight. Calder took that letter away. But he took it to the hospital, and asked for the Syrian doctor. The doctor came out to him, and they walked together under the trees in front of the building.

"Tell me the truth," said Calder.

The doctor blinked behind his spectacles.

"The optic nerve is, I think, destroyed," he replied.

"Then there is no hope!"

"None, if my diagnosis is correct."

Calder turned the letter over and over, as though he could not make up his mind what in the world to do with it.

"Can a sunstroke destroy the optic nerve?" he asked at length.

"A mere sunstroke, no," replied the doctor. "But it may be the occasion. For the cause one must look deeper."

Calder came to a stop, and there was a look of horror in his eyes. "You mean—one must look to the brain?"

"Yes."

They walked on for a few paces. A further question was in Calder's mind, but he had some difficulty in speaking it, and when he had spoken, he waited for the answer in suspense.

"Then this calamity is not all? There will be more to follow—death or ——" but that other alternative he could not bring himself to utter. Here, however, the doctor was able to reassure him.

"No. That does not follow."

Calder went back to the mess-room, and called for a brandy-and-soda. He was more disturbed by the blow which had fallen upon Durrance than he would have cared to own; and he put the letter upon the table and thought of the message of renunciation which it contained, and he could hardly restrain his fingers from tearing it across. It must be sent, he knew; its destruction would be of no more than temporary avail. Yet he could hardly bring himself to post it. With the passage of every minute, he realized more clearly what blindness meant to Durrance, a man not very clever, as he himself was ever the first to acknowledge, and always the inheritor of the other places, how much more it meant to him than to the ordinary run of men. Would the girl, he wondered, understand as clearly?

It was very silent that morning on the verandah at Wadi Halfa, the sunlight blazed upon desert and river; not a breath of wind stirred the foliage of any bush. Calder drank his brandy-and-soda, and slowly that question forced itself more and more into the front of his mind. Would the woman over in Ireland understand?

He rose from his chair as he heard Colonel Dawson's voice in the mess-room, and, taking up his letter, walked away to the post-office. Durrance's letter was despatched, but somewhere in the Mediterranean it crossed a letter from Ethne, which Durrance received a fortnight later at Cairo. It was read out to him by Calder, who had obtained leave to come down from Wadi Halfa with his friend. Ethne wrote that she had during the last months considered all that he had said when at Glenalla and in London ; she had read, too, his letters, and understood that in his thoughts of her there had been no change, and that there would be none ; she therefore went back upon her old argument that she would by marriage be doing him an injury, and she would marry him upon his return to England.

"That's rough luck, isn't it?" said Durrance, when Calder had read the letter through. "For here's the one thing I have always wished for, and it comes when I can no longer take it."

"I think you will find it very difficult to refuse to take it," said Calder. "I do not know Miss Eustace, but I can hazard a guess from the letters of hers which I have read to you. I do not think that she is a woman who will say yes one day, and then because bad times come to you, say 'no' the next, or allow you to say 'no' for her either. I have a sort of notion that since she cares for you and you for her, you are doing little less than insulting her if you imagine that she cannot marry you and still be happy."

Durrance thought over that aspect of the question, and began to wonder. Calder might be right. Marriage with a blind man! It might, perhaps, be possible, if upon both sides there was love, and the letter from Ethne proved —did it not?—that on both sides there was love. Besides, there were some trivial compensations which might help to make her sacrifice less burdensome. She could still live in her own country, and move in her own home. For the Lennon house could be rebuilt, and the estates cleared of their debt.

"Besides," said Calder, "there is always a possibility of a cure."

"There is no such possibility," said Durrance, with a decision which quite startled his companion. "You know that as well as I do," and he added with a laugh, "You needn't start so guiltily. I haven't overheard a word of any of your conversations about me."

"Then what in the world makes you think that there's no chance?"

"The voice of every doctor who has encouraged me to hope. Their words —yes—their words tell me to visit specialists in Europe, and not lose heart, but their voices give the lie to their words. If one cannot see, one can, at all events, hear."

Calder looked thoughtfully at his friend. This was not the only occasion on which of late Durrance had surprised his friends by a certain unfamiliar acuteness. Calder looked uncomfortably at the letter which he was still holding in his hand.

"When was that letter written?" said Durrance, suddenly, and immediately upon the question he asked another. "What makes you jump?"

Calder laughed, and explained hastily. "Why, I was looking at the letter at the moment when you asked, and your question came so pat that I could hardly believe you did not see what I was doing. It was written on the 13th of May."

"Ah," said Durrance, "the day I returned to Wadi Halfa blind."

Calder sat in his chair without a movement. He gazed anxiously at his companion ; it seemed almost as though he was afraid ; his attitude was one of suspense.

"That's a queer coincidence," said Durrance, with a careless laugh ; and Calder had an intuition that he was listening with the utmost intentness, for some movement on his own part perhaps, a relaxation of his attitude perhaps, perhaps a breath of relief. He did not move, however ; he drew no breath of relief.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XI.—AMONG THE NIHILISTS

"YOU had been in Russia before your adventure with Levinsky?" I remarked next evening.

"More than once. But Nelidoff, the clever chief of the Russian secret police, had only worked with me on one occasion—the visit of the Prince."

"An English Prince, I assume?"

Anthony nodded. He detests the revelation of names and places. Something in his temperament prefers the veil, or the semblance of a veil.

"And you went to Russia in his train?" I continued.

"Not precisely. I went before him. A great Function was to take place in St. Petersburg, and, as the Nihilist movement was then in full swing, the authorities at home thought it advisable to send somebody whose sole business would be to look after the safety of the Prince. Of course the Russians were anxious to do all they could; we gave them full credit for that—yet—we preferred to have a finger in the pie."

"Strange," I said, "how Englishmen place confidence in Englishmen, rather than in foreigners all the world over."

"Not so strange as the confidence foreigners place in Englishmen, in preference to their own countrymen," said Anthony; "and though, as a Cosmopolitan, I call all men brothers, I confess that whenever cool pluck was needed, say on a sinking ship, or when led into a death-trap by an officer who owes his command to his being a ladies' man, I should prefer to have Englishmen to back me."

"Had you any English companions in your adventures with the Nihilists?"

"Morland travelled with me, and gave his support. I was not able to utilise him to any great extent.

"The circumstances were as follows: The Nihilist conspiracy had assumed such prodigious dimensions that men were saying revolution must ensue; that a European cataclysm would follow the catastrophe which would inevitably take place in Russia, and that none could tell what the end would be. The prevalent expectation feared a sort of French Revolution extending to the entire Continent, with guillotines by the thousand, and complete extermination of the governing classes. And this, it was thought, might commence at any moment, with the assassination of the Czar and any other Kings, Queens, Princes, and Potentates who might be handy.

"Now, as the great Function to which I have referred was to be attended by some of the finest samples of Rulers to be found upon earth it was naturally concluded that the Central Committee of the Nihilist party would endeavour to make the most of the opportunity. Their game was the assassination of Kings and Emperors and 'such small deer,' and the Function at St. Petersburg gave a chance of making an uncommonly handsome 'bag.' There could be no reasonable doubt that such was their intention. The thing was in the air. Everybody knew it by instinct and without any real evidence. The conspirators kept their secret remarkably well.

"When I arrived at St. Petersburg, I found the place at a dead-lock. Of course they did not admit the fact, and equally of course they caused it to be

made known far and wide that they knew all about everything and that they only awaited the proper moment to knock Nihilism out of existence. But though this was very well for the uncritical public, it was not likely to go down with me. The technical man, the man who is in the business, at once discerns the true state of the case, whether in secret police matters or in respect to other affairs. And Nelidoff, making a virtue of necessity, made a clean breast of it in the first conversation. A capital fellow, Nelidoff, and—this is capital liquor. Permit me to honour my worthy brother of the Russian capital, and at the same time to irrigate my complicated canal-system." And Anthony drank copiously, ending with a sigh of content and satisfaction.

"Something was going on," he continued. "Something important was agitating the conspiracy. There was a sort of shiver on the country from the Black Sea to the Baltic. But Nelidoff's men had no clue, no shadow of a suggestion to work upon. There still was time enough. A month was yet to elapse before the great State procession, and many things might happen in a month. Meanwhile, he agreed to lay before me all reports bearing on the matter, and to keep me thoroughly in touch with the latest developments, if any should occur.

"The situation was difficult owing to the wide-spread distrust of Russian officialdom. No one knew where the Nihilist conspiracy began; no one knew where it ended. The army distrusted its officers; the officers distrusted the army. It was said that generals of high social prestige were involved; that the fleet was wholly unreliable; that the police were tainted, nay, that the very valets of the Czar's household were implicated. And this was not all fancy. Far from it.

"For threatening letters had actually reached the Czar himself. They were found in the Imperial pew of the great church; they were wrapped in the Czar's dinner napkin; they were found, it was said, under his very pillow. There could be no doubt as to the universality of the danger. It stared him in the face everywhere. And the fate of his father was ever in his eyes. Now and then, a batch of Nihilists, or men and women who were suspected to be such, were sent to Siberia, but, in the circumstances, the remedy applied was only remindful of Mrs. Partington, who, with her mop, tried to keep back the Atlantic. And these Nihilists were singularly faithful. Traitors were practically unknown. This, of course, made our work more difficult.

"The position being thus full of general danger, what we wanted was a clue to any particular peril which might threaten at the moment. And this was precisely where Nelidoff had failed. In his perplexity he asked for my help and advice, offering, on his part, to make any concessions in his power. We agreed, and I went to work with all the light and all the advantage of the information collected by his myrmidons.

"After close examination of all documents bearing on the matter, I came to the conclusion that there was a special plot in connection with the Function, and further, that the conspirators had kept the details within the knowledge of a very few well-tried brethren. It might be needful to take others into confidence, but only at the last moment, when men already blindly pledged to carry out the plans of others would have to be entrusted with the execution of the scheme. For, you will observe, that in the large majority of murder conspiracies, the heads and the hands are distinct. Those who are clever enough to invent the scheme, and eloquent enough to influence their dupes, rarely risk their own skins. They, of all others, believe in the proper division of labour. They invent, they persuade—they leave to their tools the 'glory' of the actual deed.

"But who were the schemers? Who were the probable tools? Before we could fathom the plot, it was needful to know the plotters. It was strange that Nelidoff was without a single ally in the ranks of the conspirators.

Had the thing been in Ireland, or America, or even France, the chairman of the most secret conclave would probably have been in the pay of the Government. You remember Major Le Caron? For a quarter of a century the hub of the Fenian conspiracy he was at the same time the confidential agent of the British Government! Nelidoff had not been able to effect any arrangement of this kind, and while he was pretty certain that Nihilism threatened the country from end to end, he could not put his hand on a single Nihilist who would for a consideration give the information he needed.

"There were plenty of suspects, but —did they know anything? Would they, under any circumstances, be useful in solving the riddle that was beating Nelidoff and his merry men? It was easy to arrest them, but to lock them up would not of itself avail as much. Yet here an idea took hold of me—a good and fruitful idea, I mean, for I had scores of futile ideas. I applied myself closely to the study of the suspects whose characters, as well as physical descriptions, were before me. 'Kharkoff, aged forty-five, is tall and dark. Has lost a wife to whom he was devoted during a period of imprisonment he has undergone for speaking disrespectfully of the Czar. Illiterate. Very dangerous.' That was the kind of man described for pages. And while that was likely to be the stamp of conspirator selected for the work in hand, he was also precisely the sort who cannot be tempted to divulge what he knows. Being ignorant, he is obstinate, immovable. And moreover this brand of Nihilist was not likely to be entrusted with details until too late for our purpose.

"At length I hit upon a description that seemed to promise fairly well for my favourite idea, the plan I had decided to pursue in default of a better. 'Ivan Agardy, Jew; age twenty-two, small, slight, delicate. Student of philosophy; excellent linguist. Poet and enthusiast. Very dangerous.' In pursuance of my plan I had him suddenly arrested and placed in solitary confinement.

"There was little doubt as to his connection with Nihilism; whether he was in any particular plot was another question. When he had spent three days without communication with the outer world and was therefore in complete uncertainty as to events, and, moreover, had exhibited symptoms of loss of nerve, his solitude was relieved by the presence of another unhappy prisoner, namely, my humble self! You begin to see my plan?"

I said he would probably make an effort to obtain enough information to serve as a clue by professing to be a brother martyr.

"My dear Richard," remarked Hallam, "you are becoming positively luminous; your penetration is something marvellous. You surprise me, really!"

I said that it was admitted that clever people could live with stupid people until they lost all their cleverness, and that stupid people might listen to the conversation of clever people until they absorbed a modicum of cleverness, and that the latter process might possibly be operating in my case.

Anthony laughed long and loud.

As I have before remarked, he laughed with a heartiness which gives you an excellent opinion of his general disposition.

"Fairly answered," he at last remarked. "'A palpable hit,' as somebody says in 'Hamlet.' Our prisoner was young, and therefore tender. He was also inexperienced, and being a student, was doubly inexperienced.

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because he had given to books the time he might have spent in acquiring practical experience. Then he was a poet, and therefore emotional and a visionary. First, I decided to try him with the fellow-sufferer dodge, and if that did not work I meant to be freed, to reappear in another character, and openly invite him to betray his associates. He was a Jew, and therefore hardly the countryman of the Russian

plotters ; he was young, and therefore held to the pleasures of life ; there was probably some young girl who could be brought to bear on him ; some old mother or father—in short, I had two strings to my bow.

" In a few days he had said enough, and yet he thought he had said nothing. At first I declined to speak with him, and exhibited a decided suspicion. When he departed from mere conventional remarks to the subject that was occupying his mind, I maintained a dead silence. He asked me as to events outside, for you will remember I had been free three days later than he. But while admitting that I was charged with plotting against the life of the Czar, I steadfastly refused to give any information as to the action of the police subsequent to his arrest, alleging that, for aught I knew, he was a police agent himself ; such things had been known. You should have seen his virtuous indignation !

