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Vol. XX

JANUARY, 1903

No. 3

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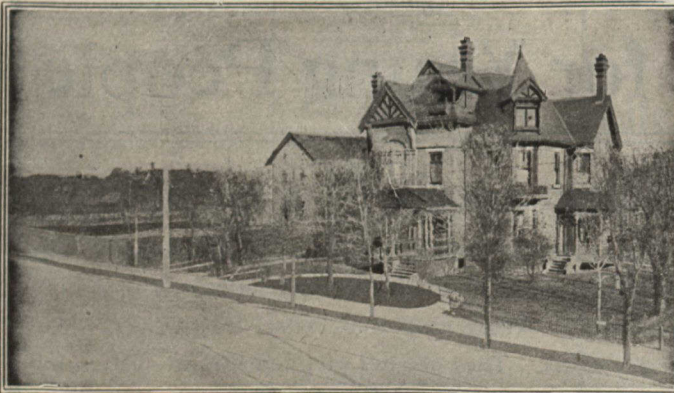
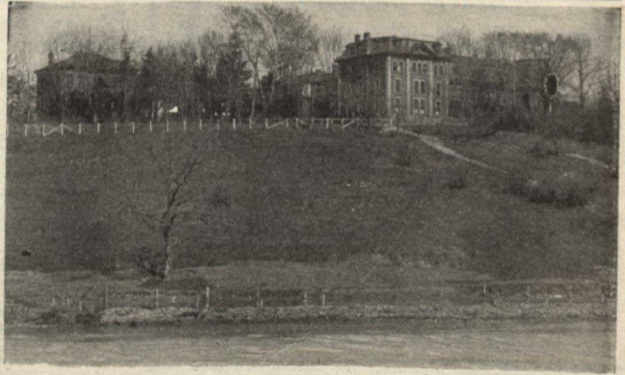
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Grand Total, - - - -	\$12,590,218.12

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Old Age.....	16,150.00
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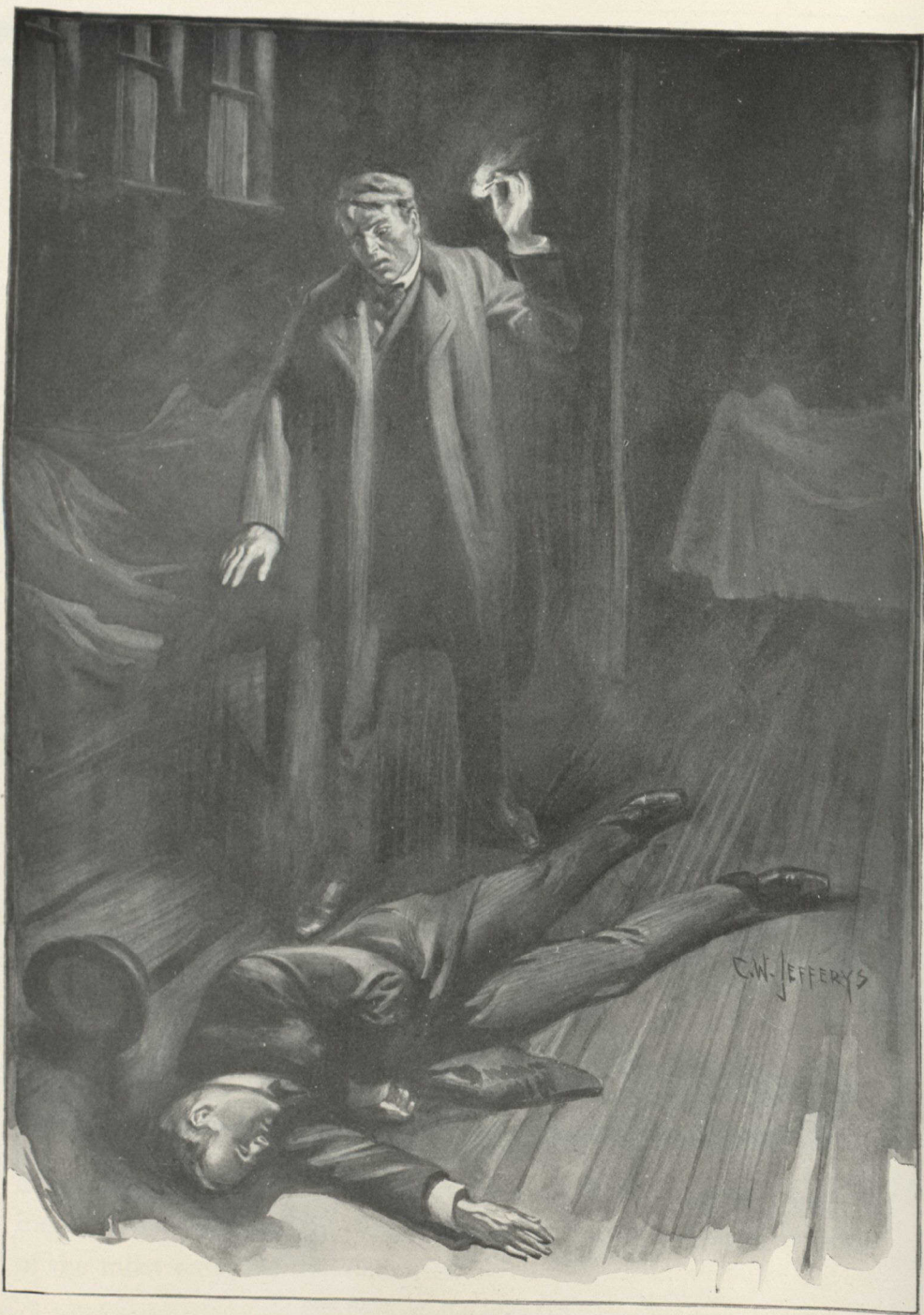
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THE
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No. 3

THE DOUKHOBOR PILGRIMAGE

By John Riddington

SOMETHING less than twenty years ago a line of railway was built in a northwesterly direction from Winnipeg. It traversed the fertile parklands of Northern Manitoba, and near the northwest angle of the Province emerged into the Territories, penetrating Assiniboia for some fifty or sixty miles. At its terminus there arose the town of Yorkton, one of the most prosperous little burghs in the whole broad Dominion. It drew its trade from as far back as there was settlement. Cattle from ranches two hundred miles distant were shipped from its stockyards, and wheat grown in fields fifty miles away was hauled to its elevators.

The population of the district surrounding Yorkton is perhaps the most cosmopolitan in Canada. Almost every racial type known in the Dominion is represented. In the stores on a busy day is a confusion of tongues the like of which cannot be heard elsewhere in the Northwest. Gude braid Scots, drawling English, nasal American, and the rich Irish brogue alternate with Swedish, German,

Cree, Gaelic, Cymric, Russian, Italian and Sioux.

For years Yorkton pursued the even tenor of its way, its history being the counterpart of many another western town—a record of growth with each recurring season, in direct proportion to the abundance of the harvest and the prosperity of the cattle industry. But six months ago there originated conditions that culminated in a movement which for a brief time made the little territorial town the news-focus of the continent—a movement without a parallel since the times of the Crusades.

Three years ago there came to Canada between seven and eight thousand Russians. They were generally called Doukhobors, though they styled themselves "Disciples of the Universal Brotherhood." To them the Dominion was as a City of Refuge. Here they sought sanctuary from two centuries of Muscovite oppression. War they regarded as a crime. This tenet of their belief, in an empire where conscription is traditional, brought them into constant conflict with



WASYL KONKYN—THE DOUKHOBOR PREACHER

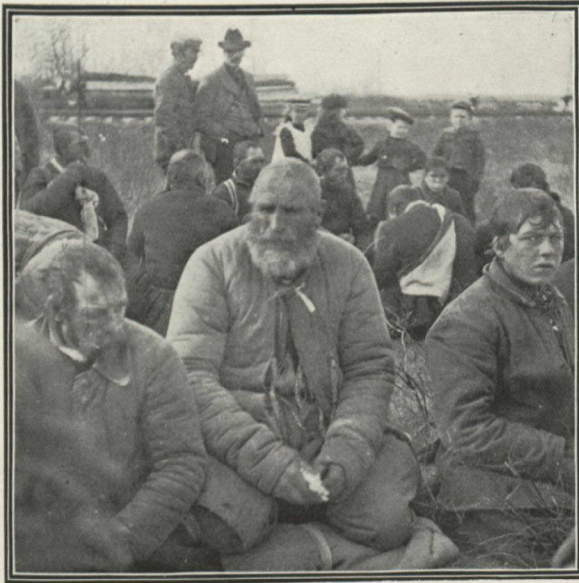
constituted authority. Since they would not serve in the army, they were ruinously taxed, their leaders exiled to Siberian mines, their women outraged, and whole communities driven from their homes beneath the lash of knout and at the points of Cossack lances, to perish on the frozen wastes of the Caucasian steppes. But the military strength of ten successive Tzars could not crush out the belief of a few unresisting peasants—so much more mighty than matter is mind. Two hundred

lesson as to what could be accomplished in the Northwest by men destitute of any capital save industry, economy and intelligence.

It is probable that prosperity and freedom from persecution were deemed dangerous by the leaders of the Swan River and Yorkton settlements. These men saw that their sufferings had been the bond that had held them so long together, and foresaw that comfort and abundance might accomplish that in which tyranny had failed. Communism—the keystone of their

belief—was in danger of being overwhelmed by individualism. Hence the headmen realized the necessity of more stringently defining and living up to those doctrines differentiating the "Disciples" or "Spirit Westlers" from the peoples by whom they were surrounded.

Accordingly, last spring saw a new religious propaganda among the Yorkton and Swan River colonies—a propaganda unique in the history of religious movements. Those who subscribed to it grafted on the old Doukhobor beliefs many new and radical doctrines. They believed the second coming of the Son of God was imminent, and that He had called them to go forth and meet Him, to preach peace and proclaim His ad-



THE PILGRIMS AT LUNCH—NOTE THE SACK OR "POKE" ON THE BACK OF ONE MAN; IN THIS HE CARRIES HIS DRY OATMEAL

years of oppression found them as numerous, as placidly strong, as unyieldingly patient, as ever.

Some philanthropic Quakers in Philadelphia and England combined to furnish the means to bring these people to Canada. After many delays—some of which were only overcome by the personal intervention of the Tzarina—they arrived in the Dominion. The Government set apart land for them at Yorkton, Rosthern and Swan River, in the Territories. At each of these settlements their progress was an object-

vent. For years the Doukhobors had been strict vegetarians, but now they would use nothing having an animal origin, howsoever remote, nor would they use animals as beasts of draught or burden. Their horses and cattle they turned adrift on the prairie—"that they might have freeness," they said. They foreswore leather boots and bone buttons, rubber being substituted for the one, and wooden bars for the other. Fur caps and coats were discarded. Woolen clothing they could still conscientiously wear, as the clipping of the



AT BIRTLE—AN AFTER-DINNER GROUP

fleece in the spring was an act of mercy to the animal. But iron and steel were "taboo," being produced, they asserted, at too great a cost to human life.

One of the established customs of the Doukhobors was the holding at in-

tervals of conferences between representatives of the various communities. During the whole of last summer, at each of these conferences, the new beliefs gained strength, until at the beginning of October the Grand Pilgrim-



THE PILGRIMS' MID-DAY MEAL—NOTICE THE HEAPS OF DRY OATMEAL SPREAD ON THE BLANKETS. SOME HAVE HANDKERCHIEFS FULL OF ROSE BERRIES

age of Evangelization was inaugurated. Fort Pelly, midway between Yorkton and Swan River, was the rendezvous, and thither gathered some fifteen hundred of the disciples of the new beliefs.

A more picturesque or more pathetic gathering was perhaps never seen on Canadian soil. From the little infant, or the five-year-old toddler tugging at his mother's skirt, to the decrepit and infirm man of seventy, whose fading eyes yet hoped to see the King in His

for the New Light," while in desperate earnest, were staid in their demeanour as any churchwarden or elder.

In two days the march to find the Lord began. In a straggling procession, two miles or more in length, the pilgrims tramped slowly to Yorkton, receiving every few miles accessions to their strength. Young men working on railway construction flung down the spade to join the host setting forth to meet the Messiah. Little companies



THE DOUKHOBOR "HOTEL," YORKTON

beauty, all ages and both sexes were represented. The brilliant colouring of the women's clothing—they are expert dyers and skilled embroiderers—contrasted strongly with the sombre attire of the men, though these, in their closely fastened blue coats, with wide flaring skirts, or their heavy felted cloaks reaching almost to the feet, would have been noticeable anywhere. Among none of them was there any manifestation of hysterical or fanatical excitement. The Slavs are not a demonstrative race, and these "seekers

from various villages, often preceded by the headman, helped lengthen the long procession. Many not fully persuaded of the immediate coming of the Lord, yet joined the seekers, for husband, or wife, or parent, or sweetheart or child was among them. And many were the tragic partings. "He that will not forsake wife, or husband, or father, or mother, because of Me, is not worthy of Me," saith the Scripture. Many there were who hearkened to the Inner Voice, and turned their backs on those they loved the dearest, in order



A TYPICAL GROUP OF DOUKHOBORS AT BIRTLE

to obey, at the cost of such a rending of their deepest and most instinctive affections as only He they fared forth to serve can estimate.

Something less than twenty miles from Yorkton, the cortege was met by General Colonization Agent Speers, of the Immigration Department. In an



DOUKHOBORS HITCHED TO A WAGGON-LOAD OF FLOUR

These villagers, the week before the pilgrimage, bought a carload of flour, paying \$572 cash for it. They hauled it to Terpennie, their village, and then abandoned it to join the Crusade.



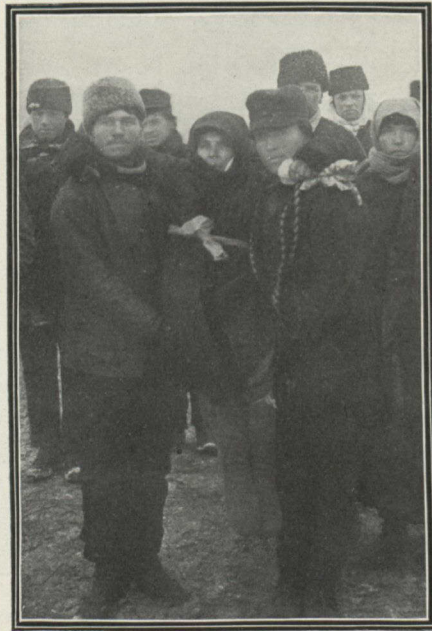
A TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR GIANT

opening in a clump of poplars, close to Yorkton, the representative of Canadian authority and the receivers of the Divine revelation, held a final conference. It took place at night, by the light of a huge watchfire. Overhead the full moon rolled slowly toward the zenith, flooding the undulating plain with pale yellow light, save where the flickering glow of the fire tinged the near-by trees with ruddy hues. In the distance the yellow prairie land had changed to a dim mysterious sea, with unreal headlands of birch, poplar and willow rolling back its edges. A nipping and an eager air had hung every twig and grass-blade with diamonds. The deep dead stillness was broken only by the infrequent maniacal howl of a coyote baying the moon. Except for this, there was an overwhelming sense of vastness and infinity—the eternal peace of the prairie.

The small cleared space around the fire was crowded with roughly made stretchers or litters, primitively fashioned from poplar poles and blankets. There were more than a dozen of them. In these were borne the sick and the infirm. Close against the fire was one

in which lay a woman and her newborn infant. Its feeble cries could be heard throughout the pauses of the conference. It could never boast even the pitiful natal honours accorded to Mary's Son, for it had been born in a straw stack, under the open sky, the night before.

In that ruddy ring of light about the fire, the pilgrims contended for the faith newly delivered to them by God. The leaders, Zebraoff, Dutroff and Pudoneroff, said little, behaving like men on a mission too serious to waste time in words. Wasyl Konkin, who spoke English understandably, was the principal protagonist for the pilgrims. They did not know where they were going, he said, but the good God would guide them. From Yorkton they would go east—to Winnipeg—if He whom they sought did not sooner reveal Himself. Their food would be given them, and their water would be sure. He for whom they looked had promised them this. Nor had the coming of winter any terrors for them.



CARRYING A SICK DOUKHOBOR WOMAN TO THE TRAIN

God would not permit them to suffer from exposure or cold.

"Heard you no of Joshua, yes?" asked Konkin. "Sunlight stand still for Him. Cannot the good God stand still the summer, yes?"

"But the women," urged Mr. Speers, "the women and the little children. How can they walk so far? And the sick, too, what will you do with them?"

these eyes. And we go to tell the peoples to be ready. And better it is to be telling the peoples till we die, than not to hear the Inner Voice. Is not it so, my brothers?"

Out of the darkness came a deep boom of approbation, and a hundred voices said "dobre" (good).

The conference ended as it was bound to end. Till the stern discipline of destiny had shaken the faith of the



SOME OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT YORKTON

Over Konkin's face there came a light, as of an inner irradiation, making the expressionless Muscovite features almost beautiful. "We walk to Jesus," he said. "Some of us—the little ones, the sick ones—they not walk till He come. But if *I not able to walk* to Him—Him, He come to me, and I live with Him overground (in Heaven). Yes, that is so. We think we shall see Him—see Him with

pilgrims—until they realized that the rotation of the seasons would continue, despite the Crusade of Evangelization, any attempt at restraint would but transform fanatics to martyrs.

Next day, in an impressive silence, the procession marched into Yorkton. The citizens lined the sidewalks as, ten or twelve abreast, and preceded by a gigantic Doukhobor—a blacksmith—who believed himself to be the second

John the Baptist, the pilgrims marched slowly down the main street. At the corner by the Hudson's Bay Store, sat on his horse Corporal Junget, of the Mounted Police, the sole representative of the executive arm. As "John the Baptist" came abreast of him, the corporal waved his arm, pointing to the south, and, still in the same impressive silence, the head of the cavalcade wheeled, crossed the railway track, and formed up in front of the Immigration Hall. After a minute or two of continued quiet, they raised their favourite chant from the eighth chapter of Romans, the weird minor cadences wailing mournfully in the autumn wind.

Meantime the Immigration officials had resolved on a definite course of action. It was felt that public opinion throughout the Dominion would not tolerate hundreds of women and children, wandering they knew not whither, at the beginning of a Western winter. Already many were emaciated, almost to the last degree. For more than a week many had subsisted on the ears of wheat found in the stubble fields, and on the berries of the wild-rose bushes. A few had already become subject to hallucination—the natural result of insufficient food and prolonged exposure. The dictates of common humanity urged that the more helpless and less accountable portion of the pilgrim army should be saved, by force if necessary, from the consequences of their fanaticism.

Of the seventeen hundred seekers for the Messiah, eleven hundred were women or children. Hasty but effective steps were taken to accommodate this large addition to Yorkton's population. The Immigration Hall was made to hold nearly five hundred. A disused mill, the Orange Hall, and an implement warehouse were rented to shelter the remainder. These arrangements made, Mr. Speers addressed the pilgrims, saying that it was impossible to permit the women and children to join in the search, and that the Government would care for them until the men-pilgrims returned. Then there arose

shrill protesting and outcry. None of the women would go into the shelters—they would stay with their men-folk, and search with them for the Lord.

But they were given no option. One of the Yorkton ladies attempted to lead a Doukhobor woman into the Aeromotor building. The woman drew back resistingly, when a minister and a doctor picked her up and carried her bodily into the shelter, the victim kicking vigorously. A similar amount of necessary force was used in a few other cases, after which the remaining thousand or more walked quietly into the various buildings. Special police were enrolled to prevent those detained from joining the men, and to see that all possible arrangements were made for their comfort. Soon every oven in Yorkton was busy baking, for the food supply of such a host was a problem that needed the help of every housewife to solve. Boxes of soda biscuits were bought by the score, and apples by the barrel, and bread was ordered by wire from Winnipeg to supplement the local bakeries.

But a new complication arose—the women refused to eat. Though their faces were drawn with hunger, and the little children snatched at the proffered food, their mothers would take it from them, chiding them gently, while the tears streamed down their wasted cheeks. "Better to die of hunger pain, yes," said one, "than not to see the good God, and not to see our men. We will die, we and our young, but we will not eat, no." For three days the spirit of martyrdom triumphed over both appetite and natural affection, but at length all partook of the food.

A visit to one of the shelters at night was a sight long to be remembered. In one room at the Immigration Hall slept nearly two hundred women and children. They were crowded so closely that it was almost impossible to avoid stepping on them. They lay stretched on the floor in every attitude in which repose is possible. Here could be seen a mother hushing her sick child, lest the caretaker should notice it was ill, and bring the doctor,

who by giving it medicine would save the little one's health at the eternal peril of its soul. Dotted among the recumbent forms could be seen the figures of women standing, with bowed heads, and arms crossed meekly on their bosoms, engaged in prayer. Over against the wall was a group of young girls singing their weird psalm tunes. Here were a number of women gathered around one whose eyes glittered with religious mania. She was to become the mother of the Lord, she was telling them, and would be forever honoured as the most revered of women. In one of the rude wooden immigrant berths that lined the side of the room, was a young girl, raving. Exposure on the tramp from Fort Pelly had given her pneumonia. Yet she refused to take medicine. Persuasion was tried in her saner intervals, and, that failing, she was at last firmly held and the medicine administered by force. In another corner half-a-dozen women were repeating responsively one of their favourite chapters from the New Testament. At the door stood the alert, motionless figure of the Mounted Police—of whom there were now seven or eight in the town. The big Rochester lamp threw the whole scene into Rembrandt-like relief, lighting up the gaudy colours of the women's clothing, and making the crowded room look like a living parterre.

With the sheltering of the women and children the most pressing phase of the pilgrim problem was solved, at least temporarily. The men had made no resistance to the detention of their sisters and wives, and the officials hoped that a similar display of firmness and force might possibly induce the men-pilgrims to return to their villages. But, though they would docilely follow Coporal Junget when he led them in any direction but north, they "bunched up" and refused to take a step that would lead them back to their villages. When some of the police rode through the crowd, and tried to hustle them, they stood stolidly, and would have been ridden down and trampled to death rather than go back. One of

them threw open his coat and spread his arms: "Shoot me," he cried; "Shoot me—then I see Jesus soon." The utter uselessness of forcible measures being thus demonstrated, it was decided to make no further attempt to compel the men to desist from their search for the Saviour. Next day, therefore, they marched unhindered, leaving behind them, and never expecting again to see, their little ones and their women.

For ten days they followed the railway track to the south-east, marching at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day. The weather became daily more severe. At Foxwarren, five days' journey from Yorkton, a heavy storm covered the prairie with nearly a foot of snow. The pilgrims cowered under the lee of a bluff of willows, chilled to the bone. A bitter wind whistled over the plain, and the thermometer registered nine degrees below zero. Sleep was impossible. Some huddled together for warmth, and sang psalms; others tramped to and fro to maintain circulation. One man was wildly insane, exposure and emaciation having unseated his reason. His hoarse cries of animal fear could be heard above the shrill shrieking of the wind. Many others of the seekers for the New Light were in but little better plight. But none thought of turning back. God was pleased to try them, and they would prove faithful, if need be, to the death. When the bar of lemon-coloured light along the horizon broadened and brightened with another gray winter day, the benumbed, heroic band set their faces towards the sunrise, and fared on, fired with the hourly hope of seeing Him who is invisible.

The huge blacksmith still led the van. While others struggled far in the rear, he seemed superior to either hunger or fatigue. But under the stress of prolonged religious excitement, his mind became partially unhinged—frequently he would leap in the air, clutching with both hands. "I see Him," he would cry; "I see Jesus, my brothers. He is right here. You will see him soon," and then fling



A GROUP OF WOMEN OUTSIDE THE ORANGE HALL, YORKTON, WHERE THEY WERE TEMPORARILY SHELTERED

himself on the snow in an agony of adoration. Down the procession the sense of tension and expectation would sweep like a wave. Eyes were strained and hands stretched imploringly, but He for whom they looked did not reveal Himself. But though He tarried long, He would surely come—at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing—they knew not, but when He came, He would find them watching.

Each day was the counterpart of its fellow. At dawn the pilgrims gathered themselves from strawstack or poplar bluff, ate the remnants of yesterday's food, and then formed the order for march. By noon they would arrive at one of the little towns, clustering about the railway station and the grain elevators. Here they would gather, and Konkin would preach. The good God was coming, perhaps to-day—all should be ready to meet Him—should love Him and their fellowmen—should not smoke, eat meat, work animals, or swear—this was the summary of the message.

The service over, the pilgrims dis-

persed to beg food. Apples, soda-biscuits, bread and dry oatmeal were given them by citizens, and by one o'clock the pilgrims gathered, sat down on the prairie, and ate their mid-day meal. An hour later the march was resumed, and when dusk was deepening into dark they camped.

The only incident on the eastward march that distinguished one day from another occurred at Shoal Lake. Here many of the pilgrims saw, for a few moments, the women-folk they had left at Yorkton. The officials had determined to send back to Swan River the women and children of the villages adjacent, and had chartered a special train for their transportation. The train passed the pilgrims at Shoal Lake, staying for half an hour while Mr. Speers urged the men to abandon the mad enterprise and return home. The car doors were locked, and guarded by the police—had they not been the women would have broken out to join their husbands and brothers. Those inside the cars threw out loaves of bread, apples and biscuits to the

famished men without. Women screamed to attract the attention of their relatives, who were rushing up and down the track in the endeavour to find sisters or wives imprisoned in the cars. Mothers lifted up their infants, who chuckled delightedly at the gaunt wrecks of manhood below. Little children cried for fathers who were unable to embrace them, and old women leaned from the car windows to touch the heads of sobbing sons. It was a sight so pitiful and so pathetic as to be beyond description.

The train pulled out, and in due course arrived at Swan River, where its six hundred women and children marched out to their villages. But the pilgrim band still struggled eastward, and three days later arrived at Minnedosa, nestling between the high banks of the little Saskatchewan. Here were to be enacted the final scenes of the Crusade.

The Immigration officials rented the skating rink, and had several loads of straw placed in it. When the pilgrims marched into the town, they were told they might have the use of the rink for the night. After their evening meal, they lay down—the first time the great

majority of them had a roof between them and the sky for nearly three weeks. When in the morning, they desired to resume their march, the pilgrims found the doors guarded by police. They were prisoners.

All day they waited. They were amply supplied with food, though some of the more determined refused to eat. The day was occupied in singing psalms.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Speers went into the building and addressed the pilgrims, telling them that a train was in readiness to take them back to Yorkton, and that they could no longer be permitted to wander at that inclement season. He asked them to come quietly. Not a soul stirred. Suddenly there was a rush on the part of those nearest the door. More than a hundred broke through. But they were no nearer liberty than before, for two strong fences had been built in the night from the door of the rink right up to the cars, after the manner of a cattle chute. The pilgrims were trapped.

There were scores of brawny Canadians ready to assist the authorities. The Doukhobors were hustled along to



THE YORKTON COLONY WOMEN AT YORKTON

the track. Forty or fifty stood, clasping each other with arms and legs, and had almost to be pried apart. "John the Baptist" lay down, and gripped the ground with outspread limbs. He was picked up bodily, and flung face downwards in a farmer's waggon. "Take this man to the cars," said Mr. Speers. "You bet your life," responded the farmer, a perfect Hercules. Being hauled in a waggon was the crowning indignity, and the pilgrim attempted to rise to his knees. The driver reached back from the seat, and bore down on the Doukhobor's back with a hand almost as large, and quite as brown, as a smoked ham. "Lie still, John the Baptist," he said. "Lie still, John; if you was the Almighty Himself, you've just got to go to them cars." And John went.

Forty minutes after the first pilgrim had broken out from the rink, every Doukhobor was entrained.

Next morning they were back at Yorkton—saddened, dispirited, famished, forsaken. "Back to your villages," was the official order, and in sorrow and in silence they marched away, over the very trail they had trod with such high hopes but two short weeks before. Had God forgotten His people? Had He cast them off utterly? Might He not even yet come, strong as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners? And over the waste of snowy prairie they strained their eyes with new-kindled hope. But He for whom they looked came not.

And still they wait for His appearing.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXIX—MR. J. S. WILLISON

THE personality of a journalist is usually concealed in the mysterious recesses of an anonymous profession. If he be a man of exceptional force, his character and intellect will impress themselves upon his newspaper. Unless he takes to politics the real man is known to very few. Rare qualities are required to give the working journalist a visible place in the community and an actual hold upon the respect and affections of his fellow-citizens. That happy fortune, however, has befallen Mr. Willison, who resigned the chief editorship of the Toronto *Globe* a month ago, to embark in independent journalism, and whose new move called forth an almost dramatic display of wonder, congratulation and appreciation. It was an involuntary tribute of public esteem of which any man in any walk of life might well be proud.

The chief secret, probably, of Mr. Willison's success may be found in

this: he discovered that Canadian party journalism had developed certain faults which entirely obscured the higher functions of the press. He substituted fairness for biased reports, temperate discussion for acerbity of tone, and he provided as accurate a chronicle of the world's affairs as the resources of a Canadian journal would permit. His idea seems to have been to hew to the line, letting the chips fall where they might. He applied these methods to an old and influential newspaper without impairing its authority as a party organ. Finding, apparently, that another step forward would snap the tie which in this country so closely links newspapers to politics, he resigned a great position to conduct a new enterprise along his own lines and under his own control. In this courageous move he has been followed by many good wishes, expressed in flattering terms, and by the intelligent curiosity of those who regard the

future of the press with some anxiety. It may be that the journalists of Canada, recognizing in Mr. Willison one of their foremost men, unconsciously made more of the incident than the simple facts warranted. At the same time I can testify that a great deal of private discussion has taken place concerning the matter, and that a newspaper editor of distinction remarked in my hearing a short time ago: "Mr. Willison's resignation has shaken party journalism to its foundations." There must be some striking qualities in a man who can accomplish that feat. His career ought to be worth studying.

John Stephen Willison, I find in Morgan, was born in the County of Huron, Ontario, in 1856, and is the son of Stephen Willison, a native of England, but of Scotch descent. He was educated in the county schools, and after spending several years in various pursuits seems to have "found himself" in 1882, when he joined the press, becoming a member of the staff of the London *Advertiser*, then edited by Mr. John Cameron, the present Postmaster of London. In the following year he was appointed to the Toronto *Globe* staff, and had, therefore, been a member of it for nearly twenty years, when he resigned a few weeks ago. Mr. Willison soon began to make his mark as a writer for the press. His papers in the *Globe* under the signature of "Observer," bore evidence of individuality, breadth of view, and accurate knowledge of affairs. He was sent to the Parliamentary press gallery as one of the representatives of the *Globe*, and ultimately became president of that small republic of journalists. He had been scarcely ten years on the press when he was known as one of the rising men in the profession—diligent, progressive and wide-minded.

In 1890 Mr. John Cameron, who had been editing the *Globe* for several years, at the call of his party chiefs decided to devote himself to his own paper in London, and resigned the *Globe* editorship in order to do so. The chair of George Brown was once more vacant. Who was to fill it? Prob-

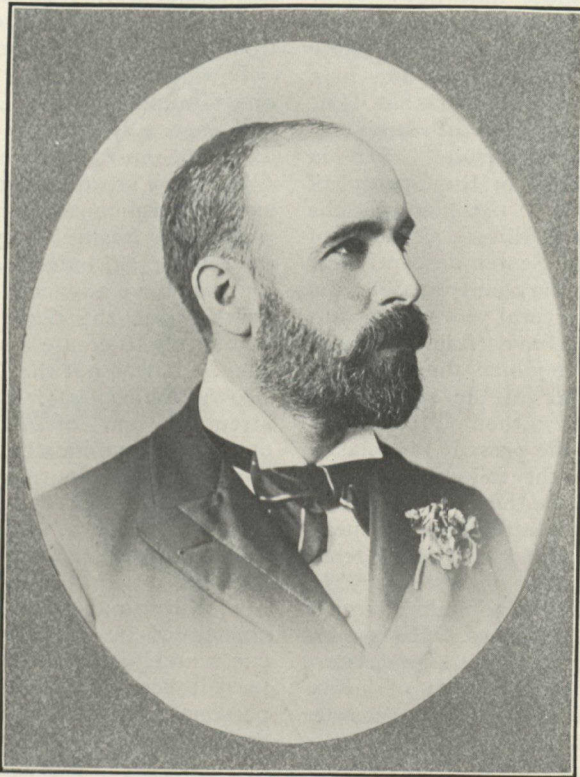
ably the two most distinguished Canadian editors at that time, so a newspaper writer informs me, were Mr. Edward Farrer, of the *Mail*, and Mr. Robert White, of the *Gazette*. Neither could be considered available for the vacancy, and accordingly, with what subsequently proved to be remarkable foresight, the *Globe* management promoted their young and vigorous parliamentary correspondent and special writer, Mr. J. S. Willison, to the position of managing editor.

