THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1906

Vol. XXVI., No. 4 25 Cents

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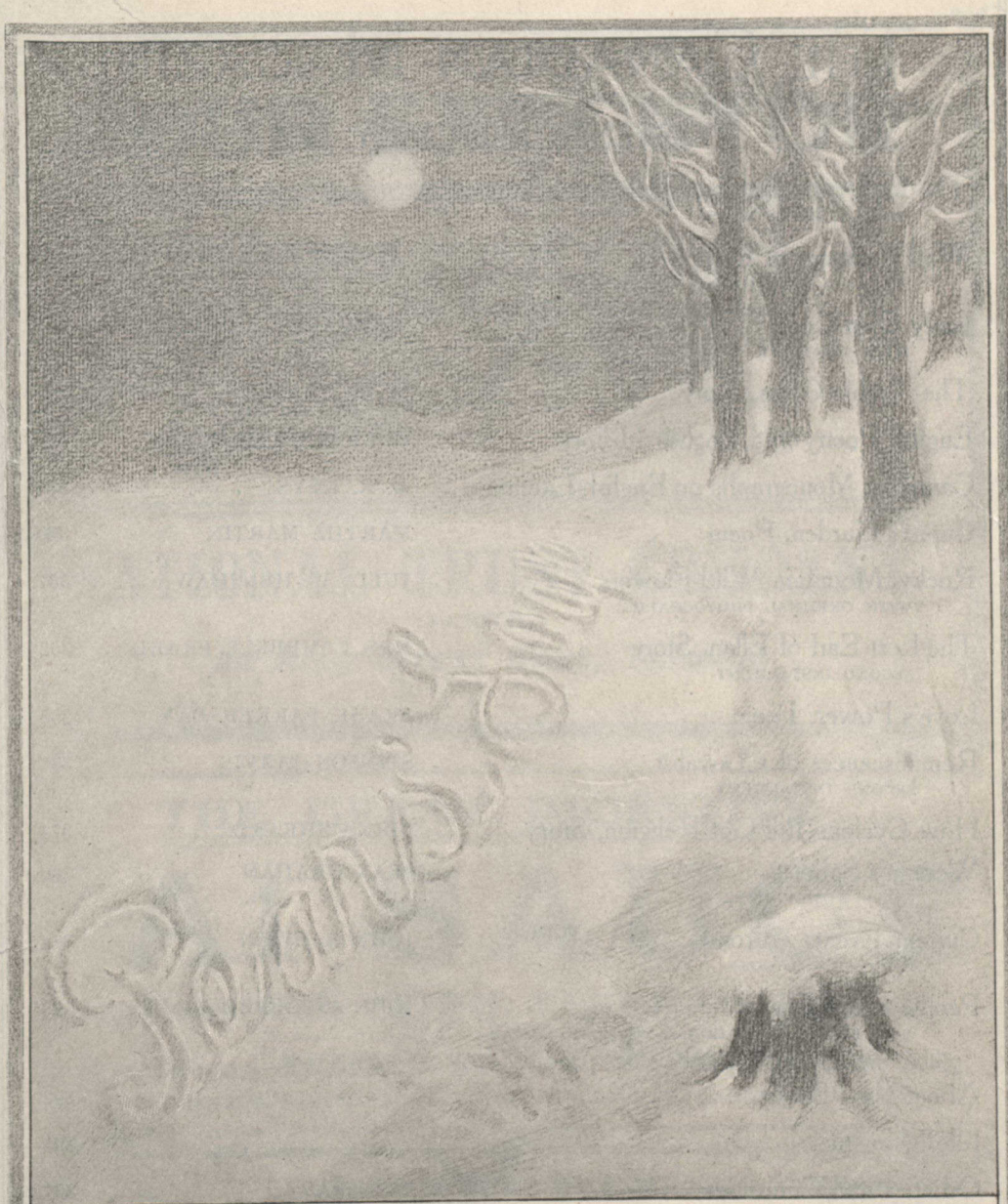

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI. No. 4

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1906

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Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO.

March Contents

THE discussion of the **Customs Tariff** which was intended for the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been held over for the March number. Among the Articles will be a most interesting one entitled **"Canada's Trade Policy,"** by John A. Hobson, the noted English Economist, who recently visited Canada and who has been writing a series of letters for the *Daily Chronicle*. In this article, Mr. Hobson speaks very plainly of our abandonment of Free Trade. The opposite point of view will be presented by Mr. W. K. McNaught, past president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in an exhaustive article entitled **"Protection and Canadian Prosperity."** ¶ **"A Canadian View of European Affairs,"** by William H. Ingram, editor of *The American Register*, Paris, should prove interesting. Mr. Ingram is a graduate of the University of Toronto and has been in journalistic work in London and Paris for some years. This will be illustrated with portraits of some European celebrities. ¶ **"The Search for the Great Northern Diver,"** by Bonnycastle Dale, will please the students of Nature. The Loon is a bird well known to every nature-lover, and no one knows its habits better than the author of this article. The photographs made by him to illustrate it are very valuable and decidedly rare. ¶ There will be several **Canadian Short Stories,** among which will be one by Marjorie Pickthall, a young writer of considerable promise. ¶ **"Reminiscences of a Loyalist"** which will run through five issues, will in March reach its third and most interesting instalment. ¶ There will be other features of equal interest. The April number will be a special **Easter** issue.

MR. W. K. MCNAUGHT

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TORONTO, CANADA

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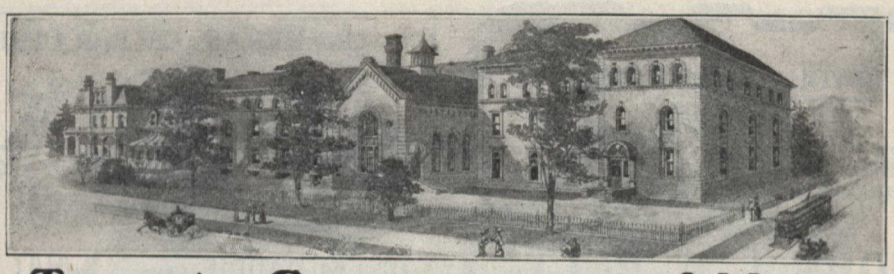

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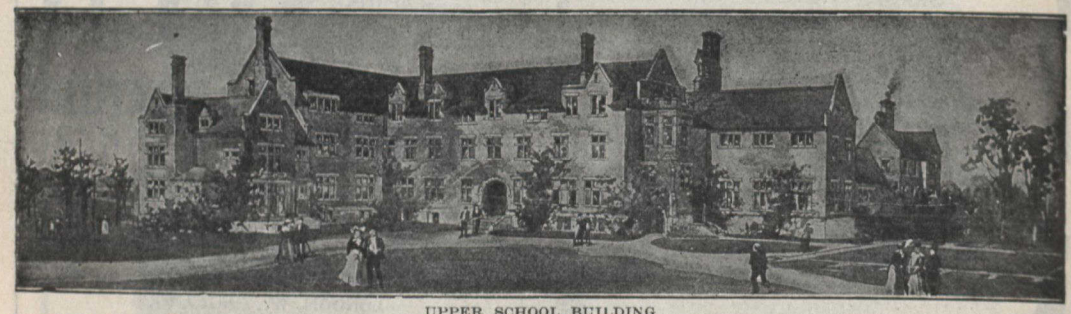
SPRING TERM OPENS FEBRUARY 2nd

Send for Illustrated Calendar — EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director



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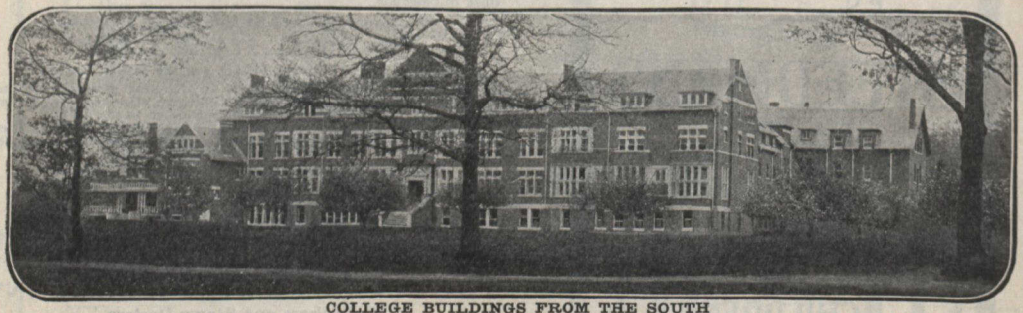

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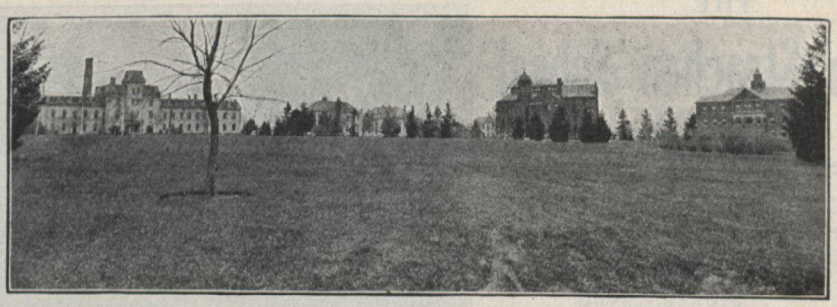

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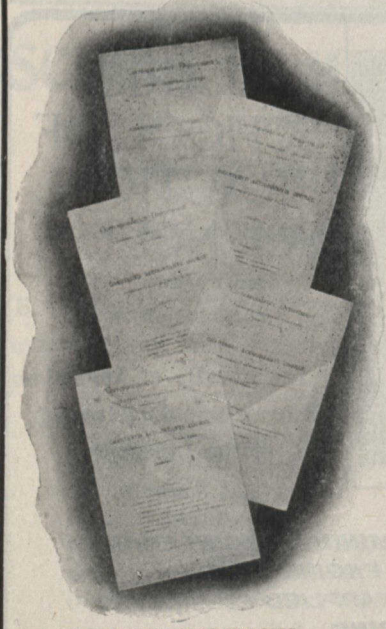

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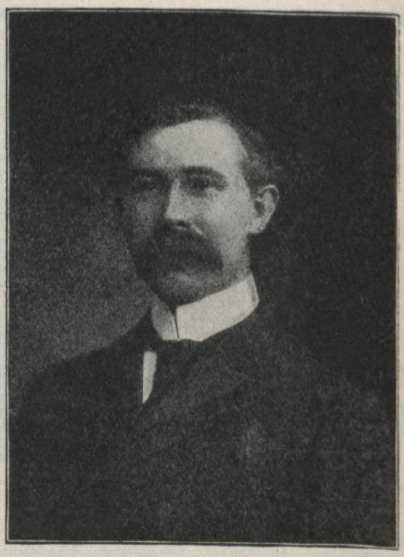

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THE GALLERY OF BATTLES—AT VERSAILLES, FRANCE

An example of the decorative treatment of a corridor in a public building

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. XXVI TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1906 No. 4

Wall Paintings in Europe

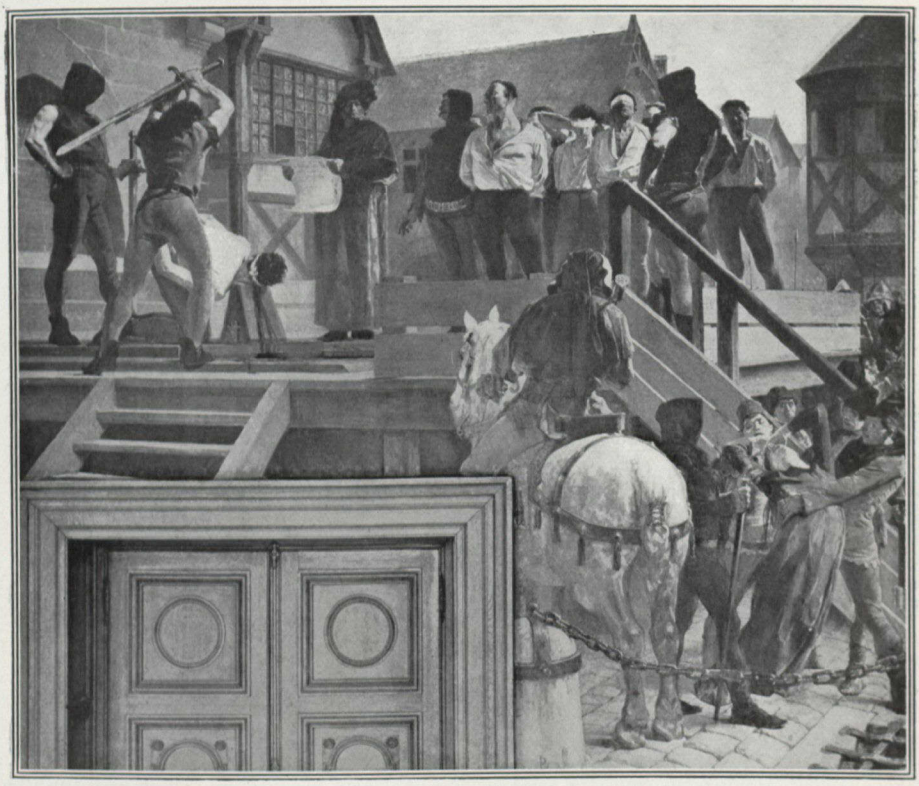
By ALBERT R. CARMAN author of "The Ethics of Imperialism," etc.

WE are a great people, and we have a great country; and we are not often allowed to forget either fact, except when we are asleep. Visitors who come to us from the various parts of the outer world—which some of us are inclined to translate freely as "outer darkness"—find that they are permitted to bring their superlatives into the country, duty free; and they are consequently soon filling our ears with them about everything Canadian. It must be confessed that we have a fairly strong appetite for superlatives. But it is not so certain that the diet is entirely good for us.

For instance, it unfits our palates for patience under the tonic of criticism. Quite lately two visitors have done us the heroic kindness to administer a little of this tonic; and it cannot be said that we have distinguished ourselves for gratitude. Sir Gilbert Parker in the *Canadian*, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in a talk which has been so freely edited since its first publication that we hardly know what it did contain, ventured to tell us that there are one or two things in which we are not "world-beaters." Sir Gilbert, who knows us, made this suggestion tactfully; and so we let him go with nothing more severe than a pained silence. But the impatient *Parisienne*—well, perhaps we had better cover that incident with a pained silence, too.