" For my own part, I readily admitted that I had been arrested as a foreign delegate, and in this connection I dropped, as it were by accident, names of Russian Nihilists in Paris, which inspired him with a partial confidence. Gradually we relaxed our mutual suspicion, but still Agardy spoke no syllable to help me. He was too astute for tricks which would have deceived an inferior mind, and I tell you I had to extend myself to the limit of my ability. From the first I was convinced that Agardy knew something, and the conviction sustained me through a painful and tedious time ; a time, moreover, when it was open to question whether I should not be doing better elsewhere. But the subconsciousness which has so often pulled me through, assured me that I was on the right track, and so I persevered, day after day, waiting and watching, without result, and not daring to force matters, even in the subtlest way, for fear of exciting suspicion. And the cell of a Russian prison is not quite equal in fare and accommodation to the best London hotels !

" When a certain psychological moment had arrived, the gaoler, in obedience to a sign agreed upon, told me roughly and brutally that I would be examined on the succeeding day, and the excitement of Agardy became painful to see.

" He was especially anxious to know what fate I expected. I repeated what I had already told him—that I had been arrested on suspicion of being a foreign delegate, immediately on my arrival in the city, and that, even supposing I were guilty, I had not had time to introduce myself to the Russian Head Centre, or to any Russian Nihilists whatever, and that, as I was a foreign subject, and as no evidence against me was in existence, the worst that could happen would be expulsion from the country. But I assured him that I was confident of being set at liberty, and of being permitted to remain in the city as long as I chose, which I said with an expressive look would be until the day after the Great Function, as I was particularly desirous of seeing the procession of Princes and Potentates who would on that occasion *adorn the banks of the Neva.*

" As I pronounced the last six words which I used in a merely satirical sense, my fellow-prisoner started, and turning quickly to me said ' Ha ! ' in a manner which showed that I had unknowingly hit on words which had for him an important meaning. I turned away and looked gloomily through the grating of our only window, high above us, as though vexed with myself for having committed an indiscretion. Agardy came to me and touched me on the shoulder.

" ' I do not ask your confidence,' he said, ' but, if you are set at liberty, and if you should meet with anyone named Savoda, you might tell him I am here. My parents reside far away in the provinces. They would like to know what has become of me. Savoda will tell them.'

" He did not give Savoda's address, nor did I ask it. If I were really a French Nihilist delegate, it was evident to him that I must certainly meet with Savoda. This of itself

showed that Savoda was an important person. I was too discreet to ask for Savoda's street and number, though I did not remember the name as being among the list of suspects I had so carefully studied. However, the man might be known to the police, and with this hope I was obliged to be content. No further word escaped Agardy. He had clearly reached the limit of his disclosures. And how little it was! Nothing, he thought. But wait and see.

"I took my leave next morning, and in a few minutes was closeted with Nelidoff. I did not tell him how small was my success, but merely asked him if he knew Savoda. The name produced the effect of an electric shock. He bounded from his seat in a manner you would have thought impossible with a man of his age, his facial expression being one of—well, let us say—petrification. His mouth was open, but he did not speak. He simply stood and stared. I was surprised to see a man of his experience so moved. I have not been surprised at anything for the last twenty-five years or so. When he spoke he simply gasped 'Savoda!' and then sat down and went on with his staring.

"'Yes! Savoda and no other,' I said. 'You seem to know Savoda? Who is he?'

"'I must have time to consider,' says he.

"I took my hat and walked to the door. Turning as I reached it, I said, 'M. Nelidoff, I perceive that you are departing from the compact of complete and unreserved confidence into which you gladly entered on my arrival, and I have the honour to inform you that unless you reveal the identity of Savoda, I shall communicate with the British Ambassador within an hour.'

"'Sit down, dear Mr. Hallam,' said Nelidoff, 'and allow me to explain. Do not be hasty; there are difficulties'—and he touched an electric bell, the button whereof was conveniently fixed on the slope of his desk, where it was hidden under a careless sheet of paper, while the bell was not audible in the room. I had spotted this neat arrangement on a previous interview.

"'There is no use ringing for men to arrest me,' I said. 'My precautions are taken. If I do not return to my rooms at eleven, Morland will request the British Ambassador to ask the Emperor or his deputy to look for me, and will at the same time make inquiry concerning Savoda. As I finished the sentence the door opened and two armed policemen appeared. Nelidoff dismissed them with a gesture. Then he beamed on me, forgot his trouble, and actually smiled. 'Permit me to express my admiration,' he said. I made my best bow and asked him to tell me all about the interesting Savoda.

"'Savoda,' said Nelidoff, 'is the Chief of the River Police, and a trusted servant of the Emperor.'

"I understood his agitation. To find a traitor in the profession is the rarest of occurrences; to act against a brother in arms and a countryman is most painful. But duty is duty, and in the most delicate, but unmistakable way, I told Nelidoff it must be done. With a British Prince in question I was not inclined to stand any nonsense. And the intrigues of Russian society are so deep and so complex that the most resolute and uncompromising attitude was required. I sketched out a plan of operation, and after discussion of details, Nelidoff undertook its execution.

"A strict watch set on Savoda soon discovered his direct connection with suspected persons. These, in their turn were watched, until distinct movements were noted in connection with the Neva. These again were narrowed down until it was found that Savoda was using his power and authority to cover and facilitate the entrance of persons from boats on the Neva to a sewer which ran directly from the river under the Nevski Prospekt, a great thoroughfare along which the procession of Princes was to proceed on the first day of the Function! But talking

is dry work. Agardy, my boy, your health!"

And, my friend having indulged in his usual way, re-lit his pipe, waved the willow brand, sybaritically inhaled its odour, and continued:

"Once more the knot was unravelled, and nothing remained but to conclude the affair. The point was—to arrest as many as possible of the plotters, and to do it at the last moment available. We had a fortnight before us, and if we had collared Savoda and any who might be arranging things in the great main sewer, why, the conspirators would have had time to concoct another plot and a more desperate one. So we should have been no further advanced. Our work would have begun again; whereas if we let them think that all was going well with the scheme—but you see my drift?"

"What I don't see, and what you omitted to mention was this—the idea of the Nihilists in connection with the sewer under the Nevski Prospekt."

Anthony looked at me in his most mocking manner.

"I was too early with my congratulations on your penetration," he said. "You have, perhaps, heard of nitro-glycerine, or of dynamite? Very good. So had the Nihilists. They had stored enough nitro-glycerine, in casks, under that line of route to blow the Pageant Procession with the Princes and Potentates into impalpable powder, together with thousands of innocent people on the line of route. For, like the Anarchists, the Nihilists hold that a tremendous catastrophe that would perceptibly 'regenerate' society would be decidedly economical, even at the cost of a million lives. Yet these Russian heroes put a fair value on their own precious hides.

"The scene of operations was visited by Nelidoff's men, who descended to the 'works' by man-holes in the city, and brought information which indicated, not only how careful the Nihilists were of their own safety, but also how the thing was to be done.

"Electricity is a useful agent in connection with explosives—you can work it from a distance. These heroic conspirators were going to blow up everything from the opposite bank of the river. There is in the human mind a curiosity concerning vast explosions, and I could quite conceive Savoda and his friends enjoying the spectacle. Savoda, it seemed, was a man with a grievance against the Government—there was a woman in it—and he had brooded himself into criminality and the deepest-dyed treachery. I never met with him, and cannot therefore give you the benefit of any critical observations on what must have been a curious study of mental morbidity. I expected to make his acquaintance, but was disappointed, why, you will see presently.

"The Function was to take place on Wednesday, and on Monday night we had the thing thoroughly arranged. There was no danger of a premature explosion which would destroy the police, for the wire had been attended to, and all we wanted was to secure a contingent of conspirators at the sewer, those in charge of the galvanic battery at Savoda's house on the opposite bank of the river, and Savoda himself.

"The affair went like clockwork. Instead of the plotters bagging the Princes, the police bagged the plotters. Three were nailed as they came down the river on Tuesday night to finally connect the wire with the explosive; two more at Savoda's, and the dead body of Savoda himself. For when we surrounded the house one of the conspirators stabbed him to death, as having betrayed the plot!

Such is the irony of circumstances. The Chief of River Police, being one of the vilest traitors since Judas Iscariot, was murdered for a piece of treachery of which he was innocent. There were some lively moments during the storming of Savoda's house, and two of Nelidoff's men were severely wounded with pistol-shots. But we won all along the line; scotched the great Nihilist snake, and sent our five prisoners to Siberia, plus a number of people who had associated with them. To make assurance doubly sure we

had a regular patrol marching through the sewers until after the Function, which went off admirably, the thousands cheering the Czar, the Princes and the Potentates as they marched over the spot that was to have been their tomb.

"I was glad when the affair was over and our Prince got safely out of the country. I had not yet learned to appreciate Russian tea. That you will remember was taught me by Levinsky, the clever agent of my friend Nelidoff, who, by the way, on my leaving St. Petersburg, gave me a fur overcoat as a mark of his esteem, assuring me that the buttons were not attached to electric bells. How we laughed to be sure! You see this stone?"

He held up his left hand, on the third finger of which blazed a magnificent diamond. I nodded.

"The Prince," he said.

"Did he know of the plot?"

"Not a word; the ring was just a sort of compliment for general supervision."

"What became of Agardy?"

"Siberia."

"Poor fellow!"

"True; but he was foolish, and the world punishes fools far more severely than rogues—a remark of Nelidoff, who, when we parted, said he was proud to have met me, and that I deserved to be a Russian. I said—I hoped not!"

And humming something about "a Rooshan and a Prooshan" and somebody's immovable determination to "remain an Englishman," Anthony opened the French window, and with a cordial "Good-night" left me alone once more.

EPISODE XII. WILL APPEAR IN JUNE.

THE PASSING OF CALLICUM

A STORY SHOWING HOW SPAIN LOST BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Harold Sands.

LORD OF BURRARD INLET in 1790 was Callicum. Big and broad was he as was the acreage over which he hunted. Red was his colour and rare were his attainments—for an Indian of that day.

Siwash Jim can trace his descent back to Callicum even as the Champion of the King can produce a chart showing how he is descended from one who came over the English Channel with William of Normandy. And the Siwash is as proud as any Champion when it comes to ancestry.

But Siwash Jim is lord only of a whitewashed shack and a few lots. "The white men were ever land grabbers," he says.

What were the happy hunting grounds of Callicum are to-day the City of Vancouver and the municipalities of North and South Vancouver. Callicum passed from this earth in a violent manner and to the everlasting disgrace of Spain. But the passing was big with results.

The Pacific Coast is a history book, and he who runs may read a little of the romance of its transformation from a forest to the half-way house of Empire. The very air of the Canadian coast is redolent of Cook and Mackenzie and Vancouver, while even to what is now United States territory the glamour of British enterprise clings. A British naval officer gave his name to Puget Sound, while Mt. Baker, which towers above the State of Washington, owes its cognomen to one who came out with Vancouver in the troublous times at the end of the seventeenth century.

Capt. James Powell, of His Majesty's survey ship *Egeria*, looked upon the receding Terminal City from the deck of the *Empress of India*. The

White Liner was slowly steaming towards the Narrows, which divide Burrard Inlet from the Gulf of Georgia. Capt. Powell was on furlough and was *en route* to China. As he stood on the deck of the Canadian Pacific liner he presented a notable figure. That he was a Britisher was evident at the first glance. But there was a gracefulness about him which called for a second glance and which told also of Southern blood. A pretty passenger was heard to remark that he reminded her of a gallant Spaniard she had met in Madrid. It was not of the City of Vancouver that the attractive captain was thinking, but of a fair Spanish girl whose features were displayed in the ancestral hall in Kent. At Point Gray his great grandfather had won that lovely girl in 1792, and it was Point Gray that loomed yonder.

"Do you think there will be war?" questioned one merchant of Cheapside of another in 1790.

"I do not; I think Spain will back down," was the answer. "She has no real excuse to offer for her high-handed action at Nootka, in capturing that British merchant vessel."

"But can you tell me where Nootka is?" asked the first merchant.

"You must excuse me, but I have an appointment," said the other as he hurried away. From which it will be seen that they were not better acquainted in those days with the Pacific coast than they are to-day.

Spain in 1790 was no more prepared for war with Great Britain than she was to meet the United States 100 years later, after the blowing up of the *Maine*. Fortunately for His Catholic Majesty the struggle was averted, Spain agreeing to make reparation and acknowledging Great Britain's rights on the north-west coast of America. King George sent an expedition to Nootka under Capt. Vancouver and British Columbia had a beginning. That expedition represented a penny of Empire in comparison with the vast sums which have been spent in building and maintaining the newer Britains which line the shores of the Seven Seas. But that penny is yielding compound interest in pounds.

On Capt. Vancouver's ship, the *Discovery*, was Lieut. Powell. In 1792 the vessel entered Burrard Inlet, and one June day anchored near Point Gray. There were two Spanish vessels there.

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome you," remarked the Spanish captain to the Englishman. "I may say, however, that at Nootka the fleet awaits you."

So Capt. Vancouver continued his journey to where were three Spanish frigates and a brig. This latter, the *Active*, flew the broad pennant of Sen. Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

And at Nootka where the *Active* lay, the Powell romance commenced.

Lieut. Powell was the first English naval officer to step ashore from the *Discovery*.

"I am sent," he said with a bow to Senor Quadra, "to inquire if a royal salue to the flag would be accepted."

"It will afford me great pleasure to exchange compliments with the noble captain," was the gallant reply.

As he passed back to his boat the Englishman noted among the household of Senor Quadra, a maiden of rare beauty. For many months Lieut. Powell had seen no white woman, and the glory of this bud of Spain captivated him at first sight. Isabel de Alva was of the seductive type of woman.

Rose-coloured was the report of the susceptible lieutenant to his captain. He dilated upon the courtesy of Senor Quadra, but he said nothing of the maiden.

"We are to settle this question amicably," said Capt. Vancouver to the Spaniard, "so shall we, as a start, name this island by our joint names?"

"By all means let it be Vancouver and Quadra Island," returned the Senor. "And why not, captain, have an exchange among our officers so that they may have a chance to get ac-

quainted while the surveys are being made."