During the following ten years anyone familiar with the Canadian press, and especially with the newspapers of Toronto, must have observed that the *Globe* drew steadily away from its principal Liberal contemporaries and made a place for itself. They improved and flourished, as, indeed, all our leading journals have advanced in the past ten years. But the *Globe* began slowly and surely to create a special constituency. It was not the *Globe* of George Brown, which was, indeed, able and strenuous, but often intolerant and even narrow-minded. It was a new *Globe*, a party journal it is true, but one more in accord with the new Canada—impressive, broad-minded and exceedingly efficient as a vehicle of information. That this was the work of Mr. Willison and the devoted band of colleagues he gathered around him, can scarcely, I think, be gainsaid. At least it bears all the ear-marks of his personal example as a man of thought and constructive ability, a close student of affairs, a strong Canadian, an earnest believer in the utility of democratic institutions, and a guardian of the higher interests of the State. One gathers this from his own work in the shape of special articles, lectures and speeches. His brochure on the "Railway Question in Canada" was an independent and able inquiry into a subject which had never been frankly ventilated in this country. A series of letters to the *Globe*, undertaken during a visit to Europe, and entitled "Lessons from the Old World," attracted wide attention. On several occasions Mr. Willison has taken "The Press" as the subject of a lecture or an

address, and has expressed views respecting the educational and moral value of newspapers which have set people thinking.

It would seem that among the persons thus set thinking was a man of large means and enlightened opinions, residing in the City of Toronto, and therefore in a good position to watch the

speculation and discussion. It is, we are told, to be a purely independent journal—independent, that is to say, of political control, or the influence of any large, selfish interests. It will be well-equipped in all respects. If anyone is still curious about the aims and policy of a paper under Mr. Willison's guidance, his previous display of talent,



MR. J. S. WILLISON, WHO RECENTLY RESIGNED HIS POSITION AS EDITOR OF THE TORONTO "GLOBE" TO EDIT AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL

journalistic services of Mr. Willison and to determine how they could be further utilized for the public benefit. This gentleman, Mr. Joseph W. Flavelle, has purchased the *Toronto News* and given complete control of the paper to the accomplished and experienced journalist who appropriately enough joins the list of Canadian Celebrities in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The new venture has been the cause of much

authority and enterprise while connected with the *Globe* ought to be an indication. He is still a young man. His newspaper is to be in a somewhat unique and exceptional sense an independent undertaking, drawing its inspiration not from political or financial circles, but from the intelligence and integrity of a quick-witted man. Those of us who read newspapers will be sure to keep an eye on such a venture.

E. Q. V.

THE NAVY LEAGUE VERSUS "THE VORTEX OF MILITARISM"

By H. F. Wyatt, Member of Executive of British Navy League

WHEN in the earlier ages of recorded history the mass of mankind still groaned in servitude, and liberty of any kind, save the liberty to oppress, was a thought as yet unuttered upon earth, the first breath of freedom which woke the soul of man to nobler destinies came from the wind of the mountains and the breeze of the sea. Not in the plains of Mesopotamia, not in great cities far removed from the ocean, not on the low-lying shores of the Nile, which then, as now, constituted Egypt, did the voice of freedom speak to her sons, but where the mountains reared up a hardy race of men and gave to the few some advantage in warring against the many, or again, on sea-coasts, where the stormy element bred resolve and daring in the hearts of those who faced it, there it was that the liberties of the world had their birth, and there that the great epochs in the advance of the human race received their brand and seal. So it was in the days of ancient Greece, that country like a robe of many colours inwoven with the sea, when the fleets of her children met the host of her foes and stayed the inroad of Asia upon Europe, in the great sea-fight of Salamis. So was it again through the power of the sea that the world witnessed in the fifth century of our era, and again in the ninth and tenth, those fierce inroads of our Viking forefathers which founded, in the midst of a carnival of savage freedom, the English birthplace of the British people. So, once more, when in the process of the ages sea-power had reached a stage of development which it had never attained before, when mankind were no longer content that the various portions of their little planet should be severed the one from the other by the oceans between them, as worlds are still severed by the intervening depths of space, then the

liberties of oppressed Europe and of subjugated thought found their vindication in the ships and the mariners of the island home of our race.

As ancient Greece hurled back the tide of Persian despotism at Salamis, so the England of Elizabeth stayed the waves of Spanish militarism and superstition in the great sea-fight off Gravelines. In that conflict, big with fate, and in the week of fierce fighting preceding it, the naval power of the sea foiled the military power of the land. The free sailors of England in vessels propelled by sails alone, with their (for that age) long distant broadside fire, defeated the soldiers of Spain, striving to close and board, in ships propelled partly by sails and partly by slaves labouring at the oar. And in that victory of modern progress over the forces of reaction, England—and in after days, when Scotland was linked with her, the whole island of Britain—was established as the inviolate stronghold of human freedom, whence should proceed the resources and the soul which in after times freed Europe from the yoke first of Louis XIV, and later of Napoleon I.

Nor was even this result the sole, or, in the long run, the greatest effect of that momentous victory.

Had the Spaniard, not the Englishman, triumphed during those days in the English Channel, then English liberty also, that noble plant which the sea-foam bred, would have perished under the foot of Rome and Spain. Never, then, could the Pilgrim Fathers, in the generation that followed, or in any sequent time, have sailed over the Atlantic to found a New England in a New World. They would have gone, if suffered to go at all, under the close and vigilant rule of autocracy and superstition, and imagination well may reel at the thought of the

probable condition of the states of North America now if Spain and the Roman Church had been the tutelary deities which presided over their birth and the dominant factors which moulded the slow process of their growth. But the Puritan mariners of the sea-ports of Elizabethan England won for those who came after them the right to sail at will the seas of the world; to trade with all shores throughout the earth, to plant colonies and to sow the seed of empire.

Thus was the house of the heritage of the British people, with the liberties of mankind which were inwrought in its frame, established in battle on the sea, in the flame bursting from the mouths of English cannon, with the shot-torn flag of England as its symbol, amid the hoarse shout of victory from the men who fought and died to found it.

Yet the defeat of the Spanish Armada was but the beginning of the services which the sea-power of Britain rendered to the liberties of the world. Not only did the wealth which that power produced, and its direct and indirect exercise, foil the designs of the great French monarch at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was also the means of determining the central issue in the war which raged from 1756 to 1763, viz.: whether North America should be British or should be French. The vital part which the navy played in the contest for Canada, which was in appearance, though not in reality, terminated on the Heights of Abraham, is not clearly seen by the casual reader; yet an instant's reflection would suffice to show him that the reason why Wolfe was there with his regiments from the old country was that Britain commanded the sea. Many writers also have pointed out that it was because she commanded it that Wolfe was able at will to move up and down the St. Lawrence, and thus to take that initiative of attack which resulted in the glorious victory of Quebec. But France did not, as a matter of historic fact, accept that defeat as final, nor cease from her efforts

towards full, ultimate triumph. Wolfe died, conquering, in September, and France, for two months later, was preparing a stroke of war which would, if successful, have reversed the game. In her ports the troops and the transports were being collected for the invasion of England, while at Brest lay the great fleet of battleships under Conflans, destined to cover the operation. Had that operation been carried out, had England fallen, it is hardly necessary to point out that France could at her leisure have devoted her full resources to the reconquest of Canada and the subjugation of what were then the British colonies in North America.

But once more the navy came between the sword and its destined prey. On that "wild November day," as Mr. Newbolt calls it in his fine poem on this theme, when our Admiral Hawke caught sight of the French fleet and pursued it into Quiberon Bay, then amidst night and tempest, the roar of breakers and the crash of guns, the battleships of Britain smote down the intention of France and set the seal upon the conquest to achieve which Wolfe died. If, as I have heard an eminent French Canadian publicly declare, his race derives its blood indeed from France, but its liberties from England, then those liberties also were secured by the British navy and to that navy the gratitude of French Canada is due.

So again, forty years later, the fleet of Britain stood forth

"Plain for all folk to see"

as the one bulwark of human freedom against the huge aggressive militarism of Napoleon Bonaparte. While these fleets held the seas of the globe, while in the desperate and world-decisive actions of the Nile and Trafalgar, as in almost countless minor combats, they crushed the designs of the Corsican, at the same time the merchant ships of the empire grew in numbers and in tonnage, while those of our rivals vanished from the face of the ocean. For the war-time of the British navy has been the harvest-time of the British

mercantile marine. So from the wealth thus gathered Britain was enabled to grant the subsidies, and by the encouragement of her victories to inspire the energies, which at last freed Europe from the enslaving grip of France. That very Germany which seeks now by every means the subversion of the British empire, which ceaselessly and malignantly reviles and execrates us, owes its extrication from under the heel of Napoleon, stamped upon its neck, to the blood and the money which Britain unstintedly poured forth.

This brief survey of the past, however cursory, may yet perhaps be sufficient to prove how vast and how predominant a factor naval power, and most especially and pre-eminently British naval power, has been in the evolution of such liberty as the world can show. To understand, however, why naval power naturally tends to produce these results, and why it stands in natural opposition to military power, to which it is in its effects the exact antithesis, let us consider the causes of this difference. These causes are:—(1) that the number of men required to man a great fleet is very small by comparison with the numbers required to constitute a great army. Thus the personnel of the Imperial navy amounts to one hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred men, including amongst these forty thousand men of the reserve, while the army of Germany, when also on a war footing, numbers several million soldiers. Again, (2) the naval force operates outside the limits of a country, not within these, as in the case of an army. The usual and well-founded fears in regard to the existence of a great military force is that it may be used for the subjugation of internal liberties, and as a matter of fact it often has been so used, but on the other hand a naval force by itself is singularly inapplicable to such a purpose. During the Revolution in the 17th century, Cromwell was the general on land, and Blake was the general at sea, but it was Cromwell, not Blake, who assumed despotic authority over the land.

I have thought it necessary to set forth plainly the history and the facts which mark the deep inherent antagonism between naval power on the one side and "militarism" on the other, because to judge from the frequent headings which I observe to paragraphs and articles in the Canadian press, from various platform utterances, and even from my own recent experience, this antagonism is very far from being generally perceived. The phrase "vortex of militarism" is tossed about as wildly and with as little pertinence to any definite meaning, as I have seen a hat, divorced from its owner's head, flung about in the air by a riotous mob.

When I had the privilege—one, I believe, rarely previously accorded to a British outsider and by me highly valued—of addressing the French Chamber of Commerce at Montreal, the gentleman who opposed me (and who afterwards got his own version of his own speech wired to England and to the Canadian press, as if it represented the views of that Chamber, which it did not) based his oration largely on a presumed desire on my part to plunge Canada into this terrible vortex.

The fearful irrelevance of the objection taken to the proposal made must be apparent to everyone who has been good enough to read what I have already written, when I say that this proposal consisted of the scheme suggested, not, assuredly, by myself, nor by the Navy League in England, but by the branches of the League at Toronto and in British Columbia, for the formation of a Canadian naval militia, which should receive its brief period of sea training in ships of the Royal Navy. This scheme has been in substance approved by the Legislature of British Columbia. A scheme very similar to it has long been in contemplation by the Dominion Government, and it will, I venture to prophesy, be put in force ere very many months have passed. Yet it was this very modest and wholly innocuous suggestion which appeared in various newspapers under headings

about "militarism," and with denunciations of the latter. It would be about as relevant for a teetotaler to denounce a man for signing the pledge to abstain from drink, on the ground that he was thus engaging himself to imbibe alcohol every night, as for one who objects to "militarism" to denounce a proposal to create that which I have already shown to be the antithesis of militarism—viz, naval force.

Since, however, in our days men are the slaves of words rather than of ideas, and phrases totally destitute of any real meaning, like the oft-quoted words "vortex of militarism," are bandied about until they acquire a sort of influence, it may be worth while to enquire what significance, if any, it truly bears. This expression, then, appears certainly to refer to the system of compulsory service which prevails in Europe, and the fear presumably conveyed is that somebody may want, or does want, to introduce this same system into Canada. Now the first observation I have to make on this point is that I cannot conceive it to be possible that any person other than an idiot in an asylum, who was suffering, in addition to congenital infirmity, from an acute attack of mania, could feel such a wish, or make such a suggestion. Further, I am not aware that any idiot has been actually found sufficiently far gone to give it vent. The danger of Canada's being forced to adopt this system is about as real as the danger of its being suddenly turned into green cheese and given to the man in the moon to eat.

The only "vortex" indeed which really appears imminent is the "vortex" of horrible mental confusion into which those are falling, who, without stopping to analyze its meaning or to demand its relevance, adopt this silly catchword.

It is instructive, however, to consider why the nations of Europe do adopt this scheme of compulsory service. From the manner in which their action is sometimes written about, one would suppose the idea to be entertained that they adopt it because they particularly

like it. Yet vast burdens and enormous obligations are not usually incurred voluntarily or with pleasure by human beings. The reason, however, is very plain. It is that the alternative before the peoples of Europe is either to arm or to lose their national independence. They have no other choice, and can have no other, while nations live the intense self-conscious life which is their characteristic now. Can Germany disarm, placed as she is "between the hammer and the anvil," between the vast and swiftly growing population of Russia, and the immemorial hate of France? Can France disarm, while Germany holds her dismembered provinces, and while ambition and revenge still live and move within her? Can Russia disarm, with her immense designs of nearly universal conquest not yet perfectly fulfilled, with Constantinople and Peking not yet seized, with India still held by Britain (and not, pray God, to be surrendered without a desperate contest), with Germany intruding into her intended preserve of Asia Minor, with millions of savage subjects, not yet slaughtered, under her sway? Not one of these countries could cease that compulsory service, which is its shield, without the certainty of swift attack and certain overthrow, at the hands of its neighbours. Nor, apart from the progress of invention, which may possibly substitute small highly trained armies, on the eighteenth century model, for the huge armed forts of to-day, does there appear any hope of a change of conditions.

Why, then, is England absolved from the heavy necessity laid upon the shoulders of her European rivals? Obviously and simply by reason of the sea which encircles her, and of the victorious navy which that sea bears on its breast. Take away that sea, or destroy that navy, and England also would have the simple choice, either to plunge into the "vortex of militarism," that is, to adopt the principle of compulsory service, or else, as a nation, to perish.

But now the menace to England comes by sea. At Kiel, at Danzig, at

Stettin, is found the rising power of the German Navy. Throughout Germany, the German Navy League, called into existence by the secret prompting of the German Emperor, labours assiduously to form opinion, which shall enable the vast expenditure already sanctioned, and the still vaster expenditure apparently contemplated, to be cheerfully borne.

The German Navy League has a membership of over six hundred thousand, with aggregate subscriptions amounting to more than £25,000 (not dollars) annually. It gave, last year, upwards of three thousand lectures, and that its labours were not in vain, is abundantly testified by the passing of the German Navy Bill, under which the sum of £73,000,000 (sterling) was voted for the construction of ships of war, and £13,000,000 for docks and wharves.

In face of the figures of the German League, I am ashamed to quote those of the Navy League of Britain, yet it is an organization whose branches are many in the United Kingdom, and sixteen in number in the Empire at large. Of these, four are now in Canada, at Toronto, in British Columbia, at Kingston, and at Montreal. Before these words are printed I hope, indeed, that the number may be doubled, and I

would now appeal most earnestly to all who realize what the command of the sea means to the British people, to "come forward and help us."

Sometimes I have heard it said that this tremendous and fundamental need is no longer the need of Canada, because Canada is self-contained. Do not, then, her own future history, and her own destinies concern Canada? Does it make no difference to her whether she remain living her life as a nation within the iron fence of the British Empire, or whether, through stress of war following defeat of the British fleet, she is compelled with the enemy's fleet in the St. Lawrence, to sue for the protection of the United States? Then, disintegrated, with her noblest traditions violated, and her life as a nation ended, she would cease to exist as a single unit upon earth. And looking on thirty years ahead, is it nothing to Canada, whether it is or is not as a part of the British people, to share in the development of the Pacific, to clasp hands with Australia, to share in the vast trade that is to be with China, to hold sway over the teeming millions of Hindustan? The old adage still applies, as the ages sweep along, that, "United we stand, but divided we fall."

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

SILENT and sad the Old Year lay, with the snow upon his hair,
And the brow of the passing monarch was furrowed with lines of care.

His eyes were dim with a sorrow born of the days gone by
And the pallid lips were open to breathe a parting sigh.

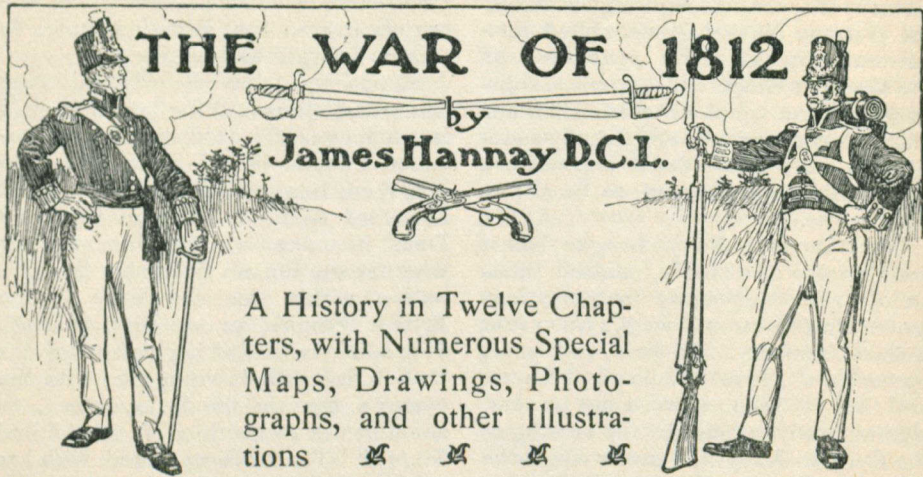
In his right hand lay the blessings that had lived in his own short life,
And the other grasped the sorrows born of his sin and strife.

From his right there came a radiance that lit the deepening gloom,
But the left was hid in darkness, that told of an endless tomb.

He lingered till the New-Born Year came on the wings of day,
And stole with his rosy footsteps to where the old year lay;

To seal with lips of carmine the faded, sightless eyes,
Then up from the cold, grey death-bed a new-crowned king to rise.

Elizabeth M. Nuttall



CHAPTER I—THE EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO THE WAR

THE war which began in the year 1812 between Great Britain and the United States of America, although it originated in an Imperial quarrel, and was carried on mainly by British money and largely by British troops, was essentially a Canadian contest. Canada was the scene of most of the battles of the war; it was for the purpose of separating Canada from the British Crown that the war was undertaken; and it was owing to the loyalty, constancy and courage of the Canadian people that this subject was foiled. Every Canadian can, therefore, look back with feelings of just pride at this war, so honourable to his ancestors, and so worthy of being remembered for the example which it affords of the difficulty of subduing a resolute and free people, with arms in their hands and with the courage to use them.

At the close of the war of the Revolution there was much bitterness felt towards Great Britain by the people who had won their independence from her by the sword. This independence had been gained by the assistance of France, and, although that country was then a monarchy, beyond all comparison more illiberal than the government of Great Britain, it was perhaps

but natural that the new nation should turn to France and cultivate her friendship. The tremendous revolution which broke out in that country a few years later, at first only served to cement the ties of sympathy between France and the United States; and, although its subsequent excesses estranged Washington and many other eminent men, there still remained a large and extremely violent party, headed by Jefferson, which was ready to condone all the faults of the French Republic, and which felt an undying enmity to Great Britain. It was at this period that parties began to form themselves, and that the terms Federalist and Democrat were heard for the first time. The Democrats, of whom Jefferson was the head, showed an extreme hostility to Great Britain, while the Federalists, although not deficient in patriotism, held much more moderate views and were disposed to cultivate her friendship.

The war which broke out in 1792 between France and Great Britain, and which continued with but a short interval for more than twenty years, drew still more sharply the lines between these two parties. The French Government sent out "Citizen" Genet as

Minister to the United States, and he forthwith proceeded, with the active cooperation of the anti-British party, to make that country a base for the prosecution of war against the commerce of Great Britain. Washington, who was then President, issued a proclamation of neutrality, warning citizens of the United States not to take part in the contest, but, so strong was the feeling in favour of France, the proclamation and its author were assailed in such terms as a citizen of the United States of the present day must blush to read. It was styled a "royal edict," "a daring and unwarrantable assumption of executive power," and Washington was denounced as a "Monarchist" and a friend of Great Britain. Many of these attacks on the President appeared in the *National Gazette*, but not until Freneau, its editor, was nearing the dark valley of Death, was it disclosed that these violent articles against Washington were written or dictated by Thomas Jefferson, who figures as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and who, at the very time these attacks were made, was Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet.

The French Minister Genet, in defiance of Washington's proclamation, proceeded to fit out privateers in Philadelphia to prey upon British commerce, these privateers being manned by citizens of the United States. When the President released some British prizes, which had been taken by them and carried into Philadelphia to be condemned, Genet stormed and raved, and announced his intention of appealing from the President to the people. This was virtually a threat to excite an insurrection for the purpose of overthrowing the authority of a Chief Magistrate elected by the people, yet so mentally debauched had Jefferson become that his newspaper actually sustained Genet in this course. The organ of this model Secretary of State expressed the hope that the friends of France would act with firmness and spirit, telling him "the people are his friends, or the friends of France, and he will have

nothing to apprehend." It turned out, however, that "Citizen" Genet had something to apprehend, the indignation of Washington, who requested the French Government to recall its Minister.

In the meantime the great struggle between Great Britain and France was producing a series of retaliatory measures which proved ruinous to the neutral trader. In June, 1793, an Order in Council was issued by the British Government, declaring that all vessels laden with breadstuffs, bound to any port of France, or places occupied by French armies, should be carried to England, and their cargoes either disposed of there, or security given that they would be sold only in a country at friendship with Great Britain. This was followed in November of the same year by another Order in Council which directed British war vessels and privateers to detain all ships carrying the produce of any colony belonging to France, or conveying provisions or other supplies for the use of such colonies, and to bring the same with their cargoes to legal adjudication in the British Courts of Admiralty.

These Orders in Council fell with heavy effect on the commerce of the United States, and produced a corresponding degree of indignation. This was increased by another measure adopted about the same time by the British Government—the impressment of British seamen found on board of American vessels. This measure was based on the doctrine, then recognized by all European nations, that a subject could not renounce his allegiance, and that the Government under whose flag he was born had a right to his services wherever he might be found. This doctrine therefore involved the right of search, both of war vessels and commercial ships—a claim most obnoxious in every way, but more especially as the exercise of this right was liable to great abuse. It is singular that in 1861, long after the right of search had been abandoned by Great Britain, it was revived by Commodore Wilkes of the United States Navy,

when he boarded the British Mail Steamer *Trent*, and took from her Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners then on their way to England. It is still more singular that this act, so universally condemned in Great Britain, was almost as universally approved by public opinion in the United States, so true it is that nations are generally guided in their views of public questions by motives of expediency and self-interest. Congress in 1812 regarded the exercise of the right of search by Great Britain as a "crying enormity," and declared war against her for that cause, yet Congress in 1861 passed a vote of thanks to Commodore Wilkes for his exercise of the right of search in an extremely aggravated form. In neither case was Congress fortunate in its expression of opinion, for in 1815 the Government of the United States was forced to conclude a treaty of peace with Great Britain in which the right of search, the ostensible cause of the war, was not so much as mentioned; while in 1861, a few days after the vote of thanks was passed, the same Government was obliged to give up Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on the demand of the British Government, and acknowledge itself in the wrong.

For the purpose of endeavouring to effect a settlement of the difficulties which had arisen out of the enforcement of the Orders in Council and the right of search, Washington sent John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain. The result of this mission was what is known as the Jay Treaty, which, after providing for the disposal of most of the unsettled questions between the two countries, contained a number of commercial provisions which proved of great advantage to the United States. Under it American vessels were allowed to enter British ports in Europe and the East Indies, on equal terms with British vessels, while participation in the East India coasting trade, and trade between European and British East Indian ports was left to the contingency

of British permission. American vessels not exceeding seventy tons were allowed to trade to the British West Indies on condition that they should not, during the continuance of the Treaty, transport from America to Europe any of the principal Colonial products. British vessels were to be admitted into American ports on terms equal to the most favoured nation. There were provisions for the protection of neutral property on the high seas, and providing that a vessel entering a blockaded port should not be liable to capture unless previously notified of the blockade. There were also arrangements to prevent the arming of the privateers of any nation at war with the two contracting parties, and the capture of goods in the bays and harbours of either nation. In the event of war between the two countries, the citizens or subjects of either were not to be molested, if peaceable; and fugitives from justice charged with high crimes were to be mutually given up. The commercial arrangements of the Treaty were limited in their operation to two years after the termination of the war in which Great Britain was then engaged. The Treaty was ratified by the Senate and signed by the President in the summer of 1795.

It might have been supposed that this Treaty, which was extremely favourable to the commerce of the United States, would have been received with satisfaction by the people of that country, but it was far otherwise. The Democrats had resolved to oppose it, no matter what its provisions might be, especially if it should remove all pretexts for a war with Great Britain. They had already disclosed the spirit which influenced them by their violent opposition to Jay's appointment, and, when the Treaty was before the Senate, efforts were made to intimidate the members of that body so that they might refuse to ratify it. Democratic newspapers told their readers that they should blush to think "America should degrade herself so much as to enter into any kind of a treaty with a power now tottering on the brink of ruin."

France, according to these newspapers, was the natural ally of the United States, and the nation on whom their political existence depended. "The nation on whom our political existence depends," said one of these publications, "we have treated with indifference bordering on contempt. Let us unite with France and stand or fall together." These words so truthfully uttered the result of the war of 1812 that they may be regarded as almost prophetic. The United States did virtually unite with France, and they and France fell together.

When the Treaty was ratified and signed, Mr. Jay, the Senators, and the President became the objects of a storm of vituperation from the entire Democratic party. Jay was denounced as a traitor who had been purchased by British gold and was threatened with the guillotine. Hamilton and other speakers who attempted to defend the Treaty at a public meeting in New York were stoned by the friends of Jefferson who sat at the same Council table with him. In Virginia secession was threatened, while in Charleston the British flag was trailed in the dust and burned at the door of the British Consul. The people of the South, who held their fellowmen of another colour in bondage, and dealt in them as chattels, were greatly enraged because the Treaty did not provide that they should be paid for such of their negroes as were carried away during the Revolutionary War. Others felt a sense of wrong and outrage because the Treaty provided for the payment of honest debts, contracted before the war, such a stipulation being in their opinion wholly inconsistent with those principles of liberty which impelled the patriots of the Revolution to plunder their loyal neighbours.

The conduct of the Democratic party in 1795 sufficiently showed the violence of the animosity against Great Britain which existed in the minds of a large body of the people of the United States twelve years after the war of the Revolution had been brought to a close. But when the Treaty went into opera-

tion it was found to be highly advantageous to the merchants and ship-owners of the United States. The French Directory, however, were greatly enraged, and they issued a secret order authorizing French ships of war to treat neutral vessels in the same manner as they had suffered themselves to be treated by the English. Under this order many American vessels were seized in the West Indies by French cruisers, and their crews treated with great indignity and cruelty. Indeed, at this period the French Government showed a strong disposition to take entire charge of the politics of the United States, and Commodore Joshua Barney, an American in the naval service of France, who came into Philadelphia in 1796 with two frigates which he commanded, told the citizens of that place that if Jefferson was not elected President, war would be declared by France against the United States within three months. So true was this, that the election of John Adams, a Federalist, who was chosen instead of Jefferson, resulted in the issuing of a decree by the French Directory which was equivalent to a declaration of war. It not only authorized the capture of American vessels under certain conditions, but declared that any American found on board of a hostile ship, although placed there without his consent by impressment, should be hanged as a pirate. The American Minister was ordered to leave France and three Envoys Extraordinary, who were sent in his place to arrange all matters in dispute, were treated with contempt and refused an audience. All these circumstances produced great indignation in the United States, and in the spring of 1798, although no actual declaration of war was issued, war with France was commenced on the ocean. The fall of the Directory and the assumption of authority by Bonaparte as First Consul, however, speedily put an end to hostilities.

This brief summary of the progress of events after the Revolution will serve to show more clearly the character of the questions which arose from

time to time between the two nations, and which finally resulted in the War of 1812. The United States throughout the long war between Great Britain and France stood in the unfortunate position of a neutral whose commerce was certain to suffer from the several Orders in Council and Decrees which the belligerents launched against each other. The accession of Bonaparte to supreme power, although it brought the war between France and the United States to a close, instead of improving their condition as neutrals, made it much worse. In May, 1806, the British Government declared the whole coast of Europe from the Elbe to Brest, the territory occupied by the French armies, to be in a state of blockade. In November of the same year Bonaparte issued the famous Berlin Decree proclaiming the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, forbidding all correspondence or trade with England, and declaring all articles of English produce or manufacture contraband, and the property of all British subjects to be lawful prize of war. As the French fleets had been wholly destroyed, and the French Government had scarcely a vessel at sea, this was simply a paper blockade. The same term has been applied by American writers to the British blockade of the eight hundred miles of coast from Brest to the Elbe, on the alleged ground that Great Britain had not sufficient ships to enforce it. Yet in 1806 the British Navy numbered more than eight hundred vessels, manned by one hundred and forty thousand men. Some of the objectors to this so-called "paper blockade" lived to see President Lincoln proclaim three thousand miles of the coast of the Southern States to be blockaded, although the Federal Navy of that period numbered only ninety vessels of which less than half were in commission.

The British answer to the Berlin Decree was an Order in Council of November, 1807, by which all neutral trade with France or her allies was prohibited unless through Great Britain. In December of the same year

Bonaparte issued his Milan Decree, which was a sort of supplement to that of Berlin. It declared every vessel which should submit to be searched by British cruisers, or should pay any tax, duty or license money to the British Government, or should be found on the high seas, or elsewhere, bound to or from any British port, to be denationalized and forfeited. Spain and Holland, at the dictation of France, immediately issued similar decrees, and thus was established the famous continental system of Napoleon, which crushed the neutral trader. It was a system which grew out of Bonaparte's determination to destroy Great Britain and break up the British Empire, a resolve which was warmly approved by an influential section of the people of the United States. In their insane hatred of England they were ready to aid in the destruction of the only Constitutional Government that then existed in Europe, and the establishment of the grinding military despotism of Bonaparte over the greater portion of the civilized world.

While the British Orders in Council and Bonaparte's Decrees were agitating commercial circles in the United States, the impressment of British seamen found on board of United States vessels had become a source of ill-feeling towards Great Britain. In 1800 the British Minister had proposed a reciprocal surrender of all deserters, but this was declined by the United States because the proposal was so worded as to sanction impressment in private vessels. They contended that the neutral flag was the safeguard of those sailing under it, a doctrine the application of which was greatly in favour of the United States, as it enabled them to recruit their navy largely by deserters from British ships. As a measure of retaliation, in March, 1806, the United States Congress passed a Non-Importation act, prohibiting the importation of nearly every article of British manufacture. The Act was to be in abeyance until the following November, and, in the meantime, negotiations were again opened for a treaty which should put

an end to the difficulties between the two nations. William Pinkney, of Maryland, was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to London to join with Monroe, the resident Minister, in this work. Negotiations commenced in August, and after some delay a treaty was arranged in most respects more favourable than the Jay Treaty. The British Government declined to relinquish the right of impressment by formal Treaty, but the British Commissioners put in writing a statement that it was the intention of the Government not to allow impressments from American vessels on the high seas, except under extraordinary circumstances, such as having on board known deserters from the British navy. The new Treaty placed the trade between the United States and the European possessions of Great Britain on a footing of perfect reciprocity. It was also stipulated that no American vessels could be visited or seized by British cruisers within five miles of the coast of the United States. But the time spent in the negotiation of this Treaty was wasted, for Jefferson, who was then President, had resolved upon a step which would effectually prevent it from going into operation. Instead of laying it before the Senate for ratification or rejection, as it was his duty to do, he usurped the authority which the Constitution had vested in that body, and entirely suppressed this important Treaty, which would undoubtedly have been the means of insuring a lasting peace between the two countries. This action proved that Jefferson and his advisers did not desire any accommodation of existing grievances, but war only.

At this juncture a very unfortunate affair took place which produced much ill-feeling. While a British squadron was near Cape Henry, Va., three of the crew of the frigate *Melampus* deserted. These men were enlisted on board the U.S. frigate *Chesapeake*, and a demand made by the British Minister for their restoration was refused. The *Chesapeake* some time afterwards put to sea, and was by the orders of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, overhauled by the

British fifty-gun ship *Leopard*. Captain Humphreys, of that ship, demanded the delivery of the deserters on board the *Chesapeake*, and on this being refused poured several broadsides into the latter, killing three men and wounding eighteen, and compelling the American vessel to strike her flag.