What they both told us, however, was that we have been making great material progress but have almost entirely neglected "the things which matter." We are adepts at dollar making; but we do not in the least know what to do with our dollars after we get them. No one can beat us at planting them where they will produce more dollars, and then we can plant these additional dollars to produce still more, but it is always dollars—dollars—dollars that we get, and sometimes a gross multiplication of the simple satisfactions which we used to buy for five cent pieces. Where we are not bewildered by the flood of rolling dollars we have evoked, we are very apt to spend them as did the country lad who thought to get a dinner worth "a whole dollar" as he had read of wealthy people doing, and knew of no other way than to order "a dollar's worth of ham and eggs."

Gilbert Parker asks us why we do not buy pictures with our dollars. Bernhardt appeared to think that we might create an atmosphere which would breed poets. It seems that Australia buys pictures; and it has fewer dollars than we have. Even New York, and certainly Boston, buy pictures. A daring group of gentlemen in Toronto have suggested to Premier Whitney that he might let Canadian artists paint pictures of Canadian heroism and achevement on the blank walls of the Legislative Buildings of Ontario; and the Premier did not talk as if this daring proposal seemed to him beyond the realm of the possible. In view of this latest proposal to turn a fraction of our attention away from "dollar-making" and give the Legislative corridors some other mission in life than the shelter of "lobbyists" who are experts in dollar-getting at the expense of the real dollar-makers, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to tell something of what Sir Gilbert and

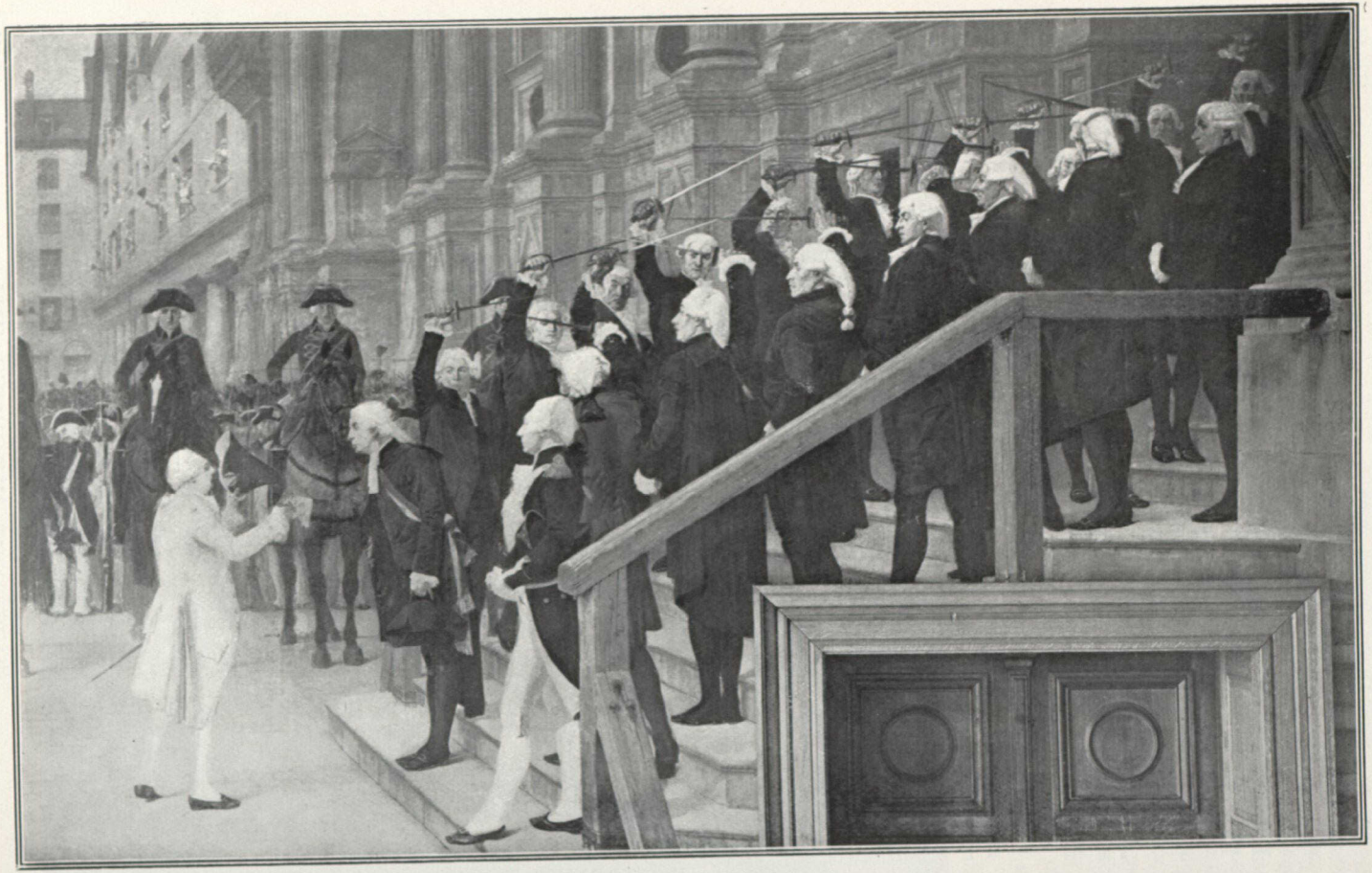


AN EXECUTION OF NOTABLES AFTER THE REVOLT OF THE MAILLOTINS
Wall Painting by Jean-Paul Laurens in Hotel de Ville, Paris

Madame Bernhardt are accustomed to see in this way in the centres of "effete Europe" where they live. The peoples of Europe are proud of both their history and their artists and they have long given proof of this feeling by encouraging the latter to enrich the walls of their public buildings with inspiring scenes from the former. If they had not done this, they would undoubtedly have had less glorious history and fewer great artists.

We in Canada are too ready to think that we have neither history nor artists, and we are wrong in both cases. Still, so long as we neglect to surround our youth with the inspiration of such history as we have and to extend native encouragement to native artists, we will do much to perpetuate a partial justification of this pessimistic view.

What the decoration of public buildings with historical pictures has done for the artists of Europe, it would be now impossible to say. Very much of the early encouragement of art came from the Church, with the result that art was largely limited to the requirements of the religious picture. But when the State stepped in as another powerful and wealthy patron of art, it gave the painters more than a new customer—it gave them a wider scope. We read that when the Bellini were getting their foothold in Venice, they were engaged to paint historical scenes on the walls of the *Consiglio Maggiore* in the Doges' Palace, and that subsequently Tiziano was admitted to the list of wall decorators on the same terms. Tiziano was, of course, the great Titian; but when he was set assisting the other painters to decorate the "Legislative Chamber" of that day, he was as little suspected of his final greatness as, possibly, may be some of the names which we could secure to-day at the foot of decorative



LOUIS XVI AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL)

Wall Painting by Jean-Paul Laurens in the Hotel de Ville, Paris. The Painting is surrounded by a painted border, except where the door of the room in which the canvas hangs cuts into it

DOGE CONTARINI RETURNING FROM VICTORY OVER THE GENOESE
Wall Painting in the Doges' Palace, Venice

pictures in the dumpy building in Queen's Park, Toronto.

Unfortunately the Palace in which these men worked was destroyed by fire, and with it the priceless pictures they created. But Venice rebuilt its Palace—as today it is rebuilding its Campanile—and the walls of its Hall of the Great Council were again covered with scenes from the stirring history of that civic Republic by Paolo Veronese, the two Tintorettos, Bassano, Palma Giovane, and others. Nor were they content with so decorating this chief hall. Every important "Sala" in the building is similarly enriched with paintings which to-day excite the envy of all artists.

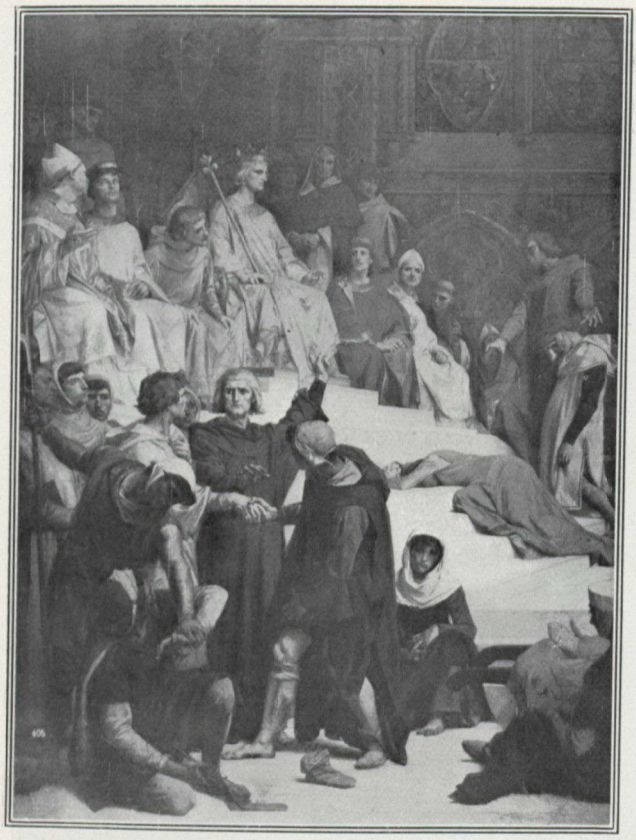
This flood of civic art in Venice is an early example, but at the present time the decoration of important public buildings with appropriate historic scenes by native artists is the usual course throughout Europe. Visitors to Paris will not have forgotten how this practice appears wherever there has been an opportunity for its exercise. The Palace of Versailles, for example, is a vast museum of historical art. The *Galerie des Batailles* can hardly be unknown to any, for it was given a wide notoriety when the Germans came there in 1871 and carefully preserved, with a noble devotion to art, the pictures which recorded in more than one case the victory of French troops over their own people. Everywhere through the palace, historic scenes are pictured by the best French artists of recent times. Such names as Le Brun, Boucher, Ary Scheffer, Delacroix, Gros, Regnault, Horace Vernet, David and Coypel occur frequently. There is a series of

LEGATES OF THE POPE AND THE DOGE BEFORE FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AT PAVIA
Wall Painting in the Doges' Palace, Venice

halls which contain *Tableaux d'Histoire* from the time of Clovis down to Louis XIV. Then there is another series from 1791 to 1830, and another dealing with Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Add to these the galleries of the Republic and the First Empire, and you have a pretty complete pictorial record of the history of France.

But Versailles is only one building. If we will go to the Pantheon in Paris, we will see the stories of the saintly heroisms of the city's history told by some of its greatest artists. Incidents in the lives of St. Denis, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and some others, are painted by Puvis de Chavannes, Laurens, Cabanel, and Lenepveu. Or if it be more worldly scenes that you would see, visit the City Hall and find some of the brightest modern pictures which will greet the eye anywhere in this capital city of modern art.

The *Chambre des Députés* is a case more in point in connection with the proposal to decorate the Legislative Buildings in Toronto with scenes from the history of Canada. Here there is a good deal of capital art. For instance, reliefs by such men as Rude and Pradier ornament the classic portico which looks out from the



ST. LOUIS RENDERS JUSTICE
Wall Painting by Cabanel in the Pantheon, Paris

front of the building. Inside there is considerable art, some of it of an historical character. Of course, there is no attempt to reproduce the marvellous records of Versailles. That once done is not done again in what is practically the same city. But in the *Salle des Conferences*, we have several scenes from the past, notably the "Self-sacrifice of the Burghers of Calais," by Ary Scheffer. As at Westminster, a number of capital statues of leading statesmen ornament the corridors, and there are several allegorical paintings by Delacroix.

No visitor to Westminster will have forgotten the shining series of statues which lines St. Stephen's Wall—Walpole, the two Pitts, Hampden, Grattan, Fox, Burke and others. From this the visitor passes into the lofty Central Hall, where stand Gladstone, Granville, Lord John Russell, and Iddesleigh. Does any one imagine that this group of the great, commemorated in marble, has no inspiring effect upon the people who approach the galleries of the Commons through such a company? Then as for frescoes, the two corridors to the right and left of the Central Hall are lined with them. I am sorry that I cannot get some photos of these frescoes, and of the many other frescoes in different parts of these magnificent buildings; but it is characteristically English that an order sent to one of the best photograph publishers in the Strand elicited but a *non possumus*. There is hardly a fresco of any importance on the Continent of which you cannot buy a good photo in a neighbouring shop, and of many of them you can get picture postal cards; yet the frescoes in the Parliament Buildings in London are not to be had from a Strand merchant. When Ontario shall have decorated the walls of its Legislature Buildings with historical pictures I hope that the photographers of Toronto will be more enterprising.

Cannot Canada take breath long enough in its splendid effort to fill to the full the matchless opportunity of the present, to provide that the heirs of all this prosperity shall be worthy of their heritage? Will we be satisfied to endow the next generation with a bank account and nothing more. Or would it not be better to leave it somewhat fewer dollars and a far higher scale of culture? We can buy pictures as well as the next; and we can take that pride in our native art which will induce us to spend a little money on its encouragement. We have faith in ourselves in other things. Let us have faith in the national soul.

Elsie Glen-Coats

Lady Glen-Coats*

By MARGARET E. HENDERSON

AMONG the Canadian ladies now residing in the Mother Country who have impressed their personality upon their environment, the name of Lady Glen-Coats is prominent. Lady Glen-Coats of Ferguslie Park, Scotland, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Walker, of Montreal. Her mother's maiden name was Marion MacAllister, and both parents were members of well-known Paisley families. On her father's side Lady Glen-Coats is descended from the Kilpatricks of Torthorald, her grandmother, "pretty Peggy Kilpatrick," having been a beauty in her day. It is interesting to note that from the same stock is descended Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French.

Educated in Montreal and abroad, in her earlier days Lady Glen-Coats enjoyed an enviable reputation as a pianist of no mean order. She was married in 1876 at Montreal to Thomas Glen-Coats, Esq., the son of Mr. Thomas Coats of Ferguslie, a member of the famous Paisley thread firm.

The home-coming of the young couple

*Previous articles in this series of "Canadian Women Abroad," are: Lady Marjorie Gordon, vol. 23, p. 471; The Marchioness of Donegal, vol. 24, p. 309: Lady Plunket, vol. 25, p. 234.