"An excellent plan," warmly replied Capt. Vancouver. And thus it was that Lieut. Powell found himself on the *Princessa* and learned that Isabel was to make a tour of the island on the vessel.

In that island-encircling trip England fixed her stamp upon the Pacific coast of Canada and Spanish-sovereignty hopes found a grave beside a murdered chief.

When the *Princessa* rounded the south of the island her commander decided to visit the brigs at Point Gray. There was an Indian settlement on the shore where dwelt Chief Callicum. Upon the arrival of the *Princessa*, Callicum, his wife and child, put out in a small canoe with fish for the officers. A Spanish subaltern would not allow them to pay their respects to the commander, and roughly took their fish away. The commander was drinking in his cabin while the north-west Empire of Spain was passing away.

"Peshak, peshak" (bad, bad) remarked Callicum.

Spoken in the peculiar clicking tongue of the natives the words sounded harsher than they were. The reckless young Spaniard seized a musket from a sailor and shot Callicum. The body fell over the side of the canoe into the sea.

"You young fool!" exclaimed Powell, as he snatched the musket from the Spaniard before he could do further harm. "That is how you destroy your Empire."

Isabel came on the deck at the moment and Powell gently explained to her the cause of the trouble.

"How terrible," said she. "Our nation is so hasty. And what a blow to that poor woman," for the chief's wife had broken into wild lamentation.

The woman and her child were taken ashore by friends who witnessed the inhuman crime. Powell went below and shortly afterwards the relatives of the murdered chief ventured to the Spanish ship to beg permission to creep for the body beneath the vessel. The murderer was still on duty and cruelly refused until the afflicted redmen had collected a number of valuable skins as a ransom for the corpse. The body was found and the skins paid over.

That night a council of war was held.

When news of the further outrage was given to Powell he sought the Spanish commander.

"Sir," said he indignantly, "do you not know that your men are assaulting the glory of Spain? Acts like those committed to-day kill your sovereignty. Moreover, are you prepared for reprisals?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear lieutenant," replied the commander, "you take this little matter too seriously. Such affairs are unfortunate, but how small! Why trouble about them."

"But, sir, you do not know the nature of these Indians. Have you doubled the watch? They are sure to attack us."

"Nonsense, lieutenant, they will not dare. They fear us too much," was the captain's reply. "You are new on this coast, allow us old-timers to know a little more than you." He spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

"If not for your crew's sake, sir, then for that of the Senorita Isabel, I ask you to strengthen the guard for the rest of our stay here," said the Englishman.

"Ah! lies the land that way, lieutenant?" tauntingly asked the Spaniard.

"Sir," rejoined the Englishman haughtily, "this is no time for talk of that character; look after your ship," and Powell turned on his heels.

"The young cub, so he loves the daughter of the general. These dogs of Englishmen look high," muttered the commander. But he gave no orders for more security.

The night passed quietly, save for the wailing of the women on the shore. If the Spaniards had felt any alarm, it vanished with the dawn. They had not seen the braves in council.

But Powell was still alarmed. He looked for an attack next evening.

When night arrived he was detained at the commander's dinner-table. He was very uneasy, but after the manner of his reception when he gave warning he could not bring himself to mention the subject again.

The Senorita loved to walk on deck at night-time and give herself entirely to the silence In a new country the absolute stillness after dark is all-possessive. As Isabel sat watching the stars a couple of canoes put out from the village. She did not see them; she was gazing westward to the far east. Stealthily half a dozen Indians boarded the *Princessa*. They had seen that there was only the subaltern and one sailor on deck with the girl. All three were seized before they could utter any alarm. As quietly as they came the canoes went back to land.

The absence of the subaltern was discovered when the watch—if watch it could be called—was changed. The officer who came to relieve him called the commander, who ordered all hands on deck and also sent for Isabel. When her loss was discovered, he cursed his foolishness for not taking the Englishman's advice.

"It is useless doing anything till morning," said the commander.

Lieut. Powell chafed at the delay. At daybreak he aroused the commander and asked to be put in charge of the search party. The request was agreed to. Selecting a dozen of the most likely Spaniards, he made his way to the shore and found the camp deserted. The Indians had retreated to the primeval forest; pathless to whites, the home of reds. There were, however, evidences of the route taken by the Indians, and Powell and his men followed them up for a day.

When night came the Englishman realized the foolhardiness of the enterprise, but what man of Kent in his position would have abandoned it? None, though the little party was in the midst of the forest, shut out from the sea, perhaps with foes all round.

"I cannot let the Senorita be carried away without an effort to save her," said he to his men. "You know the danger, will you stand by me?"

"We will, sir," they answered. They spoke as Englishmen, because they liked the northerner who was leading them.

At the dawn they started again, and somewhat to their surprise and rather to their dismay, came upon the redskins in an hour. The natives were expecting them and were drawn up by hundreds in a clearing. They knew all about the pursuit; they could have annihilated the party in the night. But there was a noble sensibility among those woodmen. Callicum had drilled into his tribe generous and hospitable ideas, and the example of the murdered man was still strong.

"It would be useless to fight this horde," the lieutenant said. "I must try to induce them to peacefully give up the captives."

But there was one man who would never return to the *Princessa*. Bound to a tree, with a dozen arrows in the body, was all that was mortal of the unhappy subaltern. It was easy for the lieutenant to obtain the return of the Senorita and the sailor. His joy at the fact was unclouded by the death of the Spaniard.

"The fool deserved it," he told his brother officers when the *Princessa* returned to Nootka, and Powell was retelling the story the night before he was married to Isabel by the father confessor of Senor Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

It is over a century now since the flag of Spain has implied any ownership in the land which to-day is British Columbia.

RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812 *

By John Stewart Carstairs

MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON, the eldest son of Dr. Richardson, Assistant Surgeon of the Queen's Rangers, and Madeleine Askin, his wife, was born at Queenstown, U.C., on October 4th, 1796. At Queenston and at Detroit, the home of his grandfather, Colonel John Askin, the first six years of his life were passed. In 1802, Dr. Richardson became surgeon to the Governor and garrison of Amherstburg, and in the same year Colonel Askin removed to Strabane, near Sandwich; between these two places, at that time rich in formative influences, young Richardson spent the next ten years of his life. No other years were to be free from care, responsibility and anxiety. Here "our first novelist of romance, our first delineator of manners and customs" had little school training, but he imbibed much culture from his mother and grandmother, both accomplished French ladies. He saw the men of many races on the highway of the Detroit River; and he must have been a bright, ready, clever, perceptive and receptive youth, for "the scenes of his boyhood are the favourite setting for his characters, and never after his boyhood had he the opportunity for a lengthened stay in those beloved haunts."

Late in June, 1812, young Richardson saw in the distance beyond the blue waters of the Detroit, Hull's army on the march to their headquarters in Fort Lernoult, from which it was to invade an unoffending and unsuspecting people. Always chafing under the restraints of school, and now fired by the warlike spirit of the Erskines, the Bruces and the Richardsons, the boy of fifteen was, through his family influence, at once appointed a gentleman-volunteer in His Majesty's regular forces to do duty with the 41st Regiment. He fought in every engagement in which his regiment took part, until the defeat at Moraviantown, October 5th, 1813, when he was taken prisoner. Released after a year, he was given a lieutenancy in the 2nd Battalion of the 8th (King's) Regiment, and in 1815 they embarked at Quebec to join the Duke of Wellington in Flanders. In 1816 he was appointed to the 2nd (Queen's) Regiment, and with it went to Barbadoes, but was invalided home, and on October 1st, 1818, was placed on half-pay.

Now began that literary career that was to enrich the world with such productions as "Écarté," "Wacousta," "The War of 1812," and "The Canadian Brothers." He was then twenty-two years of age. He had got but little of the discipline of the school; but he had been gathering his education from society and the world; he had picked up a varied and extensive training in the wilds of his native Canada, in "the mighty heart" of London, in the manifold experiences of a soldier in two continents and two zones.

Although Wolfe died with a fragment of the Iliad in his pocket, it is seldom that the literary taste survives the vicissitudes and hardships of a soldier's life. Richardson's literary instinct was proof alike against the charms of prosperity and the trials of adversity. Seven years of military service are now followed by ten years of literary labours in London and Paris. Sketches of West Indian and Canadian life appeared in the periodicals of the time. "Tecumseh," a poem of 188 *ottava rima* stanzas, excellent in workmanship and treatment, follows closely the historical facts, and by its dramatic possibilities may have suggested the theme for "The Canadian Brothers," written many years later. In 1829 he published "Écarté, or the Salons of Paris," which was generally well re-

* Richardson's War of 1812. With notes and a life of the author. By Alexander Clark Casselman. Historical Publishing Company, Toronto. 1902. lxxii+320 pp. royal octavo. $3.

ceived in London. Gaining confidence by his literary successes, he published in 1832 a more ambitious work, "Wacousta, or the Prophecy," a story founded on the attempt of Pontiac to seize Fort Pontchartrain on the Detroit. When we recall that the modern novel had not yet been created, that Scott had just passed away at Abbotsford, that Dickens and Thackeray had not yet taken up the pen, that Harrison Ainsworth had not published one of his two hundred and fifty novels; that Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton had each given but two or three novels to the world, "Wacousta," in plot and characters, in conversations, dramatic incident and sustained interest, seems a marvellous production. "As a character-sketch, unfolding on the one hand the adroit craft and subtle deceit of Pontiac with all the varied play of motives, and on the other the defiant confidence and intrepid fidelity to principle of the Governor, it will compare favourably with those searching analyses of human passions to be found in the works of George Eliot."

In 1834 he joined the "British Auxiliary Legion," then recruiting in Great Britain to aid the regent Christina against the Carlists. As Captain in the 2nd Regiment he was appointed Commandant of Vitoria, where he was stricken with fever. Although invalided home he took a prominent part in the attack on St. Sebastian which was made on the eve of his departure. True to his literary instincts, he had kept a diary, which he published while in London under the title "Movements of the British Legion." During his absence from the Legion a junior officer was promoted to a majority over his head. This injustice incensed Richardson and was the beginning of a long and persistent personal quarrel with Gen. De Lacy Evans that was fought out in Spain, in the British House of Commons, and ended in Montreal in 1838 by the publication of "Personal Memoirs of Major Richardson." The title of Major and the Knighthood of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand were all that he got from his service in Spain.

He returned to Canada in 1837 as correspondent of the *Times* to report the mission of Lord Durham, and, if necessary, to assist in the defence of his native land. He wrote favourably of Durham's acts, and the *Times* cancelled the contract with him at the end of a year. Having taken up his residence in Sandwich in 1839, he wrote "The Canadian Brothers," a sequel to "Wacousta," which was published the following year in Montreal. Removing to Brockville he published for two years *The New Era*, a newspaper, in which first appeared his "War of 1812," which was to be merely the first in a series of Canadian histories, as the historical information of the rising generation had been derived "through the corrupt channel of American party publications bearing on the subject."

"Eight Years in Canada," published in 1847, is a well-written history of the administrations of Durham, Sydenham, Bagot and Metcalfe, an important transition period in our development. The sequel to this work, "The Guards in Canada," was published in the same year. As his literary ventures in Canada had failed to give him a livelihood, Richardson, after spending his fortune in the interests of Canadian literature, was forced much against his will to go to New York, where he superintended the publication of his romances and wrote others.

Richardson died in New York on May 12, 1852, of erysipelas, caused, it is said, by lack of the actual necessaries of life.

"If we judge Richardson," his biographer says, "by the literary success that cheered him even amid his many days of adversity, we can merely wonder that a writer so wholesome in atmosphere, so buoyant in spirit, so notable in our literary development, is now almost completely forgotten. His works, whether we consider their subject-matter, their literary merits, or their position in the growth of the novel, place their gifted author high on that roll we choose to designate as our list of Canadian authors."

We have to thank Mr. Casselman

not only for furnishing us an old friend in a new and attractive dress, but also for adding to our knowledge both of the war of 1812 and of Major Richardson.

There are but two contemporary accounts of that brave little army of less than one thousand whites and a varying unreliable Indian following, which under the command of Major-General Procter in 1812 and 1813, achieved against three American armies those brilliant successes whose importance has always been obscured by the disaster at Moraviantown. One is the journal of M. Thomas Verchères de Boucherville, published last year by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal. The other is Richardson's "War of 1812," "Containing a Full and Detailed Narrative of the Operations of the Right Division of the Canadian Army," a valuable and authentic work; but it had some years ago become so rare that it was catalogued at £50.

The present volume is much more than a mere reprint of the original edition published at Brockville, U.C., in 1842. The care and industry of a judicious editor are strongly in evidence. The narrative has been divided into chapters; a complete index and a complete table of contents have been added; errors in documents quoted by Richardson are corrected; documents available only in part before 1842 are here given in full; while there is an ideal accumulation of illustration in the views of historic spots, the numerous original maps and plans, the pictures of medals and the rare portraits, among others, of Lt.-Col. John B. Glegg, of Col. John Macdonell, of Gen. James Winchester, and of Adjutant-General Edward Baynes. The portrait of Tecumseh is an admirable production by Mr. Frederick Brigden, the face being drawn from Lossing's copy of Le Dru's sketch from life, the costume being the result of careful historical studies. A series of notes on the thirty-one illustrations forms a novel feature of the publication.

It is in the running commentary, however, in the bibliography, and in the biographical sketches, that the editor makes a real contribution both to Canadian history and to Canadian literature. The commentary is a well-deserved tribute to the Canadian officers who in the war of 1812 defended Upper Canada against so heavy odds. Here there are pithy, pointed biographical sketches linking the men of the past with the men of the present; brief, comprehensive summaries and out-of-the-way facts of Canadian history that would surprise the average reader did he not know that Mr. Casselman possesses what is perhaps the finest Canadian collection of books on the war of 1812.

CECIL RHODES

WHEN sounds the trump that wakens Britain's dead,
What dust remote will feel an answering thrill!
Witness Khartoum's red plain, Samoa's mound,
Witness the cairn that guards Matoppo Hill.

No waups made cry round Stevenson's lone isle;
The flag he loved lay not on Gordon's breast;
Yet lonelier was this heart that, self-exiled,
In splendid isolation lies at rest.