This act was immediately disavowed by the British Government and the admiral recalled. In the United States the affair produced the liveliest indignation, which was not mitigated in the least by the earnest efforts of Great Britain to settle the matter amicably. A proclamation was issued by the President forbidding all persons to have any intercourse with or to sell any supplies to British war vessels in the waters of the United States, and warlike preparations were made on an extensive scale. Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were sent to England in the armed schooner *Revenge* to make a number of demands on the British Government, including the abandonment of the right of search. Great Britain was quite ready to make reparation in the *Chesapeake* affair, but declined to treat on the other matters, Mr. Canning telling the envoys plainly that, while he was ready to listen to any suggestions, with a view to the removal of existing difficulties, he would not negotiate anew on the basis of a treaty concluded and signed and already rejected by one of the parties.

The envoys returned home, and then was passed the famous Embargo Act which prohibited all vessels in the ports of the United States from sailing for any foreign port, except foreign ships in ballast, or with cargoes taken on board before the notification of the Act. Coastwise vessels were required to give heavy bonds to land their cargoes in the United States. This Act, which is the most remarkable example on record of a nation destroying its own foreign trade, in the hope of thereby injuring another nation with which it had large dealings, utterly failed to effect the object for which it was passed. It became law in December, 1807,

and after being made more stringent by several amending and enforcing acts, was finally repealed in March, 1809, it having been found injurious only to the nation that enacted it. In a single year under its operation the imports of the United States fell from \$138,500,000 to \$56,990,000, and the exports from \$108,343,000 to \$22,430,000. In lieu of the Embargo Act a Non-Intercourse Act was passed by which the commerce of the United States was opened to all the world except Great Britain and France. As the latter country had little or no commerce with the United States, it was quite evident that, as before, Britain was the only nation aimed at by this measure. The relations between Great Britain and the United States continued to grow more strained, and they were not improved when, in 1809, the latter Government requested the recall of Mr. Jackson, the British Minister at Washington. The British Government did not take the trouble to send another Minister to replace him until 1811.

In the meantime the Government of the United States, which had every year been growing more friendly to France, was endeavouring to make terms with that country for a relaxation of the "Continental System." As a result of this, in August, 1810, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a despatch to the United States Minister at Paris stated that the Berlin and Milan Decrees were revoked, and that their operation would cease from the first of November following, "it being understood that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade which they have wished to establish, or that the United States, conformably to their law, will cause their rights to be respected by the English." The meaning of the last clause of this communication might be somewhat obscure were it not from our knowledge of the fact that Minister Armstrong had been instructed to offer, in addition to the repeal of the Embargo Act, a declaration

of war against Great Britain should that Government refuse to recall the Orders in Council after the Emperor had withdrawn his Berlin and Milan Decrees. His offer was made in April, 1808, but Bonaparte did not value an American alliance so highly as the men who offered it. His business was war, and he did not believe that an American alliance could be of much service to him. This is why two years were suffered to elapse before any notice was taken of the American Minister's offer. Although the French response was merely a contingent repeal of the Decrees, depending on the repeal of the Orders in Council, the Government of the United States at once treated it as absolute, and, while strictly enforcing the non-importation act against British ships, permitted French men-of-war and merchantmen to enter its harbours freely. It also required the British Government to revoke the Orders in Council. That Government demanded the production of the instrument by which the Berlin and Milan Decrees were revoked, but it was not until the 21st May, 1812, that such a document was produced, and then it was found to bear date of the 28th April, 1811, or nearly eight months after the time when it was first announced that the Decrees were revoked. This instrument expressly declared that these French Decrees were repealed in consequence of the American Congress having by an Act of the 1st March, 1811, provided that British ships and merchandise should be excluded from the ports of the United States. This was a clear proof that an understanding existed between that country and France hostile to British interests. Still when this French document was produced the British Government, to quote the language of the Manifesto issued by the Prince Regent, "desirous of reverting, if possible, to the ancient and accustomed principles of Maritime War, determined on revoking, conditionally, the Orders in Council." It was not until the 21st May, 1812, that the British Government was furnished by the American Minister in

London with a copy of the document, and, on the 23rd June,* a declaration from the Prince Regent in Council was published, absolutely revoking all orders so far as they applied to the United States. Had the Government of that country been animated by a sincere desire for peace this action would have brought the War of 1812 to an end suddenly.

In May, 1811, an encounter took place on the high seas between a British war vessel and an American frigate which showed the belligerent disposition which animated the navy of the United States. The U. S. frigate *President*, 44 guns, carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Rodgers, while cruising off Cape Henry, sighted the British sloop of war *Little Belt*, 18 guns, Captain A. B. Bingham, which was cruising northward in search of the British frigate *Guerriere*. The *President* discovered the British sloop about noon, and immediately gave chase, but it was dark before the American vessel drew alongside. Captain Bingham hailed the *President* asking, "What ship is that?" but the only reply he received was a repetition of his own question. The *President* then fired a broadside which the *Little Belt* immediately returned. An action ensued which lasted about forty-five minutes, when the big American ship sheered off. At dawn the *President* bore down again and Rodgers sent an officer on board the *Little Belt* with profuse apologies and offers of assistance which were declined. As the United States Government was at that time at peace with the whole world, it is clear that Rodgers' attack on the *Little Belt* was merely the act of a sea bully who wished to stand well with his countrymen at a cheap rate, by attacking a ship of less than one-fourth his own strength. The *Little Belt* bore away for Halifax, while Rodgers returned to New York to receive the congratulations of his friends.

When Congress met in November, 1811, its tone was warlike. The Pre-

sident, Mr. Madison, sounded the keynote by a belligerent message, and the Committee on Foreign Relations presented a report which was a comprehensive indictment of Great Britain for almost every kind of political crime. A tremendous amount of fervid eloquence was employed to fire the national heart to the point of going to war, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun being among the loudest and most violent in their advocacy of extreme measures. John Randolph, of Virginia, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, and all the leaders of the Federalist party were against a war with Great Britain, and opposed all proposals to that end, but they were entirely outnumbered in Congress, and measures looking towards a declaration of war were rapidly passed. Additional regulars to the number of twenty-five thousand men were ordered to be enlisted, the calling out of one hundred thousand militia was authorized, and appropriations were made for large purchases of arms and ammunition. The President was authorized to call upon the Governors of the several states to furnish each its quota of this militia force. Provision was also made for the enlistment of a large body of volunteers. These bills were passed in January, 1812, and it was expected that at least seventy thousand men would be ready to take the field in the spring and invade Canada.

The Federal Government was encouraged in its truculent course by some of the State Legislatures, those of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky and Ohio having passed resolutions in favour of war with Great Britain. The Massachusetts House of Representatives, in its reply to the annual message of the Governor, denounced Great Britain as "a piratical state." Patriotism was a very plentiful commodity in the United States at that time, if the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations was to be believed. They stated that the patriotic fire of the Revolution still lived in the American breast "with a holy and inextinguishable flame." This

* These Orders in Council were revoked without knowledge of the Declaration of War by the United States on June 18th.

“holy flame” developed itself mainly in an intense desire to possess Canada, and it was stimulated by the thought that a favourable time had arrived to strike a deadly blow against Great Britain. It was known that Napoleon was preparing to invade Russia with an immense army and no one in the United States doubted his success. An alliance with so powerful a ruler appeared to these American patriots to be very desirable, and they fully believed that Canada was ready to rise and throw off its allegiance to the British Crown as soon as an American army appeared on its frontier. Dr. Eustis, the United States Secretary of War, in one of his speeches gave expression to this sentiment when he said: “We can take the Canadas without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the Provinces and the people, disaffected towards their own Government, will rally round our standard.”

Henry Clay, who had always been most violent in his animosity towards Great Britain, said on the floor of Congress:—“It is absurd to suppose that we will not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy’s Provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean, and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else; but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favours. Her fleets cannot then rendezvous at Halifax as now; and, having no place of resort in the North, cannot infest our coast as they have lately done. It is as easy to conquer them on the land as their whole navy would conquer ours on the ocean. We must take the Continent from them. I wish never to see peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them.”

It was with such aspirations and hopes as these that the Government and people of the United States entered upon the War of 1812.

Although, as has been seen, war had been resolved on by the Congress of

the United States as early as the autumn of 1811, there was still some formal business to be done before it could be actually declared. The cry for war on the part of the people seemed to be loud, yet there were many who were strongly opposed to such a contingency, while others, when they found their country on the eve of a contest, felt great hesitancy as to the proper course to pursue. Among these doubters was no less a personage than President Madison himself, who, notwithstanding his belligerent message to Congress, had never been in favour of resorting to hostilities if they could be by any possibility be avoided. But he was in the hands of men more powerful than himself. On the 2nd March, 1812, he was waited upon by a number of the leading men of the Democratic party, and plainly told that the only terms upon which he could obtain re-nomination to the Presidency was by consenting to a declaration of war against Great Britain. In their opinion such a measure was necessary to the success of the party, although at this day it does not seem quite clear how the Democrats could be defeated because they acquiesced in the pacific policy which the Federalists advocated. Madison, coerced by the threats of his political friends, yielded against the dictates of his better judgment, and thereby brought on his country three years of war which gave not one compensating advantage. On the 1st April he sent a confidential message to Congress, recommending the laying of an embargo on all shipping for sixty days, as a preliminary to a declaration of war against Great Britain. A bill to this effect was, by the aid of the previous question, carried in the House of Representatives the same evening by a vote of seventy to forty-one. Next day it was sent to the Senate, which took it up under a suspension of the rules and passed it with an amendment extending the time of the embargo to ninety days. This amendment was concurred in by the House, and the bill became law on the 4th of April. This Embargo Act was followed by

another measure forbidding all importations by land whether of goods or specie. These enactments were followed by vigorous preparations for war both by land and sea, by strengthening the army and navy and making large depots and magazines for the use of the troops. On the 1st June, Mr. Madison, yielding once more to the pressure put upon him by a Committee of Democrats headed by Henry Clay, sent another confidential message to Congress recapitulating a number of reasons why, in his opinion, war should be declared, and leaving the decision of the question in the hands of Congress. Acting on this the House of Representatives on the 4th of June, by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-nine, passed a bill declaring war against Great Britain. This bill was discussed by the Senate for twelve days, and was finally passed in that body on the 17th June by a vote of nineteen to thirteen. It was then sent back to the House on the 18th for concurrence in certain amendments; the same day it received the signature of the President, and on the following day he issued a proclamation declaring war between the two countries.

While the debate on the war measure was going on in the Senate, although the deliberations of that body were supposed to be secret, enough leaked out to make the public aware of what the result was likely to be. In the South and West the war was popular, but in the New England States the reverse was the case. There the news that war had been declared was received with marked tokens of disfavour. The Governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut refused to comply with the requisitions for militia made upon them by the President, taking the ground that such a demand could only be made in case of an actual invasion. The Legislature of New Jersey denounced the war as "inexpedient, ill-timed and dangerously impolitic." The Maryland House of Delegates passed resolutions commending the action of the New England Governors. But such demonstra-

tions only served to exasperate the promoters of the war, the would-be conquerors of Canada. The *Federal Republic*, a newspaper published in Baltimore, which ventured to oppose the war, had its office sacked by the mob and its proprietors put in peril of their lives. An attempt to re-establish the paper a few weeks later resulted in a fearful riot, in which General Lingan, an aged hero of the Revolution, was killed, and General Henry Lee, a very distinguished Revolutionary soldier, was maimed for life and so severely injured that he never recovered. This act of the Baltimore rabble became highly important in a national sense, for it deprived the United States of the services of probably the only officer of the Revolution who was in 1812 capable of successfully leading an army. It also emphasized in a marked degree the partisan and sectional character of the war.

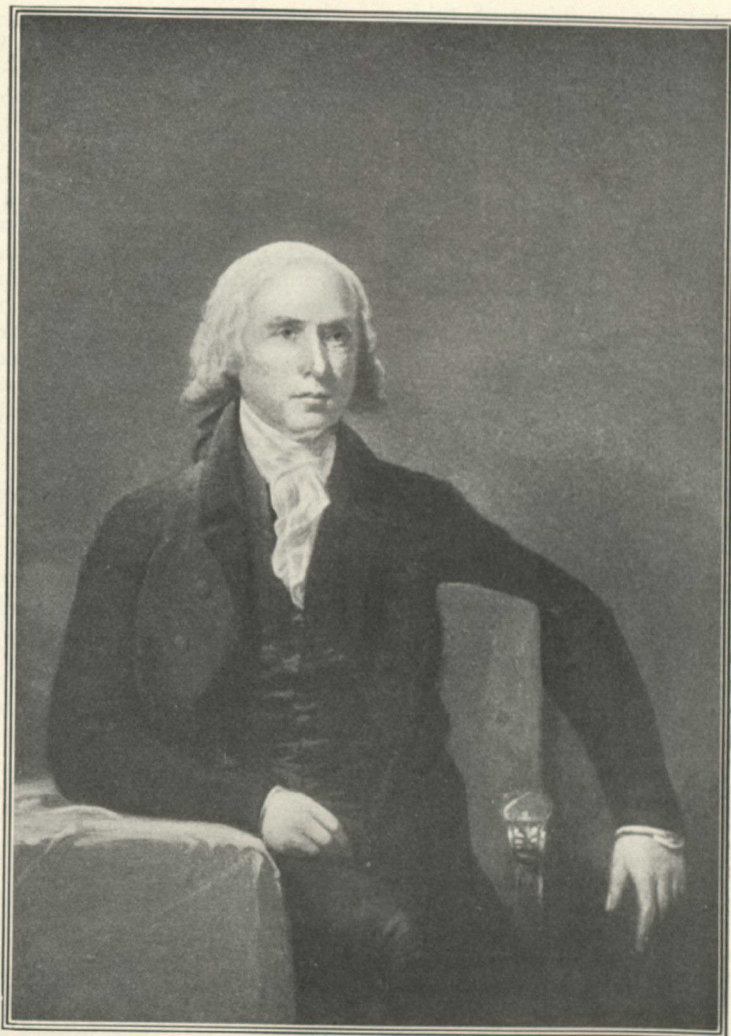
The two Canadian Provinces, which were the prizes the Americans proposed to secure as the reward of their valour, had a frontier nearly two thousand miles in extent, reaching from Lake Superior to the New Brunswick boundary, which was liable to be attacked at any point by an invading army from the United States. Their population was in 1812 less than 400,000 souls, and of this number Western Canada contained about 80,000. The 300,000 inhabitants of Eastern Canada were mostly of French origin, descended from the peasantry left in the country when it was surrendered to Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. The French were sometimes restive under British rule, and it was believed by the United States politicians that they would welcome an invading army of Americans and become Republicans. The small British minority in Eastern Canada consisted largely of exiled Loyalists and their children, from whom even the most sanguine American, if in the possession of his proper senses, could hardly expect a very cordial reception. The population of Upper Canada was made up of the descendants of exiled Loyalists

and disbanded soldiers, together with immigrants from the British Islands and the United States. The British immigrants were naturally attached to their own flag and their own form of Government, but not more so than the Loyalists, who had suffered from United States injustice. In both these classes the invaders of Canada could only expect to find resolute enemies; yet such was the delusion of United States politicians that they actually expected both British immigrants and Loyalists to rise and renounce their allegiance the moment a United States force appeared on the frontier. It was a vain hope, and the lesson taught the presumptuous invaders was one that has not been forgotten even at the present day. The United States immigrants who came to Upper Canada after the Loyalist immigration were not numerous enough to affect the efficient defence of the Province, even had they been disposed to do so, which is doubtful.

Yet, after making all allowance for the loyalty and fortitude of the people of Canada, it is impossible not to feel surprised at the combination of skill, courage and good fortune which enabled the country to make a successful defence against its invaders. Against the few hundred thousand inhabitants of Canada were arrayed the eight millions of the United States, forming a population that had read a great deal of the glories of war and desired to experience some of them in their own persons. The British Islands then had a population of eighteen millions, but they were three thousand miles away, and, with one brief interval of peace, had for nineteen years been at war with France, spending hundreds of millions of pounds in maintaining the conflict, and in subsidizing other nations in order to enable their armies to keep the field. In 1812 the British had a land force of 300,000 men, but the area of conflict was so wide that it was impossible to spare many troops for the defence of Canada, even had a war been anticipated. But all through the summer of that year, the Orders in Council having been revoked, the Brit-

ish Government rested secure in the belief that there would be no war, and it is marvellous that during this critical period Canada was not overrun and wholly lost to the British Crown. The total number of British regulars in Canada when war was declared was but 4,450, and of these there were only 1,450 in the Upper Province with a frontier of thirteen hundred miles to defend against an active and enterprising enemy. These consisted of nine hundred men of the 41st Regt.; two hundred and fifty of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion; two hundred and fifty of the Royal Newfoundland Regt. and fifty men of the Royal Artillery. In Lower Canada were the first battalion of the 8th, the 49th and 100th Regiments, a small detachment of Artillery and the Canadian and Gleggarry Fencibles, the latter two being Provincial corps. The only reinforcements which arrived during the summer of 1812 were the 1st Regt. or Royal Scots from the West Indies, and the 103rd Regt., and a few recruits for the other regiments from England, but these reinforcements did not reach Canada in time to take part in any of the important operations of that year. The defence of the country against a powerful invading enemy had therefore to be entrusted to the few regulars that were in Canada prior to the declaration of war and to the Canadian militia.

The preparations for the invasion of Canada were made on a very ample scale. Congress had provided for the maintenance of a regular army of 36,700 men, in addition to 50,000 volunteers, and to these were to be added 100,000 militia to be furnished by the several States. A loan of \$11,000,000 was authorized, and this it was expected would pay the war expenses for the first year, but, as nearly \$5,000,000 of this loan was not subscribed for and the war expenditure was more than double what had been anticipated, the difference had to be made up by an issue of Treasury notes, an expedient which brought financial disaster on the country at a later day. Canada was to be invaded at three points, one army



JAMES MADISON

The President of the United States, who, "coerced by the threats of his political friends, yielded against the dictates of his better judgment, and thereby brought on three years of war which gave not one compensating advantage."

being directed by way of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, against Montreal; a second against the Niagara frontier, and a third against the extreme end of the Western Peninsula at Detroit. Major-General Dearborn, who had the general direction of military operations on the northern frontier, commanded the Plattsburg army in person, and is said to have received the most positive instructions to winter at Montreal.

The Niagara army, which was 6,300 strong, was under the command of Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer of New York. The Detroit army was commanded by Brigadier-General Hull, a veteran of the Revolutionary war. This last army, which was the first to take the field, was not included in the command of General Dearborn but was under the immediate direction of Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War, the per-

son who was so confident of taking Canada without soldiers.

It was quite in keeping with the spirit which had marked the conduct of the whole quarrel with Great Britain that Congress before adjourning should have requested the President to recommend a day of humiliation and prayer to be observed by the people of the United States, for the purpose of publicly invoking the blessing of God on their cause. President Madison appointed the 20th August for this purpose. On that day all good citizens of the United States were expected to approach the awful presence of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe with a petition on their lips, that He would strengthen their armies to enable them to invade and slay the peaceful people of Canada; that He would graciously assist them to desolate Canadian homes, to make widows of the wives, and orphans of the children of Canada, and to bring all the manifold horrors of war on a people who had never injured them by word or deed. If the Almighty had not been merciful as well as just, these impious petitions would have withered the lips of those who uttered them, but before they were made they had been denied, and one American army with its General was a prisoner on the soil of Canada. Had this fact been known to the New England ministers who took advantage of the day to denounce the war and its authors from their pulpits, it would have given point to their utterances and strength to their eloquence. The words of William Ellery Channing on that occasion, spoken from his own pulpit in Boston when he declared the war to be "an unjustifiable and ruinous war—a war that is leading us down to poverty, vice and slavery," were so suitable to the day and so true as to be almost prophetic. A war undertaken under false pretences, for the benefit not of the nation but of party, and aimed against the peace, liberty and happiness of a friendly people could not end otherwise than in disaster.

The Governor-General of Canada

when the war broke out was Sir George Prevost, an officer of Swiss origin, who had risen to high rank in the British service, and who, in consequence of his conciliatory disposition and kindly manners, had proved an acceptable civil governor. But as a military leader, as the sequel showed, he was not a success. Canada needed at that time a bold and active Commander-in-Chief, but Sir George Prevost was neither active nor bold. The one sure claim that Sir George Prevost has upon the respect of the Canadians of the present day rests on the fact that he succeeded in winning the confidence of the French of Lower Canada.

The Legislature of that Province, when it met in February, 1812, was not backward in adopting his advice to take defensive measures in view of an anticipated invasion. A Militia Bill was passed which authorized the Governor to embody two thousand unmarried men for three months in the year; and in case of invasion or imminent danger thereof, to retain them for one year, relieving one-half of the number embodied by fresh drafts at the expiration of that period. In the event of war the Governor was authorized to embody the whole militia of the Province should it become necessary. The grants for the support of the militia were on a most liberal scale, when it is considered that the total revenue of the Province for the previous year had been only seventy-five thousand pounds. The sum of sixty-two thousand pounds was granted for the purpose of militia and defence, of which thirty thousand pounds were to be employed only in case of war. The Governor-General was thus placed in a position to command all the resources of Lower Canada in case of an invasion. On the 28th May, when it was clear that war was imminent, he organized four battalions of militia under the authority of the new act. A regiment of Canada Voltigeurs (light infantry) was raised and placed under the command of Major De Salaberry of the 60th Regt.

Arrangements were made, with the concurrence of the Legislature, for the issue of army bills to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, redeemable with interest at the expiration of five years. The sedentary militia were drilled, and in the cities everything assumed a warlike aspect.

The President of Upper Canada was Major-General Isaac Brock, a man in almost every way a contrast to Sir George Prevost. He was active, vigilant and brave, and had long foreseen the approaching conflict. His first care in the spring of 1812 was to strengthen the posts under his command. He reinforced Amherstburg on the Detroit frontier with a detachment of one hundred men of the 41st Regiment. He quietly made arrangements for calling out the militia of the Province, and took such steps as his means permitted for their equipment.

While, as has been already seen, the war was promoted by the Democrats of the United States for the purpose of advancing their party interests at the coming Presidential election, Dr. Eustis, the War Secretary, had some personal views of his own which prompted him to become its advocate. This gentleman had served as a regimental surgeon in the Continental Army of the Revolution, and afterwards settled in Boston where he became a violent politician. After serving in Congress for some time he was appointed Secretary of War by President Madison when his first term commenced in 1809. From the moment of his appointment he employed his best energies to bringing on a war with Great Britain, seeing in such a measure and the conquest of Canada, to which he believed it would lead, an easy method of seating himself, a successful War Secretary, in the Presidential chair. The glory of having added an enormous area to the territory of the United States would, in his view, be sufficient to give him an assurance of capturing so great a prize

as the chief magistracy of the Republic. But to prevent there being any possibility of doubt as to the person entitled to the glory of conquering Canada, he determined on directing an invasion against what he believed to be its weakest point, the Detroit frontier. It was for this reason that he assumed the entire control of the army under General Hull, and it illustrates in a marked degree the irony of fate, that



SIR GEORGE PREVOST

Governor-General of Canada when the United States declared war against Great Britain in June 1812.

the very precautions which he took to isolate this army from the command of General Dearborn, led to its capture and his own political ruin. Had the operations in the Western Peninsula been included in the armistice* signed by Dearborn on the 9th August, the British flag would not have been flying over Detroit seven days later.

There was, however, a great deal of

*The circumstances in connection with this armistice will be explained in a future chapter.



MAJOR-GENERAL ISAAC BROCK

President of Upper Canada when the War of 1812 commenced. To his activity, vigilance and bravery is due the successful defence made during the early months of the war.

the wisdom of the serpent in the manner in which the American War Secretary proceeded to open the campaign against Canada. In the early part of the year Governor Hull, of Michigan, was called to Washington for the purpose of consulting with Eustis as to the proposed invasion of Canada by way of Detroit. Hull was rather averse to be the leader of such a campaign, unless the control of Lake Erie could first be secured, but he was over-

borne by the eloquence and the promises of the War Secretary, and he yielded to his wishes and accepted a commission as Brigadier-General and the command of the proposed army of invasion, which was to be composed of the militia and volunteers of Ohio and Michigan, together with a regiment of the regular army. In pursuance of this arrangement a requisition was made upon Governor Meigs, of Ohio, for twelve hundred militia to be drilled

and ready to march to Detroit. Ohio at that time had a population of 350,000 persons, or four times as many as the whole of Upper Canada, and their warlike zeal was so great that far more than the required number responded to the call of Governor Meigs. They assembled at Dayton about the end of April and spent nearly a month in preparations for the campaign. These included their organization into three regiments and the election of officers. They were presently joined by three companies of Ohio Volunteers, and on the twenty-fifth of May, Governor Hull made his appearance and took command of the army. This date is important and notable for it shows that a United States Brigadier-General was in command of an army intended for the invasion of Canada seven days before the President's message suggesting a declaration of war was sent to Congress, and nearly four weeks before war was actually declared. Nor must it be forgotten that this expedition had been secretly prepared, and that no one in Canada could learn, by any of the ordinary channels of information, of the attack which menaced his country.

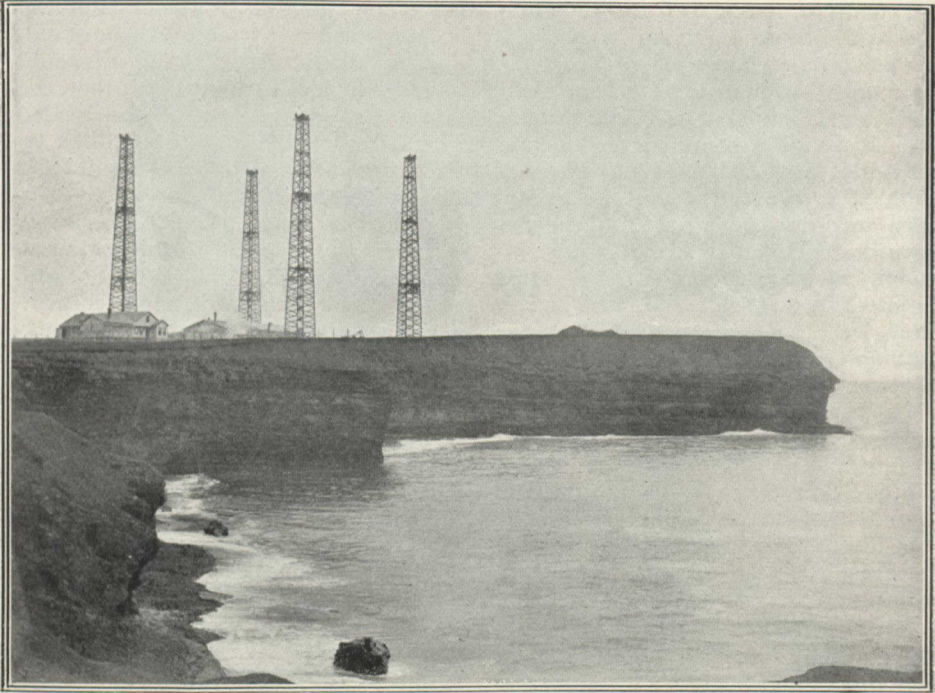
The formal transfer of the command of the Ohio Militia and Volunteers from

Governor Meigs to Governor Hull was accompanied by a grand display of eloquence. If the result of the war could have been decided by words, then the fate of Canada would have been sealed that day, for there were orations by Governor Meigs, General Hull and Colonel Lewis Cass, then a young lawyer utterly without military experience, who had been elected to the command of the Third Ohio Regiment. There was a vast amount of patriotic enthusiasm on the occasion, as all the speakers announced their intention to conquer Canada or die in the attempt. But there was far more when, a few days later, the men of Ohio were joined by the 4th Regiment of regulars under Lieut.-Col. James Miller. They were escorted into camp by the three Ohio regiments and passed under a triumphal arch of evergreens decked with flowers, and inscribed with the words: "TIPPECANOE—GLORY."* General Hull immediately issued a complimentary order, in which he expressed his belief "that there will be no other contention in this army but who will most excel in discipline and bravery." The reader will be able to judge by the sequel how far this belief was well founded.

* The Battle of Tippecanoe was fought on November 7th, 1811, between a United States army under Harrison and some discontented and excited Indians. See Kingsford, Vol. VIII., pp. 78-79.

TO BE CONTINUED





THE MARCONI WIRELESS STATION AT TABLE HEAD, GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT GLACE BAY

INCLUDING AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MARCONI'S CHIEF OF STAFF

By Thomas J. Curren

THE Marconi Wireless Telegraph Station at Glace Bay is about completed, and the promise of the inventor regarding trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy is shortly to be put to a test. There seems to be in the public mind a growing scepticism as to the feasibility of Mr. Marconi's project, owing, perhaps, to the prolonged delay in commencing operations; but it should be borne in mind that so much has already been accomplished in long-distance wireless telegraphy, that Marconi's promise to transmit a wireless message across the Atlantic cannot be regarded as chimerical. Marconi is

engaging in an uphill fight. He has to deal with the strong opposition of the trans-Atlantic cable companies, to whom the success of the project means opposition. He has also to combat the more annoying antagonism of the dozen or more wireless telegraph companies that have sprung into existence since he first made his invention generally known. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the inventor is extremely anxious that there shall be no hitch in his system when he offers it to the public. Whatever delay has occurred is due solely to Marconi's desire for perfection and to the experi-

ments he has been conducting with this object in view.

The writer recently made a visit to the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Stations at Glace Bay, where he had an interesting interview with Mr. Vyvyan, Marconi's chief of staff, who stated that while he would like to give all the information in his possession, there were still a few important facts that he

ceived only by the station for which it is intended, thus preserving the integrity of individual messages. The coherer, also, used by Mr. Marconi in his former experiments, has been supplanted by a receiver of much greater capacity and reliability. The old type of coherer was not always reliable, and the new method has the distinct advantage of a capacity of several hundred words



PHOTO BY WHEELER

MR. MARCONI

R. M. VYVYAN

RESIDENT ENGINEER

MR. KEMP

MANAGER

MAJOR FLOOD PAGE

DIRECTOR

would have to withhold, as a publication of them at the present time would be detrimental to the interests of his chief. On account of this apparently necessary secrecy, photographs of the interior of the receiving-house will not accompany this article. It can, however, be stated that the instruments installed there embody new ideas, one of which is the possibility of transmitting a wireless message which can be re-

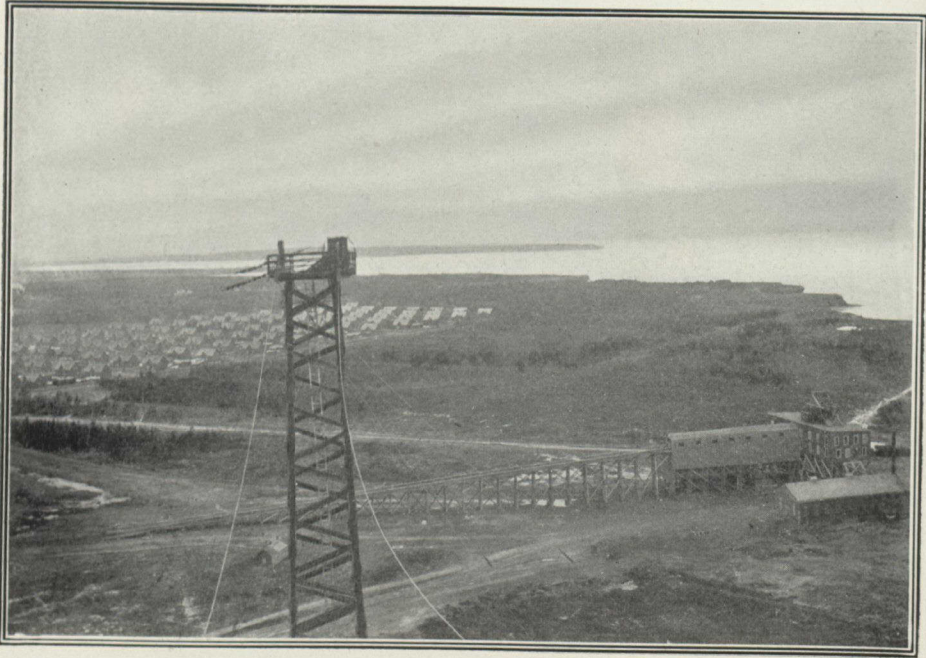
a minute should it be required.