FERGUSLIE PARK, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND
The home of Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats

was made the occasion of a great popular welcome, for all classes of the community had experienced and appreciated the beneficence of the Coats family. And when in 1894 Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in recognition of the many good works for which the name of Coats is distinguished, conferred a baronetcy on Mr. Thomas Glen-Coats, it was pithily remarked that the honour had been earned by thread and philanthropy.

The great wealth of the Coats family has always been regarded by them as a stewardship, and it has been their privilege as it has been their pleasure to spend and be spent for the community in which they are so deeply interested. Unobtrusive acts of kindness are as characteristic of the family as the magnificent public spirit which has done so much to beautify the town in which they are so actively interested. The beautiful Fountain Gardens of Paisley were gifted to the royal burgh by the father of Sir Thomas, and are a constant source of delight to the town dwellers.

The most costly, as also the most beautiful Nonconformist Church in Great Britain, the "Thomas Coats Memorial Church," owes its existence to the munificence of the family to whose head the church is dedicated in sacred memory. For seven years architects and builders sought far and near for the richest and rarest materials and the most cunning artificers were employed to use those materials, that the church might satisfy the high ideal of the donors.

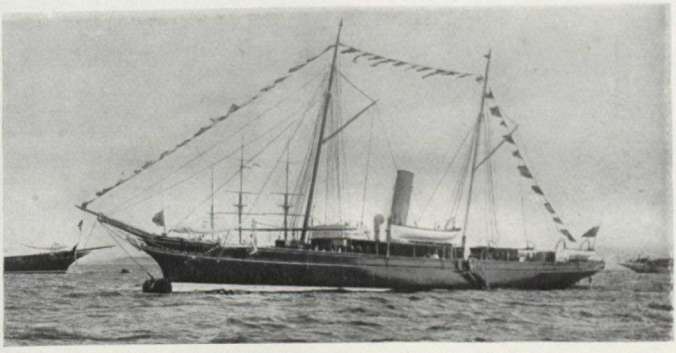
In the recent South African war, during the absence at the front of the 2nd Volunteer battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which Sir Thomas is Honorary Colonel, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association was formed, and during the whole period of the war until the return of the soldiers the families of the absent heroes were carefully looked after, the heavy end of the work being taken by Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats themselves. To their honour be it said, not one case of destitution or want was heard of in connection with the families of the members of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. And when, on April 20th, 1901, the silver wedding of Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats was celebrated, among the first gifts received and not the least prized by the gentle lady who received it, was a silver inkstand from

the wives and mothers of the soldiers in whom Lady Glen-Coats had taken so warm an interest.

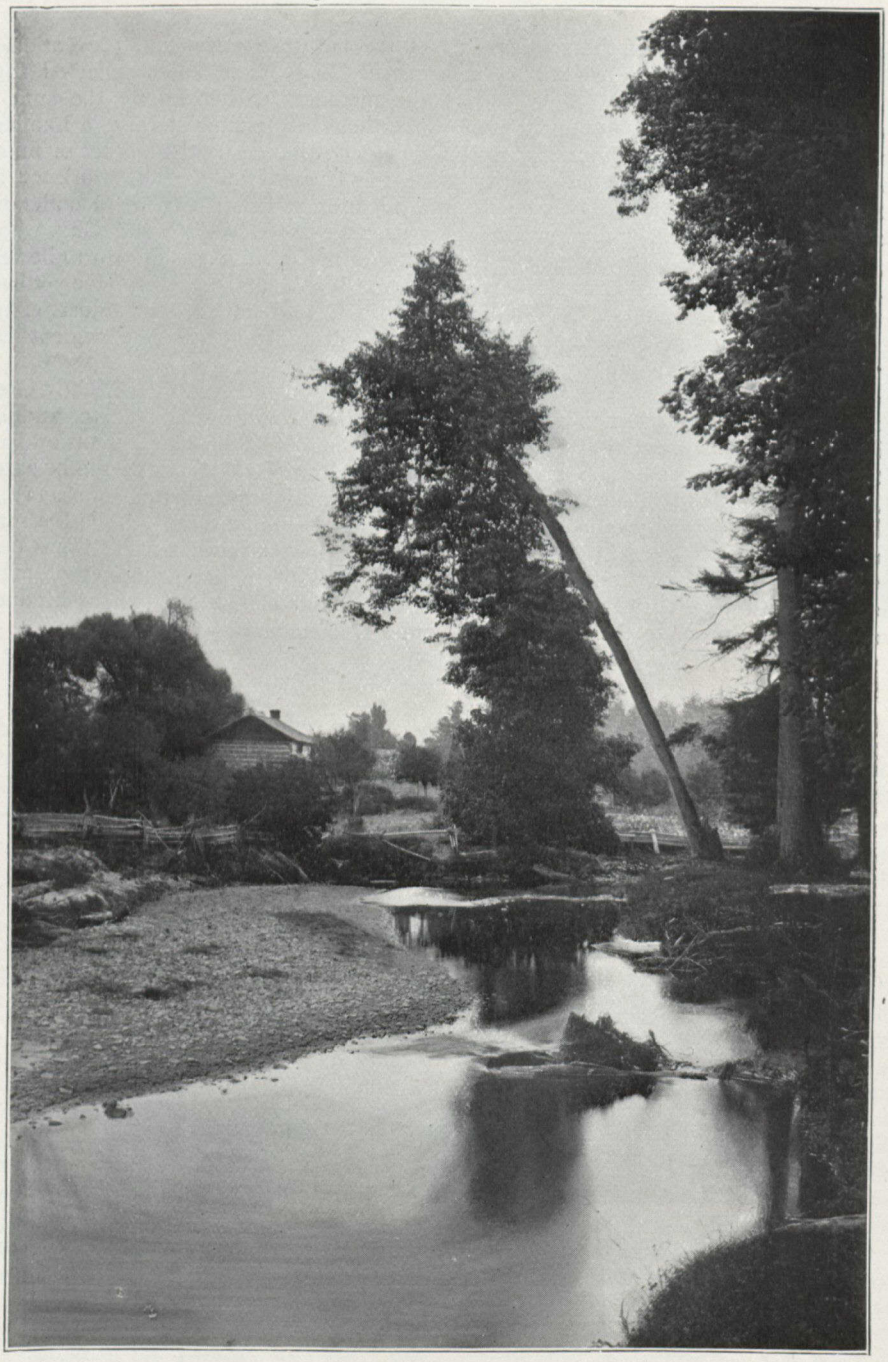
In Great Britain women are much more active in political matters than in Canada, and in their Primrose Leagues and Women's Liberal Associations, they plan their political campaigns with as much zeal as if they had a voice in the councils of the nation. Of the West Renfrewshire Women's Liberal Association, Lady Glen-Coats is the working President, and to interest her fellow-members in social questions, she endeavours to secure the most distinguished statesmen to deliver addresses at their meetings. Thus the interests of many women are broadened and their intelligence quickened.

Conspicuous among the objects in which Lady Glen-Coats is specially interested is the scheme of cancer research, direc ed by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. To promote the investigation of the nature, causes, and prevention of cancer, Lady Glen-Coats collected from the members of her family the sum of five thousand pounds sterling, a like sum being contributed by three other members of the Coats family. The work of investigation is being carried on under the patronage of His Majesty the King, whose interest in the subject is known to be very deep. No results, however, have yet been reported, and much time must elapse before any definite pronouncement can be made.

At home, at Ferguslie Park, Lady Glen-Coats is a charming chatelaine, and beneath the roof of the stately mansion have been welcomed the best and the brightest in the world of art, of letters, of science, of rank and of philanthropy, while the same gracious hospitality has many times been a bright spot in the memories of many women and children to whom kindness means so much.



SIR THOMAS GLEN-COATS' STEAM-YACHT "HEBE"



THE OLD LOG FARM HOUSE

Agriculture is still the basis of Ontario's progress, as it is preëminently the basis of the great development of the West

Photo by Rowley, Toronto

The Treble-Cross

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

FRANK FOLEY loved horses very much; in fact his admiration for a horse that got his nose first past the winning post was intense. "Winners for mine," he always said; "straight-legged horses, crooked-legged, slope-shouldered, and all the rest of it, doesn't count—they run in all shapes; winners for mine."

From this it may be gathered that Foley was intensely practical; and he was.

As he ran his eye down the entry list for the Tally-Ho Steeplechase, he stopped at the name "Redleg." "Ah! here he is at last," he said, laying the paper down, and relapsing into thought. "Redleg in at 152 lbs., with a lot of butcher-cart horses, is something sweet to dwell upon; if he can jump."

Foley had tried to buy Redleg when Banfield sold his racing stable at Saratoga. Redleg had been almost a handicap horse on the flat, and Foley had wanted him for just this timber-topping business. He was a big upstanding bay, sixteen-two. As a man had said to Foley: "Just the horse for getting over the fences—he'll take them in his stride. Why you could paint a landscape under his girths." This was figurative in the extreme, for Foley wouldn't have known a landscape from a marine.

But what he did know after a close inspection was, that Redleg's left fore pastern, just above the coronet, bore little round marks like a perforated tin. He had been punch-fired for something—probably ringbone; also the foot turned in a bit. And there was an untraceable rumour that that same leg had been nerved—that is, the nerve killed to deaden the sensitive feeling of something wrong. It was equivalent to "the wires have been cut," and as a result, in course of time that foot would die all by itself. The horse had been sold for twenty-five hundred, so Foley let him go; here he was in the Tally-Ho at 152, with some very respectable work horses.

In reality some of the others entered in the Tally-Ho were fair performers—winners over timber; Topmast had won, so had Flower Girl—it was just Redleg's handicap form that caused Foley to class them now as plebeian toilers.

As I have said, our friend was practical. He drew the telephone on his office desk to him and called up the training quarters at Woodbine, and as a result, in half an hour, Pat Haney appeared.

"Can this Redleg go through the field, Pat?" Foley asked.

"Is it the big bay with the pink splash on his nose, Boss?"

"Yes, that's him."

"Say! he can just fly the jumps."

"Who owns him?"

"You can search me, Boss; I've tried to find out myself. He's entered as the Flanders Stable."

"Who looks after him?"

"I've never seen anybody with him but that nigger jock, Jackson."

"Who does Jackson cling to when he's not on the horse?"

"Well, he mostly 'sociates with a glass of whiskey."

"Never see him with anybody, Pat?"

"One night I see him up-town with Lou Woods."

"Another blackbird, eh? Isn't anybody training the horse?"

"Yes, there's a white man named Hazleton 'bout the stables—he's in charge, I guess."

This information, somewhat nebulous, was fairly good ground-work for a man of Foley's ability, and when Pat had departed he thought the matter out. The coloured jockey, Jackson, would ride to orders, absolutely; if he were to lose by a hundred yards he would make it a hundred and one; and he was an artist at that sort of business. He could flog his mount a good twenty lengths to the bad, and all the time the stand would execrate

him for whipping a horse already beaten, in his eagerness to win. Also, if there were anything doing Mr. Lou Woods would be at the bottom of it. His cunning brain and shifty morals netted him more money than his seat in the saddle.

The next day Foley got down to the race-course a trifle early, hurried there by his philanthropic desire to benefit Mister Jackson. He found the jockey in the paddock.

"Redleg's got a pretty good chance in the Tally-Ho, hasn't he?" he said to the darkey. "You ride him, don't you?"

"I don't know, Boss; I ain't never rode none ob 'em others."

It must be explained that Jackson had ridden for Foley, which fact usually establishes a free-masonry that permits of plain speaking.

"Well," continued Foley, "I think you can win, and I'll have four hundred for you after you weigh in. Besides, if Redleg doesn't win to-day, it might so happen that he wouldn't be allowed to start here again."

The coloured gentleman pondered over the other's words for a little. There was a trivial arrangement on his part with certain people, but said arrangement would only net him two hundred; besides, Redleg and his owner were transients—he might never get a mount from that quarter again; while Foley and his friends often had a mount for him.

"All right, Mistah Foley," he answered; "you play him. Dey won't be turned into de straight when I'm finished. But say, don't bid him up on 'em; dey was sort-a 'fraid to win dis sellin' race fear dey'd lose de hoss. Say, Mistah Foley—" the darkey hesitated, rolled his eyes irresolutely till the whites shone like flashlights in the dark night of his face, then he coughed and grinned apologetically.

"What is it, Jackson?"

"Well, Boss, I'se done borrowed fohty dollars from—from one ob de party, an'—an' if I'se goin' to ride it out—"

"I see; just go down into that closed stall, number twelve"—they were in the paddock—"and I'll drop in there presently and give you fifty on account."

The Tally-Ho, a selling steeplechase, was third on the programme. As soon as the names were up on the jockey board, Foley edged his way into the betting ring.

"3 to 1" was chalked on the betting lists. Somehow, Foley had thought of six or eight to one against his money. Redleg was not known as a steeplechaser, so why should he be equal favourite with Topmast?

A voice at his shoulder set him right. It was saying: "Redleg could give those dogs two stone on the flat, and that Flanders Stable crowd ain't brought him up here to Canada to run steeplechases if he can't jump." It was quite reasonable. Foley had egotistically thought himself the one person endowed with the reasoning faculty.

Another voice answered the first, objecting, "the jumping game's too risky for me. You could put your money on Eclipse in that field, and something'd cross him at the mud-wall, and you'd be down and out without a finish for your coin."

"Jack, you're away off," the first speaker retorted. "The steeplechase game is easier than the flat. It's the horses that can jump gets home, and there's never more'n 'bout two of 'em to a race that's been schooled to it. That's even money, ain't it? And you get, perhaps, four to one."

Foley felt a reluctance to take the 3 to 1 when he had expected longer odds; but, as he hesitated, he saw a man who usually bet with wisdom pass up a roll of bills, and receive back a ticket with "R.L." marked on it.

"I'll take the odds to a thousand, Redleg, Abe," Foley said, nodding to the bookmaker. He shoved the ticket in his pocket, and went back to the paddock.

As he stood there a short, stout, swarthy-faced man checked his rapid stride for a second and asked: "What do you like, Frank?"

"I like Redleg, Ganes."

"So do I. But I can't make it out. I'm playing him for my man"—the "man" being a rich investor for whom the speaker bet—"but Redleg's travelling out in the betting."

Presently Foley saw Jackson in the red-sashed blue jacket of the Flanders

Stable pass down the brown-earthed course and turn in at the judges' stand. Foley could see that the jockey was being interviewed by the stewards. Then two or three others took the same little excursion.