Emily McManus

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

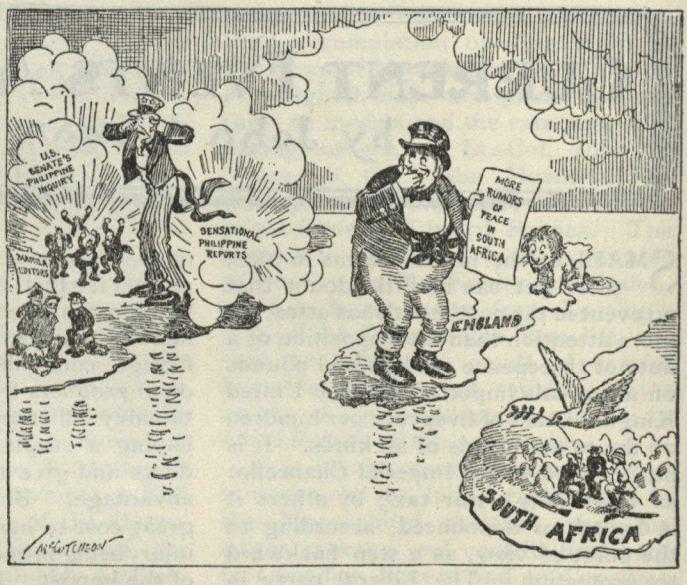
by John A. Ewan

SMALL as the matter seems in itself there yet can be little doubt that no event in the past month has attracted more attention than the imposition of a duty of threepence per hundred pounds on all cereals imported into the United Kingdom, and of fivepence per hundred on flours and meals of all kinds. It is put forward by the Imperial Chancellor as essentially a war tax; by others it is hailed or denounced, according to the point of view, as a step backward to protection. The Liberal party in Britain will probably find in it a thin thread of party unity. The Colonial Imperialist, whose notion is that the strong affection at present existing between the various portions of the Empire can only be preserved by taxing somebody, hails it as promising to supply the one thing needful to give coherency to his cause. The foreign grain-grower has yet to be heard from, although the amount of the impost will scarcely cause him the loss of much sleep. Indeed the foreign grain-grower, if he has a good grip of economic facts, will not be much alarmed at any impost the British Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to put on grain so long as it is chargeable to all alike. He would feel that the greater burden of it would not fall on him but on the consumer in the British Isles. He would be unfeignedly and properly alarmed if the impost were considerable and the Colonies exempt from it.

The question touches so closely on domestic policy that it is perhaps unsuited for discussion in this column, but one or two considerations are so obvious and indisputable that they should not be regarded as controversial. That the Mother Country could inflict widespread injury on a number of nations which find an unrivalled market for their farm products amongst her consumers cannot be denied. By heavily taxing the products of these foreign countries and admitting Colonial products free she would unquestionably inflict injury on those countries having a surplus of agricultural products and give the Colonies a distinct advantage. But she would do it at great cost to herself, the extent of the injury being proportioned to the amount of the impost. This would be mercantile war. In physical war both nations are injured, but it is undertaken with the idea of making one or the other take a certain view on a certain subject. Similarly a commercial war might be waged, for example, to make the United States see that from 50 to 100 per cent. was an outrageous imposition on the goods of a country which admits all United States products free. And it is just possible that the United States farmer would not be long in coming to the same view as the Britisher, that the American tariff was outrageous, that it was of no benefit to him, and now that it had become distinctly prejudicial to him he was quite willing to help to topple it over.

So far the Englishman has taken no stock in the commercial war idea, preferring to wait the slower processes of time. And facts and results have, it must be said, justified his confidence. He has seen his little dot of earth hold the commercial primacy of the world longer than he can remember. We are told that that primacy is now threatened by the United States. Even if that be so, his confidence that he is proceeding on sound lines should scarcely be shaken thereby. If this

tiny island off the coast of France, whose resources have been drawn on from the time of the Phœnicians still now, can still rival a fresh new land, whose resources, while diligently exploited, are yet scarcely touched, a land forty times larger with twice its population—is not that one of the very highest tributes to the excellence of the foundation on which its commercial system is based? It is the Englishman's confidence that the logic of circumstances will compel his neighbours to come to the same basis that makes him calmly tolerant of U.S. tariffs and other annoying circumstances. We find it very hard to take up his point of view. For example, we Canadians keep thrusting on his attention the fact that we conferred a great boon on him by lowering our tariff and that he ought to tax himself in order to make a return for the gift. His view is, that in lowering our tariff, while we were conferring a boon on him, we were also doing a service to ourselves. Lower tariffs, in his estimation, are chiefly beneficial to the country making the reduction. Some of our statesmen utterly fail to see the matter from this standpoint.



JOHN BULL—"I seem to have the laugh on Brother Jonathan this morning."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The death of Cecil Rhodes before his 50th birthday will be considered an early ending to a remarkable career. Health was his main quest in his first journey to the Cape, and it is curious to reflect that he had been some years in South Africa when he determined on following out his original intention of taking his degree at Oxford. Between 1876 and 1881, in which latter year he took his B.A., he was travelling back and forth yearly between Oxford and Kimberley. His strong character gained him influence in South Africa almost from the first, and the fabulous wealth which his reorganization of the Kimberley diamond fields threw in his hands added greatly to that influence. He possessed the mysterious quality that convinces other men and causes them to follow even blindly. His influence among the Dutch of Cape Colony was at one time greater than that of any other Englishman. He lived, however, to see himself execrated by them. But for one circumstance he would have died with the reputation of being endowed with a powerful and penetrating mind, and with far more than the common share of those gifts by which a man divines the motives, ideals and purposes of his fellow-men.

Mr. Rhodes had lived so long among the Dutch of South Africa, and had such exceptional opportunities of ascertaining the very texture of their thoughts, that it was natural to expect

that here was the one man in all South Africa who might be trusted to advise the course to be pursued, whether in storm or calm. And yet this man was the deviser and adviser and equipper of the Jameson raid! When the news of that quixotic and criminal adventure reached the outside world, the first reflection of every reader was as to the egregious folly of the whole affair, and it was difficult to believe that a man in Cecil Rhodes' position could ever have hoped for anything else than the ridiculous catastrophe that actually did befall it. The statement has been made on his behalf that he never intended that Jameson and his men should invade the Transvaal. It is difficult to see that this makes the enterprise any the less foolish.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

J. B.: "We've just captured the last Boer gun."
U. S.: "Only a few Filipino guerillas left."

—*The Detroit News*

If it looked absurd then, what does it look like now, when we have a great deal more material on which to judge it? When we think that Dr. Jim and his handful of policemen set out that December day to perform a task which the whole British army, assisted by the colonies, has had difficulty in effecting after two years and a half of fighting, we can only feel amazed at the fatuity that characterized the sublime fiasco. It was, moreover, one of those blunders that is worse than a crime. For a time it apparently put the British people in the wrong, and woefully weakened their subsequent pleas before the bar of public opinion. Whatever qualities of discernment Mr. Rhodes had appear not to have been fine enough or comprehensive enough to divine that this simple, untutored Dutch grazier had deep in his heart a passionate attachment to the idea of independence, and was ready to fight for it with a tenacity that has won him the admiration and respect even of his conqueror. Mr. Rhodes is credited with that imagination that is often a prominent ingredient of the higher statesmanship, but one can hardly accord to him the possession of that dramatic quality which enables one man to feel with all the feelings of another, or he would never have hoped to subdue Dutch Africa with a troop of police led by a doctor of medicine.

What he accomplished for the empire will be judged by such varying standards that the most opposite verdicts are sure to be rendered. To those who think that the one purpose of the British Empire is to paint the map of the world red, the man who added Bechuanaland to our South African possessions and dreamed of the Cape to Cairo railway, will be put in the same rank as Clive and Hastings and Wolfe. To the opposite school, who believe that the weary Titan was already bearing as great a burden of unprofitable territory as he ought to be asked to bear, there will be no desire to add another hero to that picture gallery. Whatever the judgment may be, however, it will not be denied that he was a man of large spirit, boundless enthusiasm and boldness, backed by equal energy, and that he had these in such abundance that no task was likely to daunt him, and that by the exercise of them he at least changed the face of South Africa.

THE SLEEPING KING

LORD SALISBURY: "What a joke if I wake up and don't resign!" —*Westminster Gazette*

It must be said that the terms of his will, munificent and original as it is, curiously corroborates the suspicion of an impractical imagination which the Jameson raid suggests. It is a capital idea to recognize manliness and unselfishness as well as scholarship in the make-up of the students who are to profit by his generosity, but how on earth are you going to judge of these things? It would be honourable for a young man to strive to acquire knowledge in order to gain a Rhodes scholarship, but what would we think of the youth who went about with a smug look of goodness on his angelic face, and spent his spare time in carrying baskets for feeble old ladies, leaving himself open to the suspicion that he was "entered" for the Rhodes prize for manliness and unselfishness. It looks like an impractical idea. In these brief references to the great South African, there is no pretence of adverting to more than one side of his character. They may be deemed a breach of the rule that nothing but good should be said of the dead, but it is also a good rule not to set up false standards of greatness, or at least to discriminate where there has already been a great deal of ill-balanced adulation.

THE BEGINNER

UNCLE SAM: "Now, look out, old man; this is where I let go." —*Minneapolis Journal*

On May 20th Cuba starts house-keeping on her own account, and the experiment will be watched with a great deal of interest. In the meantime the advisability of reducing the United States import duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco has been warmly discussed in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. In the House a resolution reducing the duties by twenty per cent. was adopted. The friends of Cuba say that this reduction would still leave the tariff practically insurmountable. The U. S. duties on sugar and tobacco are

among the loftiest structures of the tariff-builder's art. Those on sugar vary with the grades, but generally speaking they amount to close on 100 per cent. To reduce this to 80 per cent., as is proposed, would in all probability be no advantage to Cuba at all.

Matters do not look at all encouraging in the Philippines, and the opponents of the policy of expansion continue their assaults on it with increasing hope. At the trial of a Major Waller he testified in his own behalf that in shooting Filipino prisoners he was only obeying the order of Gen. Smith, his superior officer. His orders were to "kill and burn;" to "take no prisoners;" to "kill everything over ten," and to "make Samar a howling wilderness." These orders were verbal, and Gen. Smith denies that he gave them, but his own published orders directed his officers to "make the people want peace and to want it bad." The acting-Governor of Batangas, Luzon, says that 100,000 inhabitants of that one Province have perished by war, disease or starvation since the American occupation. Senator Patterson, in condemning the whole Philippine policy, declares that "there has simply been a carnival of slaughter in the islands." And as a commentary on the whole situation some one recalls a sentence from the late President McKinley's condemnation of Spanish rule in Cuba:—"The only peace it could beget," he said, "was that of the wilderness and of the grave."

MADONNA

THE night on the Town has fallen,
And the Gas Lamps, few and far,
Outflame like the picket fires
On the rim of a lonely war.

The lights of the Town, Madonna,
Are the eyes of a Soul's despair;
The streets are the thoughts, Madonna,
That are dreary and dark and bare.

The lights that the World affords us,
Though we win where they burn their best,
Reveal but the pain and hurry,
The stir of a street's unrest.

And we turn from the street's confusion,
From the toil and the City's pain,
From all that the heart desires
And all that the hand can gain;

For what if we win it or lose it,
The praise that the World bestows,
It fades like a flower gathered,
It dies like a withering rose.

Ah, the calm of God, Madonna,
It is far from the streets away,
And seeking that calm, Madonna,
The hearts of thy children stray.

Jamaica. *Tom Redcam*

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

LIFE'S LESSON

From Life's stern schooling I have learned
There is no greater truth than this:—
Pain is but pleasure undiscerned,
Through deepest woe comes highest bliss.

M. MacL. H.

WITH the April showers and all the delicious sweet smells and sights and sounds of spring, come the dear little birds back from their winter in the sunny south to make glad our northern summer. Little flashes of red and yellow, white, black, crimson and blue, they perch on the baby branches of the budding trees and trill their very hearts out in a wild pæan of praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful miracle of nature's never-failing resurrection. Can you, with that happy little song ringing in your ears—that glad little fluff of palpitating feathers, quivering with the mere delerious joy of simply being alive, before your eyes—can you, oh can you go down into the market—place and calmly and untremblingly bedeck your unworthy head with the poor little murdered bodies of some feathered chorister, once just as glad and gay and unafraid as the bird who is singing to you to-day from the swaying top of yonder maple or cocking his tiny head at you confidingly from the fragrant depths of your own lilac bush?

The man who needlessly sets foot upon the worm that crawls at even in the public path has been justly arraigned before humanity's tribunal of justice, can one therefore condemn her who refuses to enter on her list of friends the woman who for the mere gratification of her own vanity demands the wholesale slaughter of the happy birds who were made to sing and fly untrammeled the day through in the free air beneath God's own blue sky? The sight of a pretty, gentle-looking woman upon whose head nods the stiff carcass of an innocent and inoffensive little bird is a sight which fills at least one member of her sex with horror and disgust. We are told that ostrich feathers are obtained without the infliction of pain or discomfort upon the great bird that "grows" them; will not ostrich feathers, then, suffice? Surely everyone knows that each single offsprey offered for sale represents the unutterable suffering of a living thing and that the peculiarly soft little feather breasts so much admired and so "fashionable" are torn away from over a gentle little mother heart and paid for in her anguish, and the slow starvation of her helpless little babies.

Dr. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, has announced that 200,000,000—think of it, 200,000,000!—birds are slaughtered annually for the adornment of the headgear of the women of the world!

About four years ago American clubwomen began to protest against this shocking thing. Many of the clubs instituted a "bird-day," when papers calculated to arouse interest in the beautiful songsters of the woodland and highways were presented, and a numcer of societies introduced pledges for their members whereby they bound themselves never again to wear a murdered bird. At the same time a few bird clubs were formed, the Out-of-Door Club of Burlington, Ia., being one of the most flourishing of these.