The Glace Bay station consists of four large towers, which support from their tops heavy cables suspended to form a square. From all sides of this square the aerial wires descend and converge to the aerial cable, which is carried down into the building containing the powerful electrical plant specially constructed for the station. The towers take the place of the single mast that

is used where transmission is to be conducted over moderate distances. For the regular transmission of messages over distances measured by the thousand miles a vastly greater capacity is necessary, both in the generation and the reception of the electric waves, than suffices for the familiar experiments of transmission over distances varying from 50 to 100 miles.

The necessary height for the vertical wires has been attained by the four

wires and guy ropes. Four three-inch cables are strung from platform to platform at the top of the towers, and from these cables depend 150 aerial wires. These are drawn together and united in the centre of the square into the cable, which descends vertically to enter the transmitting and receiving house. The average length of the aerial wires before they meet in the common central cable is about 140 feet. The Glace Bay towers are on a prom-



A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TOWERS, SHOWING ANOTHER TOWER. A MINING SETTLEMENT AND THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

PHOTO BY KELLY & DODGE

braced wooden towers, each 210 feet high, at the four corners of a square, which measures about 200 feet on a side. The foundation of each tower consists of a mass of concrete formed in a hollow square, the external dimensions being 36x36 feet, and the internal 24x24 feet. The experience of previous attempts to carry a set of lofty aerial wires, and especially the collapse of the Cape Cod towers in a heavy gale, has led to many improvements in the method of stringing the sustaining

ontory seventy feet above mean high water, while the English station is at Poldhu, on the Cornwall coast.

Mr. Vyvyan, upon being asked what proof there existed beyond Marconi's assertion that a wireless message had been received at Newfoundland from the Cornwall station in England, stated that the inventor had an assistant with him at the time this experiment was made, and that this assistant as well as Marconi himself distinctly heard the letter S repeated several times. "But,"

said Mr. Vyvyan, "why do you ask for proof of this Newfoundland message, when there exists undeniable evidence of a more severe test in the recent exchange of messages between the s.s. *Philadelphia* at sea and the wireless station at Cornwall, at a distance of 1,551 miles? At this distance messages regarding the condition of the weather at the respective points were distinctly exchanged, and," he

and fully equipped, it will be as easy for me to send a wireless message to San Francisco as it would be to send a message to that promontory over there," indicating a point about a quarter of a mile distant, "and so confident is Marconi of the complete success of his wireless telegraph system, that he contemplates the erection at once of another station at Cape Town, South Africa. Messages can then be ex-

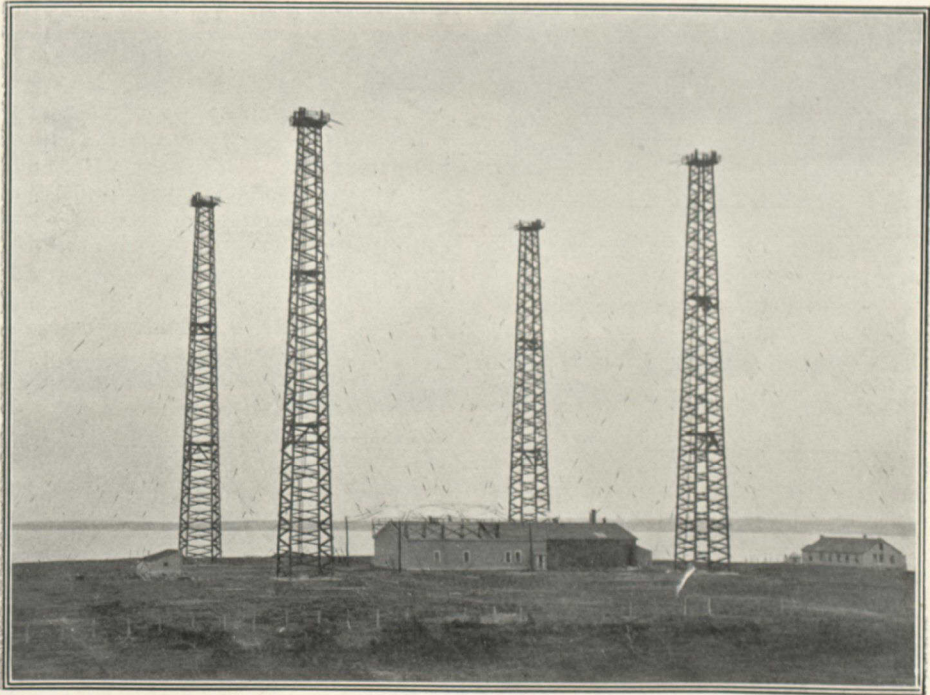


PHOTO BY WHEELER, SYDNEY

OPERATING ROOM POWER HOUSE

RESIDENCE

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT TABLE HEAD, GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON

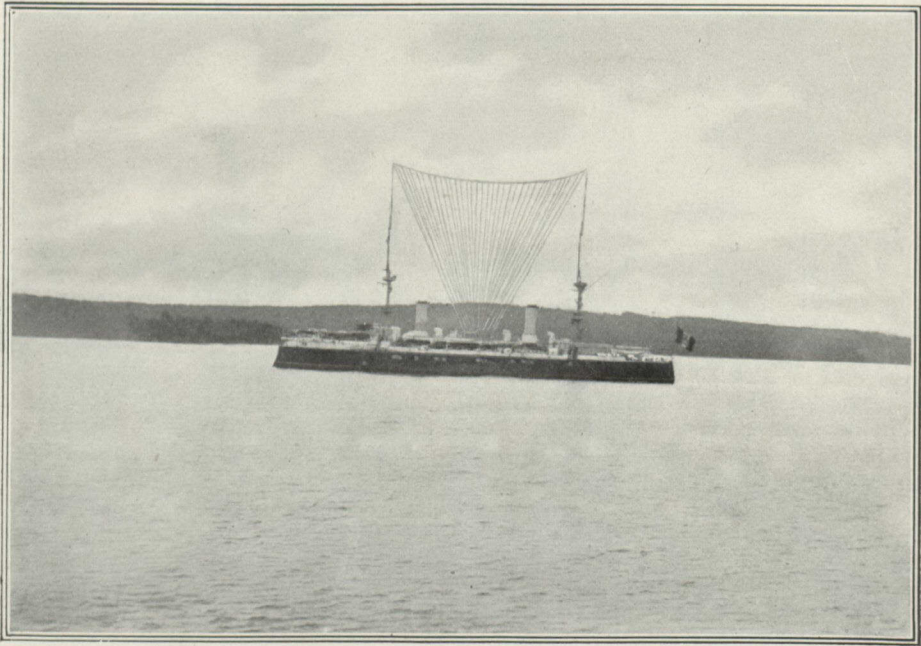
continued, "a greater feat than this has since been accomplished in the exchange of complete messages (at the time of the King of Italy's visit to Russia) between the Italian warship *Carlo Alberta* at Kronstadt and the English station, a distance of 1,400 miles, 800 of which was overland. This, on account of the land resistance, is computed by Mr. Marconi to be equivalent to 4,000 miles over sea. In fact," he added, "when this station is completed

changed between that point and Canada direct as easily as between Canada and England."

The delay in commencing operations, Mr. Vyvyan stated, was due to Marconi's anxiety to thoroughly test his system before offering it for public use and also to the experiments he has been conducting in his efforts to transmit wireless messages so that they cannot be intercepted. It will be remembered that a claim made against

the Marconi invention at the time of the initial experiments, was the fact that wireless messages could be intercepted, and it is evident that this claim was well founded, for it has never been contradicted. The experiments which the inventor has been making to overcome this obstacle have resulted successfully, as will shortly be demonstrated when a public test is made. Mr. Vyvyan would neither affirm nor deny the rumour that wireless messages had

fair to Mr. Marconi. The delays were unavoidable, and never once since the commencement of the construction of the station has the work been allowed to flag. "You will, perhaps, better understand the absurdity of this report," said Mr. Vyvyan, "when I tell you that Mr. Marconi himself is a heavy stockholder in this company, and so confident am I also of the ultimate success of the enterprise, that I have invested all the means I possess



THE "CARLO ALBERTO," THE ITALIAN WARSHIP LENT BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL TO MARCONI. THIS PHOTO OF HER WAS TAKEN IN SYDNEY HARBOUR

PHOTO BY WHEELER, SYDNEY

already been exchanged between the Glace Bay station and England, but taking into consideration the vast amount of experimental work that has recently been done, it is almost safe to assume that the rumour is correct. He gave an emphatic denial to the newspaper reports alleging that the delay in completion of the Canadian station was intentional, in order to give the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. time to unload their stock on the public. The report was absurd and most un-

in the same company. There is another newspaper story which I would like to contradict," he continued, "and that is the recent Associated Press Despatch, stating that Marconi admitted that he was not the inventor of the system that bore his name, but that the credit belonged to the Marquis Luigi Solari. There is no truth in this despatch. It should be understood that Marconi does not claim to have invented wireless telegraphy, for the transmission of sound without wires for short distances

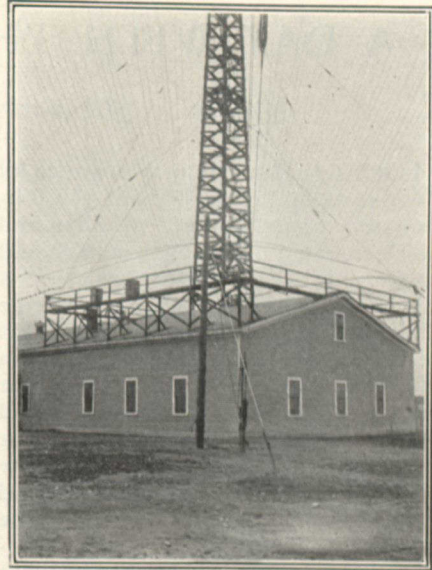
has been a fact well known to the scientific world for some years. But he does claim the credit of putting this knowledge to practical use. The Marquis Solari was associated with Marconi in his early experiments, but beyond this he had nothing whatever to do with the invention of the Marconi wireless telegraph system."

"Now Mr. Vyvyan," I said, "I have still a most important question to ask you, and because of its importance I have left it until the last. When will the first public wireless message be sent across the Atlantic?"

"I had begun to hope that you were not going to ask me that question," he replied, "because I cannot give you a definite answer. You will remember my telling you at the beginning of this interview that the delay which has already occurred is due to the fact that the system is being thoroughly tested, and I will now add that we will not commence public operations until we are assured that everything is in good working order, and that the chance of a breakdown is reduced to a minimum. I think, however, I am safe in saying that we will be in the market for public business in the first month of 1903. Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "you may say that much with certainty."

This article would not be complete without reference to Mr. Wm. Smith, of Ottawa, who was mainly instrumental in inducing Mr. Marconi to come to Canada. Mr. Smith happened to be in Newfoundland at the time of Mr. Marconi's visit there, and when the cable company threatened the inventor with a legal injunction, he lost no time in presenting the advantages of Canada as experimental ground.

The result is the establishment of the wireless station at Glace Bay, the most important (excepting Cornwall) in the Marconi system. If long distance wireless telegraphy prove commercially successful, it would be difficult to over-



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WIRELESS STATION SHOWING INNUMERABLE WIRES CONNECTING THE AERIAL CABLES WITH THE RECEIVING ROOM

estimate the advantages which will accrue to Canada from the prompt action taken by Mr. Smith in the matter. One already guaranteed advantage is cheaper telegraph rates across the ocean. The Glace Bay station is subsidized by the Canadian Government to the extent of \$80,000, and for this concession Marconi has contracted to transmit ordinary wireless messages from and to Canada at the rate of 10 cents a word, and Government and press messages at 5 cents a word.

In concluding this article it may be stated that tangible evidence of the practicability of wireless telegraphy already exists in Canada. The Canadian Government is using the Marconi wireless system between Chateau Bay and Belle Isle with such satisfactory results that Mr. D. H. Keely, the Superintendent of Government Telegraphs, states that he prefers it to the cable which is also in operation there.

A DAY WITH THE WORKINGMAN

By Charles Lewis Shaw

MODERN thought may advance all sorts of theories about the Biblical story of the Garden of Eden and the Decree that thenceforth man should labour, but there never has been a philosopher who has doubted the Divine effect. Most of us have found out that we have to work for good or evil in this work-yard—the world; but that there should be any reason beyond human selfishness why any particular body of men should claim that they alone are the world's workers, is hard to understand. Any one who has borne the heat and burden of a newspaperman's life has a fairly clear idea of what labour, physical and mental, means. Some of us have worked in the trench-digging of the battle of life and have learned that, important as the digging of trenches is, the skilled eye, hand and brain of the man who handles the maxim counts more than the best

manipulated spade in the long line of trench-diggers. But it is hard to convince the trench-digger who is one of the same army, encounters the same heat and faces the same dangers, that the man whose trained eye can plant a shell to the best advantage two miles away through years of study and the wisdom of God in His distribution of mental and physical gifts, is a more valuable man to the common welfare of that army than the trench-digger, no matter how skilled and well-conducted in trench-digging he may be. In the industrial warfare of life in this democratic age every man is rapidly getting equal opportunity to serve in the trenches or with the artillery, and the higher reward will be to him who is the more valuable to the common weal. If this be not true, then the world will have to begin over again and the Anarchist is right. We unconsciously confess or assert in every hour of contact with our fellow-men that men are not equal.

"Spend a day with the workingman and write it up—it might make good reading after this coal strike," I was told. I have spent many days with the workingman in the fortuitous life of a working newspaper-man throughout three continents, and the *MAGAZINE* chief knew it. "You might have a different point of view," he suggested, as I was closing the door of his sanctum. I had.

The workingman, using the word in its common sense as designating one who contributes to the wealth of the world by manual labour, is, after all, very much like other men—good, bad and indifferent—less venerated and polished probably, but still very much the same order of being as the man who controls his labour. Sometimes he is better morally, mentally and physically, but I shall not attempt to bring about the millennium by means of a



ONE OF THE TRENCH-DIGGERS

twenty-five hundred word article. It may be through some defect in my make-up, the early training of a Tory household or the fact that the workingman "who sets up my stuff" frequently gets higher pay than I do for writing it, but I never could recognize, what a Mayor of Toronto aroused the wrath of many by calling, "the aristocracy of labour." The fact that a number of men, through a certain amount of acquired mechanical skill, in which the difference between the best and the worst craftsmen is not of material moment—for their union demands the same pay for each man—can band themselves together successfully for selfish advantage does not necessarily make them the aristocrats of labour. In the highest degrees of art, literature, science and mechanics, "unionism" has been impossible. Through this union of workingmen of different trades in a federation of labour an army is created which, if effectively controlled, could keep back civilization and for a time bring about the triumph of democracy or mediocrity, or whatever you choose to call a crude attempt at leveling up.

Unionism has had its own place in the progress of the economic world, and to it the workingman of to-day owes much, but Capital has not a monopoly of tyranny. A great labour union, with its improved organization, can be also a hydra-headed octopus capable of causing more misery than a Standard Oil Company with enormous capital at its command and the management of a Rockefeller. With a superficial knowledge, that every man cannot help having in this age of printers' ink, of the principles of Socialism, I have often wondered why trades unionists have not adopted the theories of Henry George and the great teachers of socialistic doctrines. The union man seems to be quite willing to adopt those teachings in so far as they are of advantage to himself, but the moment the doctrine of the brotherhood of man has to be extended beyond what he believes to be his own interests he calls a halt, thereby virtually admitting that



THE ORGANIZER—THOUGH NOT CULTURED
NOR EDUCATED, HE EXERCISES
GREAT INFLUENCE

his union principles are adopted for his own personal advantage. Self-preservation may be a first law of nature, but there seems to be only a difference in degree between it and the self-aggrandizement of the capitalist. The horny-handed son of union toil should not pretend to be too good. To give an instance peculiarly within the knowledge of a newspaper-man, the wage of an ordinary reporter on a newspaper in Canada is remarkably small. The wages of the man who manipulates the type-setting machine which sets up his news items are frequently double the amount received by the reporters. No one will deny that the duties of the average newspaper reporter are arduous, entailing a certain amount of literary ability acquired by years of study and expense. The average operator of a type-setting machine has acquired the skill which permits him to set up the reporter's copy in a few months. Beyond a technical knowledge of the art

of printing, which merely facilitates his work but is not essential to it, the skill and knowledge of the operator of a type-setting machine differs little from that of the fluffy-haired, shirt-waisted type-writer girl in the business office to whom you dictate your letters in the intervals between the arranging of her ringlets and the reading a chapter of *Laura Jean Libbey*, and the type-writer girl who probably has a knowledge of stenography as well as type-writing will get less than one-half the remuneration that the union man of the type-setting machine obtains.

In the Capital City of the Dominion a reporter on a daily paper, who was an adept in the use of a type-writer, in the absence of the regular operators, was in the habit a short time ago of setting up his own stuff on the machines in the composing room. He did this partly because it was as convenient for him to set it up in type as to write it and partly out of a desire to know and do things. The typographical union heard of this and shrewdly saw the danger threatened and by resolution determined that no machine should be used by a reporter in what has come to be called a "union office," that is, an office in which only members of the typographical union are employed. They saw the danger. In the better class of newspaper offices in the United States at the present time reporters' copy has to be type-written before it goes to the printer and every reporter must consequently use a type-writer. It does not require even the shrewd foresight of a typographical union to understand the possibility of reporters, instead of writing out their reports by means of a type-writer, going upon their return from an assignment and setting up their "stuff" in type ready for the stereotypers and the printing press. This, after all, would mean merely a slight addition to the knowledge of the already type-writing reporter and a matter of regulation as to time in the composing room. As for the resolution of the typographical union of Ottawa, were there not riot and destruction at the time of the introduc-

tion of improved machinery by the weavers and by the agricultural labourers of Great Britain? Yet the handloom, the reaping-hook and the flail are almost objects of curiosity in England to-day.

I mentioned this to a leading union man the other day—a man who understood the printing business thoroughly and he laughed that laugh that only a union man can when he imagines, in the shortness of his vision, that "the world is his oyster." "Bah!" he said, "Imagine a crowd of reporters tumbling over each other to get their turn at one of the most delicately constructed machines ever invented. Why, every reporter would have to be allowed a machine costing several thousands of dollars. Impossible," and he again laughed the laugh that the sea-captains of old gave forth at the floating tea-kettles, the modern steam-ship. Intelligent as is the modern workingman and radical as the changes and improvements in the mechanical trades are, the majority of union men seem to believe that unionism through which they have obtained so much will hold back the invention and resourcefulness of ever advancing civilization. The tyranny of the master has passed, as it had to pass in this God-ruled world, and it cannot be that the tyranny of the servant shall succeed it forever. And to-day the employers have united even as their employees have done in the past.

If selfishness is the bond of union which separates in antagonism these two forces, seemingly necessary under present conditions for the progress of the world, both moving on the same track from opposite directions there must be a collision which will result in the smash-up of both and the clearance of the road of life for the united progress of humanity. The world cannot have been made for only one class. The solution will be worked out in God's will when the world is ready for it. Accordingly I am not losing any great amount of sleep over the matter.

There is a natural inquisitiveness in every man to know what the other fellow thinks of things, and I spent a

day with the workingman. I have worked sufficiently at manual labour in my life to know that if a re-incarnated Dickens or another Zola wishes for pen-pictures of wholesale misery and suffering among the poor, his pen would have little material among the workmen of Canada for the pathetic and heartrending writing that has wrung tears of pity from a generation. The great Canadian writer of sentiment and realism will find possibly a rich field among the learned professions, and it may be that, in the divine order of things, it is time that the non-producer of wealth should be taught things that the capitalist is at present fighting with all the tenacity that the desire of possession begets in human nature.

To rise up at an hour the God of nature says the day has begun, when you are accustomed to it, doesn't strike one as being any particular hardship. To engage in manly toil of brain and body for eight or ten hours under existing circumstances may strike a sentimental chord in some people's breast when spoken of as "toiling from early morn till late at e'en," with references to the "beads of honest sweat bedewing equally honest brows"; but my sympathy has generally been with the man "who begs some lordly fellow-worm to give him leave to toil," whether the lordly fellow-worm happens to be a bloated capitalist or a lot of fellow-worms in the form of a union. To me the saddest thing in human life is the man in all the strength of his manhood unable, through no fault of his own, to work for the support of the life that God has given him and the lives of those for whom he is responsible. There is work for every man, or else every creed the world has ever known is a lie; and organized capital and organized labour can never eradicate that belief from mankind by any theory that the brain can selfishly evolve.

"What about the man who doesn't belong to your union and wants a job?" I asked a man who was piling brick into a hod prior to carrying it to the bricklayer on the second storey of

the building in course of erection.

"He will want," he laconically answered, "if our union knows anything." And he looked insulted when I was conceited enough to say that I could learn his work and harden my muscles sufficiently in a week to handle his job.

"Supposing I want to run my own show and not belong to any union, would you fellows all strike if the boss gave me a job?"

"That's just what we'd do," he remarked.

"Supposing I was hungry and had a large and interesting hungry family, would you strike then?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know about that," the eternal human coming out in the man, "but the union would have to say."

"Then, as might be the case, if a job on this work was the only one available, I would have to beg, starve or steal, or belong to your union. What about the rights of man you fellows are always talking about? I shall have to submit to the control of my individual liberty by a union that may be through the chances in the election of the governing body strongly opposed to everything that I hold to be right!"

"Oh! well, the union works for the advantage of the majority in keeping up wages and regulating things generally in their interests. The greatest good for the greatest number you know."

"Then in a question as to my livelihood and my sense of right and wrong, and several other trifling matters, I have to submit my life's actions to such an unstable thing as a majority!"

"Well, that's the way in a free country everything seems to be run—by the majority."

"Individualism, then, doesn't seem to have much of a show with you fellows. Why don't go in for socialism at once then, and be consistent?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "socialism is all right enough, but those fellows over there just clearing up and choring around the building, would get about as much as I would, and they are not union men, and their



THE INTELLIGENT YOUNG MECHANIC WHO THINKS MORE OF EDUCATION THAN UNIONISM—FROM THIS CLASS ARE RECRUITED THE FOREMEN AND BOSSES

work is not skilled work any way."

I called his attention to a young, athletic co-labourer who had been taking up three loads to his two, and who looked as if he were in the habit of doing so right along, and asked him if he were not a member of the same union, and in receipt of the same pay, and he changed the conversation by remarking "that if it were not for the union they would only get enough to keep body and soul together," and it may be he was right.

I followed him up the ladders and inclined walks through the building on his next trip aloft, and watched the bricklayers work. It was interesting to see the workman-like quickness with which the building rose inch by inch, and I admired theadroitness and activity of the skilled workmen until noon. When the dinner-pails were emptied, and a dozen of us were lolling at ease in the shadow of a shed where the pipes of peaceful tobacco

were permitted to be smoked, I asked about that bricklaying machine, with the aid of which one man could do as much work as ten could now accomplish, and I wanted to know how that would affect the trade and the union. The opinions amounted to about the same as that of the captain of "the wind-jammer" of old regarding the modern steamship. Whether it is that the hard-headed, hard-handed, intelligent mechanic is wilfully blind to the fact that the world "do move," or whether it is that, like a certain celebrated statesman, he says, "Posterity be d—d, what did posterity ever do for us?" cannot be said, but he seems to be building his house on sand that is rapidly trickling from beneath it through the inundation of the inventive genius of the age. I drove away on one of the trucks that conveyed dressed material from the planing-mill a short distance away, and found that the driver had belonged to a teamsters' union that had "bust." "Couldn't keep the boys together, somehow, on



ONE OF THE LOWER STRATA—HE KEEPS THE STREETS CLEAR OF LOOSE PAPER THROWN DOWN BY CARELESS HANDS

a strike," he said, "and, anyhow, they could fill our places too easy." I asked him if he thought it would be the same thing with the carpenters and bricklayers if, through invention in machinery, their work would be simplified except as to a few men. He said he had never thought of it that way, but he remembered the time when nearly all the house-carpenters had their benches in the building under construction, where they made the doors, windows and the finishings by hand instead of getting nearly the whole thing from the factory. "All that most of them have to do is to knock 'em into place."

"Then it seems that, as in your case, a union cannot live because pretty nearly anybody in his senses can drive a team, and in the case of the carpenters machinery is largely taking their place, except at work requiring peculiar personal skill?"

"Must be something like that. You see they're not as particular now about the articles of apprenticeship a carpenter had to serve under for seven years before he learnt his trade. Anybody nowadays handy with tools, or enough gumption to run a machine, can be a carpenter fit to do the ordinary work in a building or in a planing mill within a few months. Still there's some work that machines can never do, and there will always be first-class workmen that will have to do it."

"A case of the survival of the fittest. That won't harmonize with union doctrine, will it?" I asked him. He said he was not worrying about doctrines, but he knew machinery was knocking out high pay for ordinary mechanics.

It was only twenty years ago, and I remember watching with all the natural interest of a boy a dignified middle-aged carpenter, a type of his class in Canada at that time, making the doors and windows of a public building in which the whole of a backwoods country town was interested. We thought him wondrous wise, we boys did, as we watched the skilful manipulation of his tools and listened to the words of wisdom that dropped from his grave lips on things in general and municipal af-

fairs in particular, this elder of the church, town councillor and school trustee, and it was with a sense of pain that the world was losing much that that I watched the boys and young men in the whizzing, whirring factory turning out the various parts of doors, windows and house-finishings at a rate that only permitted a shouted remark every now and then from a foreman directing the movements of some man, who seemed to be merely part of the mechanism of the place. I drove back



"THE MAN WHO DOESN'T BELONG TO OUR UNION SHOULD STARVE"

with my friend the teamster, and waited with him while a blacksmith *en route* fitted and placed in a few minutes a shoe that had been cast by one of his horses. I remembered the gossip and badinage of the blacksmith shop of long ago, when it was the small boy's envied privilege to be allowed to blow the bellows that heated the fire for the iron that the blacksmith's arm made into a horseshoe, while he and the customer exchanged the gossip of the road. There was a quick

look at the hoof by the horseshoer, a box of factory-made horseshoes inspected, and in two or three minutes a fit was found, the shoe was heated and nailed on, and the teamster had hardly completed writing out an order on his employer for the blacksmith to charge when the work was done and we were ready to start again. It was business, but we are losing something in our haste, in spite of the belief that, in the economic advancement of the world, all is for the best. I spoke about this that evening, as half-a-dozen workmen from a big shoe factory dropped in after six to a public house to partake of a social glass, which the machine-like, silent drudgery of the day's work excused, if anything can.

There was something about the smell of leather, I had heard, that fostered radical thought, but I was surprised at an opinion I heard from the lips of a man who bore the outward and visible signs of a thinking man in his strongly marked forehead. "Yes, invention's doing it. And if we loved our fellowmen, as we say we do, we should welcome it with joy. We are merely going through one of the cycles of the world's progress." It's all in the plan of creation. It must be if the Christian is right. In the mysterious workings of Providence all is for the best—for the glory of God, and the happiness of mankind. In the evolution of things, we are at present solving in the wisdom of the Creator of all things one of the great questions that succeed each other, time after time, in the cycle of the ages. The selfishness of human nature in the concerted actions of capital on one side, opposed by the selfish aggrandizement of labour on the other, and between the two, the God-given inventive genius of man, which nullifies or will nullify the united power of the workmen on the one hand, and concentrates into manageable form the manufacturing industries of life to an extent that their control by private corporations, whose interests are naturally and essentially selfish, is already being resented by civilized humanity. You see how the movement in favour of

the assumption of the control by the people of what we call public utilities, is growing throughout the civilized world. And what are public utilities? It would require a change of the laws of the Bible, wherein is set forth man's duty to God and to his neighbour, a reversal of the law of nature, which decrees there shall be no waste, to say truthfully that there is anything that is not of public utility. When the people in rapidly increasing instances already control the distribution of letters and parcels, the sending of telegrams, the management of railroads, factories like Woolwich, street car lines, electric and gas lighting, and dozens of others, when it is already the law that a portion of the estates of those deceased shall revert to the people, it is not a far cry to the remedy, let it be called socialism, public ownership or what name you will. No Act of Parliament will bring it about. The acts will follow the necessities for them, acknowledged by the people who will come to that knowledge inculcated in God's wisdom as the system of humanity demands it. What is being borne on us at the present time is the fact that in the marvellous development of steam, electric and mechanical power, the world will have to return for the production of wealth to mother earth, its source. Civilization seems to travel in a circle, but always returns to the land. Already there are indications of it in our own country especially. Education and legislation is making Canada comparatively free from the necessity of the army of lawyers that in proportion to her population was remarkable. Already many lawyers are abandoning their profession and devoting themselves to industrial life, such as farming and stock raising, in the hitherto waste lands of the Canadian West, and growing two blades of grass where one grew before, and the world is richer. Sanitary regulations throughout the cities and towns, and the education of the people have affected the practice of the medical profession also, and will have a similar effect.

Liberality of thought has even affect-

ed the ministers of the churches in a curious way, and "creedism" no longer holds paramount sway in the religious world. The papers are not filled with discussions about High and Low Church. Life is too earnest to worry about the doctrine of Apostolic succession. A man doesn't become a Bishop or the Moderator of an Assembly merely because he is the representative of a party in the church. It is because he is a useful man to his kind.

And I thought in the narrowness of my mind as I walked homeward in the crisp, invigorating coolness of the Canadian night, of the possibilities of Canada, which seemed in the divine order of things to be ready for the happy prosperity of the incoming time when in the

development of her mines, the tilling of her vast prairies and the utilization of her resources, there was to be a solution to some extent of the problem of livelihood accentuated by the conflict between capital and labour. That in the merging of small mercantile establishments into large departmental stores, the elimination from our social life of the superfluous professional and middle men, and above every thing, the economy of labour through improved machinery, there was in the return to natural conditions in the production of wealth the answer to the prayer that the Saviour of the world, the divine Carpenter of Nazareth, gave for mankind, "Give us this day our daily bread."

THE KNIGHT OF THE FEEBLE BLOW

WHEN to the castle-gate I come,
Of my true liege and King,
It will not be with roll of drum
Or banners fluttering;

But pacing slowly and alone,
With plumed head bending low—
A sorry champion of the throne,
Knight of the Feeble Blow!

And when He asks, "How fares the fray
Begun at birth of time?"
I'll have no stirring word to say,
No narrative sublime.

Dumb with the voiceless hush of shame,
I'll meet my liege-lord there;
Oh, that the burden of my blame
Be not too great to bear.

W. H. Belford



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

III—HIS USE OF INSECTS

AS one proceeds with the study of his plays it becomes clear that Shakespeare was a close observer of all the natural objects which came under his notice in his every-day experience.

Most men observe closely only that which for them has some special interest; that which in some peculiar manner is connected with their business or their pleasure.

"The farmer, walking abroad, will be quick to notice any signs which point out the fluctuations of the weather or the changes of the season. The sportsman, in like manner, finds his interest aroused by a thousand varying phenomena; the mildness or the severity of the winter; a late or an early spring; a dry or a rainy summer, all produce certain results upon the objects of his pursuit, and require a corresponding variation in his procedure. 'The piercing note of the wild swan high in the frosty heavens,' and the 'booming' of the bittern from the 'sedgy shallow' arouse his attention and awaken his destructive energies to action. Husbandmen and sportsmen are alike in one respect, they both take a deep and active interest in some of the phenomena of nature."

That Shakespeare did not make a special study of natural history is plain enough. The birds he mentions are mostly the English birds, which may be seen on the wing or heard to sing on any spring or summer day in

England. The great master was great because he had the hearing ear, the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Nothing seems to have escaped his attention. The insects came under his notice as well as the birds and flowers, and some of the passages in which he refers to them are among those which once read are never quite forgotten, and if read again become the possession of a lifetime.

Shakespeare may not have been the first to apply the term "gilded butterfly" to the devotees of fashion and pleasure; but, in any event, since his time the term, carrying that meaning, has passed into the current language of the day. King Lear and Cordelia, after they were re-united and all past misunderstandings cleared away, were captured by the forces of Goneril and Regan and hurried off to confinement. The old monarch addresses Cordelia in a manner in which, having in view his unhappy condition, is pathetic in the extreme:

"Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live
And pray and sing and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them
too

Who loses and who wins; who's in; who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies." (Act V, sc. 2.)

In the play of *Coriolanus*, when Valeria visits Virgilia and Volumnia, wife

and mother to Coriolanus, after asking Virgilia about her little son, she tells of seeing him o' Wednesday last:—

VAL.—O' my word the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy, o' my troth. I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again. (Act I, sc. 3.)