"What's the matter, Ganes?" Foley asked, as the stout little man crossed his path.

"The matter! just this. Me and my friends—and I've got a big layer behind me, too—goes and plays this Redleg at twos, and now he's out to threes, and Topmast is 7 to 5."

"Well, the bookmakers don't ride the horses, do they—they don't win races in the betting ring?"

"They don't ride Redleg now, bet your life; but they were going to."

"You'll oblige me with some explanations, Ganes."

"Well, we're wise to it, that's all. That nigger, Jackson, was going to give us the grandstand finish down at the lower turn. I went to the stewards and told them we wanted a run for our money; and they've set the crook down."

Foley thought of his wasted fifty. "Who've they put up?" he asked.

"They're looking for a jock now. I told them Lou Woods hadn't a mount in this race."

"Oh, you did, eh? Are they going to put *him* up?"

"Yes; there he is now, with the colours on. I'm going to promise him a hundred if he wins."

Foley had the Napoleonic genius of knowing when to raise a siege to make use of his forces in some other quarter. Industrious little Mr. Ganes had effectually obliterated Redleg from the winning possibility. Thanks to him the horse would now be ridden by the prime mover of this financial undertaking.

A thousand good dollars had been burned up before the horses left the paddock; to be accurate, a thousand and fifty; but five thousand would not have set Foley's mind racing panicy. He must certainly get out of the dilemma, and to do that he must find out just what was going to win.

An excitable bettor would have told what he knew—would have raised a row over the putting up of Lou Woods. Foley was a rare philosopher; this would only lead to fresh entanglement in the matter of another rider. Redleg was dead—in the mortuary list of the Tally-Ho—that was something. He could lay off his bet if the Ganes party backed Redleg down to 2 to 1 or better. Perhaps, even, the stewards had ordered a new book to be made on the race, owing to the suspicion and change of jockeys. Foley strode to the betting ring, but there had been no new book ordered—his bet still held good. He went back to the paddock; and, as he entered it, he saw the jockey whose mount had been taken away, walk sullenly through the other gate toward the hotel, that was somewhat ambiguously styled the Club House.

Mr. Foley, taking the little plank footpath that led to the same villa of liquid refreshment, telegraphed a signal with his eye to the coloured horseman. And presently they sat together in a room across the hall from the bar.

"It won't win now, will it?" Foley asked.

"He's a pretty bad horse, Boss, unless you know jes' how to ride him." The darkey rolled his eyes, and showed his big, white teeth in an expressive complement to this commonplace. "Did you back it, Boss?"

"A thousand bucks."

"Dat's too blame bad—you jes' go an' get eben on Topmast. Dat's de pippin dis time."

"Flower Girl can beat Topmast from here to the betting ring."

"Dat don' make no diff'rence, Boss what she can do. I see her finish at one ob dem jumps."

"Ain't she trying either?"

"Dat boy he's mos' sure for tumble off, Boss—I tell yeh, Topmas' 's de goods, Mistah Foley."

"Where'll the boy dismount, Andy—the boy on Flower Girl I mean?"

"Where do dey gen'rly tumble, Mistah Foley, when dey's done dere chore?"

"Well, he might fall at the lower turn the last time round."

"He mought, Boss."

"But is he going to, Jackson? Give me the straight lay out of this thing."

"Yes, dat boy on Flower Girl he's go-

ing to make de runnin'; an' sort-a keep de thing easy foh Topmas'; den he's goin' to tumble out de saddle at dat lower jump."

"What do you weigh, Andy?"

"Hundre'-an'-fohty."

"Let's see; the mare carries a hundred-and-fifty; the saddle might be anything over five pounds. Slip five or six pounds of lead in your breeches pockets, Andy, and stroll into the field; sort of hang around that wall, the first after they take the sharp turn at the tree, and if you get a chance at the mare—that is, if her rider dumps out of the saddle there, just climb into the pig-skin and come home as fast as you can."

"Would dat be all right, Boss, if I win?" The darkey's eyes sparkled with eager delight.

"Yes, there's a rule covers that—if you can make the weight, 150, on the scales—doesn't matter what you're over."

"Dey took me off de odder horse, Boss."

"That doesn't matter—they won't even ask your name. Anybody can ride a horse home if his rider's thrown. Even if you ride into place it'll be all right, the mare's probably 10 to 1 and I'll back her across the board. I'll give you two hundred if you win."

"I'll do it, Mistah Foley. By Gum! I'd jest like to beat dat gang dat set me down."

"All right, hurry up and get over there—they'll be out in ten minutes; that's the saddling bugle now."

Foley slipped from the club house; the enthusiasm of this double play creeping down into his legs until he cut across the green-swarded paddock on a trot. He passed swiftly along the line of numbered stalls, sharply scrutinising each group that waited at the door. Ah! there, just by the little steps leading up into the jockey dressing-rooms, was the object of his quest—Pat Haney. Pat was an ex-steeplechase jockey, now a trainer.

In answer to a nod of the head Haney followed Foley to a quiet corner of the paddock.

"What do you weigh, Pat?" Foley repeated the question he had put to the darkey.

"'Bout 150, Mr. Foley."

"That will do; just jog over into the field, and meander simple-like down toward the second jump from the tip at the tree. If you see Flower Girl's jockey sit down for a rest there, just grab the mare and try and get one, two, three—d'you understand?"

"Shure there isn't much to understand in that. I won a race once the same way—that's four years ago—on Ballyhooly. He throwed his jock, an' I was in the field watchin' fer somethin' doin' in way of strong arm. I grabs Ballyhooly an', be-dad I won—not sayin' but what half of 'em was down—"

"All right, Pat, never mind about that. I'm going to back the mare. Jackson 'll be at the other jump, so don't get mixed up. You'll get two hundred if you win, Pat, and fifty if you're in the first three."

Just over the little whitewashed picket fence a lad sent the order to "mount horses," singing from his bugle across the paddock.

As Foley hurried through the gate to the stand lawn on his way to the betting ring, the broad face of Ganes confronted him, wreathed in a happy smile of content.

"Have you backed Redleg?" Ganes asked.

"Yes."

"That's good— it's a pipe; he's cut now—there's a rush on him—he's 8 to 5."

"'That *is* good.'" Foley reiterated the other's words, for he knew now that he could lay off his unfortunate bet. A twinge of compunction shot athwart Foley's mind and he added: "Don't go to him too strong, Ganes. Have a bet on the mare as a saver."

As he hurried through the crowd, a little mocking laugh from the other followed him, and a torn fragment of dissent ending in, "not on your life!"

Foley had no trouble in laying off his bet at a profit.

"What's the best price, Flower Girl, Abe?" he asked of the stout, venerable-looking gentleman who sat perched high on the corner of one of the betting boxes.

The man of finance craned his neck leisurely about till his eyes took in the

chalked writing on the wall which was a black betting board.

"Just what you see written there, Mr. Foley; 8 to 1 to win; 3 to 1 the place, and even money to show."

"How much can I have of it?"

"All you want. There's no limit on that mare; I think she's no good." Abe was noted for two things, his composure and his candour.

"Just string this fifteen hundred across the board, then—five hundred three ways," Foley answered, handing up the deposit.

"And you could buy her for a third of the money," Abe commented with a smile. He slipped down from the box, and continued in a whisper: "You'd better hedge this bet on Topmast. All the sharks from the stables have got their two dollars and their five dollars on him. I wouldn't have ninety cents on the boy that rides Flower Girl—you know what he is, Foley."

A bugle call cut short the speaker's remark. There was a scamper of many feet, a rush of strong-pushing men; and the betting enclosure was emptied as though it had been tipped on its side, spilling its inhabitants to the grassed lawn in front.

As Foley ran nimbly up four steps of the members' stand, and faced about, he was joined by Aleck Ganes. The little man was perspiring joy at every pore. Had he not frustrated the clever villains who were putting up the pulling job?

"My word! see him gallop! *See—him—gallop!*" he cried, grasping Foley's coat sleeve in his eagerness. The "him" was Redleg, with his long, flat-racing stride, leading the field of eight horses as they raced past the stand on the first round. "See him jump! My word, see him jump! Ain't he a *bird!*"

The blue jacket of Redleg's rider had cut a crescent in the air at the water jump, and behind him, like the splashing of a cataract over rocks, poured the stream of crimson and yellow and white; and then on the level it flowed away toward the double mud-walls of the in-and-out.

"Yes, he's a good timber topper, Aleck," Foley answered; "but the next time that same jock is up tell him not to jump on his mount's neck when he lands over a mud-wall. It's one way of beating the horse, of course—"

A shivering scream—the hoarse, half-breathed "Oh-h-h" of men's voices drowned Foley's causticity. Over in the hollow, between the two mud-walls, that was like a man trap, there was the sudden downward shoot of a scarlet jacket, the sprawling of horses' feet in the air; and then a chestnut, taking the first wall, landed right in the hedge of iron-shod hoofs.

"He's killed!" a woman screamed.

"There goes Shiner and Canuck," Foley ejaculated; "they're out of it already. Look at your man now."

The course turned short to the left after the in-and-out, and Redleg's rider had carried far out to the right, taking Flower Girl with him.

"He's a hard horse to hold," Ganes said; "he was an open-mouthed brute on the flat, was Redleg."

"Blame the horse," advised Foley. "It's that sheep-thatched thief on his back that's taking him wide at the turn."

"It won't make any difference," Ganes growled; "Redleg can stay forever—he's won at two miles on the flat."

"Staying has got very little to do with a steeplechase, Aleck. In the old country they put sprinters pure and simple at this game—five furlong winners. That's why I backed Flower Girl."

Topmast, carrying his old-gold jacket lengths in front, was coming across the in-field straight for the stand.

"That's what's meant to win, Aleck," Foley said, as the black horse, Topmast, took the mud-wall and flashed around the tree, at his heels the other runners streaming out like a checkered ribbon. Foley saw the rider on Redleg carry the horse wide at the tree, then with a twist of the lines jink him back to the course, throwing him out of his stride, with elegant horsemanship, taking at least three or four lengths out of the big bay.

Flower Girl was running second to Topmast now. Foley smiled sardonically to himself, and, touching Ganes on the shoulder, continued his commentary on the race:

"This is great business, Aleck. That

boy on Flower Girl is now about to work his audience up to fever heat—he's almost as great an actor as the coon on Redleg. If nothing happens he is going to give Topmast a lead over the jumps until they pass this tree again on their last time round. And just when the people in the orchestra stalls up there are convinced that he's going to prove the real hero of the play, something'll happen, Aleck—something'll happen."

"What'll happen, Foley?"

"Ah, my dear Ganes, in the words of the poet: 'There is a happy land'—Yes, Aleck, he will improve the shining hour—and land."

Even as Foley rambled on, his prophecy was more or less coming to pass. Around the upper turn, over the water-jump, at the in-and-out, the silk-coated riders had gone through a process of weeding out. During the short interval of the first round, the mud-walls had grown at least a foot; the horses that had cleared them before, now struck heavily. Singly and in pairs they dropped by the roadside, until there was but Flower Girl, Topmast, Redleg, and Amarath to emerge from the in-an-out and circle past the stand, around the tree, and toward the lower jumps.

"Now, Ganes," Foley whispered, bending down, "we come to the unexpected; the thing that causes an 'even-money' chance to become as uncertain as the 'hundred-to-one.'"

As he spoke, Flower Girl, running in the lead, swayed as she rose at the next wall, turned sideways as she landed with a stiff prop, stumbled to her knees, and her white-jacketed jockey dove parabolically into the grassed meadow.

As the mare struggled to her feet the figure of a man rose up from nowhere, grabbed the dangling reins, slipped them over her head, clambered into the saddle, and, two lengths behind Topmast, became a part of this most interesting steeplechase.

Even if the horses had been of like calibre, Topmast's lead was as nothing to the replenished lungs that the brief check had given Flower Girl. Into the straight, Topmast had a length to the good; but the rider of Flower Girl, whoever he was, was fresh, and he rode with the vigour thereof.

"What's the fool riding for?" the stand jeered—"the man's crazy making a race of it for nothing—he won't get it."

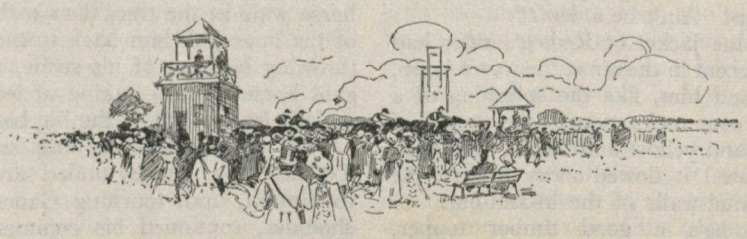
And behind, Redleg was being whipped into a proper mutiny; the whip is far more effective than a strong arm at stopping a horse.

At the stand, Flower Girl pushed her head in front of Topmast, and at the finish post she was first by a length.

The generous glow that comes of a deed well done suffused the hearts of the Topmast backers. The silly chap who had ridden Flower Girl so hard had lent a touch of comedy to the performance, of course; but Topmast was the real thing, *his* real jockey was in the saddle, and the other would be disqualified.

Then the numbers went up, and Flower Girl had won.

To this day there are men who consider some of the steeplechase rules—especially the one relating to relay riders as being most insanely conceived. Foley says that the rules are all right—if you know them.



English Poetry and English History*

By PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

MY subject is not English poetry or the history of English poetry, but the connection of English poetry with English history. What is poetry? Besides reason, of which the highest manifestation is science, man has sentiment, distinct from reason though bound to keep terms with it on pain of becoming nonsense, as it not very seldom does. Sentiment seems to imply a craving for something beyond our present state. Its supreme expression is verse, music of the mind connected with the music of the voice and ear. There is sentiment without verse, as in writers of fiction and orators; as there is verse without sentiment, in didactic poetry, for example, which Lucretius redeems from prose and sweetens, as he says himself, to the taste by the interspersion of sentimental passages. Sentiment finds its fittest expression in verse. The expression in its origin is natural and spontaneous. Then poetry becomes an art looking out for subjects to express, and sometimes looking rather far afield. So painting and sculpture, in their origin spontaneous imitation, become arts looking for conceptions to embody. We are here tracing the indications of English sentiment and character at successive epochs of the national history finding their expression in poetry.