The women who belong to this most commendable society declare that to them a bird in the bush is worth two in the bonnet any fine morning, and

out they go to the woods to revel in bird-study.

They sally forth armed with opera and field glasses, and someone versed in the many interesting phases of bird-ology instructs them as they go. That the opera-glass should give place to the shotgun, and the camera to the Winchester, is a blessed sign of the dawning of a higher and truer civilization than the world has yet known—a tiny shoot from the great tree of Peace, in the sweet shade of whose spreading branches the struggling, weary world fondly hopes to rest at last.

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An American contemporary gives an enlightening account of the good and evil results that have followed from an eight years' trial of woman's suffrage in Colorado. So many of the gentler sex in Canada profess to be woman-suffragists that a brief resumé of the article in question will doubtless prove of interest to them.

That all the Colorado ladies were not fully alive to the importance of the privilege which had been granted to them, or else were indifferent to it, is proven by the fact that only forty-two per cent. of the women in Arapahoe county voted, and in other counties, with the exception of the rural mountains districts, from forty to forty-five per cent.

"To the surprise of most people," writes the chronicler, Mr. William Macleod Raine, "this extension of the suffrage has proved an incident, not an epoch, and the ship of state appears to sail on in much the same way as before."

The writer goes on to point out that the chief evils resulting from it are that it has made the vote more cumbersome, the *purchasable element larger*, and the cost of an election greater. "It is the testimony of political bosses that the woman vote is *more of an uncertain quantity than that of the men*, that it is *more largely controlled by the emotions*, and that it cannot be depended upon so surely along party lines. They are agreed, too, that the vote of women in conventions is *more easily manipulated than the vote of men*, and that this is due not so much to inexperience as to feminine vanity; that, generally speaking, women are more anxious to determine the right and *less able to do so*, not so much by reason of inexperience as on account of an inherent fundamental difficulty of sex. The actual party workers are not generally the best classes of women in the community. Like the men they are in politics for what they can get out of it. This was, of course, to be expected, and simply parallels the experience of our political conditions everywhere. Women of a certain type are in politics, just as men of the same type, for their own personal advancement."

On the other hand, Mr. Raine says that "Colorado has been among the foremost States of the Union in reform legislation during the past eight years. Laws have been enacted in regard to the property and maternal rights of women that were much needed. A few years ago a woman could not prevent her husband from mortgaging the roof over her head. Through the efforts of women legislators, all community property now requires in transfer the signatures of both husband and wife. Organizations of women have had bills introduced for new primary and election laws, as well as one in the interests of civil service reform. The newly aroused interest of women in civic affairs has manifested itself in the greater cleanliness of streets, in the city park improvements, and especially in the care, ventilation, and artistic decoration of the school buildings. The women members of the various State Boards have done good work in furthering the interests of their charges. This has been notably true in those boards relating to the care of the criminal and pauper classes, manifesting itself in the more efficient management of the female wards of the State, and in the improved condition of the State institutions generally. The industrial home for girls is a shining example of this. The fear that women would flood the public offices or would in any way

take an undue part in public life has not been realized in Colorado. Since the political enfranchisement of women there have usually been three members of that sex in the Colorado Legislature, but at the present time there is but one. The only office on the State ticket conceded to women is that of superintendent of public instruction."

Mr. Raine sums up by saying that "It is probably true that the ballot and its attendant circumstances have increased the unhealthy restlessness of some women, and have left profoundly unmoved many others; but between these two extremes there are indubitably a large class who have been awakened to a great practical interest in problems confronting the social bodies, and who are beginning to understand more of the patriotism which does not talk but acts. Hitherto, at least, the predictions of extremists have been confuted, for the ballot in the hands of women has neither unsexed her nor *regenerated the world.*"

MADAME SEMBRICH
The famous Polish Prima Donna

The editor of *Woman's Sphere* (who, by the way, is responsible for the above italics) is *not* a woman suffragist, believing that the reins of government should be in the hands of man, while woman drives on the box beside him, ready to suggest and advise when his vision fails or his hand weakens, as our late beloved Queen by her influence and quiet force wrought her people lasting good, though the actual government of the Empire was done by the men of her Parliament—hers and her people's.

All that the Colorado women through the extension of the suffrage have been able to accomplish they could just as easily and just as effectively have brought about had they remained unenfranchised.

In other parts of this continent woman has already proved that it is quite possible for her, without casting one vote, to effect the improvement of state institutions and city parks, to artistically decorate schools, and to materially influence the laws respecting the rights of her sex.

The story of the life of Madame Marcella Sembrich reads like a fairy tale. When she was only four years of age her father, Casimir Kokhansky, a dis-

tressingly poor Polish musician, began to teach her piano playing, at six he set her to work at the violin, and at the age of twelve this remarkable child was earning her own living by playing dance music at the receptions of the well-to-do people of her native town. An old Pole took an interest in her and sent her to the conservatory at Leipzig where for four years she studied under one Wilhelm Stengel.

"Those were dark days for the girl," writes Mr. W. J. Henderson in a recently published brief sketch of her career. "Unknown to her teachers in the conservatory, she went on with her labours at the dances of the rich. Night after night she went out and pounded at waltzes and quadrilles until the small hours of the morning, then went home to snatch a few brief hours of sleep before it was time to go to the conservatory. Many a time her tired fingers refused to strike correctly the notes of Bach or Beethoven. 'And then,' said Professor Stengel to me once, with tears in his eyes, 'I used to slap her hands for her. And she never told me how tired she was.'

"Yet to Professor Stengel she owed much, for he was so deeply interested in her that he sent her to Vienna to study with the famous Julius Epstien. While she was pursuing her work with this new master, he heard her sing and recognized the extraordinary beauty of her voice. He at once advised her to lay aside the piano and violin for a time at least and see what could be done with her voice. . . . .

"In May, 1877, she made her debut in Italian opera in Athens, singing in 'I Puritani' . . . . In Berlin, Dresden, Milan, and London her success was phenomenal, and in 1883 she was engaged by Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau as a member of the company which opened the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She made her first appearance in America at that house on Oct. 24, 1883, singing 'Lucia' in Donizetti's opera. Her success throughout that season was great, but her most wonderful exhibition was given at its close. It was announced that at the concluding performance, which was for the benefit of Henry E. Abbey, the impressario, Mme. Sembrich would appear in public for the first time in years as a violinist. It seemed strange to think of a prima donna as a violin virtuoso, and so when the singer came forward with her instrument to play the eighth concerto of de Beriot, with orchestral accompaniment, most of us expected only a barely tolerable sort of amateur performance. But Mme. Sembrich played like a master, and the house thundered with enthusiastic applause.

"One of the most interesting incidents of Mme. Sembrich's early days was when she heard the great Adelina Patti. The poor little Polish girl could not afford to buy a reserved seat for the performance, yet somehow she must hear it, for, perhaps, never again would the radient queen of song come to shine upon that far-away little city. So she gathered up the savings of many months, which she had earned by sleepless nights and pitiable drudgery, and with the meagre hoard clutched in her tired little fingers, she stood for five hours in the bitter cold with the line of people waiting for the gallery entrance to open. Then with the crowd, pushing and panting, she was thrown, trampled, beaten up the stairs, till she found herself huddled away in a corner of the gallery. And then she heard Patti, and for two brief hours the sordid earth became a paradise.

"To-day the child who once could barely save the price of admission to a Patti performance, now receives $1,500 for each appearance in opera, and has been paid as much as one thousand dollars to sing two songs in a concert. Once Mme. Sembrich told Mme. Patti how she had waited in the line before that memorable appearance, and Mme. Patti said: 'Oh, you poor girl, why didn't you write to me and ask me for a ticket? I would have given you one gladly.' 'But,' said Mme. Sembrich in telling the story, 'I am afraid she would not have thought a second time of my letter. You see, no one knew me then.'"

M. MacL. H.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

A LITTLE group of financiers have just made for themselves and their friends a profit of twenty-one millions of dollars. And these great men were not New Yorkers, strange as it may seem. Nor were they members of that "downtrodden race," which seems to have a special gift of finance. They were ordinary colonials, native-born Canadians. It did not take them years to make it, only some three or four months.

A PROFIT OF 21 MILLIONS.

These wise men, chief among whom is Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, saw that the steel business at Sydney had great possibilities. They saw also that the Dominion Coal Co.'s business just outside of Sydney had also a great present and a greater future. They decided to amalgamate the two companies and distribute the profits on such a system as to increase the value of the two stocks. The plans were carefully laid, and the result was the greatest financial "coup" Canada ever saw. In January of the present year the common stock of these two companies was worth, at the market price, about ten million dollars, the steel stock being worth $25 and the coal $50 per $100 share. They advanced the price until the steel is now selling about $70 and the coal at $144. The total value is now about thirty-one millions.

January value.....	$10,000,000
April "	31,000,000
Profit.....	$21,000,000

This huge profit has been made because Canadians have all along been too pessimistic and shamefully unenterprising. The "blue ruin" era kept Canada back a couple of decades. We are now making up for last time. Canada owes a debt of gratitude to such men as James Ross, Senator Cox, Elias Rogers, R. B. Angus and those associated with them in the financial discovery of Canada. As a result of their daring, Canada is promised a "boom" period—but a boom based upon natural wealth of great value and agricultural and industrial possibilities of immeasurable magnitude.

The men who have made this financial "coup," may be daring adventurers, they may be amassing wealth for purely selfish reasons, they may be lovers of money for money's sake, but there is nothing Canada requires more

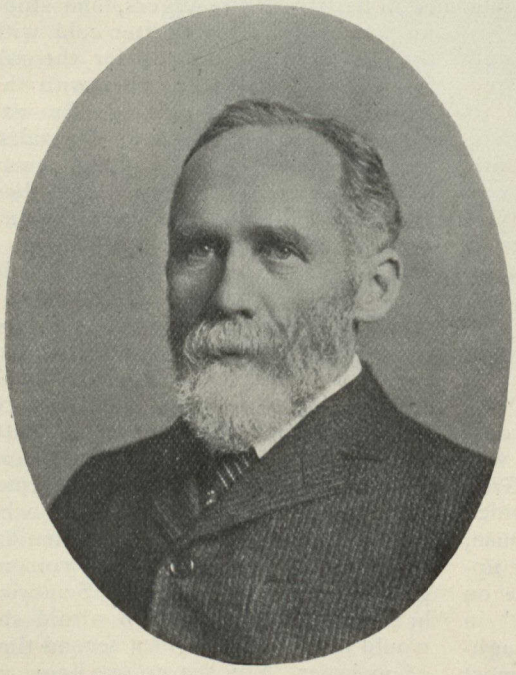


PHOTO BY NOTMAN

MR. JAMES ROSS—PRESIDENT MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY, DOMINION COAL CO., ETC.

to-day than daring. She has been suffering from a lack of daring financiers, her bank managers being mostly men of moderate ability. Canada's natural wealth is of little benefit without the aid of those who will develop it and send it, in various forms, into the markets of the world.

The trouble with most reformers is a lack of staying power. They are faddists. If the reforms which they advocate do not come in a few days, they get weary of the subject and abandon it. The prohibitionists of Manitoba thought they wanted a prohibitory law. When it was on the statute book for a year or so, they decided that they did not care, and now it has been slated for repeal by an adverse plebiscite taken in March. Premier Roblin exhibited much shrewdness in his conduct. He knew the strength of party ties, and knew that moral enthusiasms are usually very temporary. He called for a plebiscite and found the change in sentiment which he anticipated.

PROHIBITION.

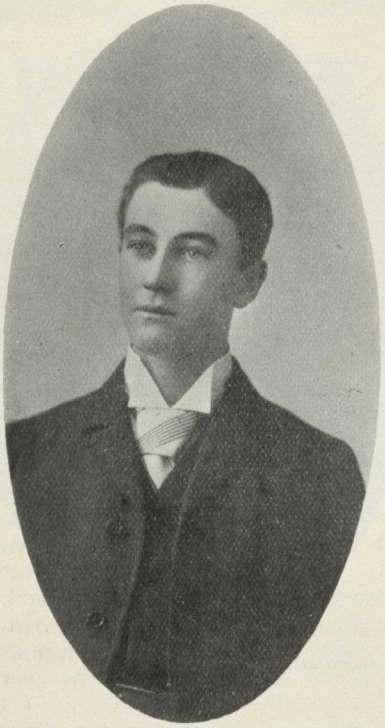
When the prohibitionists of Ontario heard that the highest legal authorities of the British realm had decided that the Manitoba Act was constitutional, they began an agitation to have a similar act, and their request was granted by the Legislature But Premier Ross, like Premier Roblin, was shrewd. He doubted the permanency of the conviction that such a limited prohibitory act was advisable. Therefore he declared that the Act should not come into force until after the people had voted upon it. If that referendum (so-called) had been held at once, the people would probably have voted for the Act. But the politicians knew the people. The referendum was set for December, leaving eight months for the cooling process. When the vote is taken the enthusiasm will be less warm, reason will reign, and the Prohibition Act is likely to be rejected. At least, that is the situation as it appears at present to the ordinary observer.

PHOTO BY DAVIS, KINGSTON

LIEUT. CARRUTHERS

Who distinguished himself at Harts River—In the uniform of the Prince of Wales Own Rifles, Kingston

Prohibition of the liquor traffic is morally impossible. A limiting of the public liquor-selling, of public liquor-drinking is possible. But such limiting must be gradual. There is comparatively little drunkenness in Ontario. The people are sober, moral and industrious. They will be moral and temperate without prohibitory laws. Even if the Prohibition Act is defeated in December next, the diminution in public drinking will proceed. Common sense and public opinion are narrowing the liquor traffic. Drunkards cannot get employment. Intemperance kills success in life. Even moderate drinking is a bar to the young man's advancement. Let us teach our children and our neighbour's children these facts and prohibitory laws will not be required. The only law really necessary is to make it criminal to sell liquor to a minor.



PRIVATE EVANS, OF PORT HOPE, ONT., A HARTS RIVER HERO

CANADIAN HEROES.