The determined and fearless manner in which boys chase butterflies furnished Shakespeare with a forcible figure at the time when Marcius, joined with the Volscians, is approaching Rome with the irresistible fury of a conqueror:—

"He is their God; he leads them like a thing Made by some other deity than nature, That shapes man better; and they follow him Against us brats, with no less confidence Then boys pursuing summer butterflies Or butchers killing flies."

(Coriolanus, Act IV., sc. 6.)

Titania in her care for "Bottom" tells her fairies to

"pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes." (Mid. N.D. Act III, sc. 1.)

There are references in some of the other English poets to butterflies which it may be interesting to notice here. Thomson, in his "Castle of Indolence," contrasts the condition of this insect with that of man:—

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold! See all, but man, with unearned pleasure gay; See her bright robes the butterfly unfold, Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May; What youthful bride can equal her array? Who can with her for easy pleasure vie? From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray, From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly, Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky."

Mrs. Hemans, having in mind its variable and inconstant flight, likens it to

"An embodied breeze at play."

Lord Byron, in the "Giaour," introduces the blue-winged butterfly of Kashmere, said to be the rarest and most beautiful of the species, in the following passage, and calls it the insect queen:

"As arising on its purple wing
The insect queen of Eastern spring,

O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye;
So beauty lures the full-grown child
With hue as bright and wing as wild,
A chase of idle hopes and fears
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

The politician of the old days was not far behind his modern brother in the vocabulary of abuse. In Richard II, Act II, sc. 4, Bolingbroke calls the creatures of Richard

"the caterpillars of the commonwealth,"

and the Duke of York's reflection on the destruction of his hopes is:

"Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away."
(2nd pt. King Henry VI, Act 3, sc. 1.)

"False caterpillars" is the epithet bestowed by Jack Cade and his "ragged multitude" on their opponents.

The Queen, in *King Edward II*, is a concealed listener to the conversation of the gardener and his attendants on the state of the kingdom, and what she heard illustrates the truth of the saying that listeners rarely hear good of themselves.

The attendant inquires:

"Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges
ruined,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome
herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?" (Act III, sc. 4.)

Coriolanus, the great Roman general—great until he entered upon the political arena—finds himself buffeted and banished, because he refused to comply with the demands of the capricious mob. After leaving Rome he joined the Volscians and marched against his native city at the head of an invincible army.

"Is't possible," asks Sicinius, "that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?" And Menenius answers him:—

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub."

The moths have not been over-looked. Borachio, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, speaks of "the smirched, moth-eaten tapestry," and when Valeria was on the visit to the wife of Coriolanus, mentioned above, she asked her to lay aside her stitchery and play the idle housewife that afternoon, and when she refused to do so Valeria says to her:—

"You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths."

And the worm, which chooses for its domicile "the fresh lap of the crimson rose," is also referred to.

Montague, speaking of Romeo, who is acting in a moody and peculiar manner, because of a certain maiden named Rosaline, who will not smile upon him, says that he is—

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

(Romeo and Juliet, Act I, sc. 1.)

One of the best known and most pleasing passages in Shakespeare is that one in which Viola, under cover of telling her sister's story, tells her own, and in her mouth the image of the "worm i' the bud," becomes one of the most touching ever used by a poet. The Duke wishes her to go to Olivia in his behalf, and tells her that his love for Olivia "is all as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much," and tells her to make no compare

"Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia."

But Viola is herself in love with the Duke, and thinks she knows something about the love at least one woman can bear to him, and says in reply:—

VIO.—Ay, but I know—

DUKE.—What dost thou know?

VIO.—Too well what love women to men may owe;

In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE.—And what's her history?

VIO.—A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love."
(Twelfth Night, Act II, sc. 4.)

Othello refers to the silkworm in the scene where he demands from Desdemona "the handkerchief" which in the hands of Iago worked such mischief between them. He tells her that it was endowed with supernatural virtues by "an Egyptian," and says that:—

"The worms were hallowed that did breed
the silk."

(Act III, sc. 4.)

And Cleopatra, in the hour of her extremity, asks the countryman who brings her the aspic:—

"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
that kills and pains not?"

(Ant. and Cleo., Act V, sc. 2.)

The beetle, which everyone has noted on a summer's evening, is introduced into *Macbeth*:—

"Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's
summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy
hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done
A deed of dreadful note."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

In Gray's "Elegy" the well-known passage will be readily recalled in which he so happily describes a quiet summer evening in the country. The flocks from the pasture, the husbandmen from the field, and the air still—

"Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight."

Hogg, singing the lullaby of departing day, in his "Connel of Dee," says—

"The beetle began his wild ariel to tune,
And sang on the wynd with an eirysome
croon,

Away on the breeze of the Dee."

Titania, in her passion for that "gentle mortal," "Sweet bully Bot-

tom," must be called upon again to furnish a reference, this time to the glow-worm.

The fairies are told to—

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gamble in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise."

(M. N. D., Act III, sc. 1.)

Morning comes upon the ghost in his discourse with Hamlet, and it must be gone.

"Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me."

Readers of Byron's "Manfred" will easily recall a stanza which, once read, is never forgotten, and which is always recalled by lovers of nature with a peculiar pleasure. It is to be found at the close of the first scene of the poem. Manfred summons the spirits of earth and air to appear before him, and they speak to him, but are invisible. He hears their voices, sweet and melancholy sounds, as music on the waters, but he is not satisfied; he would behold them face to face. The spirits answer him and say that they have no forms beyond the elements, but ask him to choose a form in which they may appear. He tells them that he has no choice—there is no form on earth hideous or beautiful to him. One of the spirits then appears in the shape of a beautiful female figure. Manfred is overcome with the vision. He thinks he might still be happy with such a female, and he attempts to clasp the form, when it vanishes and he falls senseless.

An incantation follows, and a voice is heard repeating the words—

"When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign."

The light of the glow-worm has given rise to many very interesting superstitions amongst the country people in remote districts. A very pretty idea is, that the light may be regarded as a nuptial lamp hung out to guide the male glow-worm to the society of the female; an idea which has been happily embodied by Moore in the following lines:—

"For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
Was in its nature lambent, pure
And innocent as is the light,
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night."

The grasshopper and the cricket are favourites with the poets. The grasshopper is described as—

"An evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy and sings his fill."

Hogg has noticed both his song and his activity in his "Address to a Wild Deer."

"Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper
sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay
springs."

Poins says to Prince Hal that they shall be merry as crickets.

In some places it is considered a good omen to find a cricket in the house. Cowper says of it:—

"Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good."

In *A Winter's Tale*, Hermione's son assures her about a story that he is going to tell her that he—

"Will tell it softly,
Yon crickets shall not hear me."

The grasshopper and the cricket, together with some other insects, have a hand in the make-up of Queen Mab's famous equipage. Romeo and Mercutio are speaking of dreams, and Mercutio says to Romeo:—

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains and then they dream
 of love;
 O'er courtier's knees, that dream on court'sies
 straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
 fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
 dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters pla-
 gues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats taint-
 ed are:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice;
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign
 throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathoms deep, and then anon,
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and
 wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or
 two,
 And sleeps again."

We know that Portia was golden-haired, because when Bassanio chooses the leaden casket, and on opening it finds that he has been successful, he exclaims:

"Fair Portia's counterfeit! what demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these
 eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in
 her hairs
 The painter plays the spider and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs:

In *Richard III*, Queen Margaret, turning to her successor, half in pity, half in contempt, addresses her in the words—

"Poor painted Queen; vain flourish of my
 fortune!
 Why strewest thou sugar on that bottled
 spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 (Rich. III, Act. I, s. 3.)

In another part of the play the epithet is again applied to the King—

"That bottled spider, that foul hunch-backed
 toad."
 (Act IV, s. 4.)

In the play of *King John*, it is made to appear that Arthur Duke of Bretagne, the King's nephew, was not murdered, but was killed in jumping from the castle wall in an attempt to escape. Falconbridge and some of the nobles have a strong suspicion that there was foul play, and that Hubert was the murderer. Falconbridge tells him that the lightest and most trifling thing would be sufficient for his destruction if accessory "to this deed of death":

"If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee."
 (King John, Act IV, s. 4.)

The silvery threads of gossamer which a little spider weaves, and which may be seen on the grass or stretching from bush to bush, and are so beautiful with the sunlight on them, are mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, s. 6:

"A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

They are mentioned again in *King Lear*, Act IV. s. 6. Edgar tells his father after his supposed leap from the Dover cliff—

"Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,
 feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thoud'st shivered like an egg."

Autolycus, the genial picker-up of unconsidered trifles, whom we have met before, plays upon the ignorance of the shepherd and his son and introduces the wasp's nest with ludicrous effect. He pretends to be a man of authority and points out to them what he will do to the son if he does not comply with his request, and give up some valuables which he has about him. He says: "The son shall be flayed alive; then anointed o'er with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then re-covered again with

aqua vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him where he is to behold him with flies blown to death."

The Winter's Tale, Act IV, s. 4.

It would be difficult to find a better description of the economy of a beehive than Shakespeare has given in *King Henry V*, Act I, scene 2:

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

Many of the poets have written in an interesting manner about the bees. The humming of the bee is described by Rogers:

"Hark, the bee winds her small but mellow
horn
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn."

There is a description of a hive of angry bees in the second part of *King Henry IV*, Act III, s. 2:

"The commons like a hive of angry bees
That want their leader, scattered up and
down."

William Cullen Bryant, in his well-known poem of "The Prairies," and Byron in the first canto of "Don Juan," 123rd stanza, have introduced the hum of the bees, grouped with a collection of pleasing objects and simple sounds, which linger in the mind like a strain of sweetest music.

"The bee
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings
And hides his sweets as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude,
Which soon shall fill these deserts.

From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children,
The soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
dream

And I am in the wilderness alone."

—Bryant

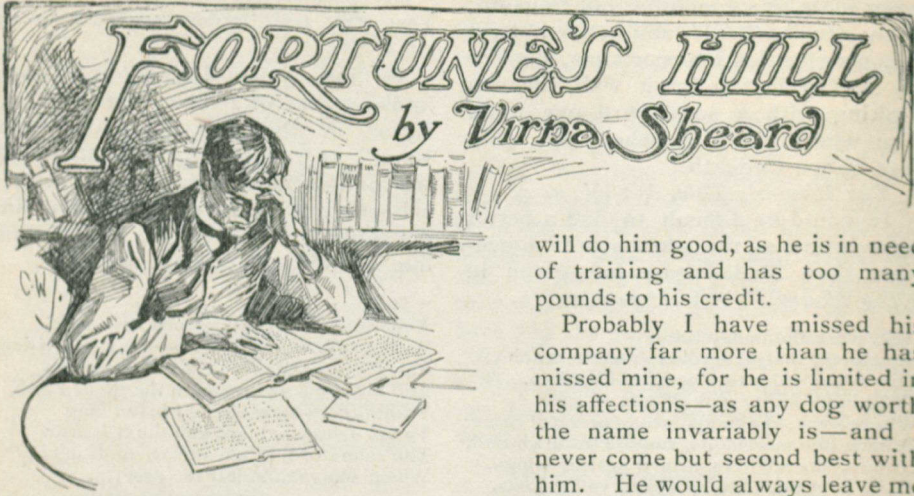
"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest
bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
home.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we
come.

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
birds,

The lisp of children, and their earliest words."
—Byron





CHAPTER VIII—SOME COMMENTS
BY DAVID TRENT.

WINTER has gone—a summer and another winter since Darryl and I first went up to college. It is now August, and I am home again after having a summer session which the Faculty held. Only a handful of students took advantage of it, but to me it was a godsend, as I intend next spring to make a finish, taking the third and fourth year work together, as the Powers-that-be reluctantly allow us to do.

The city was hot, dry and dusty, and the asphalted streets and rows of sun-baked brick houses have never before seemed to me so utterly tiresome. I am very glad to be at home, and, while my father is the least demonstrative of men, by small signs that only an expert in reading him would notice, I am quite aware that he is glad also. We smoke our pipes together in the cool of the evening, and, though it is usually a silent ceremony, there is a pleasant sense of companionship between us. I fear me our thoughts do not run much on the same things, for his are higher than mine, as the heavens are higher than the earth. Still we do not jar each other.

Pat and I took up our friendship and our tramps where we left them off; it

will do him good, as he is in need of training and has too many pounds to his credit.

Probably I have missed his company far more than he has missed mine, for he is limited in his affections—as any dog worth the name invariably is—and I never come but second best with him. He would always leave me at a word or look from my father, who, indeed, rarely notices him, but who in some occult way long ago secured the worship of his canine heart.

Nowadays Bowlby addresses me as “Mr. David, Sir,” and it is a little hard to get used to; of old it was “Davy,” or “Davy, lad,” and before this summer he never appeared to grasp the fact that I had stopped growing and arrived at an age when it was possible to discriminate between good and evil.

The queer old chap always did shower a devotion upon me that was deserving of a better object; there is small doubt if I wanted the moon and Bowlby could get it I wouldn't be wanting it long. Since my return he is embarrassingly polite, and with it all morbidly anxious because I have fallen off considerably in weight. Physical work he understands, but why mental labour should pull a fellow down is past his comprehension.

I cannot convince him that I am well, and so our table blossoms with his most elaborate flowers of culinary art, placed there to tempt an appetite that has really nothing wrong with it. At odd hours also he plies me with certain concoctions which he hopes will build up this earthly tabernacle. He follows me up with these things and presents them with an insinuating smile, a gentle dignity of manner that dis-

arms one, and always the same formula—"Do 'e take this now, Mr. David, Sir—it's trimmed tidy an' to yer taste."

After that there is nothing for it but to bolt the stuff as little Pip bolted his bread and butter. After all, Bowlby's delight at watching these gastronomic feats is worth something.

I often think of Darryl these days. Just now he is on his way to the Coast, but will be back before the Medical School opens.

We took the late session together, though I do not believe he would have heard a lecture if he had not found it too much trouble to shake off my hold upon him.

He is such a lovable sort of chap, and so entirely his own enemy that it is particularly pleasant to thwart his efforts to do himself harm.

There is but one way to do it, and that is to give him no quarter; to be hard with him even to the telling of unpalatable truths, and, whether he will or not, to drive him at his work.

This takes time and a certain amount of nerve force, but the results are worth it.

The lash and spur for a horse that can go and won't, no matter how fine a beast he may be. So may he pass the winning post.

We enter our third year together by the grace of patience, and we are almost neck-and-neck.

I shall not urge him to take the last year's work as well, though in spite of the way he belittles himself he is entirely able to do it; but he is so handicapped by that strange horror at sight of the operations and clinics that he must take them easily. Time and familiarity with such things may change him, though I doubt it. To my mind it is something he was born with—a sort of mental birthmark.

I do not think there is a much higher form of courage than that with which Darryl forces himself to witness things that turn him white as death.

We will neither of us ever regret

having taken the summer lectures. The professors who gave them are enthusiasts in their own subjects, and financially removed from the necessity of teaching, which, therefore, makes it a labour of love.

When men who are members of the Royal College of Surgeons, and have walked the hospitals abroad, give to the students the one thing that is of the greatest value to themselves—their time—it behooves any fellow who is behind in the running or wishes to read between the regular lines, to take the gift in all thankfulness.

Doctor Bennett last winter gave an evening a week to a few of us, and to be asked to enter the small circle he formed about his own library fire upon that night was to receive the highest compliment a student could receive. It was also apt to accentuate his good opinion of himself, for Dr. Bennett has a way of making a man feel that he too, perchance, may reach in time the upper heights.

With the Dean it is different. His dignity permeates the school atmosphere and congeals his very accents and manner. As to the profundity of his knowledge, no plumb line has been known to fathom it. No raw and callow undergraduate unheralded and unsung goes uninvited into his presence, and he is on but frosty terms with the finals.

His principle in life is "Render unto Cæsar the things, etc.," and as long as they *are* rendered, affairs move smoothly; but that misguided youth who brings discredit upon his "Alma Mater" by midnight brawls, failure to discharge his honourable debts, or other glaring obliquities, would rather perish with all his imperfections on his head than meet the steely blue eye which glitters behind the Dean's polished eye-glasses.

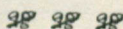
So while I paddle along I think of all these things that have come into my life, and more—I think of Margaret Darryl. I see her face with the fringed eyes, wide and beautiful, and

fraught with danger to men, looking out at me from the tangle of green on the banks, or chancing to glance back I fancy I see her sitting in the canoe by Pat, a little mocking smile on her scarlet lips, and her hair all flecked with gold.

There is that in her face which says,

"You cannot escape me, David Trent. You cannot forget me—you must follow on."

And I am such a fool that I but smile back at the vision of her in the sun and answer, "It is quite true—quite unalterably true. Who can control his Fate?"



CHAPTER IX—AS EDWARD DARRYL SAID

WE are back again and at it. Jimsy has his big M.D. and puts on decided airs. He is doing the hospital, and is in residence there under—considerably under—a lot of other fellows.

I fancy they set the new men at most of the small disagreeable duties that don't count, for at present he seems dreadfully gloomy and depressed. Every time I run across him he says: "Life is one long, demned, horrid grind, Darryl." And, while I never use such language myself, it is.

Then he continues with a solemnity foreign to his nature, "I'll give you a piece of my mind, Ted,"—(when Jimsy speaks of his mind he always conveys the impression that it is something solid and portable) "never—as you value your happiness—live in a hospital. A man's at everybody's beck and call, morning, noon and night; especially night. And do you get any credit for it? Not if the court knows herself. Not unless you're on the staff, dear boy, and have all the regulation letters to your name from the universities across the pond."

He seems to forget that he is in there to pick up some crumbs of wisdom and to learn how things are done; but that's just like Jimsy, he's either all up or down. As for his advice, I'd take it only too gladly if I could. I prefer life in Siberia to walking the hospitals.

How Trent can calmly contemplate taking the third and fourth together is beyond me. I know his brain is all convolutions and the rest of it, and that there's no doubt of its colour being "grey," but it's possible to

overwork even that kind of a brain, and so I tell him. In fact, I've drawn harrowing pictures of the sort of mental wreck he will be later on, till I'm done. You might as well talk to a rock.

He's the best fellow in the world just the same. Now if he had been the Governor's youngest son, it would have been as it should be. In that event, and by the law of compensation, I suppose I'd have belonged to old Trent, the blacksmith. It certainly is odd to imagine myself in that position, but if it had happened so I should have taken up work at the forge quite naturally. I never should have soared. It always struck me as no end jolly, the idea of hammering away at red-hot horseshoes and that kind of thing. I abominate getting down to hard study, and I hate the hospital—the awful whiteness of it—white walls, white beds, white scoured floors, white bandages. I hate the odours that cling to a fellow, that pursue him after he gets away from the place, and refuse to be parted from him on any condition; the faint, sweet smell of the ether, so deadly in its suggestiveness; the imperishable scent of the iodoform that creeps into the very inside pockets of your coat.

Trent has read to me many a night till his voice gave out, while I, selfish beggar, took it more or less as a matter of course. He has held on to me time and again, and taken me against my will up to the lectures, he has waylaid me, coaxed me, bullied me and, take it all in all, been the most self-forgetful friend a fellow ever had.

Some way I don't mind Trent taking me in hand, which is rather strange considering everything. I think though that he was born to command. He will rise from the ranks will Trent, for he's one of those exceptional people who manage themselves first and after that every one else whom they think it worth while to trouble about.

I suppose the Governor would be pretty wrathful if he knew the real state of affairs. I think he might jolly well be grateful to Trent instead. Heaven knows it's not for my own pleasure I'm at this penance. Give me the chance and I'd change places like a shot with Bob or Douglas, who are in the navy, or even with Kenneth, who is mining out in the wilds of Borneo where he has to turn in and bear the white man's burden with a vengeance.

I asked Trent the other day whether he had been forced into Medicine. He was filling his pipe at the moment and finished before he answered, then he looked at me with those cool, queer eyes of his, which conceal his own thoughts while reading yours, and he lifted his brows a bit. "I was never forced to do anything in my life," he answered.

"Well, whatever did you go at it for?" I asked, pushing the question to the verge of rudeness because his tone ruffled me.

"For two reasons," he said slowly. "One, pardon me, I shall not tell you; for the other, I needed work and concluded it was the kind I cared most to do. Some months after the day of that storm—possibly you remember?"

"Oh, yes! I remember, Trent, a beast of a storm. Go on."

"Some months after that when away out on the country roads, I chanced to see a horrible threshing-machine accident—they are not uncommon. I will never forget the helplessness of us all; the slow moments till the doctor came; nor afterwards, the relief, the intense relief, when the poor chap who had been hurt was under an anesthetic.

"It was that incident that put me into Medicine. To have the skill to bring relief from such torture as I saw

that afternoon."—He broke off abruptly, then went on again—"To know what to do to lessen the suffering that is everywhere—I made up my mind then I would give my life to it. Have you ever thought about it, Darryl, the mystery of pain?"

"No," I answered, "not I. The consuming idea that possesses me is to get away from all sight and sign of it, as you very well know."

"But look you, Ted," he answered, in that slow, grave way he has when anything touches him, "that is not possible. We may all wish with Keats—you know what he says—

'To quite forget
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and
dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs.'

"Believe me again—it is not possible—we cannot escape it, so the best thing is just to face as much as we can and do what we may to help.

"God knows. I think if one could comprehend the awful amount of agony that is being endured on this earth but for one hour—he would go mad or wish to die that he might shut out the remembrance of it.

"It is so strange that we have been made with such an infinite capacity for suffering—mental and physical. It is so strange, the most incomprehensible to me of all the problems. We come into the world with pain and with pain we leave it. I cannot reconcile my mind to it."

He took a turn across the room, then came back and stood by me, glancing down with that swift smile that so brightens his dark face.

"I would like," he said, "to put a tablet to Sir James Simpson on the walls of every hospital in existence. I would have him remembered."

"Sir James Simpson," I repeated. "Really, Trent, I can't place the name."

"Ah! Darryl," he answered, "never

forget it—for if we who follow him forget, how can we blame the others. It is a name to reverence—to pay homage to—to love; it belongs to the man who discovered the use of chloroform as an anesthetic, who rested neither night nor day till he had accomplished what he set out to do. The world is his debtor, yet he is forgotten where men of little worth are remembered and honoured. Still, as for me, I never cross the threshold of the theatre in the hospital but I thank heaven that he lived."

I never heard Trent speak like that before. Of course I always knew there was a lot of undiscovered country in him, but it's another thing to have a search-light turned suddenly on to it.

That charming cousin of mine, Margaret Darryl (who, I am delighted to hear, is on her way out to Canada now), has most justly incensed her relations by having within the last few months, without rhyme or reason, refused two noblemen, actual peers of the realm, sundry wealthy commoners, and a miscellaneous collection of musicians and artists, or fellows of that sort. As they all appeal (by letter) to the Governor, incidentally news of them reaches me.

Aunt Marshall, our encyclopædia or bureau of family information, tells us that at present Lord Welford, eldest brother of Lord Brandon, Sybil's husband, and heir to the old Earl of Carns and Welford, is most desperately in love with Margaret. She has written at some length to my father on the subject.

"Any girl," ended my Aunt, the other evening, "who would refuse such a match as *that* must be *insane*."

"Oh! I don't know," I answered airily.

"Whatever do you mean by saying 'you don't know,' Teddy?" she exclaimed, in her excitable way. "You *do* know that Lord Welford would make an ideal husband for Margaret, and in every way a desirable connection—for—for us. You met him when

he was here a year ago, did you not?"

"Oh! yes, I met him, Aunt," I said, with a stifled yawn.

"Well?" she went on questioningly.

"Well?" I returned.

"What was there about him you did not like?" she inquired.

"I am not aware that I said there was anything I did not like," I answered mildly.

"You insinuated it, Edward, which is extremely rude."

"I beg pardon then," I said, "but really my opinion doesn't matter, does it? However, if you want it, Aunt, I think it would be a thousand pities for Margaret to marry Lord Welford. He is so much older than she is and seems so intolerably bored with life—as if he had seen all the wheels go round and had found out the dolls were stuffed with sawdust, and so on, you know."

"I fail to understand you in the slightest degree," said my Aunt loftily, "but, as you say, Teddy, your opinion will not count. Margaret will be guided by your father, and, possibly, myself."

"Oh! yes, of course," I returned. "Madge was."

"Madge was the exception; her sister may profit by her unhappy experience."

"Well, for my part," I said, "I think she is remarkably happy, and I can't for the life of me see why you don't all leave Margaret alone. I'd let her marry the tattooed Greek if she wanted to."

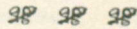
"The tattooed Greek!" she cried, throwing out her plump little be-ringed hands and laughing, "was there ever such a boy! But you can exasperate me, Teddy, when you are obstinate."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, trying to look properly penitent, and so, because she is fonder of me than I deserve and never can stay vexed long, she took my arm, patted it lightly, and we sailed in to dinner.

After that I talked about Trent for a while. Aunt Marshall is beginning to feel an interest in him, and asked

me to bring him up to see her some Sunday afternoon. I have not told her he comes from Grandville. All

she knows is, that he is decidedly presentable in appearance, and has taken every scholarship up to date.



CHAPTER X—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

JANUARY 1ST.

WE are well out to sea and the chalk cliffs are three days behind us. It is a vividly sun-bright morning, and yet it requires tact combined with patience and much coaxing to get Aunt Elizabeth Darryl—with whom I am crossing—on deck. Aunt Elizabeth is a maiden aunt of ours, and considered a little peculiar by most of us. Possibly "original" would be the better word.

The few times I have conquered her objections and carried her triumphantly out for the air, she did not enjoy herself in the least. It certainly was windy—and there happened to be rather a roll. But what did that matter when the smell and taste of the fresh salt breeze was so delightful, and the colours of the water and sky so lovely beyond words!—those strange sea-greens that rest the eye and go through all the shades from where the sun touches the foam on the crest of a wave and tints it like the silver side of a poplar leaf, to the depths that one looks down into—the cold mysterious depths, dark and shining as the centre of an uncut emerald.

Aunt Elizabeth said she had seen it all before, and it was much the same and terribly monotonous; that she could not imagine why I was determined to make both of us uncomfortable when it was warm and comparatively pleasant below. She had no desire to die of pneumonia. A burial at sea had always seemed to her the most dismal of performances, and much more unpleasant than being securely settled in the vault at home with the usual flowers and—and tears, and so on. It had been her invariable habit, she continued, to seek the seclusion which her cabin granted at the beginning of a voyage, and to keep it till

they reached port, during which enforced rest she improved her mind with solid reading. She thought if I must come up and cling on to deck rails, with every prospect of being parted from them and swept overboard, I had best bring Jean. Jean was my sister's maid before they married, and is now mine. She is middle-aged, most wise and non-committal, and very Scotch. When one finds her heart—which is not as easy as it sounds—it is of pure gold. Still, gold is never easy finding.

Undoubtedly I would rather bring Jean, but it did not seem just the thing to say to Aunt Elizabeth. She would not have understood, her ideas and mind being so diametrically opposite. However, I shall let her rest in peace as I have now satisfied my sense of duty.

It is when life is dull I bethink me of my diary. After all, it is a sort of friend. This is no well-kept daily chronicle, but reminds me of the top bureau drawers, when, to Jean's distress, I upset them to hunt for something gone astray. Instead of a chaotic collection of ribbons, laces, gloves, notes, cotillion favours, fans, and heaven knows what, there are scraps of gossip, bits of sentiment, quotations, dates I want to remember, and rough sketches of people, places and things.

If such a calamity could happen as that it should fall into the hands of some Philistine, who, with or without qualms of conscience made its contents his own, he would thereafter know Margaret Darryl almost as well as she knows herself—which is not saying much. However, it is not her intention to tempt the well-known curiosity of the masculine mind by leaving this volume on any of the cabin seats, deck chairs or other places where she is in

the habit of losing her goods and chattels.

There may be a man who will some day read all this, but again—there may not.

Yesterday we had what the first officer told me was a "stiff nor'-nor'-easter." It was so unpleasantly stiff, indeed, that no passengers were allowed above, and I spent most of the day in wishing I belonged to the ship's company. I love a storm, though my people seem to think me bereft of wits when I say so.

I am glad to be going to Canada, it is so large and beautiful, and the seasons are so clear-cut and unblurred by fogs, long rains, or times of great heat.

England is dear and the home of my heart. It is all like a garden well planned out and set about with fences, and there is no smallest possibility of missing the gate out. Yes, it is all very dear and safe, but the unexplored has its attractions.

I am not fond of life in London. There are very many of us and we are all much alike and painfully beset with unwritten rules for the things we may do, and the more we may not.

Perhaps we are so conventional that we have ceased to be natural. At the least we divide people into distinct

classes, and we keep them there. Now and then that seems a mistake.

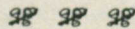
Teddy has written much in his letters of David Trent and I am quite anxious to meet him again. Teddy thinks that David Trent is the strongest man in his college, both mentally and physically. The last comes, I fancy, from his father having been a blacksmith, and the other by a special grace.

Yet, how is one to account for that volume of "Les Miserables?" It is certainly odd and interesting. Things that completely upset one's theories are always interesting.

David Trent intends to graduate in the spring. Teddy says he never knew a student to work so hard, and that he does not believe Mr. Trent ever sleeps, for late at night he often takes his skates and goes down to the Bay by himself. Possibly he does not need so much sleep as Ted.

It must surely be beautiful out on the great frozen Bay under the mid-winter sky. It would be like a sheet of silver if the moon were shining, and a person would feel quite alone and part of it all, swinging over the ice in the clear cold midnight air and the silence.

I find the thought of that solitary figure often comes to me.



CHAPTER XI—DAVID TRENT SPEAKS

HEAVERY training of the body or brain takes a lot of devilment out of a fellow, and the old hymn which affirms that our great adversary bestirs himself to provide employment for the idle seems to be right. Anyone can see that it is the men in college who do not work who possess an unlimited capacity for getting into trouble.

Some half dozen of them are in every disturbance, and Mallon is their leader.

Mallon is a splendid-looking chap, blessed or cursed, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of money, and an amount of personal magnetism that carries the others along with him.

Apparently he is without respect for anything in heaven or earth but is a law unto himself. He has appalled the professors and delighted the students this term by extravagances of one kind and another until his "folly fraught days and nights" are a by-word.

We came to an understanding, he and I, when he was in his second term and I was a freshman. Since then he has hated me cordially, and he is what Johnson loved, "a good hater." Of late, concluding it was too difficult to touch me directly, he has struck through Teddy Darryl.

Mallon is clear-sighted enough to

see that if Darryl is plucked in the spring it will be a matter of intense regret to me.

Mallon is determined he shall be plucked, and we work against each other in silence, though each is grimly set upon carrying his point. This conflict has gone on since the first of the term, and the climax came last night.

About nine o'clock in the evening Mallon and two other men came up to Darryl's room where he and I were grinding at "fevers." It goes without saying that Ted was only too glad to drop the fevers, there is nothing keenly enjoyable about them. I went to my own quarters, having plainly been bowled off the field.

I lit the lamp, and settled down to read alone on my side of the wall. For about an hour and a half the sound of their voices came to me through the partition in a muffled sort of way—much as the sound of the wind comes to one on a stormy night—now rising—now falling—now dying off into silence—now in headstrong gusts. I paid small heed to it.

For a while they played cards and got into a row over the game—so much it was easy to follow.

Then some one strummed on a banjo that was short a string or so and the rest sang tumultuously. Following this, Mallon fell to entertaining them for a while in his inimitable style. I could tell it was Mallon by the roars of laughter that followed each comparatively quiet period. Judging by it, he was in unusually good form.

They evidently dropped from this into a lively argument. I was conscious it was an argument, a heated one, and fast passing the point of friendliness, though I listened unthinkingly, abstractedly, the while my mind was struggling to grasp and retain certain figures on a fever chart.

I swore once or twice at the noise which made clear thought impossible, even irritating, but went on by an effort till, quite suddenly, it struck me that the place had grown uncommonly quiet.

There had been no turbulent fare-

wells—no sound of the men tramping downstairs, yet they must have gone, without a doubt, so I concluded to see if Darryl had gone with them.

Going to his room and finding the door ajar, I pushed it open and went in, for we used little ceremony with each other.

Mallon was sitting on the table, his open watch in his hand. His blue eyes flashed as I entered and he smiled that little amused careless smile of his that just shows the line of his dazzling white even teeth. The two other fellows had disposed of themselves with little grace but as much comfort as possible in the two big horse-hair chairs. The room was thick with smoke, and they all looked at me through the haze without saying a word.

"Where is Darryl?" I asked.

"Darryl? Oh, he's gone out," answered Mallon.

"Where?" I said again shortly, an unreasonable tingling creeping through every nerve in my body.