Chaucer is the first English poet. He was preceded at least only by some faint awakenings of poetic life. It was in Anglo-Saxon that the Englishman before the Conquest chanted his song of battle with the Dane. It was in French that the troubadour or the trouvère relieved the dulness, when there was no fighting or hunting, in the lonely Norman hold. French was the language of the Plantagenets, even of Edward I, that truly English king. At last the English language rose from its serfdom shattered, adulterated, deprived of its inflections, its cognates, and its power of forming compound words, unsuited for philosophy or science, the terms for which it has to borrow from the Greek, but rich, apt for general literature, for eloquence, for song. Chaucer is the most joyous of poets. His strain is glad as that of the skylark which soars from the dewy mead to pour forth its joyance in the fresh morning air. He is at the same time thoroughly redolent of his age. In the Knight of the "Prologue" and in the tale of "Palamon and Arcite" we have that fantastic outburst of a posthumous and artificial chivalry of which Froissart is the chronicler, which gave birth to the Order of the Garter and a number of similar fraternities with fanciful names and rules, and after playing strange and too often sanguinary pranks, as in the wicked wars with France, found its immortal satirist in the author of *Don Quixote*. In the sporting Monk, the sensual and knavish Friar, the corrupt *Sompnour*, the Pardoner with his pig's bones shown for relics, we have the Catholic Church of the middle ages with its once ascetic priesthood and orders, its spiritual character lost, sunk in worldliness, sensuality, and covetousness, calling aloud for Wycliffe. At the same time in the beautiful portrait of the Good Parson we have a picture of genuine religion and an earnest of reform. Here Chaucer holds out a hand to Piers Ploughman, the poet-preacher of reform, social and religious, if poet he can be called who is the roughest of metrical pamphleteers. Chaucer's Good Parson is a figure in itself and in its connection with the history of opinion not unlike Rousseau's "Vicaire Savoyard." Close at hand is Wycliffe, and behind Wycliffe come John Ball and the terrible insurrection of the serfs. Chaucer's debt to Boccaccio and the Italian Renaissance is manifest; yet he is Englis hand a perfect mirror of the England of his time.

There was at the same time an exuberance of national life which gave birth to ballad poetry. The English ballads as a class are no doubt inferior to the Scotch. Yet there is at least one English ballad of surpassing beauty. How can any collection of English poetry be thought complete

*By permission of the Editor of the American Historical Review.

without the ballad of "The Nut-Brown Maid?"

There follows an age unpropitious to poetry and all gentle arts. The glorious filibustering of Edward III and afterwards of Henry V in France brings its punishment in a general prevalence at home of the spirit of violence, cruelty, and rapine. This, combined with aristocratic ambition and faction, plunges the country into the Wars of the Roses. At last the Tudor despotism brings calm after its kind. Helm and hauberk are changed by the court nobility for the weeds of peace, and towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII we have the twin poets Wyatt and Surrey; Surrey, the last of the tyrant's victims, produces poetry which makes him worthy to rank as a harbinger of the Elizabethan era.

The times of the Protectorate and of the Marian Reaction were dark and troublous, uncongenial to poetry; but clear enough is the connection between the springtide of national life in the Elizabethan era and the outburst of intellectual activity of poetry generally and especially of the drama. The worst of the storms were over. The government was firm; the religious question had been settled after a fashion; the energies which had been ill-spent in civil war or marauding on France were turned to maritime adventure of the most romantic kind, or if to war, to a war of national defense combined with championship of European freedom. There was everything to excite and stimulate without any feeling of insecurity.

The next great poem after Chaucer is Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and it is intimately connected with English history. It presents in allegory the struggle of Protestantism, headed by England, with Catholicism, and embodies that new Protestant chivalry which arose in place of the chivalry of the middle ages, of which Sir Philip Sydney was the model knight, and of which perhaps we see the lingering trace in Fairfax, the general of the Commonwealth, a kinsman of the Fairfax who translated Tasso. The leading characters of the struggle, Elizabeth, the Pope, Mary Queen of Scots, and Philip of Spain, under thin disguises, are all there. Artegal, the Knight of Justice, and Spenser's model of righteousness in its conflict with evil, is the Puritan Lord Grey of Wilton, the stern, ruthless Lord Deputy of Ireland, whose policy was extermination. Spenser was Lord Grey's secretary, and no doubt accompanied him to the scene of his merciless government. There Spenser would come into contact with Catholicism in its lowest and coarsest as well as in its most intensely hostile form. Afterward a grantee of an estate in land conquered from the Irish insurgents, he was brought into personal conflict with the Blatant Beast. He was intimate with Raleigh and other militant and buccaneering heroes of the Protestantism of the day. In "The Shepherd's Calendar" he shows by his avowal of sympathy with old Archbishop Grindal, under the faint disguise of "Old Allgrind," who was in disgrace for countenancing the Puritans, that he belonged to the Puritan section of the divided Anglican Church. Fulsome and mendacious flattery of the woman who has been allowed to give her name to this glorious age, is an unpleasant feature of Spenser's work, as it is of the other works and was of the court society of that time. It is perhaps pardonable, if in any case, in that of a poet who would not be taken or expect to be taken at his word.

In the drama we expect to find rather gratification of the general love of action and excitement, and of curiosity about the doings of the great, prevalent among the people, than anything more distinctly connected with the events and politics of the day.

Shakespeare himself is too thoroughly dramatic to reflect the controversies of his time. Like all those about him he is Royalist, conforms to court sentiment, and pays his homage to the Virgin Queen. Probably he pays it also to her learned successor under the name of Prospero in "The Tempest." Raleigh treats the Great Charter as a democratic aggression on the rights of royalty. Shakespeare in "King John" does not allude to the Great Charter or to anything connected with it. In "Coriolanus" and in "Troilus and Cressida" there is strong antidemocratic sentiment, dramatic no doubt, but also with a personal ring. It is notable that Shakespeare nowhere alludes to the great strug-

gle with Spain. But here again he is probably in unison with the court, which though forced into the conflict, was not heartily anti-Spanish and certainly not anti-despotic. In religion Shakespeare was a Conformist. He quizzes Nonconformists, both Papist and Puritan; but probably he did no more than conform. When he touches on the mystery of existence and on the other world, as in the soliloquy in "Hamlet" and in "Measure for Measure," it is hardly in a tone of orthodox belief. In the flower market at Rome, not very far from the shrine of Ignatius Loyola, now stands the statue of Giordano Bruno, with an inscription saying that on the spot where Bruno was burned this statue was erected to him by the age which he foresaw. Bruno visited England in Shakespeare's time, and was there the centre of an intellectual circle which sat with closed doors. Was Shakespeare perchance one of that circle?

Though not political in any party sense, Shakespeare is full of the national and patriotic spirit evoked by the circumstances of his time. He shows this in the battle scene of "Henry V." He shows it in the speech of the Bastard of Falconbridge in "King John," which is at the same time a complete confutation of the theory that Shakespeare was a Catholic, for no dramatic motive could have sufficed to call forth or excuse such an affront to his own church.

No person of sense, it may be presumed, doubts that Shakespeare wrote his own plays. Greene and Ben Jonson and Charles I and Milton thought he did. But, say the Baconians, how came a yeoman's son, brought up among bumpkins, and educated at a country grammar-school, to acquire that imperial knowledge of human nature in all its varieties and ranks? This is the one strong point in their case. But Shakespeare, in London, got into an intellectual set. Several of his brother playwrights were university men. The subject of the "Sonnets" was evidently not vulgar. But much may be explained by sheer genius. Among poets, two are preëminent; one lived in the meridian light and amidst the abounding culture of the Elizabethan era; the other in the very dawn of civilisation, as some think before the invention of writing, sang, a wandering minstrel, in rude Æolian or Ionian halls, and the influence of Homer on the world's imagination, though less deep, has been wider than that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, though peerless, was not alone; perhaps he would not even have been peerless had Marlowe lived and worked, for in the last scenes of "Faust" and "Edward II" Marlowe rises to the Shakespearian height. The thoroughly national and popular character of the English drama is emphasised by contrast with the court drama of France. Unfortunately, it also shows itself in occasional adaptations to coarse tastes from which the divine Shakespeare is not free.

The remarkable connection of literary and poetic life with the life of action and adventure which marks the Elizabethan era is seen especially in the works of Sydney and Raleigh. The close of the era is pathetically marked by the death song of Raleigh. The Laudian reaction has its religious poets, George Herbert, Vaughan, and Wither; the best of whom in every sense was George Herbert, his quaint and mystical style notwithstanding. George Herbert was the poetic ancestor of the author of "The Christian Year." One who spent a day with Keble in his Hampshire vicarage might feel that he had been in the society of George Herbert. In its general character and productions the Catholic reaction in the Anglican Church at the present day is as nearly as possible a repetition of that of the seventeenth century, and its ultimate tendency is the same. The only differences are that the poetry of the present movement has not the quaintness or the conceits of that of the Laudian bards, and that its architecture is a revival of the medieval Gothic, whereas that of the Laudians was Palladian.

The political side of the reaction also produced its poetry, very unlike that of the religious side, poetry written by Cavaliers—

> "Our careless heads with roses bound
> Our hearts with loyal flames."

Of this school Lovelace was the best, though it was Montrose that wrote the famous lines:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more."

On the Puritan side comes one greater than all the Laudians and Cavaliers. Nothing else in poetry equals the sublimity of the first six books of "Paradise Lost." Their weak point is theological, not poetic. The hero of the piece and the object of our involuntary admiration and sympathy is the undaunted and all-daring majesty of evil. In Milton classic fancy, the culture of the Renaissance, and even a touch of medieval romance were blended with the spiritual aspiration of the Puritan.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowered roof,
With antic pillars massy proof
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light."

The most classic things in our language are the "Comus" and the "Samson Agonistes"; but "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are also cast in a classical mold.

A noble monument of the Puritan movement, though of its political rather than of its religious element, is Marvell's ode to Cromwell. Again we see the influence of the classics, which was not only literary but political and entered henceforth deeply into the political character of England.

The counterblast of Royalism to "Paradise Lost" was Butler's "Hudibras," the delight of Charles II and his courtiers, whose mental elevation may be measured thereby. It is a very poor travesty in verse of *Don Quixote*, with a Presbyterian Roundhead in place of the Don. Its principal if not its sole merits are the smart sayings of which it is a mine and its ingenious rhymes. There follows the riotous reaction of the flesh after the reign of the too-high soaring spirit under "our most religious and gracious King Charles II," as the act of Parliament styles him. The poetry and drama native to that era are in keeping with the social life of the time and congenial to the seraglio of Whitehall. The poetry was in fact largely the work of the court set of debauchees. Dryden and Waller were originally the offspring of the bygone era and craftsmen of a higher and purer art. Both of them had written eulogies on the Protector. But if spiritual life was at a low ebb, the tide of political life was running high. It presently took the shape of a fierce, and in the end, sanguinary conflict between the two parties known afterward as Whigs and Tories. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" is the offspring of that conflict. It is about the best political satire ever written, and its excellence depends largely on its dignity and moderation; for while Shaftesbury is politically the object of attack, his judicial merits are recognised, in fact greatly overrated, and the portraiture is true. The next episode in English politics, the attempt of James II to make himself absolute and force his religion on the nation, is likewise mirrored in Dryden's verse. The poet became a sudden convert, let us hope not wholly from mercenary motives, to the court religion, and we have a singular monument of his conversion in "The Hind and the Panther," wherein one beast strives by a long argument in verse to persuade another beast to rest its religious faith on a pope and council. Hallam, however, is right in remarking that Dryden's special gift is the power of reasoning in verse.

We have now come to a period in which poetry most distinctly wears the character of an art. It is the period between the English Revolution and the premonitory rumblings of the great social and political earthquake which shook Europe at the end of the eighteenth century; a period of comparative calm and, generally speaking, of spiritual torpor, the Church of England dozing comfortably over her pluralities and tithes. Dryden, Pope, and Addison are not the first poets of this class; before them had been Waller, Denham, and others of whom it might clearly be said that, feeling in themselves a certain poetic faculty, they cultivated it for its own sake and for the praise or emolument which it brought them. Their characteristic is skill in composition rather than height of aspiration or intensity of emotion. The greatest of them are Dryden and Pope, though Dryden was a child of the Puritan era. The most consummate artificer of all is Pope. Nothing in its way excels "The Rape of the Lock," or indeed in its way the translation of the *Iliad*, little Homeric as the translation is. In the

"Essay on Man," however, and "The Universal Prayer," which is the hymn of a free-thinker, we meet with the sceptical philosophy which was undermining the foundations of religious faith and preparing the way for the great political revolution. The inspiration is that of Pope's friend and philosophic mentor, the Voltairean Bolingbroke. Pope reflects the fashionable sentiment of the time, which in English or in Parisian salons was a light scepticism, as Horace Walpole's writings show. In a more marked and truly astounding form does the growing scepticism present itself in that tremendous poem, Swift's "Day of Judgment." How must Voltaire have chuckled when he got into his hands lines written by a dignitary of the Anglican establishment and making the Creator of the Universe proclaim to his expectant creatures that all was a delusion and a farce! It is needless to say that Swift's works generally, including his verses, poems they can hardly be called, speak of the irreligious priest and the coming of a sceptical age.

Few now look into the minor poets of those times or read Johnson's criticism of them, the robust criticism of an unsentimental and unromantic school. Yet there is a certain pleasure in the feeling of restfulness produced by the total absence of strain. Their poetry marks the same era which is marked by Paley's theology and philosophy, an era of calm before a great convulsion. In Gray and Collins we feel the growing influence of sentiment, which is one, though the mildest, of the premonitory signs of change. In Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" the social sentiment is mildly democratic.

The stream of European history is now approaching the great cataract. In England, notwithstanding Wilkes and Barré, there is no serious tendency toward political revolution. The movement there rather takes the form of religious revival, Methodism, evangelicism, social reform, and philanthropic effort. But if England had any counterpart to Rousseau, it was in Cowper, through whose "Table-Talk" with its companion essays in verse there runs a mild vein of social revolution. Nor did Cowper look with dismay or horror on the early stages of the Revolution in France. He speaks very calmly of the storming of the Bastile. He showed a distant sympathy with Burns, whose democratic sentiment

"A man's a man for a' that"

has been not the least of the sources of his immense popularity, though by his own confession he was willing to go to the West Indies as a slave-driver. We may recognise Burns as one of the foremost in the second class of poets, unsurpassed in his own line, without allowing ourselves to have his character thrust upon our sympathy. The union of high-poetic sensibility with what is low in character has been seen not in Burns only, but in Byron, in Edgar Poe, and in many others. If we are to pay homage to such a character as that of Burns because he was a great Scotch poet, why should we pay it to that paragon of pure-minded and noble-hearted gentleman, Walter Scott?