The month of April in Canada was intensely military in character. It opened with the news from South Africa that the Third Mounted Rifles had, on March 31st, been engaged at Little Harts River, and had acquitted themselves gloriously. It was the severest engagement in which Canadians had been engaged since Paardeburg. Eleven men were killed, and over forty wounded. The Canadians left in charge of the baggage, being new troops and only a few days in South Africa, were attacked by a much superior force who deemed their surrender but a matter of course. Canadians, however, have never shown themselves enamoured of the practice of surrendering. One party of the Canadians fought until every man was either killed or wounded. The last of this little band, or it may have been of another small group, accounts are conflicting, emptied his bandolier at the enemy, broke his rifle, and died as Canadians die. So passed to glory and fame Pte. C. N. Evans, of Port Hope. The commander of one of these famous groups was Lieut. Carruthers, of Kingston, and his conduct seems to have been heroic. It is pleasant to be able to add that the Boers were repulsed.

It is difficult to do justice to the occasion. The glory of it is more easily felt than expressed. Perhaps that is why the editorial writers of the Toronto *Globe* felt that only verse was suitable. The day after the arrival of the news, the following poem, from the pen of one of its editors, who is also a regular contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, appeared on its editorial page :

LITTLE HARTS RIVER

Not in the blood of battle,
Not in the rage of strife,
Not in the muskets' rattle
That mingles death with life,

Not in the victor's story,
Not in the fight's result,
Not for mere empty glory
Do we this day exult.

But because far from our borders,
Down o'er the burning line,
Canadian lads took their orders
And poured out their lives like wine.

Just off the sea, just mustered,
Raw and unused and untried,
They lay on the veldt quite unflustered
Determined to stay till they died.

There all about were the horsemen,
The tireless Boer Centaur,
Bold as of yore were the Norsemen,
Maddened and vengeful and sore.

Here was the whiskered pandour,
South Afric's fierce hussar,
Matched 'gainst Canadian valour
In the sharp, fierce shock of war.

Like a dust-devil swept from windward,
Down on the line he came,
Rein-free, the steed unhindered
Leaped as if fresh to the game.

But the Enfield's bark was steady,
Steady and true and straight,
And the galloping foe were not ready
To rush in the face of fate.

"Give it them, lads!" cried Carruthers,
And the rifles answered his words,
As the lessening band of brothers
Sighted for two hundred yards.

But the last fusilade fairly lashed them,
They staggered, then halted, then wheeled,
And Johnny just said "That smashed 'em,"
And sank in the spot where he'd kneeled.

'Twas victory glorious, but ruddy,
Never a man but was hit:
Forty were wounded and bloody,
Nine in the dust they had bit.

Nine died, but their names are immortal
On glory's immutable rolls,
And even to death's dark portal
We follow these dauntless souls.

They could die, but they could not surrender,
Could not smirch Canada's name,
And we who survive will remember
Their deed, their death and their fame.

John A. Ewan.

March 31, 1902.

The month has also been made memorable by the raising of another contingent—we have sent so many that we are ceasing to number them. This new contingent will consist of 2,000 mounted men divided into four battalions It is recruited for twelve months or until the termination of the war.

The third military incident of the month is the organization of a corps to represent Canada in the Coronation procession. This corps, like that which attended on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, will represent all arms of the service. The commandant will be Lieut.-Col. H. M. Pellatt, of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, a gentleman fitted in every way for this honourable task. Lieut.-Col. Pellatt was on the staff of the contingent of 1897, and his experience at that time will be of considerable benefit to him now.

A NEW G.O.C.

Lord Dundonald is to be the new commander of the Canadian army. Before accepting, he exchanged several letters with the authorities at Ottawa and apparently satisfied himself that he could come out here and work successfully under the Minister of Militia. This was wise on the part of Lord Dundonald. Several previous General Officers Commanding did not have very satisfactory ideas concerning the limitations of their positions.

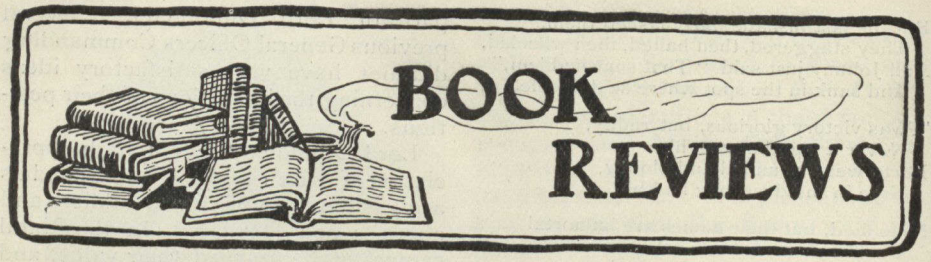
Lord Dundonald has a high appreciation of citizen soldiers, and Canada's army is made up of citizen soldiers and about 1,000 regulars. In the Natal campaign he learned their value, and has duly acknowledged it. He is also an enthusiastic believer in rifle-shooting, and that the best soldiers are not always those who live in barracks. The soldier in the home is his ideal. He wants to see rifle-shooting as popular as golf, hunting, shooting, football or cricket.

TERRITORIAL AUTONOMY.

The question of autonomy for the Territories has been much discussed during the month. The articles in the March number of this periodical have given Eastern readers a broader view of this question. On April 4th Premier Haultain laid on the table of the Territorial Legislature a paper containing the correspondence on the subject. From this it appears that the Hon. Mr. Sifton wrote him on March 27th, saying that it is the view of the Dominion Government that it is not wise at the present time to pass legislation forming the Northwest Territories into a province or provinces, and that it is not wise to discuss the draft bill at the present time. A few days previously, this information was given in the House at Ottawa by the Hon. Mr. Sifton in reply to Mr. Walter Scott, M.P.

The Territorial Legislature is not unanimous in the matter. Both Government and Opposition are anxious for autonomy, but the Ministerialists favour one large province, and their opponents have declared for two. Whether the dividing line between the two should run north and south or east and west is, says the Opposition leader, a matter for future decision.

John A. Cooper



THE DETECTIVE IN FICTION.

"I CONFESS that at these words a shudder passed through me." So says one of the characters in Conan Doyle's latest novel,* and the reader may feel assured that at least a dozen shudders will be the reward of any one who pursues to the end the thrilling story of Sir Charles Baskerville's murder and how it was avenged. "I wants to make your flesh creep," said the Fat Boy in Pickwick, and the same amiable intention has animated Dr. Doyle in bringing Sherlock Holmes, his famous detective, back to life and giving that interesting analyst of human motive a gruesome, mysterious crime to unravel. The superstitious old baronet of Baskerville Hall, who believed in the legendary hound of his family history, is found dead in his park with the footprints of a hound near him! From this point the creepy feeling begins to chase itself up and down the spine. When the facts of the death are handed to Holmes, and he stalks once more upon the scene, the nervous reader is only restrained from crying out by the conviction that no one will be injured except the villain and every well-ordered citizen should be prepared for that. The baronet's heir turns up after an absence in Canada, and the efforts of the amateur detective and his friend and foil, Dr. Watson, are directed toward saving him from the fate that overtook his predecessor. Of course they succeed, but only after such experiences as are calculated to make each hair of the most jaded reader of fiction stand on end. Dr. Doyle is a master in this particular line of work. No one doubts his skill in developing a plot and holding the reader's attention to the last scene, but is there not something of the "penny dreadful" in descriptions like this:

"Over the rocks in the crevice of which the candle burned, there was thrust out an evil yellow face, a terrible animal face, all seamed and scored with vile passions. Foul with mire, with a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those old savages who dwelt in the burrows on the hillsides."

* The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE.

No one assumes an anti-Imperial attitude with more consistency than Mr. Goldwin Smith.* He is one of the very few, and the most distinguished, of the survivors of the "Manchester school." All his life he has been writing and fighting against Imperialism under the British flag, and though his efforts have been unsuccessful, this does not deter him from essaying to stem the current of Imperialism in the United States. To this end his latest literary achievement is devoted. He marshals all the arguments which might be expected to weigh with a democracy supposed to be devoted to the preservation of the theories which underlie a democratic system of government. But is it not, after all, a supposition? What evidence is there that in these days republics on a large scale differ in essentials from the most militant of monarchies? There is little in the history of France or the United States to prove

* Commonwealth or Empire. By Goldwin Smith. New York: Macmillan & Co.

that they have eschewed militarism, jingoism, or any of the other isms which vex the soul of the philosopher, the lover of peace, the despiser of mediæval survivals. Conditions in monarchical Europe and democratic America have differed. But in the latter case they have never come within gunshot distance of theoretical democracy. The forms of liberty are not the same in a republic and in a monarchy, but we of the British Empire comfort ourselves with the reflection that the spirit of liberty breathes through every phase of our constitution. When Mr. Goldwin Smith, therefore, quotes British precedents to strengthen his warnings to the people of the United States, he will find few British subjects to agree with him. With all its errors of policy the British Empire has done much during the past century for the peace, happiness, and safety of the human race. Has any republic done as much? By embarking upon a career somewhat similar, the American republic may not be so well fitted to produce results equally beneficial, but on that point Mr. Goldwin Smith is a better judge than most of its foreign critics, because he knows the republic well and is friendly to it, and he is at least consistent. He believes in a "Little England" and is not afraid to say so. But a "Little England" would have about as much influence in the modern world as Holland. Such a state might be admirable from a theoretical point of view (assuming that its independence was guaranteed by France, Germany, or Russia), but for all practical purposes in international politics it would be a cipher.

"Oh, Kate!" said Dickory, "you should have seen that wonderful pirate fight."

ILLUSTRATION FROM "KATE BONNET," BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

IN WESTERN CANADA

Mr. McEvoy has a taking literary style. It is neither frivolous nor serious, but bright and well-balanced, and his ideas are rational. There are few books about our Western country one-half so good as the volume* of his reprinted letters, which first appeared in one of our daily papers. The book is also full of weighty, informing facts, but you are not conscious of being held up in the grasp of a determined author while knowledge is poured into you. You are entertained; you feel grateful to the shrewd and good-humored observer who has gone over ground you have probably covered already, but has shown it to you in a new light. It is a "book about Canada" which one can send or recommend to a friend either at home or abroad with a feeling that it will convey an agreeable idea of the country without indiscriminate eulogy or carping criticism.

A PICTURE'S OTHER SIDE

It was time for a reaction to set in against the idyllic, sentimental stuff about Scotland which Crockett, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, *et hoc genus omnes*, have been pouring forth for years, until the copious weeping of young ladies at boarding schools threatened to become continuous. Seizing the psychological moment, Mr. George Douglas wrote "The House with the Green Shutters,"† and the saving remnant of readers who know a really clever book when they see it, who are not anxious that the curtain shall fall upon a simpering pair of lovers, instantly recognized its merits and made it a success. The theme of the book is the Scotch village of Barbie, with its gossip, its petty meanness, its "characters," the sordid side of its daily life. Gourlay, the rich man of the place, is a cruel, avaricious bully. His wife is a slattern. His boy takes to drink; his daughter goes into a decline. Around this tragedy are grouped a score of village folk, each with his or her peculiarities drawn to the life by the keen, grim, cynical humour of the satirist. Gourlay is beaten by his rival in business and loses his money. His son is expelled from college for drunkenness and insolence. His daughter is given up by the doctors, and his wife, sickening under a blow dealt her by her brutal husband, is on the verge of madness. Upon this stricken hearth a terrible blow falls, and the "House with the Green Shutters," once the pride of its boastful tyrant, becomes the scene of a tragedy so appalling that we recall the pitiless intensity of the early dramatists. We get "the other side" of the Scotch idyll, and if it is bitter to the taste, and almost past belief, there is a feeling that it is nearer the truth than the other. The tale puts its author in the first rank of Scottish writers for insight and power.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION

As a writer of popular philosophy, Benjamin Kidd has won considerable distinction. His new work "Western Civilization"* has attracted much attention in two continents at least. Explaining his popularity, *The Speaker* (London) says:

Perhaps we shall find the secret of his undoubted and immense success in a certain confidence which Mr. Kidd possesses in a very high degree, and which he succeeds in communicating to that very large mass of readers who have no acquaintance with the ideas of thinkers or men of science at first hand, and who rather dislike the intellectual effort involved in really mastering the serious thought of the time, but who greatly enjoy being led along the fringe of philosophy by a guide who assures them all the time that they are seeing into the very heart of things.

*From the Great Lakes to the Wide West. By Bernard McEvoy. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

†The House with the Green Shutters. By Geo. Douglas. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Principles of Western Civilization. By Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution." Cloth, 538 pp. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

Mr. Kidd's phrases are large and impressive. In almost every paragraph he assures us that the process which he has just described, or is about to describe, is of the deepest interest. Its "significance is unmistakable." It "profoundly and permanently impresses the intellect," and the "significance" is constantly deepening, the facts are becoming more "pregnant," until at last we reach the momentous conclusion on p. 401, that "the historical process in our civilization has reached the brink of consciousness." The sympathetic reader, carried along by the stream of Mr. Kidd's eloquence, is almost under the illusion that he is himself a spectator of this great process, and that led gently on by Mr. Kidd's seductive hand, he stands on the brink of some great chasm which separates past and future, and is himself along with Mr. Kidd the very impersonation of that hitherto blind and groping world-movement which has now at length, in the five hundred pages before him, realized its scope, destiny and meaning. He sees all evolution, from the lowest Rhizopod up to Man, all history, from the dim, dark ages of Oriental antiquity down to the twentieth century Anno Domini, moving slowly upward to its culmination in Mr. Kidd's work. And he—proud thought—is privileged in this moment, pregnant with destiny, to stand side by side with this central figure of the world-movement, and see the spirit of the future tremble upon the brink of consciousness.

As to the philosophy itself, *The Speaker* says :

"The value of Mr. Kidd's book is that it brings together and restates, in forcible and eloquent language which a large public will read, a conception of evolution which is familiar enough to those who carefully follow the thought of the time."

BEST NEW BOOKS

The Ontario Library Association has a "new book" committee which has prepared and issued a list of 300 new books, suitable for purchase. In that list there are nearly thirty books by Canadian authors or by persons giving special attention to Canada. The titles are as follows :—

Flame, Electricity and the Camera, by George Iles.