"We are timing him, my dear Trent," said Mallon, flicking the ash off his cigar. "He has just run over to the school and was to have been back in twenty minutes, though it's a bit overtime now."

"The school?" I said. "Are you joking?"

"Certainly not, old chap," he replied coolly. "It isn't particularly funny. It is rather a fool thing in fact, for a fellow like Darryl, who is all nerves you know, to do; but somebody, Jack Wellington to be accurate, dared him to go over there alone, at least, said that he was the only man of us who would not go into the dissecting-room at night by himself. Ted regularly flew off the handle at that, and as I, oddly enough, happened to have a key that fits the dissecting-room door and mentioned the fact, nothing would do but he must take it, along with a pocketful of matches, and sally forth to prove that Wellington was a liar—as he delicately put it. He is to bring back a text book I left on the table that stands about the vat trap-door.

There's a new sub. on that table, and I remember perfectly having left the book beside him. Ted can't miss it."

Taking a step over to Mallon, I caught him by the shoulder and looked down into his daredevil eyes. An uncontrollable passion for the minute choked all words back into my throat. Some sense of it must have reached him, for he slowly whitened to the lips.

"What affair is it of yours?" he asked hoarsely. "What affair is it of yours? We are simply giving Darryl a chance to prove he is no coward; every man in the hospital knows he turns faint at sight of a corpse and slopes every operation you are not paid to drag him to. Let go my shoulder."

I took my hands from him slowly.

"You fool," I said, "to leave me out of the reckoning. It is between you and me, not you and Darryl. As for him, there is not the man in college—not one of you here—who thinks he is a coward. What he feels is not fear as men understand the word. It is a thing of a different nature—as a— as a birthmark is not a scar."

Then I swung the door open, went swiftly down the stairs and out.

It seemed an endless road to the school. It was a rough night and raining hard. I bent against the wind and battled with it.

A conviction that some accident had happened, a certainty of it, took possession of me as I sped on. It should not have taken Darryl more than the bare twenty minutes to go and come, even if he had to look about for the book. As I made it out now he had been gone fully three-quarters of an hour.

A vision of the low white dissecting room swam before my eyes. I fancied the bare walls of it; the tables with their formless, shrouded burdens faintly lit by the blue light of the sulphur matches as Darryl would strike them.

I felt sure Darryl would not leave the building without the text-book, that is, not until he had burnt his last match, for he believed it had been left there. I did not. Mallon was quite equal to putting up such a game.

I ran up the steps, reached the

strong outer door, pushed it open. If Ted had come out he undoubtedly would have locked it again.

Taking one of my father's letters from an inside pocket I twisted it and set it alight. The unsteady flame lit up the cold bare room and all its horrors. The shadows flitted over the tables with their shrouded burdens and fled down the white walls—queer, blurred shadows of shapeless things.

I found Darryl after a moment or two. He was lying at the bottom of a short flight of steps that led from the dissecting room down to the vat. He had either missed his footing in the dark or had fainted and fallen, for his head had struck upon the heavy iron ring in the trap-door.

He was quite unconscious, and the man upon the table just beyond was not more dreadfully still. I turned him face up and listened at his heart, but could not hear the least beat, nor could I find a thread of pulse at the wrist. He might have been an hour dead for any sign of life there was about him. Yet I did not think he was dead.

It was not possible to leave him and get help, for who could tell how or why he had fallen? A sound had startled him, or perhaps he had touched one of the silent figures, causing it to slip a little from its place, and so his nerve had left him. Who could tell? And if he came to himself there—alone—no, it was not possible to leave him.

My thoughts went half madly from one point to another, and then, not knowing what else to do, and time was going, I wrapped my coat about him, lifted him across my shoulder and carried him home.

The fellows were still waiting when we came in, and they looked white and awe-struck. I have no memory of what I told them, but two helped me with Darryl and the other went for Dr. Bennett. He is the nearest man. In the interval we learned what it is to wait. I for one had never known the meaning of the word in its full value before.

When Bennett came he said it was concussion of the brain, following intense nervous excitement or shock, that Darryl might not return to consciousness for hours—if, indeed, at all. After doing what he could he asked how it happened, and we let Mallon, who still waited, explain.

Dr. Bennett never lifted his eyes from Darryl's face, that had a grey-white shade upon it, and that mysterious look a face wears when the soul of it is away. He seemed to be tracing with his eyes the outline of the livid mark at the edge of the temple and close up under the light wavy hair where he had struck the iron ring in his fall.

When Mallon had finished his story he spoke in his usual clinical tone.

"We will detain you no longer, gentlemen. Trent will assist me. If there is a change be assured you will be informed of it."

After they went he glanced at me.

"I believe, Trent," he said slowly, "that if he has any people in town it would be best to let them know at once of this. I don't like the symptoms. Word might even be sent to his father—to-night. You go. I shall wait here."

Then I knew what he thought.

I went out again and took my way to the house of Mrs. Marshall, Darryl's Aunt. After much ringing at the door, a man-servant let me in—as it were on suspicion—and only after I had told him in part my reason for coming.

The great drawing-room where he bid me wait was dimly lighted and warm and sweet with the scent of many roses. The chairs were drawn here and there in little groups as they had been left late in the evening; there was a home-like air over the room though it was empty.

I stood there impatiently, a thing out of place, a disturber of the peace, a bearer of evil-tidings. A fierce longing to be back with Darryl strained at my heart, a hot anger at being kept waiting. I would leave the message and go, I said to myself, and then—the curtains at the far end of the room parted, and Margaret Darryl came towards me. The folds of her white dress swept about her feet—her throat and arms were bare and warmly white, and the light caught the glittering waves of her hair. So have I often dreamed of her. She came towards me swiftly, her hands outstretched, her eyes full of fear. I had not known she was in the city.

TO BE CONTINUED

UNDER A BANNER OF BLACK

By Maude Petitt

THE library looked cosy enough, even elegant that winter night—a grate fire, a screen of plants, a profusion of books and papers and two easy chairs standing with a confidential air beside the table.

He had just risen to go and stood hat in hand talking to her in the doorway. He was the very acme of polish, a man a little past thirty, of extremely aristocratic bearing—night-editor of the *Post*.

The lady edited a page of current topics on the same staff. She was cer-

tainly lady-like in appearance, but she had less of that air distingué that stamped her guest. In fact there was something Quaker-like in her clear, sincere face. Perhaps she was best described in the words of her kitchen-maid long after: "She was just her own good self and no making her up into anything different."

That was about it. Such as she was, Irwin Chambers looked into her eyes with a reverence that he had never given to any other woman. Their hands touched for an instant, then he

went out into the city street with the snow falling in great white patches all around him.

Enid Byrne went back to her writing, but her pen did not flow very freely that night. She was too interested in the real story she was weaving to work on the "make-up one." It was but little over a year since she had come to the city to make her way as a journalist. But she had had the advantage of a name. When only twenty-three, a book she had dared to publish had sent her name up like a sky-rocket. The book had died though, like most of its kind, in a season, leaving its author more famous than enriched thereby. She had since contributed regularly to the *Woodruff Magazine*. Irwin Chambers had noted her writings and recommended her for the staff of the *Post*. They had never met till her installation in her new office, but naturally his admiration for her work was the beginning of a firm friendship. Friendship! friendship! She nervously told herself it must be friendship always. In delicate little ways she let Irwin Chambers know it too. She was not free to marry like most girls; she was the only child of an invalid mother. The very house-rent of this beautiful home was paid out of her income. The maid came to her for her wages; the coal-man for his dues.

Besides, she had nought for her dower but a long line of ancestors. She was a struggling young journalist and Irwin Chambers was wealthy, very wealthy. His sisters moved in the most fashionable circles of the city. He worked for pastime and for fame; she for bread. No, no, it must always be friendship, she said. But his friendship was more to her than other men's love. And so she kept on drifting—drifting—drifting—but there was music in the oars, and music in the billows, and lights along the shore. Her heart was beating with something half joy, half pain, and she let herself drift—drift. Sometimes a look, a pressure of the hand startled her with the consciousness that it must all end somewhere. Then she suddenly cloaked

herself in dignity and grew cold, and Irwin Chambers was forced to admire her genius from afar off when he dared not approach her womanhood, proud man though he was. And if sometimes she wished he thought of her a little less as a genius and a little more as a woman—if she wished—ah! well.

The tinkling of a little silver bell roused her from her thoughts. She glided up the stairway, and pushing back the curtains, passed into a room half in darkness, half filled with a subdued rose-coloured light.

"What is it, little mutterchen?" she said, kneeling down beside the couch. "Have you been awake long?"

"Not long, dear."

An artist would have seized gladly upon the scene: the room was a perfect den of luxury, massive pictures, white statuary, soft-piled rugs and dainty bric-a-brac, and the rose-shaded light turned low, giving to everything an added richness. On the couch in the corner lay a woman of some sixty years, elegant in everything pertaining to her, from her puffs of silvery hair to her long transparent hands. The fire cast its reflection upon Enid Byrne bending over the couch, and lighted up her face—her plain, good face. The resemblance between mother and daughter was just great enough to make the contrast all the more striking. Enid was like her handsome mother. Only somewhere there was lacking in her that air of extreme elegance that was so much a part of the elder woman.

"Was Irwin Chambers here to-night, my child?"

"Yes, we have been reading manuscript all the evening."

"He comes rather often of late."

"We have much work to do together, mother. We shall have less now that he is promoted to the night editorship."

The mother smiled and sighed, but Enid did not notice it. She was preparing her things for the night.

"Now if you will read to me, Enid, I think I'll sleep."

But Enid lingered after the reading

was finished, talking quietly, her hand in her mother's. They were very dear to each other these two.

"You are not quite happy, little mutterchen," she said. "There is something you are longing for. I can see it. Tell me what it is, little mother."

She laid her cheek fondly against her mother's, but drew back quickly.

"Why, mother dear, you are crying. What is it? Can't you tell me, dearest?"

"Perhaps I ought not, child, you have sacrificed so much for me. But I do long to see England again before I die. If I could only see the old home again this summer, I think I should die satisfied. Do you think you could do it, Enid? I know I ought not to ask it, dear child."

Enid hid her face on her mother's breast in silence for a few moments. She might have told her that the rent had risen, that the maid had threatened to leave unless her wages were raised; that the doctor's bills had been nearly doubled, in short, that she did not know how to make ends meet as it was. But she only answered:

"I think it can be managed, mother dear; we'll see."

"Poor child, you are sacrificing your youth for me."

Enid laughed gaily.

"Never fret, little mutterchen, I should never have been a social success. I am as well earning a livelihood for us both."

The smile was still lighting her face as she left the room, but it died as quickly as she was out of sight. There was one way of granting her mother's request—one way.

She turned on the light in her room, and kneeling down before her secretary drew from the lower shelves a heavy pile of manuscript. Twelve! The city clocks were striking far and near. One! Two! Still the light shone from one solitary window along the avenue. Still Enid Byrne sat turning over the sheets of writing and reading rapidly through the night. It must have been near morning when she lifted

her face again and her eyes had an excited brightness and her cheeks a glow. Yes, it was by far the best thing she had ever written. She was not mistaken in it. Dreamy woodland and hurrying city, breath of wild flowers, smoke of factories, love and labour, greeting and parting, death and life, she had woven them all in with a hand that was strong and faltered not. Nothing she had ever written compared in any way with this. It was the work that would make her name, if published. But for six months she had been secret- ing it under her secretary instead of submitting it to a publisher. She had let her old friend, the editor of the *Woodruff Magazine*, read the first chapters as she wrote them and he had asked to see the rest of it.

"Oh, Miss Byrne, you have made your name this time," he had said. "I can't praise it enough. You will let me find a publisher for it. Our columns cannot pay you a just price."

"Thank you, very, very much, Dr. Workfield, but I have decided not to publish it at any price."

"Not publish it! My dear Miss Byrne, why such a strange decision? It is not right, not just to the world and yourself to stifle the children of your brain like that! Why, it's positively alive! It's so much alive it bleeds when you touch it."

But Enid Byrne steadfastly refused to publish it. It was so much alive. That was the secret of it. It was her own heart-story. She had never written with the same power before. Perhaps she never would again. But this story was too sacred to sell for money. Besides the world would not be slow in recognizing some of the characters. It would recognize herself in the girl with the pen. It would recognize the hero the night-editor of the *Post*. And what of Irwin Chambers, the man himself? Even if the world were blinded there was no deceiving him. There were occasionally the very words that had fallen from his lips among those pages; there were the life-dreams and ideals he had confided to her in his better moments,

the pessimism he had given vent to in his bitterer hours. The heroine was a young journalist like herself with many of the same ambitions, trials and joys that he knew to be hers. Into this woman's heart she had breathed all her love for him—aye, a step further, she had let that love be returned in the pages of her story—for the sake of making a master-work of art she had let them weave their ideal of life together. He could read it there. The world could read it. This was the price of sending her mother to England—she could see no other way. Yet on that trip her mother's life might depend—her mother's life. She could publish the story under a *nom de plume*, to be sure. But there was danger even then of her style being recognized. And no *nom de plume* would veil her from Irwin Chambers' eyes; he knew her hand too well. And what would he think of a woman who sold her own heart's-story for money and for fame? She turned the light off and went to the window, the manuscript still held like a child in her arms. The storm had ceased, the stars were shining bright in the darkness just before morn. The snow lay in a great white cloak on the roof and towers of the mighty cathedral opposite, and the great bell hung silent and dark in the starlight. No sound, no step of passer-by; the street was still. And while the city slept the woman at the window with the manuscript on her breast stood fighting the bitterest battle of her life.

Nay, but she could not finish the fight to-night! And she laid her treasure away with a sigh.

"I will wait just a little longer," she said. "Perhaps another way may open. I will wait."

A month passed; it was night again, a winter Sunday night. Enid Byrne stood by the same window again. Her mother had had another bad spell that day, but had just fallen asleep, and Enid had come to rest a while after her day of watching. Her room was dark and she could see distinctly into the street below. The snow was fall-

ing as it had fallen that other night, myriads of little white things floating down among the electric lights. But the cathedral was aglow to-night, and the great bell was swinging forth its ponderous call. Enid sat watching the crowd pouring in at the entrance, and stopping to shake off the snow in the brightly lighted hall. Suddenly Irwin Chambers and his two sisters ascended the steps into the light. She watched him as he shook their magnificent sable furs, then they passed on out of sight, but not before he had cast a backward glance toward her home. She felt it rather than saw it—that look.

Then the doctor's carriage stopped at her door, and she roused from her reveries.

A few minutes later she was descending the stairs with the family physician.

"There is one thing only can save your mother's life, Miss Byrne—that is an entire change of scene. She must be roused from that couch where she lies."

"Would a—a trip to England be—"

"The very thing. If you could manage it toward the close of the summer even, I think that would spare her to you a few years."

Dr. Carson wondered at the sudden pallor of the girl's face as she answered, "It shall be managed, Dr. Carson." Three months later the literary world was talking of a new serial in the *Woodruff Magazine*. Who was its author? No one knew; the secret had been carefully guarded by both writer and publisher. The *nom de plume* of Caché concealed, indeed, everything that the world might ask. Enid Byrne had been mistaken in believing her style would be recognized. She was still a young writer, and this story so far transcended anything she had yet done that no one pointed to her.

But one man read her story sitting alone in his editorial chair, and his lips closed a little more firmly. His hand trembled slightly as he read. Irwin Chambers pierced the veil as she knew he would. She was to leave for Eng-

land in a fortnight's time with her mother, and it was surprising how seldom she met with her co-worker after that. Naturally she avoided him, though he did not appear to avoid her, and made no mention of her story. If anything, he was more polite and deferential than usual, but with a strange, icy distance of manner, and he came no more to read manuscripts to her at No. 90 Armure Ave. The breach was too delicate to bridge over between them. She had written her heart-story; she had written him as her hero; she had sold it—sold it for money. She could picture all the scorn his sensitive, aristocratic soul would feel for a woman like that. He might even think more. He might think she had published it that he might read and know her secret. Thus she stood before him in heart-nakedness and shame. And neither spoke a word. Oh, if she might only flee from his presence! It came at length, her last day in the office before sailing. But there was one member of the staff who did not come to say farewell; he was out of the city that afternoon.

The breeze fluttered among the mast-flags of the *Sea-girt Isle* next day. Men and women hurried to and fro along the decks. Husbands and wives, mothers and sons said farewell. Children fluttered their little kerchiefs from the wharf. The *Sea-girt Isle* was about to sail. Enid Byrne came back to the deck for something after settling her mother comfortably in the cabin. A man had just left a group and was turning shoreward. Her heart gave a wild throb. It was Irwin Chambers. So their farewell was to be out here, then, on the blue harbour with the sky above.

"Oh Miss Byrne, happy to have an opportunity of saying good-bye. I have just resigned my position on the *Post* to-day. May not see you again for some time."

"Resigned!"

"Yes, going abroad with my sisters for a couple of years. There's the signal to go ashore. Good-bye. Bon voyage!"

He hurried off the ship. The gang-plank was pulled up. The ropes fell with a crash into the water, and the *Sea-girt Isle* was loose from her moorings.

So that was to end all.

A sudden resignation, a parting on the ship's deck, a decision to go abroad, and so life passes! Out in the blue, out on the billows—dream-clouds—foam-caps—and the towers and smoking chimneys of old New York growing fainter on her vision!

She looked up at the mast-flags floating above and out on the blue of the sea, and she seemed to see herself setting out on the life-voyage afresh. But the mast-flag of her ship was of black—the black banner of a past that was dead.

Years passed—one, two, three—seven of them. Two gentlemen sat reading on the verandah of a country summer resort one August morning. A third, a man of extreme dignity of bearing sat down some little distance away.

"There's another of Enid Byrne's stories in this magazine," said one of the twain.

"Yes, I always read her stories. Wonderful gift, hasn't she? None of your penny-a-liner about her. Let's go down to the fish-pond, Mulchray."

The two rose to go. The stranger was left alone. He reached over immediately and possessed himself of the magazine they had left in the chair.

What he read was the story of a young writer who had written her own love-story without meaning to publish it; the hero and she were simply friends. Months later poverty was making itself felt in the home; her widowed mother was sinking slowly into a decline, and to save her from want she sold the story that was to her as her own flesh and blood. The man's friendship was killed by the blow. The story was beautifully told, a gem from a literary point of view, but oh the pathos of it—

"I wonder if that is her own story

too," said Irwin Chambers. "Her mother died in England that fall. I wonder if she published that story for her sake. I wonder what has become of her. I wonder if she cares—yet."

Irwin Chambers had never seen her face since that day he had said "Bon voyage" on the decks of the *Sea-girt Isle*. He had heard of her mother's death, of her resignation on her return. He had from time to time seen her stories in the most prominent magazines. She was successful, "as a woman ought to be," he told himself, "that would lay bare her own love for money and for fame." But was it possible, after all, that he had been mistaken—that money and fame were not her motive? Was it possible—such a sacrifice?

His own mother was dead now, his sisters married, and the past came before him with a new force in his loneliness.

Down in the doorway of a farmhouse kitchen a woman stood fanning herself that hot August morning. A display of fresh-baked bread testified to her well-earned rest of a few minutes. But she did not look like a woman accustomed to the toil of a farmhouse. She was too erect for one thing. For another she surveyed the bread altogether too proudly. Her hair was rich, luxuriant and silvery, but her face was fresh and youthful. It would have been girlish but for a certain "mothering" air. She was probably but little past thirty, and she did not look even that. She stood a moment looking over the pasture lands, the sheep in the shadow of the elms, the sunflowers and the blue patches of lupus on the hillsides, and then across her vision there floated a city dwelling, an artistic little nest where she lived with her maid and tried to welcome and "mother," in short, young writers, artists, journalists, young strugglers

of every description in old New York.

Enid Byrne had laid her mother to rest beneath the English sod. Her spirit had fainted at first but not for long. She had devoted herself heart and soul to her stories after that. Her name had risen like a star. Wealth had come to her; she had bought a dainty home in the suburbs of New York, and a large and aspiring family had been sheltered gratis beneath her roof in times of stress and storm. And if she had lost the love of one, the love of the many was given her instead, and so she worked cheerily, and her cheeks had not lost their roundness nor her eyes their light.

Just now she had come to visit her only remaining relative, a cousin. Her cousin's wife had fallen ill the day before, and until help could be secured Enid was installed as mistress of the farm-house. She put another batch of cookies into the oven and went to the door to fan herself again. A man in black cloth was coming down the road. He was probably a boarder from the summer resort across the hill. There was something about him familiar to her, but the next moment she was looking away toward the morning shadows on the hillsides.

"Pardon me, madam, but could you tell me which road leads to—"

The voice of the stranger startled her as he came around the house corner.

"Enid! Miss Byrne, pardon me. I have been reading your last story this morning."

Their eyes met in the long moment of silence that followed.

Then the pigeons gathered in a row along the kitchen eaves and heard a great deal more that summer morning. That last batch of cookies was still in the oven over an hour later; then Irwin Chambers helped her remove her blackened confectionery. Afterwards he feasted in a farmhouse kitchen on fresh home-made bread baked by a celebrated writer.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

If you have any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world cry and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet.
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should see,
See it.

Whether life be right or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it.

WHEN men and women first dwelt in houses made with hands, these structures were divided into apartments, each of which was designed to serve one definite and particular purpose. Therefore, when Daniel Webster came to the word *bedroom* he had no hesitation in disposing of it with the brief and simple explanation:—"a

room or apartment intended or used for a bed," adding, in order to remove the least suspicion of ambiguity, the terse corollary:—"a lodging-room."

Such a definition was, indeed, sufficient unto our grandmothers, who furnished their chilly, stately bedrooms with their one especial purpose always in view. Hence the central and most important piece of furniture was the huge four-post bedstead, massive and imposing, with its solid mahogany foundation, its heavy dark curtains and its mountainous feather-bed, to reach the summit of which little steps had to be called into requisition.

The great bed, in which as a child one was put to sleep when on a visit to grandmother, is still vivid in one's memory, and at the bare mention of it one feels again the little thrill of excitement that went through the small person as she girded up her strength for the perilous leap from the top of the little steps into the shadowy depths of the cavernous bed. The folds of the dark curtains were the lurking places of many strange, mysterious beings—the good Brownies who worked while mortals slept; the avenging gnomes who punished slumbering evildoers by whispering terrible nightmares into their ears; the little fairies who brought beautiful dreams to the deserving; and, best of all, they encircled the strong white angels who hovered over good little children while they slept, and guarded them from all harm.

But alas! now *nous avons changé tout cela!* Spurred on by our little, dangerous knowledge of the omnipotence of microbes of dust and bacilli of disease, the enlightened present-day housekeeper has long since torn down the damask curtains and has replaced

the old four-poster by a trim little brass or white enamel bed, aggressively sanitary.

Where are the gnomes and pixies, Brownies and fairies now? Routed by a feather duster, homeless and friendless, I doubt if they could find a place to-day even in the imagination of our practical, modern babies! In addition to the big bed, grandmother's sleeping-room contained her washing-stand; her heavy chest of drawers, her little dressing-table, the mahogany "wardrobe" in which grandfather's apparel hung, a little stand at the head of the bed, on which a glass of water and a candle stood ready for any night emergency, and, if grandmother were very devout, or lived in Lower Canada, a little red velvet *prie-dieu* completed the furnishing, with, perhaps, a black horsehair rocker and a substantial hassock. The rocker was not very general, however, for this room, you will remember, was "an apartment used for a bed," and one cannot be in a rocker and submerged in a feather-bed at one and the same time. When one wanted to enjoy the comfort of a rocking-chair and hassock one repaired to the library,

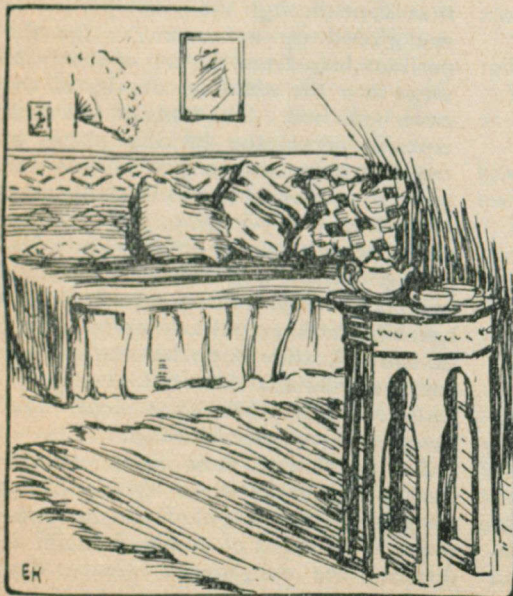
nursery, or sitting-room. The stiff bedroom was a room for occupancy by night alone. As a place in which to receive one's friends—well, grandmother would just as readily have received them in the kitchen or the woodshed!

But in these days of the independent, live-by-herself-in-one-room female, the bedroom pure and simple is becoming extinct. The woman who lodges or boards spends unlimited time and strength in so arranging her one room that it will suggest all things to her visitors except what it really is—a lodging-room.

That which is a bed by night becomes, after some skilful manipulation of mattresses and arranging of draperies, not, indeed, Goldsmith's "chest of drawers by day," but that *sine qua non* of modern furnishing, a "cosy corner," the white night-slips of the pillows being modestly replaced, or at least hidden from view by gay cushion-covers. The innocent-looking mirror, so obviously a mere thing of beauty and ornamentation, tells no tales as to its utilitarian qualities, and is apparently quite unconscious of the brush and comb

tucked in a little bag behind its back; while the decorous screen that guards the jug and basin and small oil-stove reveals no secrets, unless, indeed, a clumsy, restless visitor should chance to overturn it. And in the absorbing interest created by the tea-table, judiciously placed well in the foreground, one forgets to notice the bulging curtains that, veiling my lady's wardrobe, dangle deprecatingly in the shadowy background.

The woman who lives by herself, in spacious apartments or in a six-by-four cubicle, cares for nothing and desires nothing in the way of furniture so long as she has her tea-table and her cosy-corner. And even the girl who is living at home regards her room less as a sleeping-place than as a sort of combination boudoir, library, reception and



WHO WOULD THINK IT A BED?

sitting-room. Here she sews, reads, studies, writes her letters and club essays, receives her feminine friends, and frequently brews herself a private pot of tea.

One of a large family of girls remarked not long ago that "Mother" was very good to them all, that each had her own bedroom and afternoon tea arrangements and little gas water-heater, so that "We can each receive our own friends in our own room as privately as if we were boarding, without bothering mother, interfering with each other's places or getting in each other's way."

One cannot forbear, in passing, to chronicle a protest against the growing tendency of a certain type of modern maiden to walk in a path of self-reliant, self-sufficient independence, a path in which there is no room for any members of her own family, so that it is not unusual to find several sisters living in the same house, each of whom pursues alone the even tenor of her own individual way, having in common with her sisters neither tastes, interests nor friends. But to return to our mutton. In addition to the orthodox bed-chamber furniture, the bedroom of the twentieth-century girl contains her desk, book-shelves, cosy-corner, cabinet of curios collected during continental wanderings, if she be one of Fortune's favourites, easy chairs, comfortable upholstered boxes which serve the double purpose of affording seating accommodation and of providing a suitable receptacle for filmy bodices and evening gowns, and frequently a small tabouret which can be readily converted into a tea-table.

A contemporary magazine, edited in the interests of women everywhere, recently published a series of photographs of girls' bedrooms, supposedly typical rooms, furnished and occupied by typical present-day girls. Special features to be noticed in almost all the



THE FOUR-POST BED AT GRANDMOTHER'S

rooms, which were interesting as demonstrating the radical departure from the ideas in furnishing followed a generation or two ago, were the built-in book-shelves, the cosily-arranged seats by the fireplace, so suggestive of *tête-à-têtes* and tea; the well-equipped desk, and the golf-sticks, rackets, foils and college-streamers which tell of the athletic girl's progress, and which have supplanted the samplers and pious woolwork mottoes which proclaimed her grandmother's accomplishments.

So change the times and the customs, and the fickle tastes of human creatures. Perhaps another generation will see the total disappearance of the bedroom proper, and weary individuals, when night falls, will merely sink to rest on the hygienically-covered floor of their library or sitting-room, pillowing their enlightened heads on the nearest hassock *à la* the heathen Chinese, whose civilization, we are told, antedates that of all other existing nations, and should therefore be entitled to some consideration.

There has come to *Women's Sphere* the ninth volume of "Women-Workers of Canada," the interesting little publication issued annually by the National Council of Women of Canada.

The present volume, in addition to a report of the business transacted at the ninth annual meeting of the National Council, which was held at St. John, N.B., last July, and was commented upon at the time in these columns, contains the able papers which were read before the Council on that occasion, thus offering a vast amount of valuable information and helpful suggestion to all who are in the least interested in the welfare of their fellows—men as well as women, for the Council labours for the good of both sexes.

From amongst so many excellent articles it is hard to choose any for particular mention, though perhaps those on: The Care of Aged and Infirm Poor, The Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Prison Reform, Manual Training, Physical Culture, and The Necessity for Purity Teaching in our Public Schools, may be considered of most interest to the general public.

The keynote of Mrs. Nicholson Cutter's admirable address on The Place of Physical Culture in Education, is sounded in her own words:—"Physical culture is the rounded development of all the powers of the body to the end that it may become a ready and obedient servant," and the paper concludes with the pregnant sentence: "We cannot come into the full enjoyment of our spiritual or mental selves while we ignore the necessity of making the body the avenue of impression from outward sources, the avenue of expression for the soul, normal, strong, free."

A very valuable paper is that contributed by Mr. McLean, late Secretary of the Montreal Board of Associated Charities, who is eminently fitted to speak with authority on the subject chosen by him, that of Penny Savings Banks.

One is sorely tempted to enter at some length into a discussion of the

various ways of encouraging thrift in the poor dealt with by Mr. McLean, but lack of space forbids more than a bare mention of the various methods described:—(1) Savings banks, (2) Ordinary and so-called industrial insurance, (3) Medical aid, accident and sick benefit, and funeral benefit agencies, provided by the Government in some European countries, entirely under private auspices in Canada and the United States; (4) Co-operative schemes such as the great building and loan societies of the United States and Canada, (5) Postal savings system, as adopted in England and Canada.

Anyone interested in the good work of helping to help themselves those who are helpless through ignorance—the highest and ideal charity—will derive much profit from a careful perusal of Mr. McLean's article, and those on Life Insurance Schemes for Women, contributed by Mrs. Baxter, of Victoria, and Provident Schemes for Women, by Mrs. Rose Holden, of Hamilton.

The subjects of Manual Training and Domestic Science are ably discussed by Mr. J. B. Kidner, of Truro, N. S., and Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton. That the introduction of these branches into public schools has been fraught with most excellent results, has already been proven in England, France, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Sweden and the United States, and a practical proof of one man's belief in the value of such instruction is found in Sir William Macdonald's handsome gift of \$125,000, to be used in building a Domestic Science Training School at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

Concerning the vital questions of prison reform, the custodial care of feeble-minded women, and the care of aged and infirm poor, no thoughtful man or woman could read the comprehensive articles on these subjects without being awakened to a keen realization not only of how much has already been accomplished in these directions, but of how very, very much there yet remains to be done.

The thoughtful, authoritative ad-

dresses on prison reform, delivered by Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, and Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, Rhode Island, should be widely read.

In conclusion, one would also like to commend to the careful consideration of every earnest-thinking man and woman, Miss Danard's admirable little paper on Purity Teaching in the Public Schools.

The National Council is to be congratulated on the scope and breadth of its work and the diversity of its interest, and we cannot too highly commend the labours of these men and women who are devoting so much time and energy to bettering the condition, physical, mental and moral of their fellow countrymen.

A reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been kind enough to express his approval of the remarks made in *Woman's Sphere* a short time ago, regarding the regrettable carelessness of speech, incorrect pronunciation, and unmodulated voices of many of our people, and he has sent to the editor a copy of the Annual Calendar of the Provincial Normal School of Truro, N.S., in which certain marked passages show that the directors of at least one college in our Dominion realize how important it is that their students should have a *speaking* and *writing* knowledge of their own language before all else. One is delighted to find that in this school a full year's course is given in "the interpretation and oral rendering of selected specimens of English literature, and in the delivery of brief extempore addresses, and of narrative, descriptive, and critical themes composed and memorized by the pupils." "A special aim of this exercise," writes the editor of the Calendar, "is the correction of false pro-

nunciation and tone, and of imperfect enunciation, and the development of correct, fluent, and confident delivery. Severity in the treatment of this subject is rendered necessary by the absence of an accepted standard of speech throughout the Province, by the growing tendency to nasality and guttural quality, and by the indifference with which vowel sounds and word endings are commonly treated. Nothing but constant watchfulness on the part of teachers will save the popular speech from debasement, a result which may entail a lowering of national spirit and self-respect."