The European crisis prepared by the teachings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, combined with the decay of institutions and the accumulation of political abuses and ecclesiastical insincerities, had now come. It came unfortunately in an eminently excitable and impulsive nation, full of the vanity which Talleyrand notes as predominant in the Revolution. For some time, in spite of the weakness of the king, the meddlesome folly of the queen and the demagogic eloquence of Mirabeau, fatally repelling the indispensable co-operation of the court with the Assembly, matters went pretty well. But at last through a series of disastrous accidents and blunders, the Revolution fell into the hands of the vile mob of Paris and its Terrorist chiefs. Nobody could be blamed for being hopeful and sympathetic at first or despondent and dispirited after the September massacres.

Poetic natures, such as those of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, at first were naturally fired with enthusiasm and hope.

"O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name."

In Coleridge, the great Pantisocrat, rather curiously, the recoil seems to have come first. Before Wordsworth and Southey, he had discovered that

"The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!"

He presently became a most philosophic hierophant of orthodox politics and of the doctrine of the established church. In his peculiar way, in fact, he may be said to be about the greatest of Anglican divines. Wordsworth, it is needless to say, presently shared the recoil. The spirit of his poetry, whenever he touches on institutions, civil or religious, is thoroughly conservative. On the other hand, neither of these two men can be said to have turned Tory. They simply fell back on attachment to the national polity and principles. The French Revolution had ended naturally by giving birth to a military despot and conqueror, the struggle against whom was a struggle for the liberty of all nations. Southey became more decidedly Tory, and though he was one of the best and most amiable of men drew upon himself Whig hatred and abuse. He lives chiefly by his *Life of Nelson*. Yet he is no mean poet. "The Curse of Kehama" is a splendid piece, full of the gorgeous imagery and the fantastic mythology of the East. Kehama, the impious rajah, whose career in insatiable ambition, after conquering earth and storming heaven, ends in his plucking on himself a miserable doom, is evidently Napoleon, whom as the arch-enemy of his kind, Southey regarded with the intense and righteous detestation vented in the spirited ode on the negotiations with Bonaparte.

On the other side, we have in different lines Byron, Shelley, and Tom Moore. Keats may perhaps be regarded as one of the circle, though he wrote nothing distinctly in that sense. Byron is perhaps more European than English. He left England at an early age, and though he revisited it did not settle, but spent the rest of his life mainly in Italy. Still more was he idiosyncratic. The self-presentation and self-worship which fill his poems are unparalleled, and considering the character of the man who thus pours out upon us his lacerated feelings and sentimental woes, one finds it difficult now to read the first cantos at all events of "Childe Harold" with much respect or pleasure. But the novelty of Byronism, its attractions for weak egotism, and the poetic dress which the writer's unquestionable genius gave it, helped perhaps in some measure by his rank and his personal beauty, made it the rage of the hour. As an Englishman, Byron was not a political revolutionist; in fact he always remained an aristocrat; but he was a social iconoclast. His great work, as his admirers probably say with truth, is "Don Juan," with its affected cynicism and unaffected lubricity. Macaulay sneers at British morality for its condemnation of Byron. British morality may be prudish, fitful, and sometimes hollow. But it has guarded the family and all that depends thereon, as Byron had good reason to know. Italian morality, however poetic, did not.

The connection of Shelley is rather with European history than with the history of England, though he could not shake himself free from the influences, attractive and repulsive, of his birthplace. His interest in the French Revolution is proclaimed in the opening of "The Revolt of Islam" and makes itself felt generally through the poem. A revolutionist Shelley was with a vengeance in every line, religious, political, social, moral, matrimonial, and even dietetic, wanting us to be vegetarians and marry our sisters. He was in fact an anarchist, though as far as possible from being a dynamiter; resembling the gentle Kropotkin of our day, who believes that we should all be good and happy if we would only do away with the police. It is curious to see the story of Prometheus, the great rebel against the tyrant of the universe, half written by Æschylus and finished in the same spirit, after the lapse of all those centuries, by Shelley. An Anglican college could not in those days help expelling a rampant propagator of atheism, though it has now adopted his memory

and built him a strange and incongruous shrine within its courts. Nor could Eldon, as the legal guardian of the interests of Shelley's children, have left them in the hands of a father who would have brought them up to social ruin. Shelley, however, like Rousseau, was cosmopolitan. He withdrew from English citizenship to spend the rest of his days in Italy. Moreover, he was a being as intensely poetic and as little allied to earth in any way as his own skylark. He is not the first of poets in mental power, but he is, it seems to me, the most purely and intensely poetic. What could lead my friend Matthew Arnold to disrate Shelley's poetry and put it below his letters, I never could understand. "A beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain"; such was Arnold's description of Shelley, and true it is that so far as any practical results of his poetic preaching were concerned, the angel did beat his wings in vain; but if he was luminous and beautiful, he fulfilled the idea of a poet.

Tom Moore clearly belongs to the history of his age. He is the bard of the Whigs in their fight with the Tory government, and of his native Ireland, then struggling for emancipation. He is a thorough Irishman with all the lightness and brilliancy of his race, with all its fun and with all its pathos. The pathos we have in "Paradise and the Peri," as well as in "Irish Melodies." The fun takes largely the form of political satire. Very good the satire is, though like almost all satire and caricature, it loses a part of its pungency by lapse of time. To enjoy it thoroughly you must have lived at least near to the days of the Regency, Eldon, Castlereagh, and Sidmouth.

On the other side we have Walter Scott. When he is named we think of the incomparable writer of fiction rather than of the poet. Yet surely the writer of "Marmion," of the introduction to "Marmion," and of the lyrical pieces interspersed in the tales, deserves a place, and a high place, among poets. Is not "Marmion" a noble piece and the most truly epic thing in our language, besides being most interesting as a tale? Scott is claimed politically and ecclesiastically by the party of reaction. It is said that he turned the eyes of his generation back from the sceptical and revolutionary present to the reverent and chivalrous past. He has even been cited as the harbinger of Ritualism. The romance, of which he was the wizard, certainly instils love of the past. So far he did belong to the reaction. But his motive was never political or ecclesiastical. Of ecclesiasticism there was nothing about him. He delighted in ruined abbeys, but a boon companion was to him "worth all the Bernardan brood who ever wore frock or hood." A Tory, and an ardent Tory, he was. An intense patriot he was in the struggle with revolutionary France and her emperor. A worshipper of monarchy he was, devout enough to adore George IV, but he was above all things a great artist, perfectly impartial in his choice of subjects for his art. Welcome alike to him were Tory and Whig, Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Covenanter, if they could furnish him with character. Happily for his readers, he never preaches, as some novelists do; yet we learn from him historical toleration and breadth of view, while we are always imbibing the sentiments of a genial, high-minded, and altogether noble gentleman.

We must not forget Crabbe, who though as far as possible from being revolutionary, perhaps instils a slightly democratic sentiment by cultivating our social interest in the poor. Ebenezer Elliott, the author of the "Corn-Law Rhymes" and no mean poet, is a bard of the liberal movement and especially of free trade. Unless he was greatly mistaken, there can be no doubt about the source of industrial misery in his day.

Tennyson has been called a great teacher. The name is inappropriate, as any one who had known the man would feel. He was one of the greatest of poets, almost unrivalled in beauty of language and in melody. But he had nothing definite to teach. With fixed opinions he could not have been so perfectly as he was the mirror of intellectual society in his age. "There is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds." "There's something in this world amiss will be unriddled by and by." That was his mental attitude, and it was perfectly characteristic of a time in which old beliefs were passing away and new

beliefs had not yet been formed; an age of vague spiritual hopes and yearnings, such as glimmer in "In Memoriam" and wherever Tennyson touches the subjects of God and religion and the mystery of being. In this sense his poetry is a chapter in the general history of the English mind. We see at the same time in his poems the advance of science, to which with consummate art he lends a poetic form. The revolt of woman is playfully treated in "The Princess." Reaction against the prevalent commercialism and materialism finds expression in the chivalrous "Idylls of the King." Tennyson is intensely patriotic and even militarist, though a man could not be imagined less likely to be found on a field of battle. In this also he represents an eddy in the current of national sentiment. In the well-known passage in "Maud" welcoming the Crimean War he thoroughly identified himself with English history, though he lived, like Lord Salisbury, to find that he had laid his money on the wrong horse.

The names of Aubrey de Vere and Frederick Taber on one side, those of Swinburne and Mrs. Barrett Browning on the other, show that English poetry has been lending its lyre to the expression of all the different sentiments, ecclesiastical, political, and social, of an age full of life and conflict. But the connection is rather with European than with English history. Matthew Arnold is the arch-connoisseur and general censor, appreciating all varieties and regulating them by his taste rather than connecting himself with anything national or special, unless it be the spirit of free thought which was consuming England in his day. His poetry is simply high art. Of Browning I fear to speak. His characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give. He is a philosopher in verse with Browning societies to interpret his philosophy. He again symbolises the general tendencies of an age, rather than any special period or phase of English history.

We seem now to have come to a break in the life of poetry in England and elsewhere; let us hope not to its close. There are good writers, Mr. Watson, for example. Swinburne with his revolutionary fervour is still with us. Edwin Arnold with his singular command of luscious language has only just left us. But neither in England nor anywhere else does there appear to be a great poet. Imagination has taken refuge in the novels, of which there is a deluge, though among them, George Eliot in her peculiar line excepted, there is not the rival of Miss Austen, Walter Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. The phenomenon appears to be common to Europe in general. Is science killing poetic feeling? Darwin owns that he had entirely lost all taste for poetry, and not only for poetry but for anything esthetic. Yet Tennyson seems to have shown that science itself has a sentiment of its own and one capable of poetic presentation. Ours is manifestly an age of transition. Of what it is the precursor an old man is not likely to see.

Dreams

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE dreams of youth and age
Are gathered up as golden sheaves,
Or fall like acorns in the wood,
To blend fore'er with Autumn's leaves.

Canadian Monographs on English Literature

By D. R. KEYS

THE general reader is apt to think of this as an age of exclusively material progress. While ready to recognise as the basis of this progress the great advances made by the physical sciences, he is likely to overlook the fact that the same incessant and insistent activity prevails in the departments of literary and linguistic research, and has resulted in equally great advances in the two culture subjects of history and literature.

The historical method, made in Germany, has won its most notable triumphs in the domain of physical science in practical England. Yet Germany, the home of scholarship for centuries, still leads the world in the scientific study of language and literature. Dr. Furnival, the venerable founder of the early English Text Society, could not have made such progress in his colossal plan of reprinting the early monuments of English literature without the aid of "General Zupitza" and his devoted band of German recruits. When the University of Oxford founded a chair of English literature she selected as its first incumbent a young scholar of Zupitza's, who had just been "habilitated" or installed as a privat-docent in a German university. The editors of the great Oxford Dictionary are wont to refer the knotty philological problems involved in their work to that great German philologist, Eduard Sievers, as to a court of last resort.

Nor is America behind in her recognition of Germany's leadership in these departments. She has no tariff wall against German professors. The name of Münsterberg is probably best known to the reading public, but there are others at Harvard not less distinguished, even as Chicago can boast of other names than that of the late Professor Von Holst, the greatest authority of his day on American constitutional history. Johns Hopkins called Haupt for Assyrian, and the sister institution at Bryn Mawr, sometimes playfully nicknamed the "Jane Hopkins," called the renowned Collitz for Aryan. Many are the wondrous tales of the fabulous sums that those favoured darlings of the multi-millionaires have held out as baits to the great Teutonic specialists, not infrequently in vain.

Far more potent than this direct influence of the imported German professors, has been that of the German-trained Americans. For a time a German Ph.D. was almost an essential requisite to a good University appointment in the United States, while those already appointed spent their Sabbatical year's leave of absence in post graduate study in the Fatherland. Under these circumstances the trend of higher teaching on this continent has naturally followed that in Germany, and an advanced specialisation has taken the place of the old-fashioned general college course which a quarter of a century ago was still the common prerequisite to a B.A. degree.

Time was when in one of our Canadian universities the same man lectured on history (ancient, medieval and modern), English, Italian, and Gothic; in another the Professor of Classics and the Professor of Modern Languages and English depended for assistance on a single all-round linguist, while in a third the Professor of Modern Languages was also Professor of Hebrew, and acting Professor of Greek and Latin, and spent his spare time looking after the interests of English. Less than twenty years have passed, and to-day the work of these three individuals is distributed between twenty-two members of the various faculties concerned. From this concrete example one gets an idea of the advance of learning in these departments of university work, none of them, be it observed, belonging to the so-called scientific side

What is true of teaching is equally

true of writing. For two generations Chambers' Encyclopedia of English Literature, whether in its Edinburgh editions or its American reprints, has been popular with Canadians. When a new edition was recently prepared, instead of a single writer doing the work it was divided up amongst a number of specialists, and an entirely different book is the result. So with the great Cambridge Modern History and its French prototype.

What share are Canadians taking in this intellectual expansion? Every reader of the daily papers knows that we are prospering commercially, that our banking system is the best in America, that our harvests are each year more abundant than the last, that our mining wealth is growing apace, and that our means of transportation are being rapidly increased; how far is this material progress reflected in the world of science?

Here the first name that will recur to the mind of the Canadian reader is that of the great correlator of the historical and physical sciences, one who has engaged upon a task that would almost demand the combined abilities of Herbert Spencer and Elisée Reclus, and has so far accomplished it as to win the plaudits of men like Leslie Stephen and John Morley—our Canadian historian of civilisation, Dr. Beattie Crozier. The most conservative of the sciences, pure mathematics, has in these days risen to realms from which Newton might almost be descried as an ape. In these realms of x-dimensional space a Canadian has done work that is recognised as most valuable by the great mathematicians of Germany. In biology a Romanes, in physics a Rutherford have added lustre to Canadian learning at home and abroad. In the greatest of the applied sciences, for so it may now be called, that of medicine, the Dominion has of late scored a triple play, when a Canadian was called from the highest position in America to the most honourable in England, and another Canadian was chosen to take his place in the American professorship.