Lives of the Hunted, by E. Seton-Thompson.

History of Intellectual Development, by J. B. Crozier.

Monopolies, by J. E. Le Rossignol.

With the Tibetans, by S. C. Rijnhart.

Speeches on Canadian Affairs, by the 4th Earl of Carnarvon.

Builders of Nova Scotia, by Sir John Bourinot.

Canada under British Rule, by Sir John Bourinot.

The Canadian Contingents, by W. Sanford Evans.

History of the War of 1812, by J. Hannay.

Progress of Canada in the Century, by J. Castell Hopkins.

Greater Canada, the Canadian North-West, by E. B. Osborn.

Cardinal Facts of Canadian History, by J. P. Taylor.

Soldiering in Canada, by Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison.

Brief Biographies Supplementing Canadian History, by J. O. Miller.

Maids and Matrons of New France, by M. S. Pepper.

Johnnie Courteau, by W. H. Drum mond.

Poems, by Archibald Lampman.

Treasury of Canadian Verse, by T. H. Rand.

Selections from Scottish-Canadian Poets by John Imrie.

The Victors, by Robert Barr.

The Outcasts, by W. A. Fraser.

Man From Glengarry, "Ralph Connor," C. W. Gordon.

Curious Career of Roderick Campbell, by J. N. McIlwraith.

Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker.

Where the Sugar Maple Grows, by A. M. Teskey.

Early Days in Maple Land, by Katharine Young.

IDLE MOMENTS

HAD HIS SUSPICIONS

TIM MURPHY had run up a small bill at the village shop. He went to pay it, and wanted a receipt.

"Oh, we never give receipts for these small amounts," grumbled the proprietor. "See, I will cross your account off the book," and he drew a pencil diagonally across it. "There is your receipt," he added.

"Do ye mane that that settles it?" asked Pat.

"Certainly."

"And ye'll niver be asking for it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the other decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "and I'll be after kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

"Oh, well," was the angry retort, "I can rub that out."

"Faith, and I thought as much," said Pat slily.

The proprietor of that establishment now issues a receipt for the smallest amount.—*Tid-Bits.*

HIS VERSION

"What did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."—*Tid-Bits.*

ONE ON ROBSON

The Chicago *Journal* tells this story: "Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said: "Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him quite pityingly, as she answered, "I suppose it's because you were born so."

ANOTHER SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORY

Some years ago a Philadelphia preacher inaugurated in his Sunday-school the practice of having the children quote some Scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and in dropped his penny. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins," and in dropped the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," quoted the third, and so on. Just then up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable remnants of molasses candy on his chubby face, and, as he dropped his cent, he bawled out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."—*Argonaut.*

MIXED

A nervous-looking man came into the grocery store with his baby on one arm and a coal-oil can on the other. He placed the can on the counter, and said gently:

"Sit there a moment, dear."

Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added:

"A gallon of kerosene in this, please."

DIVINE AFFLATUS

Regarding the young authoress narrowly, and from several directions, for three-quarters of an hour, we found our curiosity still quite unsatisfied.

So we asked, bluntly:

"Why do you write novels? In

particular, is it because of an imperious, irresistible inspiration?"

"Well, there's that," answered the girl, after a moment's thought, "and then there's the occasional rainy day. It is so dull! After one has cried as long as one possibly can, and nobody calls, it is such a relief to write a novel or two! I'm not intellectual enough to read, and not strong enough physically to while away much time eating. So what am I to do?"

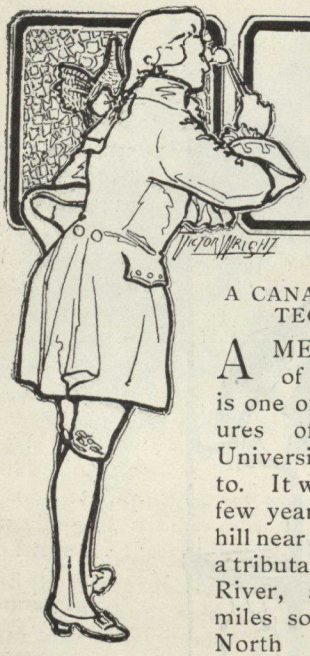
There were tears in her eyes now. Dear heart! She thought we were blaming her. —*Life.*

UNCLE SAM AND THE PHILIPPINES

"Who laughed?"—*Life*

SUBSIDIES

It is reported on reliable authority that the Amalgamated Association of Bulgarian Brigands has petitioned the Sublime Porte for a subsidy. There is nothing new, of course, in the arguments advanced. The petition sets forth the number of men employed, the high rate of wages, and the consequent high standard of living, and the amount of business done, which shows a gratifying increase over the corresponding period of any preceding year. It is pointed out, however, that this phenomenal prosperity, now the wonder of the world, cannot continue without government aid. Without a subsidy, it is claimed, the Bulgarian brigand must quickly sink to the level of the pauper brigands of Greece and Sicily. The attention of the Sublime Porte is also called to the fact that the money earned in this industry remains in the country and is spent to develop the home market. In this respect it differs radically from the money, if any, used to pay creditors, which is at once sent abroad. It is even suggested that if the subsidy were made large enough the Bulgarian brigands might be able to live on it in comfort without robbing any foreign travellers at all, thereby increasing the popularity of Bulgaria among tourists, and relieving the Sublime Porte from the possibility of grave international complications. The Sultan is said to have received the Bulgarian deputation graciously, and expressed his regret that, in the present state of Turkish finances, there would be nothing doing.—*Puck.*



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

A CANADIAN METEORITE

A METEORITE of large size is one of the treasures of Victoria University, Toronto. It was found a few years ago on a hill near Iron Creek, a tributary of Battle River, about 150 miles south of the North Saskatchewan in the Canadian Northwest. When it fell from the heavens it alighted on the territory of a Cree Indian tribe, the chief of which afterward presented it to a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George MacDougall. The red men believed that it had been sent by the Good Spirit, and that while it remained with them they would not lack buffalo. After the stone was removed by the missionary, the buffalo disappeared through the wholesale killing of them by the Blackfeet Indians, but the Crees still connect the extinction of the buffalo with the taking away of the meteorite. The weight of this visitor from the skies is 386 pounds, and measures about two feet in height and width. It is composed of nearly 90 per cent. iron, and viewed from one point its edge bears a striking image of a human face, a point which duly impressed the superstitious Indian. It is said that the Crees venerated it to such an extent as to make offerings to it before setting out on hunting journeys or on warring expeditions.

A CANADIAN METEORITE—WEIGHT 386 LBS.

A NEW TALKING-MACHINE

In a recent communication to the Institut de France, Dr. Marage gave a report of numerous experiments made by him during the past five years, resulting in the construction of a siren that reproduces the five fundamental vowels. There is no doubt that he will be able through a similar process to

obtain, for instance, the synthesis of the simple syllables ba, be, bi, bo, bu, and later to reproduce mechanically more complicated forms, and, finally, any series of words. To understand thoroughly the theory of the formation of vowels expounded by Dr. Marage, let us examine briefly the essential parts of the vocal apparatus. First, there is the larynx, formed by the upper cartilages of the trachea, which can be considered as a conduit traversed by a current of air under varying pressure. During phonation this current is interrupted more or less by the vocal chords. . . . Below the vocal chords are the ventricles of Morgagni, especially studied by Dr. Marage, which seem to give rise to the characteristic tone of voice peculiar to each individual. Finally, the apparatus of phonation is completed by the pharynx, the nose and the mouth, which act as resonators. We may add that the cavity of the mouth, according to the shape given to it, may produce all the notes included in about six octaves. We can judge from this of the immensity of Dr. Marage's field of investigation. Abandoning the older methods of Helmholtz, Koenig, Hermann, Auerbach and Bourseul, and perfecting the more recent ones of Schneebeli and Samojloff, the doctor constructed an apparatus permitting him to photograph the vibrations produced in a given time by the pronunciation of each of the vowels. In this manner he discovered that the (French) vowels, i, u, ou, were graphically represented by a single vibration; e, eu, o, by a group of two vibrations, and a, by a group of three vibrations. Analyzing the vowels as spoken and sung, and then determining the notes corresponding to each, Dr. Marage next undertook the delicate task of producing these vowels by combining their elements.

A CURIOUS STONE

A Canadian visitor to England in August, 1901, picked up this piece of sand-stone on the beach at Clovelly, Devon. It bears a curious likeness of a human face. This peculiarity is caused, of course, by the gradually wearing action of the water on the softer parts of the stone. Nature gives many such curiosities.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE CORONATION

So many years have elapsed since the last coronation that comparatively few people are living who can give an account of the function. But many must have heard from older friends some description of the thrilling character of the ceremony, though the ecclesiastical side of it, prominent as it necessarily is, did not in the early years of the last century attract such notice as it does now.

But Bishop Wilberforce, who often described to his friends the scene in the Abbey, where he arrived soon after five in the morning, always dwelt on the dignity, the serenity and the devotion of the Sovereign as the one absorbing idea which filled his mind to the exclusion largely of the pomp and pride of State and the Church's benediction and commission of the Sovereign.

The approaching service at Westminster Abbey will no doubt be fully

as impressive as at the last coronation. It may be of interest to indicate the principal features of the service itself.

1. On the entrance of the Sovereign the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord" is sung.

2. The recognition of the Sovereign, who is presented to the people by the Archbishop, who calls on them to recognize him as lawfully King although not crowned. This is followed by the people's acclamation "God Save the King."

3. The first oblation, when the Sovereign, kneeling at the altar, offers a pall of cloth of gold and an ingot of gold of a pound's weight.

4. The Litany said by two Bishops, kneeling at a faldstool, with a special suffrage for the occasion.

5. The office of the Holy Communion.

6. The sermon after the Nicene Creed.

7. The Sovereign's oath, made kneeling at the altar, with the hand laid upon the Bible, open at the Holy Gospel.

8. A special collect of benediction, in which the Archbishop consecrates the oil by laying his hand on it, followed by the anointing of the King.

9. The oblation of the Regalia.

10. The investing of the Sovereign with the Royal Robe and Orb.

11. The investing with the Ring and Sceptre.

12. The blessing of the Crown by the Archbishop standing before the altar and then the actual Coronation

13. The presentation of the Bible to the Sovereign.

14. The Benediction and "Te Deum."

15. The enthronization, accompanied by a remarkable address, "Stand fast and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of Royal and Imperial Majesty, which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God by the hands of us, the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy."

16. The office of the Holy Communion is resumed at the offertory. The Sovereign makes a second oblation of gold, and the Archbishop dedicates the elements. The Sovereign takes off his crown before he kneels down to communicate.

17. Special collects before the blessing.

18. The service concludes with a recess or procession into King Henry VII.'s Chapel, where part of the Regalia is laid aside.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT

In consequence of the numerous accidents that have arisen through leaving the electric tramcars while in motion, a plate bearing the above pictures and letterpress has been affixed in a prominent position in every car belonging to the Grosse Berliner Company, of Berlin, Germany. The following is a translation of the wording:—"Do not alight before the car stops. Alight only in the direction in which the car is going. Left hand on hand-rail." On the left the right way is shown; on the right, the wrong. In Toronto, there is a similar notice, but unillustrated. Yet ninety per cent. of the women get off the wrong way.

Figures Went Wrong.

Something about Food that Saves one from Brain Fag.

That food can make or break a man is shown in thousands of cases. If one's work requires the use of the brain, the food must furnish particles that will build up the brain and replace the daily loss.

Many times people fall ill not knowing that the real cause of the trouble is the lack of the right kind of food to keep the body nourished.

As an illustration: A young man in Chatham, Va., says, "I have been employed for quite a time in a large tobacco warehouse here. My work required a great deal of calculating, running up long and tiresome columns of figures. Last winter my health began to give out and I lost from two to ten days out of every month.

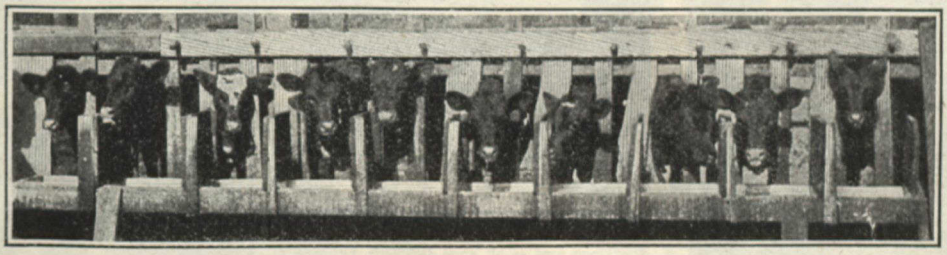
"I gradually got worse instead of better. It was discovered that when I did work many mistakes crept into my calculations in spite of all I could do. It was, of course, brain fag and exhaustion. After dragging along for several months I finally gave up my position, for every remedy on earth that I tried seemed to make me worse instead of better and I had to force down what food I ate, hating to see meal time come.

"One day a friend said, 'Crider, do you know there is a food called Grape-Nuts that I believe is made to fit just such cases as yours?' The name rather attracted me and I tried the food. The delicious, sweetish taste pleased me and I relished it. In about a week my old color began to come back and I gained in strength every day. Finally I weighed and found I was gaining fast in flesh, and with the strength came the desire for work, and when I went back I found that my mind was as accurate as ever and ready to tackle anything.

"I now can do as much work as any man, and know exactly from what my benefit was derived, and that is from Grape-Nuts. I feel that it is but fair and just that my experience be known." E. P. CRIDER, Chatham, Va.

NOT "the kind grandmother used" —fifty years ago.

MODERN cooks want a strictly pure up-to-date gelatine.



The only brand made in America from calves' stock exclusively is

Knox's Gelatine

It has the largest sale in the United States, and was started less than twelve years ago. It has staggered its competitors by its honest and rapid growth. **People will have the best**—and I mean them to know which make it is. (Please remember that Knox is spelled K-N-O-X.)

Knox's Gelatine is pure, and its transparency proves it; it is granulated—measure with a spoon, like sugar; it makes a pint more jelly (at least) than any other package of equal size.