These words are by no means too strong, and the Provincial Normal College of Nova Scotia is to be complimented upon having taken the firm stand that "the ability to express oneself in correct and well-delivered English is by regulation insisted on as a qualification for a Normal School diploma," and the "persistent use of ungrammatical forms of speech, crudeness of manner, conspicuous awkwardness or timidity, or an unsympathetic attitude towards children, will each constitute a sufficient reason for withholding the diploma."

FAILURE.

What if thy glory, like a great green tree
With slow grown weft of waving branches,
spread
Till farers by the weary land or sea
Afar gaze wondering on the sky-borne
head,—

And violets grow not in its sunless shade,
The clover sicken and the daisy die,
And in the barren circle scarce a blade
Wave a wee signal to the yellow fly,—

What if enriched by every wind that blows,
The tree win praise from shifting tribes of
men,
And by its sullen plot dead leaves of rose
Go drifting and unheeded—aye, what then?

—CHARLES E. RUSSELL

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE Anglo-German coercionary expedition to Venezuela reveals to the United States the extent of the obligation it has assumed in standing as guardian to these unruly republics in Central and South America. What the end is to be is not at all clear. With an entire lack of public conscience and an assurance that the United States will prevent any very serious punishment to be imposed on them, the "sucking republics" of the South are a highly irresponsible group of States. Two or three main principles hold most States to the path of honour. In the first place should be put the desire to maintain the public credit; secondly, concern for the good fame of one's country; and, thirdly, the fear of reprisal from the countries whose citizens would suffer by the derelictions of other States. The first two are found to be quite sufficient for self-respecting States, but there are a class of weak States whose self-respect is low, and with them a less reputable incentive has to be supplied. The Central and South American republics, taking advantage of the Monroe doctrine, and feeling that their territory and their independence cannot be infringed on, feel themselves free even from this lower motive for honest dealing.

38

The United States are consenting parties to the demonstration now being made, but President Castro and his Ministers know that their foes cannot proceed to extremities, for the seizure of territory is what the United States under no circumstances will peacefully allow. Indeed, it must be said that President Roosevelt and his Cabinet are deserving of the thanks of both

participants in the demonstration, for they run considerable political risks in permitting things to go as far as they have gone. We may be sure that when consent was given for the course now being taken, the date when it should be put into operation was carefully ascertained. Had the combined fleet, for example, appeared off La Guaira about the middle of October, it would have been too tempting a theme for Democratic orators. We would have heard about the Monroe doctrine being trailed in the dust and spat upon. There being no elections in sight at the moment, there may be no temptation just now to indulge in these "windy aspirations of forced breath." It must be said, however, that a great deal will depend on the duration of the joint occupation. The debt is said to amount to thirty million dollars. If the plan adopted to collect it is the seizure of the custom houses, there would exist to the hand of the demagogue, in the midst, say, of a Presidential election, a weapon that would exercise an irresistible fascination over his mind. It would be sufficient for him to point to the Anglo-German occupation of Venezuelan custom houses, which by that time would have endured two years and certain to exist many more, to prove that the Monroe doctrine was a thing of shreds and patches. He would contrast the attitude of a Democratic President, Mr. Grover Cleveland, when the same Venezuela was threatened by a foreign country. Richard Olney, who, as Secretary of State, is said to have been the author of Cleveland's message, has been spoken of as a possible Democratic candidate in 1904. What strength he would gain among the Jingoës, contrasted with the administration that was al-

lowing a virtual occupation of soil in the western hemisphere by European monarchs. And Germany, of all countries in the world! She is more than suspected of casting longing eyes towards South America as a hopeful field for colonization. Once established there, would it not be difficult to oust her—would she not, in fact, like Britain in Egypt, make herself so indispensable to the prosperity and progress of the occupied country that even the Venezuelans would be divided as to the desirability of her presence at La Guaira?

¶

All this would make excellent material for a Jingo election, and we may be sure that every effort will be made by the Republican administration to arrange matters that it will not be necessary for the foreign Powers to occupy the Venezuelan custom houses. A wider question lies at the bottom of it all. Will this plan of collecting debts with battleships make it quite unnecessary for investors to exercise any prudence or caution in lending to reckless governments? If so, who will bear the expense connected with this costly mode of enforcing claims? In civil life the person distrained on has to bear the cost of the process.

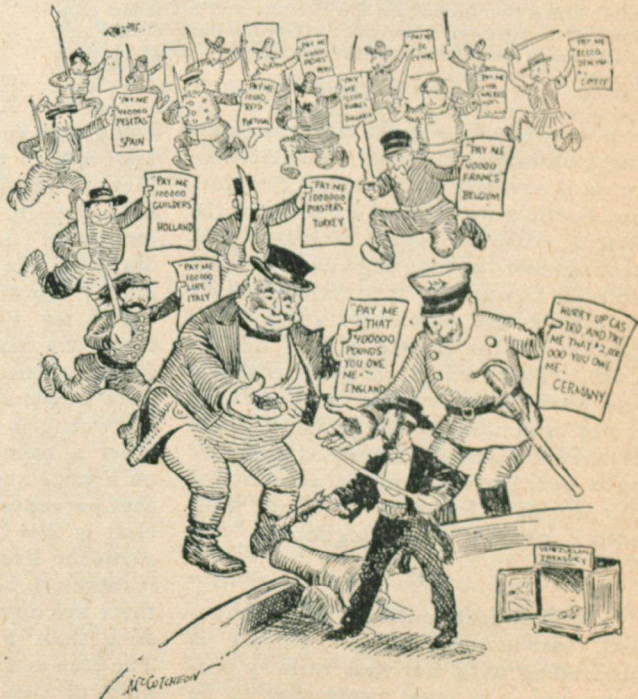
¶

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, commented on the little war which Britain is conducting against the Mad Mullah, characterizing it as a "Foreign Office war," and protesting against the Foreign Office taking the initiative in declaring or undertaking to prosecute hostilities. He added sarcastically

that the next thing they would hear of would be an expedition organized by the Department of Agriculture. His Lordship will find fresh fuel for his indignation in this Venezuelan expedition which appears eminently to be a Foreign Office war.

¶

The curious thing is that the British people are anything but well disposed towards their partner in the present operations. The recent "revelations" of Sir Horace Rumbold, former British Ambassador at Vienna, are still being warmly discussed in England. Sir Horace has a hearty admiration for the Austrian Emperor, who remained throughout the South African war an undisguised partisan of the British view of matters. His position at Vienna gave him unusual opportunities of becoming familiar with the real spirit of both the people and the Government of the neighbouring country, and his judgment is that Germany is



IT SEEMS TO BE THE STYLE NOW TO JUMP ON VENEZUELA

—Chicago Herald



AN APPARITION AT CAPE TOWN

The cheerful, kindly comment of the *South African Review* runs thus: "The announcement of Mr. Chamberlain's visit came like a thunderbolt on the Premier and his fellow-conspirators. (Query: How will Sir Gordon explain his Fairy Tales when he meets Joe face to face?)"—*South African Review (Cape town)*.

"potentially England's most unrelenting and dangerous foe." The German press is severely hurt because Sir Horace's article was copied by some of the leading Austrian papers without a protest against the language used to characterize Germany. The Ambassador's opinion is the opinion of a large proportion of the people of the British Isles. There will be no great enthusiasm over this joint expedition, and that it has been undertaken at all is proof of the influence the moneyed interests have over governments in all parts of the world. Money is certainly king both in republics and kingdoms.

☞

The European outlook is, nevertheless, satisfactorily calm. Russia is proceeding with her vast railway projects, and is at least professing to be evacuating Manchuria as rapidly as the

interests of civil order in that country will allow. She is already experiencing a difficulty that will tax the utmost skill of her statesmen to cope with, namely the invasion of cheap Chinese labour, with which even the Russian peasant is unable to contend. Will Siberia become a western outpost of the Mongol race? That is not Russia's purpose in opening up Siberia. It was to be a vast preserve for the Russian people. But who can contend with elemental forces? And the movement of a people across a geographical line may be regarded as elemental. Even the wide, roaring seas that surge between Asia and America scarce suffice, combined with restricting laws, to keep them out of this continent.

☞

France is engaged abroad with her Asian empire.

A new treaty with Siam has given her considerably increased territory in that part of the world. Her possessions there, which began with Tonkin, are now of imposing dimensions. It is, indeed, France's India, and, like India, it is not a white man's country. It really affords no outlet for France. It may be said there are no Frenchmen desirous of going abroad. If, however, there were a second France in some part of the world, it would in all probability exert a tremendously beneficial effect on France and Frenchmen. The idea that pervades the whole of French society is that there is no other place on earth for Frenchmen but France, and it therefore behooves them to see that there are no more Frenchmen in existence than French soil can support. The idea is a paralyzing one from every point of view, and will finally result in the great leaders in the refinements of

civilization taking a second place in the scheme of things. At present the main idea of Frenchmen with regard to a colony is that it is a place where French goods may be sold and the goods of the intrusive foreigner kept out.

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Mr. Gerald Balfour is pursuing a determined policy against the League in Ireland. Several persons convicted of breaking the law, including some members of Parliament, are serving terms in prison. And for the moment Ireland has but few friends outside her own borders. The Education Act has put the Parliamentary party in a cruel position. The English Roman Catholics are as deeply interested in the measure presented for acceptance by the Balfour Government as the Anglican Church itself. The Nationalists were therefore in an extraordinary position between conflicting claims. There was, first, the claim of the English Roman Catholics; secondly, the claim of the Nonconformists, who were their staunch allies in putting the Home Rule Bill through Parliament, and, thirdly, the claims of political retaliation. The opportunity of administering a body-blow to the Government that was busy clapping them in jail must have been almost irresistible. Seldom has a leader had so perplexing a problem presented to him. Mr. Redmond's solution was to withdraw his followers from Parliament altogether. This course has displeased both the English Liberals and the hierarchy in England and in Ireland. Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Logue have each written letters expressing their



THE COMING CHEAP GOVERNOR-GENERAL

"The *Times* says that if Australia is reluctant to provide a salary proportionate to the vice-regal magnificence expected in a Governor-General, it may be necessary to appoint some one whose expenditure will be strictly according to his salary.

"FUTURE GOVERNOR-GENERAL (receiving public bodies): 'Soda or water? By the way, hope you brought your pipes; can't afford to keep cigars in the house.' (Public bodies would have a fit at first, but they would soon get used to it.)"—*Bulletin*.

amazement at the desertion by the Irish representatives of their fellow-religionists at such a critical and important moment. Mr. Redmond has replied in a tame letter in which he says that the bill is commanding majorities of a hundred on divisions, and that the presence or absence of the Nationalists would have no effect one way or the other. It is pointed out, however, that more than one amendment has been fastened on the bill detrimental to the clerical control of the schools, which could not have carried if the Nationalists had remained at their posts. These incidents possess much interest for students of the Irish question.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



ON the second floor of the building on St. James' St., Montreal, which is the home of *La Patrie*, is a new and well-furnished office. Behind the low, square, regulation office desk, in an easy chair, sits the Hon. J. Israel Tarte, the ex-Minister of Public Works. When the writer visited him recently, he found him reading Greene's "Short History of the English People." He looks much

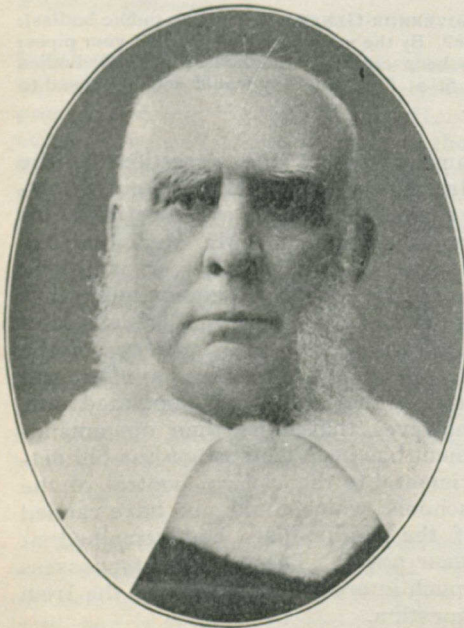


younger than he did a year or two ago, and is as gay and debonnaire as a young man in his twenties.

Here Mr. Tarte receives his friends, laughs pleasantly over his departure from the Laurier Administration, pens trenchant articles for *La Patrie* (which

is now second, if not first, in importance among the French journals of Canada) and is gathering strength and information for the next political move. He declares that the change is a pleasant one, that he is glad to be relieved of the worries of a Cabinet Minister, that his friends have been kind and not forgetful, that his only immediate concern is to keep the readers of *La Patrie* well supplied with the latest political information. In the Province of Quebec, the French daily and weekly papers published outside of Montreal and Quebec are not of much importance, or, at least, do not measure up to the standard of those published in Hamilton, Kingston, Brockville, Brantford, Stratford and other Ontario towns. Consequently, the daily paper from Quebec or Montreal is everything politically and socially in French Canada. Because of this *La Patrie* fills a large place in the journalistic life of Quebec, and Mr. Tarte meets daily with a large audience. This, he says, accounts for his complaisance.

He has recently purchased the *Quebec Mercury*, which George Stewart, D.C.L., has edited for some years. Mr. Tarte is looking for a new editor for that journal, a young English-speaking Canadian with talents and energy. With the *Mercury* he will at-



THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY STRONG, EX-CHIEF JUSTICE OF CANADA

tempt to reach the English-speaking people of Quebec, and thus add a second string to his bow. Then if anything should happen to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Wilfrid is neither young nor strong, who will be the hero of Quebec? In Mr. Tarte's estimation it will not be Mr. Monk, though he would probably admit that the latter will be a doughty rival.

It is also whispered that Mr. Tarte is writing some strong speeches for the next session of Parliament, and that "Canada for the Canadians" will not be the least of his themes.



Lord Charles Beresford knows something about business. That he is a critical observer is proven by some opinions given to a commercial journal recently, when he was asked how Britain could best meet foreign competition. Among other things he stated :

Manufacturers must send out what foreign consumers want, not what the manufacturers think they ought to want.

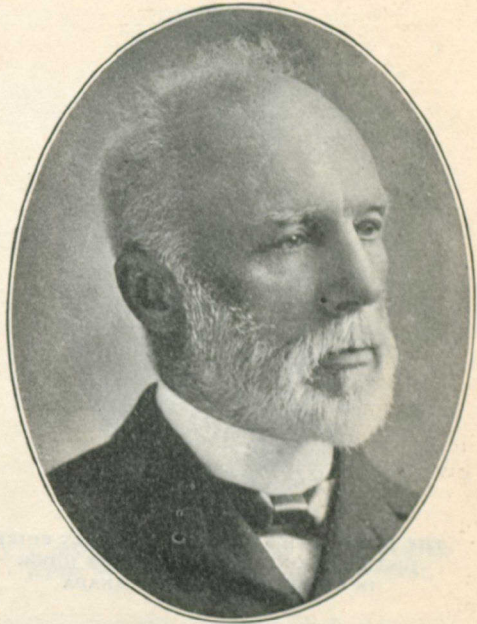
Orders should not be declined because of their smallness. The great effort should be to form new connections. Small orders may lead to large ones.

Prices and weights should be quoted in the language of the country in which trade is sought.

Quick delivery is of the utmost importance, and is often of more consequence than the question of price. British manufacturers are losing a great deal of foreign business because of their unwillingness to contract for early delivery.

When the average British manufacturer tries to sell his goods in this country, he does not try to find out what Canadians want before he shows his samples. He assumes a lofty tone and says "These are my goods." He spurns small trial orders. His prices are not quoted in dollars and cents, and his ton is not 2,000 pounds. His delivery is often carelessly slow.

These facts explain largely why Canada buys so little from Great Britain and so much from the United States. The United States manufacturers endeavour always to meet all the wishes



THE HON. SIR HENRI TASCHEREAU, THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE OF CANADA

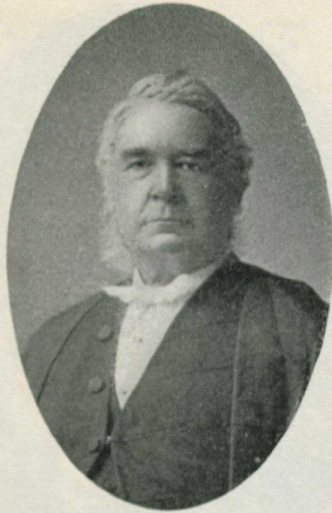
and fads of their customers. They will manufacture any quality, any quantity, and endeavour to meet any price. They are never lordly when showing their wares.

And in all this there are lessons for the Canadian exporter, who is rapidly becoming numerous.



One or two friends of the United States living in Canada are very much worried over Canada's lack of confidence in the trustworthiness of United States diplomacy. The general accusation is made

by Canadian writers and publicists that United States diplomats have not always been as frank in their arguments as even diplomats are expected to be, and also that the United States does not always abide by an international bargain even after it has been made. This feeling has been produced in Canada as a result of careful study of



THE HON. JUSTICE ARMOUR, FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO, NOW PUISNE JUDGE IN SUPREME COURT OF CANADA



THE HON. JUSTICE MOSS, THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO

United States diplomatic methods and is now a bar to an easy settlement of outstanding disputes between the two countries.

One of these worried gentlemen, to whom reference has been made, has pointed out that a note in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* of February, 1896, is, in his opinion, unfair to the United States. That note is headed "The United States and Arbitration." It intimated that although, after arbitration, it was found that the United States had improperly interfered with Canadian sealers in the Behring Sea, and although Secretary Gresham had agreed to pay \$425,000 in liquidation of those claims, Congress refused to pass an appropriation for the payment. Our correspondent points out that Congress did appropriate this sum and pay it to the British authorities.

An investigation shows that the correspondent is right. Congress did do so, but not until June, 1898. Secretary Gresham, however, agreed to the amount early in 1895, and in the same year Congress refused to pay the amount. Thus at the time that note was written, February, 1896, the facts were correctly stated. The writer of a note in 1896 could not be expected to

know anything of the Congressional action of 1898.

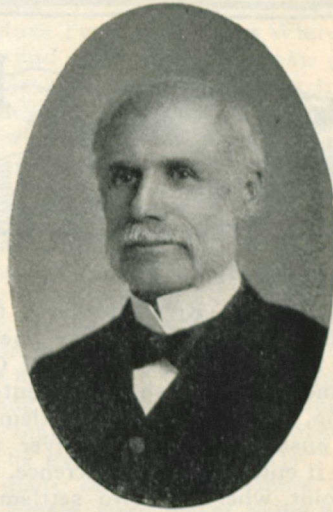
The more one looks into the matter, the less there is to the credit of the United States in this affair. The Congress of 1895, that of 1896, and that of 1897, each failed to appropriate this small amount to pay what was agreed to by the Executive at Washington after arbitration had decided that the United States was liable. Why was there such delay on the part of Congress? An editorial in *Harper's Weekly* of January 11th, 1896, makes an explanation. It points out that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was a member of the Arbitration Commission and on two of the five points to be decided was the only dissident. He was also, "unfortunately," (that is the word used by *Harper's Weekly*) a member of the Senate Committee on foreign relations, and it was he who blocked the appropriation in Congress. It is regrettable that the United States should be blamed for the action of Senator Morgan and those who supported him, but it cannot be otherwise. So long as Senators such as Mr. Morgan exist in the United States, so long must foreign nations be careful in their dealings with that Power.

With these facts fairly stated, our correspondent should surely be satisfied. He must see that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE writer was quite accurate in what he penned, and that the United States can have no cause of complaint for the adverse criticisms which have appeared in this and other journals.

The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, when less distinguished by titles and years, was a member of the Commission for the Consolidation of the Statutes of Canada, before Confederation. After forty-six years of added experience, more than twenty-five of which he has been a member of the Supreme Court, he is again appointed to a similar position, retiring from the Chief Justiceship of Canada for that purpose. He is succeeded as presiding officer of the Supreme Court by Sir Henri Thomas Taschereau, who has been a member of that Court since 1878, and who is one of the few surviving Fathers of Confederation.

The vacancy in the Supreme Court has been filled by the appointment of the Hon. John Douglas Armour, who for two years has been Chief Justice of Ontario. This latter position has been bestowed upon the Hon. Charles Moss, a judge of the Court of Appeal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto. The new Chief Justice of Ontario is a brother of the late Hon. Thomas Moss, who held the same position. The vacancy in the Court of Appeal has fallen to John J. Maclaren, K.C.

United States writers are much given, of late, to wondering whether the boundary line between Canada and the United States is permanent. With a million Canadians in the United States and a half million United Statesers in Canada, it does seem possible that the international line might become blurred. The language and the fashions of the two people are the



J. J. MACLAREN, K.C., RECENTLY APPOINTED JUDGE IN THE ONTARIO COURT OF APPEAL

same, and the customs and manners approximately similar.

Opinion is divided. Some believe that in a hundred years the boundary line will be a matter of history. Others think it permanent. The latter argue that since the Government of the United States, federal, state and municipal, is so bad in principle and practice that the United Statesers who come to Canada will not be an influence making for amalgamation. They are glad to leave all the memories of political spoliation behind them, and join heart and hand in supporting a constitution which has in it the elements of good government and stable development.

There is no doubt that Canada has ideals in administration, in government, in politics and in finance which tend to keep her politically distinct from the United States. In public and social life there is a higher moral tone which, if properly preserved, will tend to keep Canadian nationality something unique on the North American continent. The lack of quick development and the slowness in the growth of population, the features of our national life so often lamented, have tended to preserve this high moral tone. It may remain our salvation.

John A. Cooper



BOOK REVIEWS

GLENGARRY SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE Ottawa River does not form the complete boundary line between the French settlements of Quebec and the English settlements of Ontario, for the French settlements have pushed across the river near where it enters the St. Lawrence. At this point, where the two settlements meet, lies Glengarry, that Scotch-Canadian district which Ralph Connor has made famous in "The Man from Glengarry," and in his newer volume, "Glengarry School-Days."* Proud, strong, able-bodied, religious Glengarry may well be proud of her historian, for not many Canadian districts have found their Ralph Connor.

The old log school-house is the American type of rural college. In both the United States and Canada it has played no unimportant part in every early settlement. In it were educated most of the men who have laid firmly and deep the foundations of Anglo-Saxon civilization and predominance. It existed before universities and colleges, lived long and served faithfully, even after these larger institutions began to rear their heads. It has only recently been replaced by the less picturesque, if more pretentious, frame or brick "Noah's arks" which now stand as bare and lonely sentinels on the rural horizon.

And the boys of the Glengarry's school-days! There was Ranald, who pulled wee Hughie out of the Deepole in the big creek, where "the great fan-topped elm trees hung far over it," and made Hughie promise that he would never tell. There was stolid Thomas Finch, who took wee Jimmie Cameron's whipping until the master had

used up two birch-rods. There was Foxy, the store-keeper's son, who kept his own little shop, where he gathered in pennies for bull's-eyes, licorice sticks, and caps and powder. And there was Hughie, who captained the Twentieth shinny team, taught it system and discipline and tamed the haughty shinnyists from the Front School.

And the young teachers who learned as much as they taught! They are worthy of study too. Young as they were they knew that minds might be trained and stored with knowledge, but that boys must also learn honour, truth, right, nobility and self-control. They were young, but they were men among men—learning for themselves some of the higher lessons, and going forth to be greater preachers and bar-risters and leaders of the people.

And the mothers and fathers, and the minister's wife! These are characters whom to know is to respect, perhaps to love. They lived their simple, wholesome lives in such honourable, upright fashion, that at the last there was no need of lamentations or tears.

The picture is a strong one. Ralph Connor has painted it well, as only one who has breathed the air of Glengarry could paint it. It is an inspiration, and therein differs from the coldly-written problem novel, or the finely polished production of the literary artist. It is sentimental, and melodramatic, but not overly so. It is sketchy in its characterization, but the characters group well. It is weak in humour, but it is written by a Scotch minister about Scotch people, as was "Beside the Bonny Brier-Bush." Its great qualities lie in its trueness with life,

* Toronto: William Briggs.

and its healthy, invigorating atmosphere.

THE BLUE FLOWER.

One of the most handsome of the holiday editions is a volume of fancies* by Henry Van Dyke, with its coloured illustrations by Weguelin, DuMond, Heming, Lunson and Howard Pyle. Nor does the delicate beauty of the book surpass the delicate imagery of the nine stories here brought together. The author explains: "I wished to bring them into one book because they seemed to me like parts of the same story—the long story which will not be perfectly told till men learn a new language—the story of the search for happiness, which is life." As his symbol of happiness, for which men seek Van Dyke, take "The Blue Flower," which one saw in his dreams:—

"But what charmed him most, and drew him with resistless power, was a tall, clear-blue flower, growing beside the spring, and almost touching him with its broad, glistening leaves. Round about were many other flowers of all hues. Their odours mingled in a perfect chord of fragrance. He saw nothing but the Blue Flower."

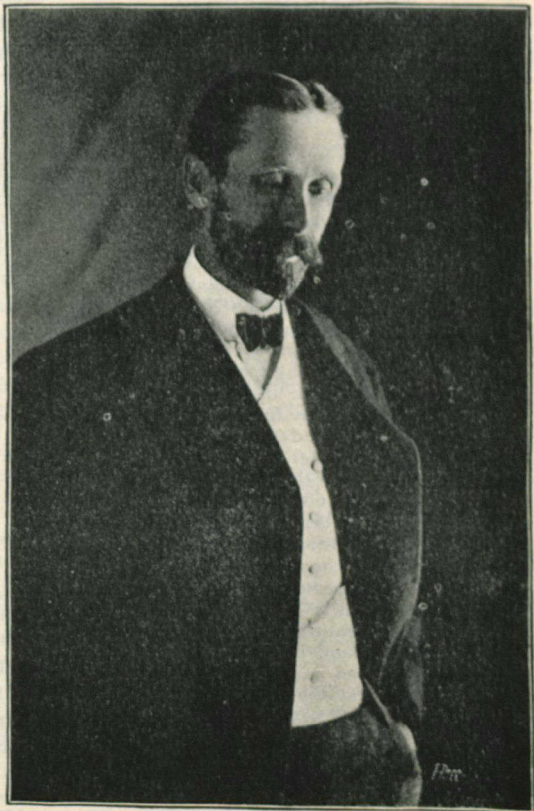
A STUDY IN SLANG.

The business of the American world has developed a peculiar language, a language full of colloquialisms, solecisms and unusual idiomatic expressions. When a man sits down to write a book, he usually tries to avoid these. Sometimes his work loses because he keeps his style pure and faultless, but usually it gains more than it loses. George Horace Lorimer has written a volume purporting to be "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,"† in which he attempts to embody the conversational language of the American business life.

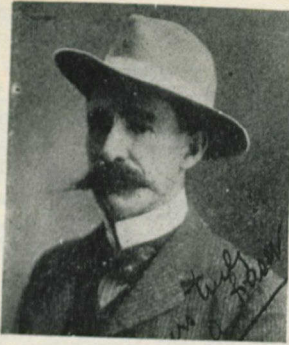
* The Blue Flower, by Henry Van Dyke. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

He follows in the footsteps of Haliburton, Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley, and yet marks out a new path. John Graham has many things to tell his son who is at college, and he fancies, or Mr. Lorimer, his creator fancies, that he is not under the necessity of speaking grammatically. He says: "he don't need;" "you bet it pays;" "because I have sat tight;" "I know that a good many people say I am a pretty close proposition;" "it's the fellow who has the spunk to think and act for himself, and sells short when prices hit the high C and the house is standing on its hind legs yelling for more, that sits in directors' meetings when he gets on towards forty." He says many other things, some wise, some simple, some clever, some witty, some merely slangy. It is a book of cleverness rather than a clever book.



RALPH CONNOR



W. A. FRASER

The person who desires to hear the hard-headed, dollar-hunting American business-man talk his peculiar philosophy, should read the book. All others may safely pass by on the other side.

THOROUGHBREDS *

Speaking of the new story by one of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE'S most important contributors, the Toronto daily *Star* says:

This is a novel by a Canadian writer of fiction who has for four or five years been doing good work in the short-story field. His short stories dealing with life in Burmah were first to appear, and won the recognition of the leading magazines in New York and London. Then he wrote tales of adventure, with the scenes laid in the Canadian Northwest, all short and full of action. He felt sure he had books in him, but before venturing on the long flight of a novel he experimented fully at short range. Thus he developed his technique, and practised the fine art of turning a plot. He has published three volumes, "The Eye of a God, and Other Stories;" "Mooswa," and "The Outcasts," the two last-named belonging to the school of animal stories so much affected of late. "Thoroughbreds" is an animal story, too, but of an entirely different kind. The animals do not talk, expressing human sentiments. They are not disguised human beings. "Thoroughbreds" is a racing novel, treating of race-horses, their owners, betting men, jockeys, tracks, touts, the whole sport and business of racing. It is W. A. Fraser's first important work. He has shown some form as a two-year-old, but this is his first appearance in a big event, in fast company as a three-year old.

The author carries this man and his stable

* Thoroughbreds, by W. A. Fraser. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

of good ones through two seasons on the American turf, managing to weave into his plot all that is straight and all that is crooked in racing. He throws no false glamour over racing, nor does he seek to write it down. The novel is neither an attack on racing nor a defence of it, but a portrayal of it as it is, with its splendid excitements, its fascination for good men and bad, the effect these men have on it and its effects on them. Several races take place in the course of the story, all run with spirit and vigour that stirs the reader to a sporting interest.

BARNABY LEE

The days of Dutch and British rivalry on the Atlantic coast make up an interesting period in our Colonial history—before Canada became British, and before the English Colonies became the United States of America. They were stirring days, when a man held his rights by his wits and his strong right arm. John Bennett has gathered the spirit of them into his heart and breathed it out again in his story of "Barnaby Lee."* This is a book which may well be added to a Canadian library. The score of excellent illustrations by Clyde O. De Land add much to the book, and should add something also to this painter's fame. These pictures have much merit, even in these days when Gibson and Christy are the vogue.

WESTERN AND OTHER STORIES

The Western United States stories now being issued deal with a less rugged life than they did some years ago. Yet these milder tales are romantic and stirring, portraying phases of Western life which are full of colour and incident. "Fool's Gold,"* by Annie Raymond Stillman, is a mining camp story. "The Order of the Prophet,"* by Alfred E. Henry, gives the life story of a cultured young English woman, who marries a Mormon priest in England, comes to America with him and settles in the West, where

* Barnaby Lee, by John Bennett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

plural marriage brings strange complications.

The eternal problem of how to get the most out of life, how to fight against the inevitable hardships and disappointments of this, is worked out by a Scotsman in a little book entitled "Love Never Faileth."* Of course, the remedy is limited in its application. The style is not ordinary.

"Deborah"† is a tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus, picturing the lives and the ambitions of Jews, Syrians, Greeks and Romans. The author is James M. Ludlow, author of "The Captain of the Janizaries."

"Under Calvin's Spell,"‡ pictures Geneva in the Middle Ages, when Calvin and the Huguenots held a leading place on the stage of European existence and action. It is written by Deborah Alcock, author of "The Spanish Brothers."

PARKMAN ON TOAST †

Parkman must have turned over in his grave when Professor Edgar's book, "The Romance of Canadian History," was published. To have his choicest paragraphs and sections cut out and pasted on MS. paper in order to provide copy for a new volume, must be galling to Mr. Parkman, even in the spirit-world. But to have such poor style shown by his latest tailor, must have been enough to stir even his dry bones. The following is one of Professor Edgar's paragraphs, taken from the introduction :

Apart from the successive appearance of his histories, there are few events to record in his life. In 1850 he married, and in his eight years of happy married life three children were born. He suffered a great bereavement in the loss of his son in 1857, to be followed the next year by the death of his wife.

Of course, the first sentence should read, "few events in his life to record."

* These five novels are published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, New York and Toronto.

† The Romance of Canadian History, edited from the writings of Francis Parkman, by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

The phrase "to be followed" is incorrect and conveys a wrong impression. The middle sentence, however, is the best example of how not to write English. It has two subjects and it contains an untruth. To say that only three children were born during the eight years Parkman was married is ridiculous, when everybody knows there were thousands.

On the same page of the text, the Professor speaks of "actual insanity," which must be an historical variation of that affliction. He also states that Parkman "wrong a notable success out of the most depressing circumstances"—a metaphor which should live.