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war's, and on the day when Japan has won the heart of the world by her greatness in peace, Canadians may be allowed to rehearse the bloodless victories of her sons on the battlefields of science and in the lists of learning.

But these are facts of general knowledge; our concern here is with Canada's contribution to the study of English literature. Now that a Canadian magazine has completed its 25th volume, one may count on an intelligent interest in such a subject when it is dealt with in popular and general rather than in technical and exact language. A few illustrative monographs have been chosen and treated so as to give the general reader some idea both of the content of the individual contribution to the subject, and of the methods by which the great body of scientific labourers in this field are exploring the vast territory that lies before them.

More and more the universities are becoming the homes of research. Toronto, which began over twenty-five years ago to follow in the wake of the Germans, has for a number of years published papers by the members of the faculty and by certain graduates in connection with various departments. The first number of the Philological Series is a study of the early English wandering bard or minstrel, or to give him his Anglo-Saxon name, the *scop*. No theme could be more fitting as an introduction to the series. It combines the interests of language and of literature; it appeals to the archeologian and to the historian; it even attracts the student of pedagogy. For one of the author's conclusions is that the *scop* served as a general instructor, a peddler of knowledge from place to place, setting forth the latest results of such learning as was then known, and thus combining the duties of a schoolmaster and a magazine-editor with his more strictly professional work of making and reciting poetry, sacred and profane. The existence of these poets in all parts of the Teutonic world gives an opportunity for great breadth of treatment, and the stores of German learning have been ransacked to illustrate by the comparative method the way in which these *scops* differ from the Norse Scalds, and from the rhapsodists of the Greek heroic times. Citations in the original from Grein-Wülker's great library of Anglo-Saxon poetry are put in evidence in connection with every subject discussed, and were one to

read all the Anglo-Saxon quotations, he could from these alone get a very fair idea of the beauties of oldest English poetry. One rises from the perusal of this work with the feeling that here is a thesis after the German model that might serve as a dissertation for a doctor's degree.

As a matter of fact, the thesis was presented for the M.A. degree in the University of Toronto. The author, Mr. L. F. Anderson, after studying Anglo-Saxon for four years in University College, had taken several semesters at Leipzig in order to prepare this dissertation. As a result he has produced a monograph which should lead to more than one change in future editions of Professor Courthope's History of English Poetry, the latest Oxford authority on the subject.

Mr. Anderson has carried on these investigations in the intervals of leisure afforded by his regular work as professor of Pedagogy in the Normal College at Marquette, Michigan. He is one of the hundreds of Canadian graduates who are helping to educate the sons and daughters of the neighbouring republic. His printed thesis has been exchanged with over a hundred universities, learned societies and special organs of English Philology.

For in this work of research the learned societies all over the world form a kind of clearing houses, keeping tab as it were on the various investigators, and seeing that they do not duplicate their work. These societies publish from time to time volumes of learned transactions which are like blue books to the average reader, but for the specialist are of the highest value, marking as they often do the latest mile-posts in the advancement of learning. To this class of publication belongs the next of our Canadian monographs. That on the *scop* illustrates the type which deals with a broad general subject, the materials for which require years of patient study to collect and a long and laborious process of collation, comparison and condensation before a result of value is arrived at. The next monograph deals with one of those compact and limited theses which rejoice the heart of the student in search of a subject, and are intensive rather than extensive in their nature. It is an example likewise of a type both frequent and pleasant in this line of work when the same piece of literature gives rise to more than one thesis, and thus may be treated conjointly by several friends and colleagues, the combination effecting results that would be quite out of the reach of any single member of the group of workers. Furthermore it brings evidence that there may be an element of luck in the research work of a professor quite as marked as in that of a prospector.

This most interesting pamphlet is a reprint from the "Publications of the Modern Language Association of America," entitled "The Nature and Fabric of the Pearl," by William Henry Schofield. "The Pearl" is an allegorical poem of the fourteenth century, one of the most beautiful in Middle English literature, and fully deserves the careful work that has been put upon its interpretation. After the modern fashion in these treatises there is no introduction, but the critic briefly states his purpose in the opening sentences: "At the request of my friend, Dr. Brown, who in the preceding article has cast so much light on the character of the author of 'The Pearl,' I have undertaken to state in print certain heterodox opinions, which I have long held, concerning the nature and fabric of that beautiful poem. Briefly, to indicate my main thesis at the outset, I would maintain that 'The Pearl' is not in the least elegiac or autobiographical, as hitherto regularly regarded by scholars and critics, and that the conclusions as to the author's life and domestic sorrows frequently drawn from it are wholly without foundation."

In defending this thesis Dr. Schofield enters the lists against all the chief authorities. The fact established by his friend Dr. Brown, that the author of "The Pearl" was an ecclesiastic, would seem to dispose at once of the view that the poem was an elegy to a real child. By a skilful use of the comparative method he goes on to prove the allegorical nature of the poem, incidentally exhibiting a very wide acquaintance with the literature of the 14th century and with the almost equally abundant 19th century scholastic literature that has grown up around it. A brief final criticism sums up his conclusions as

to the poem and the poet: "Viewed as an elegy the poem is plainly ineffective; for despite its earnestness and warmth it reveals no parental or filial emotion, betrays no personal love. Viewed properly as a didactic allegorical vision, it surpasses any poem of the kind in English literature. The poet seems to us a man who in all probability by example, as well as by precept, made clearly manifest the beauty of holiness. He was a liberal-minded and sympathetic man of God, endowed as few of his race have been with the power to embody lofty thought in fitting phrase."

Then follows the appendix, containing the evidence that has subsequently been discovered by Dr. Rand, another Harvard man, as to the source of the poem. This he finds to be the fourteenth eclogue of Boccaccio which describes the Italian poet's dead daughter Violante beheld in a beatific vision of the life beyond. The parallelism is most marked and confirms in a striking way the critic's opening thesis. One is reminded of the wonderful manner in which Kemble's theories as to the inscription on the Ruthwell Cross were confirmed by the subsequent discovery of "The Dream of the Rood," from an earlier form of which the runic inscription had been derived.

One is also tempted to refer to the brilliant success which attended Dr. Schofield's debate with the editor of the Oxford Dictionary on the subject of the so-called "Riddles" of Cynewulf. Dr. Schofield received his Canadian training at Victoria College in its Cobourg days, and after post graduate work at Johns Hopkins went to Paris and Christiania, where he heard the two great Norse giants of philology, John Storm and Sophus Bugge. The latter's monumental work on the Norse heroic sagas was translated into English by Dr. Schofield, but unfortunately almost entirely destroyed by fire. The remaining copies are so rare that only millionaires and the universities they support can afford to buy them. Dr. Schofield was recently appointed a professor in the English department of Harvard University, the largest and probably the strongest in the world.

Another great auxiliary force in the development of English studies is supplied by the technical journals specially devoted to these subjects. Here Germany, to the shame of the English-speaking world be it spoken, is still alone in the field, having no less than four periodicals exclusively devoted to articles on the English language and literature. *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*, the two oldest, have since 1878 represented the somewhat differing views of their founders, Professor Wülker of Leipzig, and Professor Kölbing of Breslau. In their earlier years they were devoted to Anglo-Saxon and Middle English studies, but the space allotted to articles on modern literature is constantly increasing.

Professor Hoops of Heidelberg, who has succeeded Kölbing as editor of *Englische Studien*, visited Toronto last September on his way to the Scientific Congress at St. Louis. Professor Ewald Flügel, of Leland Stanford, now associate editor of *Anglia*, passed through the city last May on his way to spend a three years' leave of absence in constructing a concordance to Chaucer. Those Torontonians who met these two editors for the first time were amazed at their fluent command of spoken English; those who had known their work for years were not less convinced of their wide and deep knowledge of the literature to which they have devoted their lives. They both run counter to all preconceived ideas of the German professor, as an abstract individual smoking a long pipe, and so wrapt up in his meditations that he is liable to pass his own child on the street, or in extreme cases his own house door, without knowing it. They represent that perfection of genial scholarship which unites the best qualities of the Oxford common room with those of the German Seminar.

Professor Hoops was visiting in Toronto the first Canadian contributor to *Englische Studien*, Dr. A. H. R. Fairchild. His contribution is a critical article on one of the most difficult problems in the study of Shakespeare—the interpretation of his minor poem, "The Phœnix and Turtle." The subject had occupied his mind for years. Attracted to the study of Shakespeare while a boy under the tuition of Mr. M. V. Libby in the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, he had prepared

his graduating thesis in University College on this theme and during his four years of post graduate study at Wisconsin and Yale, he kept recasting his work until now it has won recognition in the most advanced review devoted to English studies. A few quotations from his fifty page article will make clear the difficulty of the problem and the solution which Dr. Fairchild has arrived at:

"The poem is in an unusual sense unique. It is unparalleled in the remainder of Shakespeare's work and, as it would seem, in the work of any other author; it stands apparently independent of all accessible evidence by which it might be explained; and, finally, it is tantalisingly non-committal in the character of its internal evidence. Small wonder, then, that critics and biographers alike have failed in their interpretations, and that the poem has consistently forced from even the most astute a confession of its difficulty and obscurity."

"The one indisputable fact, then, which emerges clear and untrammelled from this somewhat bulky and involved mass of evidence, is that 'The Phœnix and Turtle' is a poem of a common class and that that class is the Court of Love. . . . We conclude that 'The Phœnix and Turtle' was written *possibly* as a valentine poem (without explicit reference) to Sir John Salisbury, but most *probably* simply in compliance (such as is adequately paralleled) with a prevalent literary vogue, which encouraged the writing of Court of Love Poems of a modified character; that it has no recondite meaning beyond that involved in the historic conditions of its production; that it contains no allusions either to the poet's own life or to that of another; and finally that it contains the confession of metaphysical conceptions only to the extent to which they would be implied by an emotional interest in a peculiar form of poetical activity, devoid, however, of any explicit intellectual formulation."

In a subsequent article Dr. Fairchild has dealt at considerable length with the views of Professor Brandl of Berlin, as they have been expounded by Dr. A. von Mauntz, in a work on Heraldry in Shakespeare. It is interesting to a Canadian reader to find among the authorities cited by both Dr. Fairchild and Dr. Schofield "The Origins and Sources of the Court of Love," by Dr. Neilson, formerly English master in Upper Canada College, and lately called from Harvard to a professorship of Middle English in Columbia College. Dr. Fairchild himself has received an appointment on the English staff of the State University of Missouri. In every case therefore the authors of the monographs that have been mentioned are now teaching in the United States.

By way of contrast the last on our list is the work of a Canadian, and a graduate of the University of Toronto, Malcolm W. Wallace, who after a successful career as post graduate student at Chicago and professor of rhetoric and English literature at Beloit, Wisconsin, has returned to University College as Lecturer in English. This monograph has many other points of interest. In the first place the method of its publication shows how strong the German influence has become. It belongs to a series of theses brought out by the faculties of certain western universities under the title "Dissertationes Americanae," and is the first number of the division devoted to English language and literature. When we turn to the Division of classical philology, we see with satisfaction that two of the three theses in that department are also by graduates of the University of Toronto, F. B. Hellems and G. J. Laing. Fresh evidence that the Dingley tariff has no existence in the Republic of Letters. Dr. Wallace's monograph might almost have taken its place among the classical numbers of the series as its most important part is an introduction discussing the influence of the Latin comedian Plautus on sixteenth century English literature.

Indeed, every classical scholar should try to read this introduction which gives a most interesting sketch from the latest authorities of the early history of classical study in England. In the space of eight chapters, covering nearly one hundred pages, Dr. Wallace has told again in a manner at once novel, interesting, and scholarly, the oft-repeated tale of the rise of the English comedy. Two of the greatest German classical scholars of the last

century, Ritschl and Studemund, may be said to have devoted their lives to the study of Plautus. At such a time it is rather curious that no one had hit upon so attractive a subject as the Plautine influence upon the English drama. All Canadians of scholarly instincts must rejoice that Dr. Wallace has made his treatment of it so distinguished a success.

But we have been speaking only of the introduction to this dissertation. The body of the work gives its title to the thesis: "The Birthe of Hercules." This is nothing more nor less than an old MS. play never before printed and thus dating its *editio princeps* four hundred years after its conception. A Latin proverb on parturition rushes irresistibly to the mind. But a Hercules is no mouse, and though far from a literary masterpiece this play has well deserved the labour bestowed on it by its editor. It is a very free translation of the Amphitruo of Plautus, that comedy in which the great Latin comedian describes how Jove became the god-father of Hercules, without taking the name in vain. The situation, in brief, is that presented in Shakespeare's comedy of Errors (Act III, Sc. I), where the real master and his servant are barred out and flouted by a pair of deceivers, masquerading in their persons, and taking their pleasure and their places within. We agree with Dr. Wallace in thinking that Shakespeare must have known this situation.

Another interesting feature of the English play is that like Göthe's "Faust" it has a double prologue. The first of these is original and by its criticism of the critics and Jovian self-comparisons suggests a comparison with the methods of Mr. Bernard Shaw. But enough of comparisons.

The reader is left to make his own comparison between the monographs that have been referred to. Certain features are common to them all. Each of them is the result of long and laborious effort; none of them has brought the author any material return in cash. All these writers have spent years in post graduate work abroad. They show the spirit in which the modern scholar devotes himself to learning for its own sake, and is glad to publish his work for the benefit of others. In this age of materialism let us be thankful that Canada can show so many who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and who take up with devoted heart the life of "the pooré scholér."

Cupid's Garden

BY MARTHA MARTIN

EVERY spring in Cupid's garden,
Bushes may be seen
Bearing strings of flowers coral,
Bleeding hearts they are tho' floral,
Hanging twixt the green.

Cupid's arrows, sharp and deadly,
Caused this dire woe,
Each young heart now doomed to wither
Has been pierced and then brought hither,
Bleeding, trembling so.