Free for a Label—My book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." Buy a package from your grocer, cut off label (or signature), and send it, with grocer's name, and I will mail the book immediately.

A Sample Package, for trial, mailed for 5c. in Stamps.

A Full-Sized Package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts—a half gallon—of jelly. Pink color, for fancy desserts, in every package.

CHARLES B. KNOX, - 69 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

"Voile"

THE LATEST
HIT IN LADIES'
DRESS
GOODS
AND ONE OF
THE BEST
PRODUCTIONS
OF

Priestley's

ASK TO SEE THESE
FASHIONABLE
GOODS FOR YOUR
SPRING SUIT

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

Will aid appetite and digestion.
Will help invalids and convalescents.
Will help nervous or tired women.
Will produce natural, restful sleep.
Will feed nerves strained to snapping.
Will combat exhaustion in nursing mothers.
Will stimulate and build up the over-worked.
Will strengthen the delicate and run-down.

And it is equally efficient in maintaining general health, and combating the ills incident to the present high-tension living.

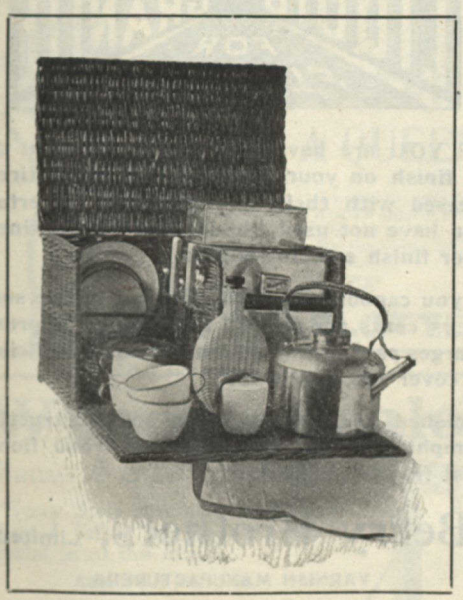
It is a preventive, as well as a remedy for all overwrought conditions of mind or body.

I was the one who introduced your Malt Extract here years ago, through my druggist, and the thousands of bottles prescribed by me during La Grippe times, and since, fully attest to the opinion I hold of it. For years it has been the only Malt Extract I have prescribed, and the World's Fair 100 points makes me feel proud of my early choice.

F. R. Zeit, M. D., Medford, Wis.

Write For Booklet

Pabst Malt Extract Dept.
Milwaukee, Wis.



English Picnic Baskets

No. 1602—Basket for four people, 16 x 10 x 9 ins. high, containing

Kettle, with Lamp	1 Flask
Match Box	2 Sandwich Boxes
4 Enameled Plates	Tea Box
4 Enameled Cups and Saucers	4 Knives
	4 Tea Spoons

Price, $18.50

No. 1603—Basket same as No. 1602, but for two people. Size, 14 x 8½ x 9½ ins. high, containing

Kettle, with Lamp	2 Enameled Cups
Match Box	2 Enameled Plates
Tea Box	2 Enameled Saucers
2 Sandwich Boxes	2 Knives
Cream Bottle	2 Spoons

Price, $12.00

No. 1604—Basket for four people, 18½ x 12½ x 9 inches high, containing

2 Sandwich Boxes
2 Flasks for Milk and Cream
Mustard
2 Table Spoons
4 Tea Spoons
4 Knives
4 Plates
4 Glasses
Price, $18.00

No. 1605—Basket same as No. 1604 but for two people. Size, 13 x 10 x 7 inches high, containing

1 Sandwich Box
Flask for Milk, etc.
Mustard
2 Glasses
2 Plates
2 Knives
2 Spoons
Price, $9.00

Any of the above sent prepaid to points east of Winnipeg. To points beyond add 75 cents for extra express charges.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS

MONTREAL, CANADA

IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

Wilson's Scales

Diamond Steel Bearings.

Every Scale accurately tested and adjusted before leaving the works Special terms this month.

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all the more, and his sleep is the sweeter when you use

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It softens and soothes all skin irritations, keeping it healthy and fresh.

Don't use imitations on Baby.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.
MONTREAL. 3-2

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Half a Century in the Family

The same silverware used half a century ago is still in service in many homes. If you look at it, you'll find many of the old spoons and forks stamped with the famous trade mark "1847 Rogers Bros." and the tea sets with this round mark There's no difference in the quality to-day. It's made the same to-day as it was fifty years ago. Styles have changed, the finish may be finer, but the standard of quality is the same. There's no better silverware in the world than

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Spoons, Forks, Etc.

Why not keep our catalogue No. 61 to consult when the need of new silverware arises. We'll gladly send you one free. It will help you to choose wisely in selecting knives, forks, spoons, and many useful articles in silverplated ware.

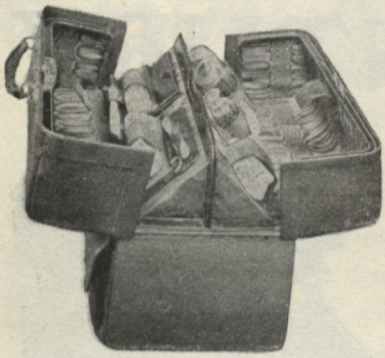
Made only by
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
successor to
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
New York. Chicago. San Francisco.

Coffee sets, etc., are stamped MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.


PURE GOLD
GOODS
PURE GOLD
JELLY
ORANGE
The Canadian Standard of Excellence
PURE GOLD
JELLY
LEMON
PURE GOLD
EXTRACT
PURE GOLD
SPICES
Rhubarb Jelly
Take a package of Pure Gold Strawberry Jelly Powder, and when it begins to set mix with equal quantity of thick stewed rhubarb, and put in cool spot to set. It's a perfect dish.

FITTED TOILET BAGS



Style No. 965—Sterling Silver and Real Ivory, ladies' or gentlemen's. 14 inch, $55.00; 16 inch, $65.00.

We have a particularly rich display of Fitted Bags in the newest and roomiest designs for both ladies and gentlemen, the prices ranging from $13.00 to $65.00.

Our 80-page Illustrated Catalogue C

will be mailed to you free on request.

From it you can make a satisfactory selection of any article, from a tag to an expensive trunk or bag.

FITTED SUIT CASES

Style No. 950—Nickle Trimmings and Real Ebony Brushes. 24 inch, $30.00. Sterling Mountings, $38.00.

Our Fitted Suit Case makes a most appropriate and handsome presentation article.

GENTLEMEN'S HAT BOXES

SQUARE DESIGNS.

No. 888—For Silk Hat. Price, $8.00.

No. 889—For Silk and Opera. Price, $12.00.

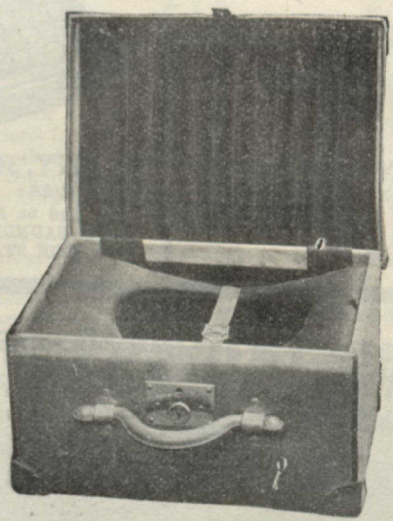
No. 995—For Five Hats. Price, $13.00.

OVAL HAT BOXES

No. 885—For Silk Hat. Price, $4.00.

No. 887—For Silk and Derby. Price, $10.00.

Other styles at $5.00, $6.00, $8 00, $11.00, $15.00, $17.00, $21.00, $25.00, $30.00.

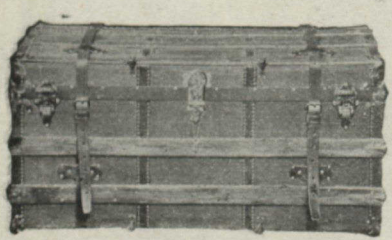


SUIT CASES

We have a great range in values in Suit Cases, all our own make, at $5.00, $7.00, $7.50, $8.00, $9.00, $10.00, $11.00, $12.00, $13.00.

Our prices include lettering and delivery to any address in Ontario.

Special rates to other points.



LADIES' DRESS TRUNK No. 860

Leather Bound, Brass Corners, Riveted, Two Straps, Three Trays. 42 inch, $21.00.

TRUNKS

All the popular styles Dress Trunks, Basket Trunks, Solid Leather Trunks, Hat Trunks, Steamer Trunks.

Our values are the best in Canada.

BAGS

Our selection is the largest in America, comprising all the new styles and leathers.

LADIES' KIT BAG No. 978

Natural Grain Black Leather. 14 in., $7.50, 16 in., $8.50.

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited,

105 King Street West, TORONTO,

Manufacturers of Traveling and Fine Leather Goods.

Tell Me a Friend
Who is Sick
No Money is Wanted. Simply Let Me Send Him My Book.

You have a friend who is sick.

Write me his name. That is all—just a postal card. Send it as an act of humanity.

Tell me which book he needs.

I will either restore that friend to health or pay all the cost of his treatment.

I will at least do the utmost that medicine can do. I will give the best advice in my power. I may fail; but there will not be a penny of cost if I do.

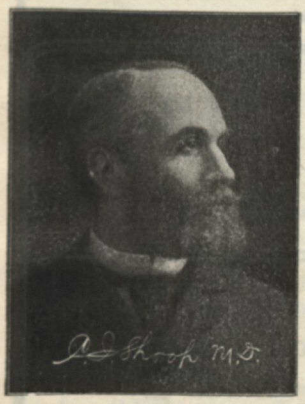
I will do this at the start:—

I will send the sick one an order on his or her druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell that druggist to let him test it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is $5.50. If it fails I will pay the druggist myself.

I will leave the decision to you.

Don't say that this is impossible, for I do just as I say. I have done it for years—done it with hundreds of thousands.

I will do it in any case, no matter how difficult. I only ask the sick one to be fair with himself and me.



I cannot always succeed. There are conditions like cancer, for which I know no remedy. But I alone am the loser when I fail.

My records for five years show that 39 out of each 40 who accepted my offer, paid for the medicine taken. That means that 39 in each 40 are restored to health. That fact alone makes this offer possible.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can restore your friend.

My success is due to a lifetime of effort, in learning how to strengthen the inside nerves. It is this nerve power alone that operates the vital organs. No organ is weak when it has sufficient power. I bring back the nerve power—that is all. It is just like giving more steam to an engine that is weak.

My book will explain it all.

Every soul who reads this knows some sick friend. You know somebody who will never find another way to get well.

Let me tell that friend my way.

I must be successful. My remedy must do what I claim.

If it did not, such an offer as this would bankrupt me in a month.

The sick one is your friend—a stranger to me. If I am willing to do so much, won't you write a postal, that he or she may get well?

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,
Book No. 2 on the Heart,
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,
Book No. 4 for Women,
Book No. 5 for Men,
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often remedied by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

The opening up of the "Highlands of Ontario" and the beautiful Muskoka Lake region, has been a veritable labour of love, and the coming summer promises such an influx of tourists as will amply justify the outlay in hotel accommodation which has been recently made. The new hotel, "Royal Muskoka," promises to become to Canada, in summer, what the "Royal Ponciana" is to Florida, in the winter months, the fashionable resort of the continent, where the romantic and the beautiful can be enjoyed with all the luxury and comfort of the most modern hotel life, and at reasonable prices. The "Royal Muskoka" has accommodation for 500 guests, and is the finest summer hotel in Canada. It will be opened on June 14th. Information as to rates, and illustrated literature, apply to

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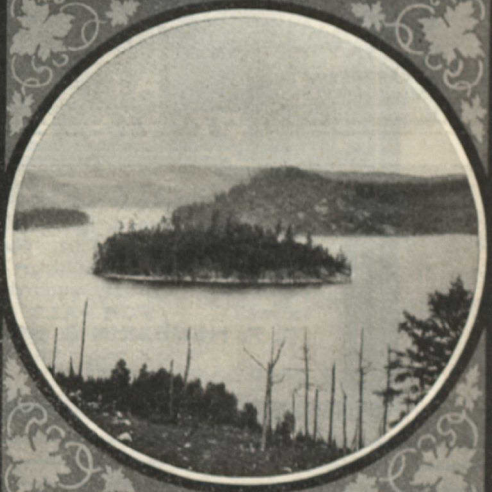

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

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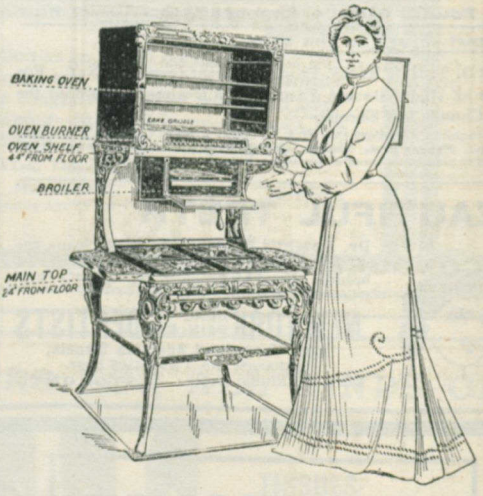
A SPLENDID NEW IDEA

— IN —

OXFORD ECONOMY GAS RANGES

THESE are the only Gas Ranges made that can be operated without stooping.

The feature of 1902 in kitchen progress! With the oven and broiler on top all kinds of culinary work are attended to without a bend of the back — an improvement to make you enthusiastic.



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Different sizes — reasonably priced — to be seen at leading dealers everywhere in Canada.

They will appeal to you irresistibly.

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Libby's (Concentrated) Soups

are just pure, wholesome, deliciously flavored, natural stock. Ready to serve in one minute by adding water, and heating. Among all of

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no article is more conspicuous for excellence than the Soups made in large quantities by an experienced chef in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. **Libby's Ox Tongue** (whole) can be bought of your grocer at less cost than fresh tongue of your butcher. They are selected and trimmed—put up in 1½ to 3½ lb. key-opening cans, cooked ready to serve.

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