A VOLUME OF VERSE

J. W. Bengough is a newspaper poet. He seldom dares the sublime, preferring usually the lower paths of the recorders of shifting scenes and passing phases of human action and thought. When one understands this, his new volume "In Many Keys,"* will be appreciated. There are poems on Dargai Ridge, The Return of the Contingents, The Canady Farmer, The Kurds, To Ian Maclaren, In Memory of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. George and Frances E. Willard, as well as miscellaneous verse, which is gay, pathetic or serious, as the poet's mood varies. He rises almost to the sublime in patriotism in "Canada's Inspiration," of which three stanzas may be given:

I saw my country rise; upon her face
A light from heaven fell as if to bless,
As lifting one white arm aloft she cried:
"That which exalts a land is righteousness.

"This goodly heritage of mine, this realm,
Of Greater Britain, spread from sea to sea,
I dedicate to God and to the cause
Of Justice, Honour and Humanity.

"The bow that glorifies our arctic sky
With its white myst'ry of quick-darting
lights,
Shall symbolize the purity of our fame
And our unsleeping guard o'er freemen's
rights."

* Toronto: William Briggs.

A MONUMENTAL HISTORY

Lord Acton, Professor of History at Cambridge, died just before the appearance of the first volume in the great work he had planned on modern history. He was, unfortunately, not spared to see even the beginning of this monumental labour, which in the generations to come will be regarded as the product of the best English research and scholarship of the nineteenth century. Only by the co-operation of all the living English authorities could such a work be accomplished. The first volume deals with "The Renaissance."* The writers in this volume include Bishop Creighton, Sir Richard Jebb, E. J. Payne, Dr. Garnett, Dr. A. W. Ward, Professor Cunningham, Stanley Leathes and other noted men who have devoted themselves to special periods and subjects with profound learning and ability. Modern history, it is agreed among these scholars, may, for convenient purposes, be said to begin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although E. A. Freeman always argued for the unity of history, and denied that you could divide the ancient from the modern. This volume embodies the latest researches, and treats history not from the English standard, but from that of Europe. Its appearance marks an epoch in the treatment of history as a subject for scientific investigation.



NOTES

The people in the United States are making quite a fuss over Booth Tarkington, the Indiana writer who was elected to the State Legislature the other day. "The Gentleman from Indiana" brought him into notice, while "Monsieur Beaucaire" (though a slender piece of fiction), brought him fame. "The Two Vanrevels"† is a French-United States story, for Indiana was once as much a part of New France as

was Ontario. There was some French blood in Indiana and some Paris influences, even as late as the "fifties" of the nineteenth century, the time of the events chronicled in this ultra-sentimental love-story. The point in the plot is the existence of two lawyers, partners and friends, the one a lovable scamp, the other an admirable citizen. A young girl, fresh from the convent, misakes the one for the other, and peculiar complications follow. The style and sentiment are exuberant and florid.

J. Macdonald Oxley is a sort of Canadian Henty. His books for boys are good. The latest, "With Rogers on the Frontier,"* details the exploits of one, Seth Allen, who served with Roger's Rangers in the New England expeditions against the French in Canada. He took part in the defeat at Fort William Henry, the march on Fort Duquesne, and was later captured by the French and sent a prisoner to Montreal. From there he escaped down the river and joined Wolfe before Quebec. He was one of the twenty-four volunteers who led the way up the heights to the Plains of Abraham.

"Fuel of Fire,"† by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is somewhat disappointing. The dialogue has more variety than in her previous books, but it has less cleverness. The social conflict between the old feudal families and the new trade families in England, is clearly indicated, and is the striking feature of the story.

"The Loom of Life"‡ is a better novel than "The Redemption of David Corson," and this is a matter of congratulation for Charles Frederic Goss. The wronged woman haunts her betrayer until his cup of punishment is running over, and then she wonders if vengeance is, in such a case, an evil or a virtue. When should we forgive those who have wronged us? is a question which even this clever novelist finds difficult of answer.

* The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. I. The Renaissance. Cambridge University Press.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

‡ Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



IDLE MOMENTS



AN OTTAWA STORY

THIS is an old story which is often retold, and it is told this way: A Cabinet Minister, the deputy head of a department, and a dignified Senator, strolling one evening through that part of the Dominion Capital known as Lower Town, informally settling the affairs of the nation between the whiffs of their cigars, and incidentally avoiding the persistent pursuit of ardent politicians seeking positions for their wives' relations, saw a fight. Two walloping big shantymen were apparently intent on giving a half-drunken little Irish-Canadian a thrashing, and were succeeding. Even politicians have a sense of fair-play when it gets down to primitive conditions, and they interfered on behalf of the blood-stained, over-matched little Hibernian; and the inopportune French-Canadian policeman turning up at that moment, the three legislators and the little Irishman were arrested. The law-guardian's knowledge of English was limited, and he failed to grasp the explanation of Canada's law-givers, and the quartette were escorted to the police station.

The Sergeant at the desk also failed to understand the situation, and commanded silence, even as the wig-crowned Speaker was wont to do in a riotous debate. "What's your name?" he sternly asked the Cabinet Minister, whose name is a household word over half a continent. It was given, and the Sergeant gasped, "Good heavens, man, what do you mean giving that name? Is it yours?" And upon being assured, wrote it down dubiously. Then he asked the Deputy Minister of one of the largest executive departments of the country's government what his name was, and upon hearing it leaned back in his chair and pinched himself to see if he wasn't having one of those dreams he was in the habit of having when he was a patrolman. There was a startled look on his face, and his eyes

began to protrude as he weakly asked the Senator what his name was, and the pen fell from his hand when he heard it. Drawing himself together with an effort, he turned his eyes on the fourth prisoner—the wondering little Irishman—and feebly asked, "For goodness' sake, what's your name?" The little Lower-Town tough looked inquiringly at his fellow-prisoners for a minute, and turning to the Sergeant, straightened himself up and said, "I'm merrily kerphlumixed what the game is, sor, but I'll stick to the boys—'I'm Major Maude.'" *C. L. S.*

A CARLYLE ANECDOTE

There is a Carlyle incident worth recalling:—

"The British people, sir," said a young Liberal one day at a dinner-party, "can afford to laugh at theories."



"MY BOY, YOU SHOULD READ YOUR BIBLE; IT IS WRONG TO SMOKE."

"GWAN! WHEN DEY WROTE DE BIBLE DEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT SMOKIN'."—*Life.*

"Sir," observed Carlyle, speaking for the first time during dinner, "the French nobility a hundred years ago said they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man and wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' The man was called Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory, and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at his theories, but their skins went to bind the second edition of his book."

A VILLIERS' STORY

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the veteran war correspondent, in his "Pictures of Many Wars," describes his visit to the citadel at Rustchuk, where the Turks showed him every honour. Not understanding the extraordinary civility with which he and his companion were received, he summoned his dragoman, and asked what on earth the people meant by their extraordinary civility and splendid reception. With a cunning smile on his face, and rapping his nose, he said:—"I am a very good

dragoman." I nodded assent. He continued: "I am ze best dragoman in all ze Turkey." I said—"All right. But go on, you fool. What do you mean?" "You say you want to see ze fortress. Only most important personage can gain admittance, for it is ze war zat is on. So I say to myself, 'These gentlemen must be important gentlemen; they must be ze colonels of ze British army, and also ze M.P.'s, too.' So I went to ze citadel and told ze commandant." "But," I exclaimed, "you ruffian! It is all very clever, but look at the hole you've placed us in. They will wire to the Embassy in Constantinople, and we shall probably be imprisoned, or more likely shot on the spot." Still with his cunning smile on his face, and shaking his head, and tapping his nose again with his finger—"Oh, no, you won't, sir. Oh, no. It is all right. I am ze cleverest dragoman in all ze Turkey. I am no fool. I tell zem dat your visit was very secret; you were travelling what you call incognito on ze secret service of your country."



THE PURSUIT OF "BRIDGE WHIST"

Punch gently satirizes the prevailing fad among the British people



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



"LIQUID LENS" IN PHOTOGRAPHY

THE "liquid lens" has not come to America as yet, but from all accounts it is revolutionizing photography abroad, making possible achievements in rapid work that hitherto have been thought to be out of the question. In fact, the new development in photographic art is being hailed as no less a wonder than the Röntgen rays. For, by using a certain oil between the parts of a rectilinear lens, the refraction is so increased that instantaneous photographs may be made in the ordinary light of a theatre. This is but one of the photographic feats possible. Another is to take a photograph at midnight on a pitch-dark night with no apparent light in fifteen minutes. A third is to make a photograph at midnight, with a fair moon, with one minute's exposure.

Other tested possibilities of this new lens are no less extraordinary. A photograph may be taken in a theatre, the footlights only being used, in a quarter second of exposure. In an ordinary room, with an exposure of but five seconds, a photograph may be made, with an illumination of but forty-eight candle power. Never before in photographic history has there been a lens so extremely rapid as this.

To the amateur photographer it will all seem to be fiction, but it is none the less an undoubted scientific fact. The liquid lens is an English invention, the

device of Dr. Edward F. Grun, of Brighton, England, who has been working on it for several years, and was led to the experiments that have resulted in its perfection through his work with the microscope. Dr. Grun's early experiments were made with the idea of being able to photograph stage performances at night. He found that the fastest lens he could get was not quick enough to photograph a play in action, that there must be a halt for an instant, posing the figures and losing the time effect, or else the picture would show movement and blur, thus interfering with the natural effect.

A speedier lens became necessary, and finally Dr. Grun devised it, discovering an oil which, placed between the glasses of the combinations of the lens (and not in the air-spaces, as first tried), shortened the focus materially. What this oil is the inventor will not say. Its success, however, has been proved by many extremely fine photographs that the doctor has made. It works at a very large aperture and is thoroughly practical, though in actual operation it can only be used for small plates.—*Pop. Science News.*

HOW THE DOE TRAINS THE YOUNG DEER.

I dropped into the heather at once, and crawled a yard or two to the right to the cover of an old broken tree. Here I cautiously raised myself and peered forward. I could (writes Hugh M. Warrand in *Blackwood's Magazine*) see no more than the back of the head and ears of a large doe, apparently standing listening. Presently the head and ears disappeared, and quickly and silently I crept forward to another tree some ten yards farther on. Here I



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM

AN ARTIST'S PICTURE OF "THE GIRL IN THE MOON"

raised myself again and found the doe in full view, and certainly within a gunshot of me. She appeared totally unaware of my presence, and what she was about I could not imagine, for she strolled backwards and forwards, as a man might who was making up his mind about something.

Suddenly she sprang forward a yard or two into a round, open space in the heather, hitherto unnoticed by me, and began running round and round. As if from out of the very earth, and almost at the same moment, into the circle jumped Master Buck and his sister, and before I had time to guess at what was going to happen, I found myself the solitary spectator of certainly the most novel and graceful circus I had ever seen, or may ever hope to see again.

Round went the doe faster and faster, her children after her; then she faced about, chasing the latter this time;

again she turned, and was followed, and so the game went on. Presently all three were out of the ring, led by the doe, and bounding away through the heather, over the ridge, and out of sight. I thought that I had seen the last of them for one day, but not so. Back I beheld the performers coming at full gallop, and this time they had another performer with them. Last year's fawn had joined the troupe. On they all came without a stop, and into the fairy ring, where I was treated to another graceful performance, which seemed rather more

complicated than the first. I wish I had studied it better, but I was so surprised at the whole thing, and it was over so quickly that I really had not a fair chance to grasp every detail. In a few minutes the ring was empty, the performers out of sight, and I left alone to wonder if what I saw was real or imaginary. Real it certainly was, for when my astonishment had worn off a little I got up and went forward to view the fairy circle, when I found abundant traces of my fairies, and a few yards away I found another circle, which was evidently in use, and farther on another, which appeared old and disused. In one stood a tree, in another two stumps of trees cut down, the latter being the one most in use, to judge by the state of the ground. I went home happy that evening, for I felt that I had been a witness to a spectacle few sportsmen have had an opportunity of witnessing.



CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



CANADA for the Canadians does not necessarily imply free trade or high protection. Nor does it involve hostility to those commercial ideals necessary to good relations among the nations of the world. This department will be conducted without prejudice and in the broadest spirit.

✱

Hon. J. D. Rolland, chairman of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, has stated that the manufacturers do not ask nor expect any general revision of the tariff. The Hon. Mr. Fielding, at the Halifax banquet, has stated that he is still for stability of tariff, and will only make such changes as seem to him absolutely necessary by changed conditions at home and abroad. Many manufacturers think the tariff high enough; Mr. Fielding thinks it high enough; both are undoubtedly right.

✱

Yet there are some places in the tariff where the rate should be raised, and there are some articles on the free list which should be changed to the dutiable list. This must be ever the case. When the manufacturers present their views to Mr. Fielding, and these are presented to the Cabinet, then there will be a chance to discuss details.

✱

"Made in Canada" is the new label of the Canadian manufacturer. This is good. It is better than high tariffs. It is better than bounties, bonuses or Government guarantees. The pride in

one's country is something which may be safely appealed to by the producer of goods which are honest and true. Many a Canadian is wearing a stiff felt hat with a label on the inside which reads "New York" or "London"—but the hat was made in Canada. Much Scotch tweed is really Canadian Scotch tweed. Let "Made in Canada" be put on everything.

✱

The form of future subsidies to new railways will be much discussed at the next session of the Dominion Parliament. The Grand Trunk Pacific desires to build a new transcontinental line to run north of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, through Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. The Trans-Canada will run from the city of Quebec, still farther north through Quebec, Ontario and the West. The Central Canada has a charter to run a line from a point at or near the French River in Northern Ontario through to the Pacific Coast, and will apply for a charter to connect this starting-point with Toronto. There are many other projected extensions and new lines.

✱

It is said by those who have studied the subject that 65 per cent. of the pulpwood ground up in United States paper mills comes from Canada. This pulpwood is purchased in this country at a price ranging from \$3 to \$5 per cord. When turned into pulp or paper, the price varies from \$15 for ground pulp, \$40 for chemical pulp, \$45 for

newsprint, to \$100 for book paper—a cord of pulp being approximately equal to a ton of paper. The pulp and paper manufacturers met in Montreal the other day and decided to ask the Government to impose an export duty on pulpwood, so that this raw product might be manufactured here. Instead of selling a million cords at \$5, they would have it manufactured into pulp or paper. Supposing it were manufactured into newsprint the result would be:—

1,000,000 cords of wood @ \$5 ... \$ 5,000,000
 1,000,000 tons of newsprint @ \$45 45,000,000

Net gain \$40,000,000

And one million cords is not more than the actual yearly export of this country.

✱

Why are the Canadian editions of *Pearson's*, *Strand*, *Illustrated London News*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Munsey*, *Delineator*, etc., manufactured in the United States instead of in Canada? Because printed paper comes in free if in the form of a magazine or periodical, while unprinted paper is taxed twenty-five per cent. By this injustice Canadian paper-makers, printers, binders, engravers and publishers are losing business of a million dollars a year. On periodicals and newspapers imported in bulk there should be a duty equal to the duty on the unprinted paper. The raw material should not be taxed more than the finished product.

✱

Will the old policy of granting cash subsidies and land bonuses be continued? It is not likely. A new policy will be inaugurated. There are several proposals. The Montreal *Chambre de Commerce*, led by Mr. J. X. Perreault, advises that the Government purchase common stock in some of these enterprises. Some writers are in favour of land grants only. Others favour only guaranteed interest on the bonds. Others more radical say that the day for bonuses and assistance of any kind has passed away.

The fight in the next session will be

a notable one. The Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk Pacific are all determined to maintain the old policy—cash and lands. If they combine, they may be strong enough to force the legislation they desire.

✱

“Industrial Canada” is making a strong agitation to have all Government-aided railways buy Canadian-made rails. On its face, it is a good proposition, if we have reached the stage where we can supply the demand promptly without unduly increasing the price. Apparently we have not. There is only one steel-rail mill in Canada, and that is at Sault Ste. Marie. Even it cannot yet be called a successful institution. “Industrial Canada” is too early with its agitation. The *Toronto Star*, more sensibly, suggests a small bounty, so that the rails brought into Canada to overcome the deficit in the home supply, shall not be too expensive. It is not unwise to buy cheap foreign rails, if no Canadian industry is thereby injured or retarded.

✱

The Montreal manufacturers have taken up technical education, and are assisting in making more efficient the one institution of this character in that city. The Toronto manufacturers performed a similar duty some time ago. The latter were assisted by the city and the Ontario Government; and the former are seeking similar assistance from Montreal and the Provincial Government of Quebec.

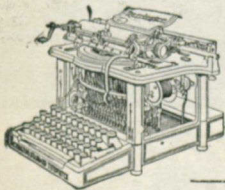
Technical education, in the agricultural arts and in mining, has been given much attention in Ontario for some years. The newer technical education relates to the improvement of mechanical arts by training young men who intend to enter manufacturing pursuits. Perhaps it would be better to term it industrial education.

This is another phase of the growing desire for a complete policy of “Canada for the Canadians.”

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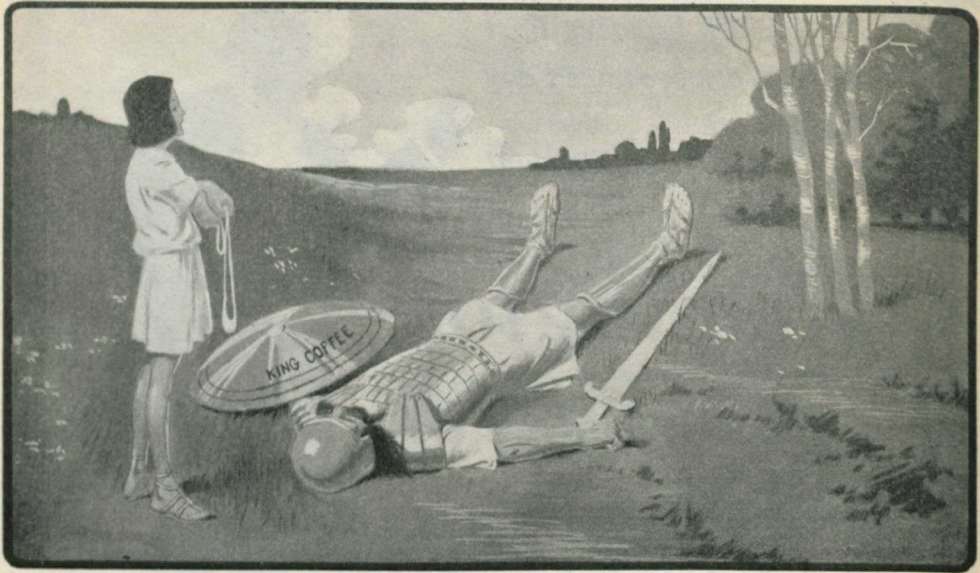


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A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to come to California for her health. She says: — "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervousness was her principal trouble, and with others of a kindred nature, made life for her a burden.

On the occasion of her last visit, I begged her to give up the use of coffee, and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast, I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum making it as it should be

made. After that, I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month, her nervousness had left her, and in three months, she was a new woman in face, figure and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous and I believe this is the case with many others.

She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health, or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do."

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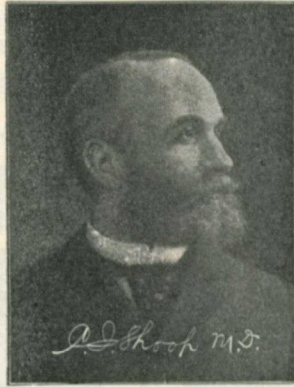
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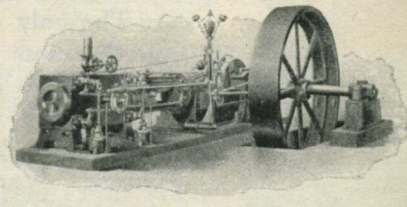
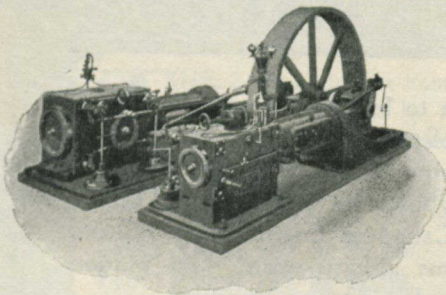
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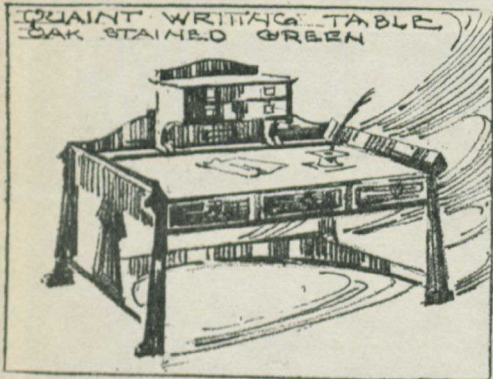
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*Positively no more contracts will be issued or accepted after
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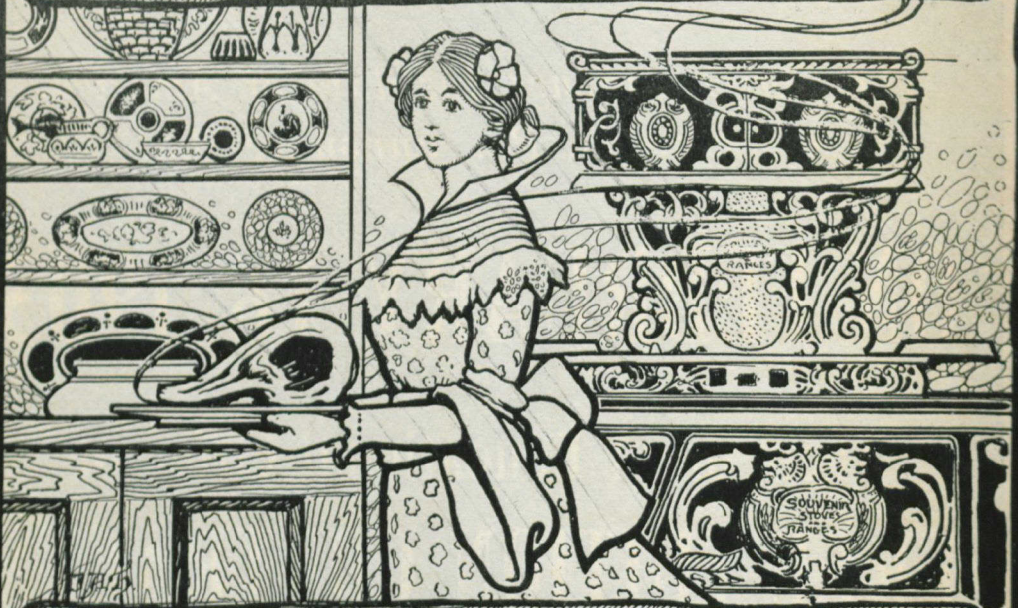
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Of the kind that they call
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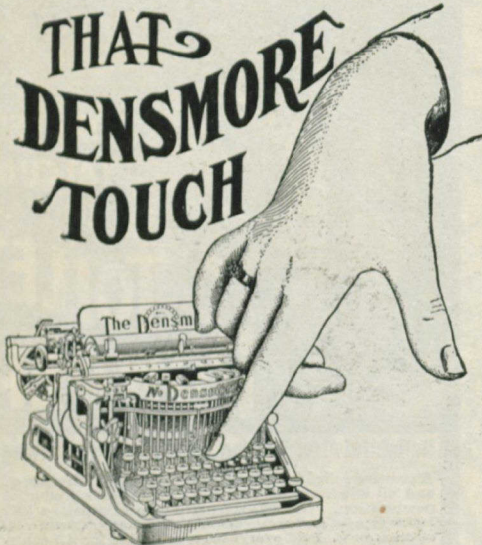
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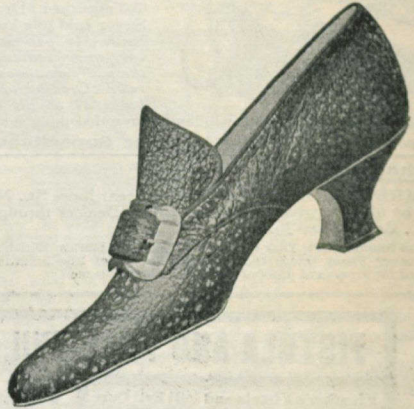
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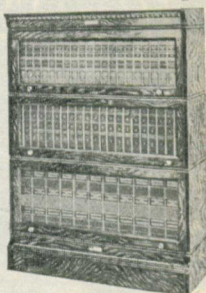
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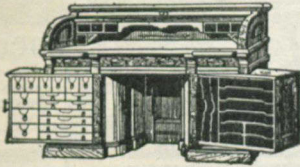
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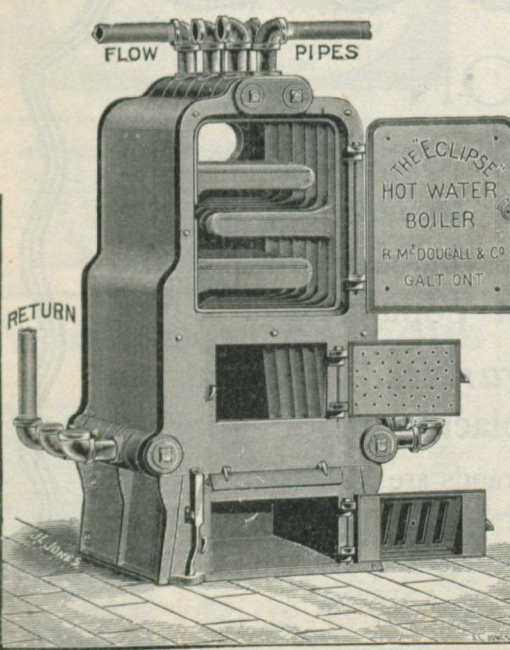
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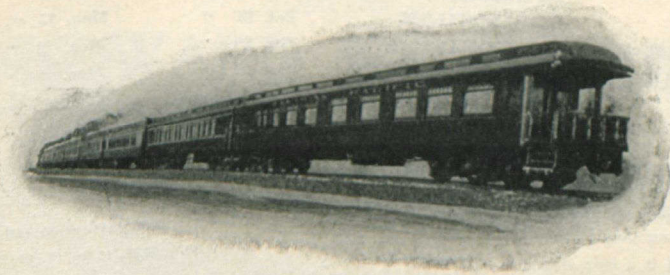
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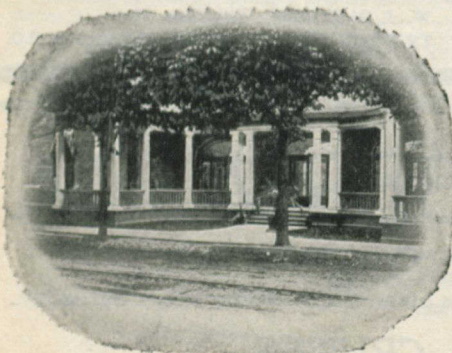
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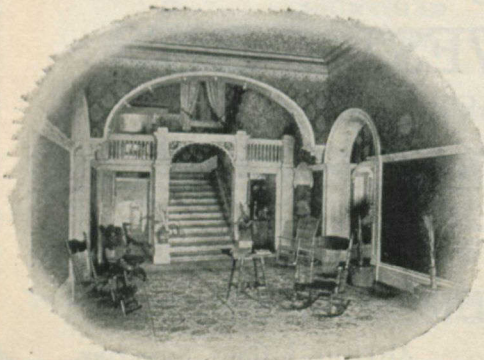
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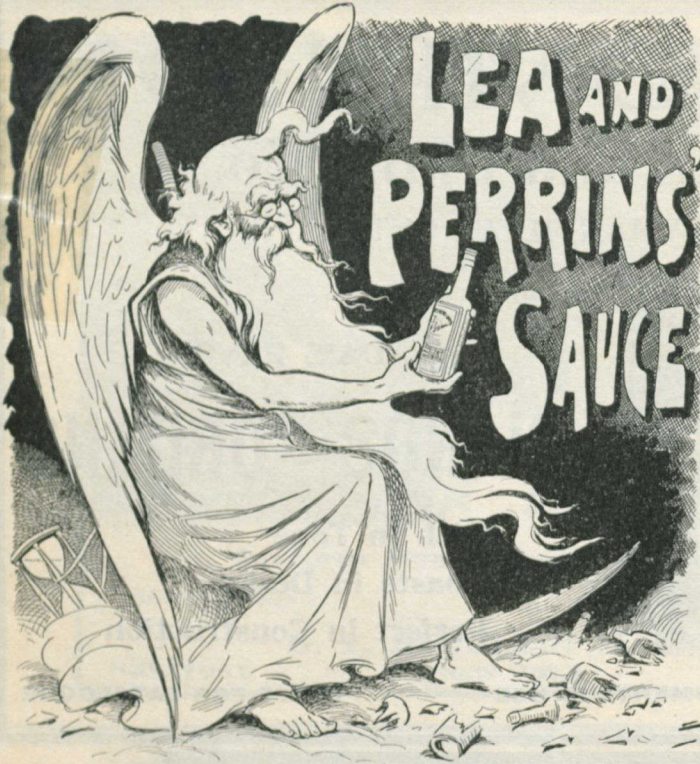
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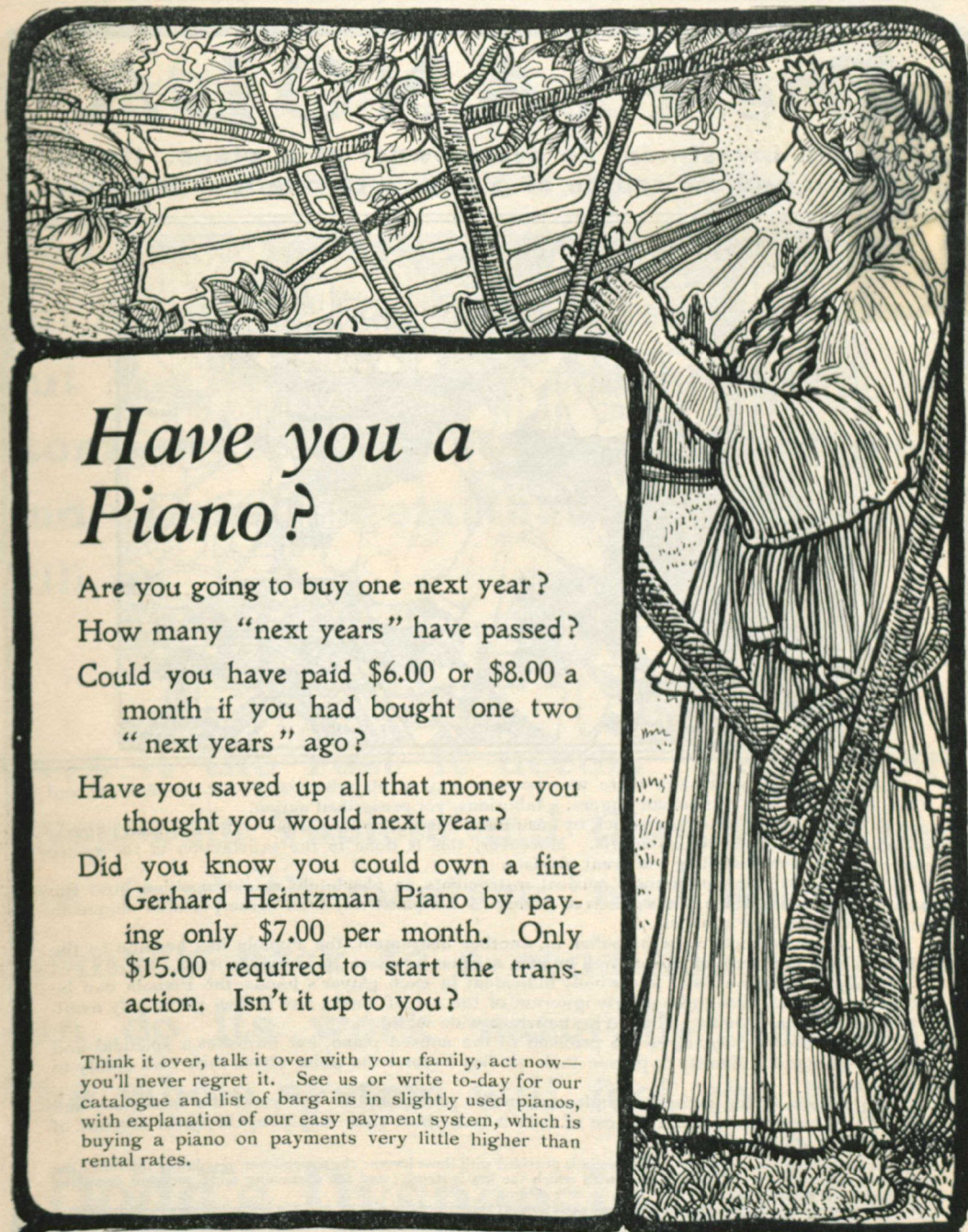
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