Now he waters them repentant,
Tends them all in vain;
Hearts that Cupid once has riven
He can never more enliven
Nor restore again.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WILD FLOWERS

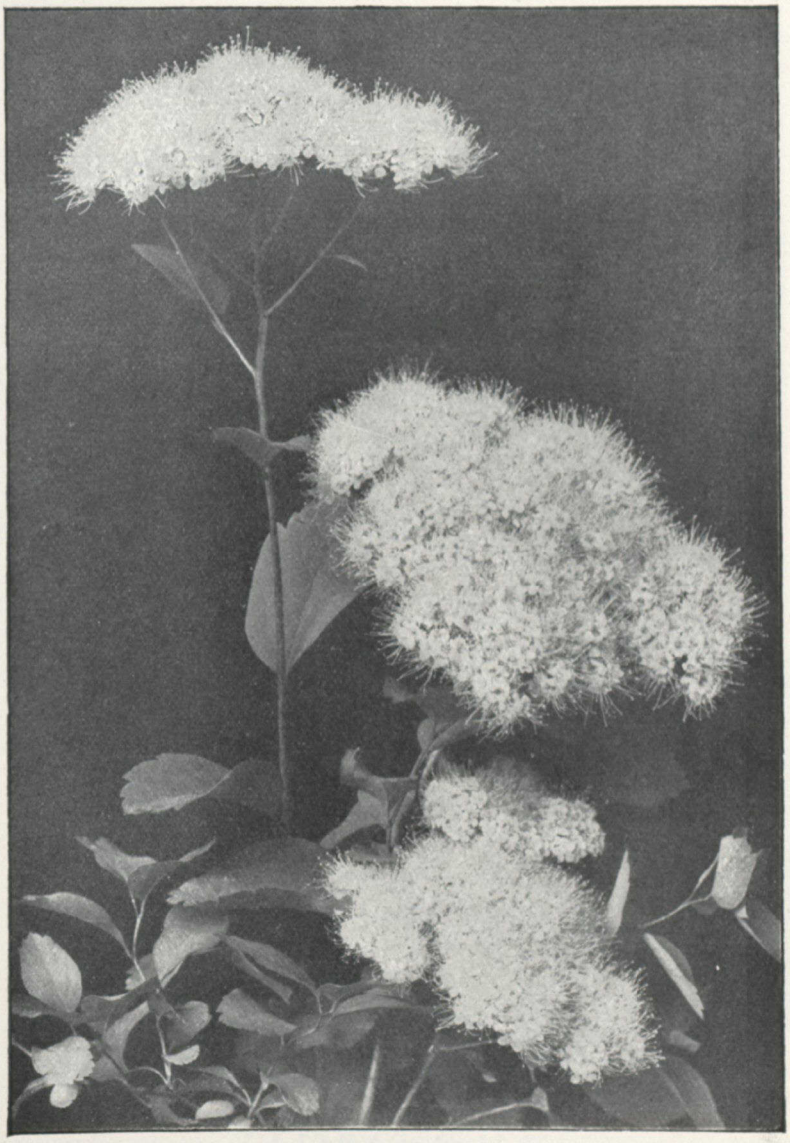
BY

JULIA. W. HENSHAW.

CANADA VIOLET

Viola Canadensis

This is one of the most beautiful of the many Violets that grow at great altitudes in the Rocky Mountains, where its lovely white flowers, which are delicately shaded with purple, give forth sweetest fragrance. Its tall, leafy stems attain a height of from six to eighteen inches and bear aloft many blossoms. Usually it is found in the moist, mossy woods, where it flourishes luxuriantly "with all the lovely children of the shade"; but it also grows on the open Alpine meadows, though in this latter locality its stalks are shorter and its flowers smaller than in the sheltering shade of the conifers. The Canada Violet continues to bloom from June until September. It is found to greatest perfection at Field.



BIRCH-LEAVED SPIRÆA

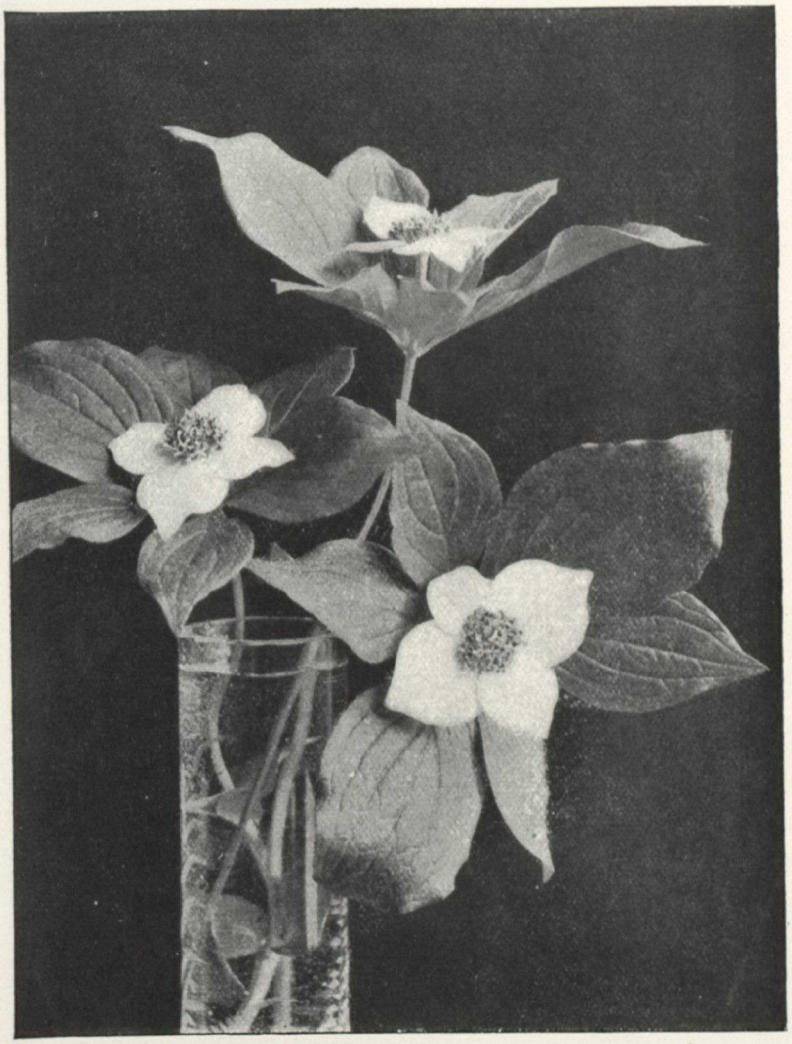
Spiræa lucida

A small, bushy shrub, which bears beautiful large clusters of tiny fluffy flowers that are a rich cream colour tinged with pink. These very fragrant blossoms grow in abundance at Banff along the edge of the mountain trails, where the summer sunshine brings them out to perfection. The red, woody stems break off with a sharp snap, and the leaves somewhat resemble those of the Birch tree, hence its name. These "handsome spires of closely clustered bloom" are cultivated in the gardens of Eastern Canada, but in the Alpine regions of the "wide-spreading West" they grow at will where Nature alone has planted them.

WILD PARSLEY

Ligusticum apiifolium

A tall, attractive member of the Parsley family, this plant has an aromatic root and very fern-like foliage. Along the banks of the ice-born streams at Glacier quantities of the Wild Parsley attract the traveller's eye, but it is best to admire it where it grows, and graces the steep green banks, for when gathered the blossoms droop immediately and soon are dead.



BUNCH-BERRY

Cornus Canadensis

Though a close relation of the great Dogwood tree, this exquisite little woodland flower grows only a few inches high. A slender, tough stem bearing a circle of four or five oval-pointed leaves at its summit, out of the midst of which grows a cluster of inconspicuous tiny green flowers, surrounded by four large, beautiful white bracts—such is the Bunch-berry, or Pigeon-berry, which is found everywhere in the Western mountain forests. It will surprise many travellers to learn that the lovely white leaves are not the petals, but only the bracts encircling the wee green flowers in the centre. When these white bracts fall off each flower-head develops into a bunch of small scarlet berries from which the plant derives its common name.

WHITE HEATH

Cassiope Mertensiana

The White Mountain Heath grows abundantly at very high altitudes, and is found in quantities close to the edge of perpetual snow, where its tiny waxen bells and dark green foliage delight the traveller's eye. The slender branches appear to be four-sided by reason of the imbricated manner in which the leaves grow upon them, and from these branches thread-like stems are sent forth, bearing at their tips the delicate drooping bells, each one composed of a five-lobed corolla of perfect purity, capped by a small green calyx. The White Heath has been found in the Rocky and Selkirk mountains at the extreme elevation of 9,000 feet.

RED FALSE HEATHER

Bryanthus empetriformis

The Red False Heather—there is no true Heather in Canada—is a tiny branching shrub only a few inches high. It is a wonderful sight to see acre upon acre covered with its beautiful bells until the slopes of the hills and the Alpine meadows seem to be literally clothed with a glorious robe of rose-red flowers. High up in the mountains near Lake Louise and Glacier you will find quantities of the red, the pink and the white False Heather; and when standing at the verge of the eternal snows, with the great green world of growing things lying in miniature thousands of feet below you will learn for the first time the marvellous truth contained in those lines:

"When summer comes the Heather-bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove."

PASQUE FLOWER

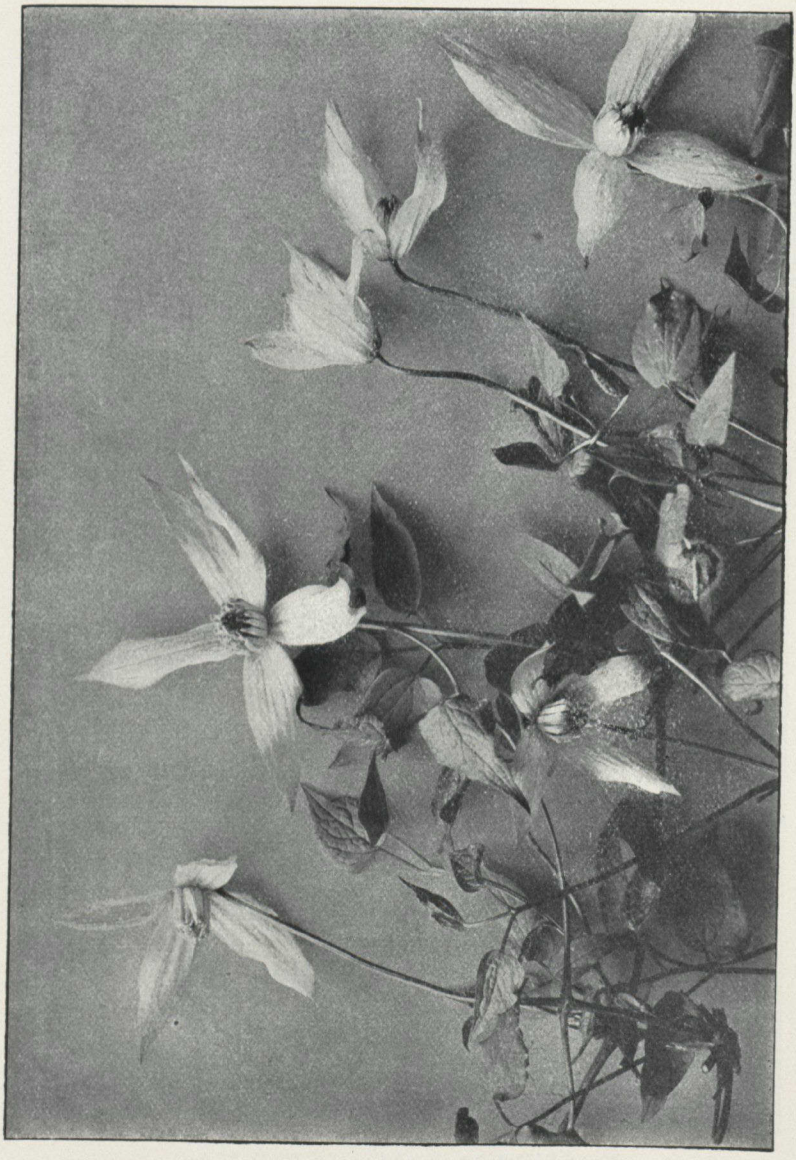
Anemone Nuttalliana

The most remarkable feature of this large purple Anemone is that it blossoms before its foliage is developed. Frequently you will find lovely specimens of these flowers in bloom on the dry meadows at Banff, in the month of May, standing up very straight upon their thick, downy stalks, while the leaves, which are finely dissected, are still folded up in soft silkiness about the base of the plant. The five to seven *sepals* are pale purple outside, but almost white inside, and are extremely soft and silky, while below them on the stalk grows a circle of very hairy leaflets. As time passes the stalks elongate, the purple flowers fall off and the seeds are formed. Then the heads present a lovely plumose appearance, for to each seed is attached a long silky tail, the whole forming a pretty feathery tuft.

DRUMMOND'S DRYAS

Dryas Drummondii

This insignificant little yellow flower, which belongs to the Rose Family, has the most lovely plumose seed-heads imaginable, and there are few prettier sights to be seen in the mountains than that of a low-lying alpine meadow, covered with its frail feathery tufts, rising on their long stalks above the prostrate foliage, half of which is curled over to show its nether silvery side. The flowers hang down when in full bloom, and consist of from five to nine tiny yellow petals, enclosed in a sticky, hairy-green calyx; but as soon as these die and fall off, the stalks elongate, and the seed-heads quickly develop. Sometimes you will see immense tracts of flat, dry meadow-land literally carpeted with the foliage of Drummond's Dryas, for this plant, which is really a shrub, will grow in the poorest soil, and even on gravel beds.



WILD CLEMATIS

Clematis Columbianus

The large, lovely flowers of the Wild Clematis are attractive by reason of their four or five big purple-blue *sepals*, for their *petals* are very small and inconspicuous, surrounding the numerous yellow *stamens*. Its slender leaf-stalks are the means by which the clematis climbs and clings to bushes, trees and rocks, festooning everything that comes in its way with graceful garlands, and delighting the eye with its wide-spread, translucent, prominently-veined flowers. This plant is a constant ornament to the Alpine woods at Banff during the summer months, for when its true flowering season is past the pretty green foliage and heads of long silvery, feathery plumes still render it an object of admiration.

GREAT-FLOWERED GAILLARDIA

Gaillardia aristata

This Great-flowered Gaillardia is a tall and stately member of the large family of composites. Each blossom has from ten to eighteen very showy ray-flowers that are of a brilliant yellow hue, and in the centre of them is a rounded reddish-brown receptacle containing numerous tiny fringed disk-flowers. Every traveller will pause to gather a few of these handsome gaudy blossoms, for they are exceedingly attractive and decorative. At Banff they grow in great profusion, and are sometimes found with their yellow ray-flowers streaked and tinged with bright red.

LARGE YELLOW LADY'S SLIPPER

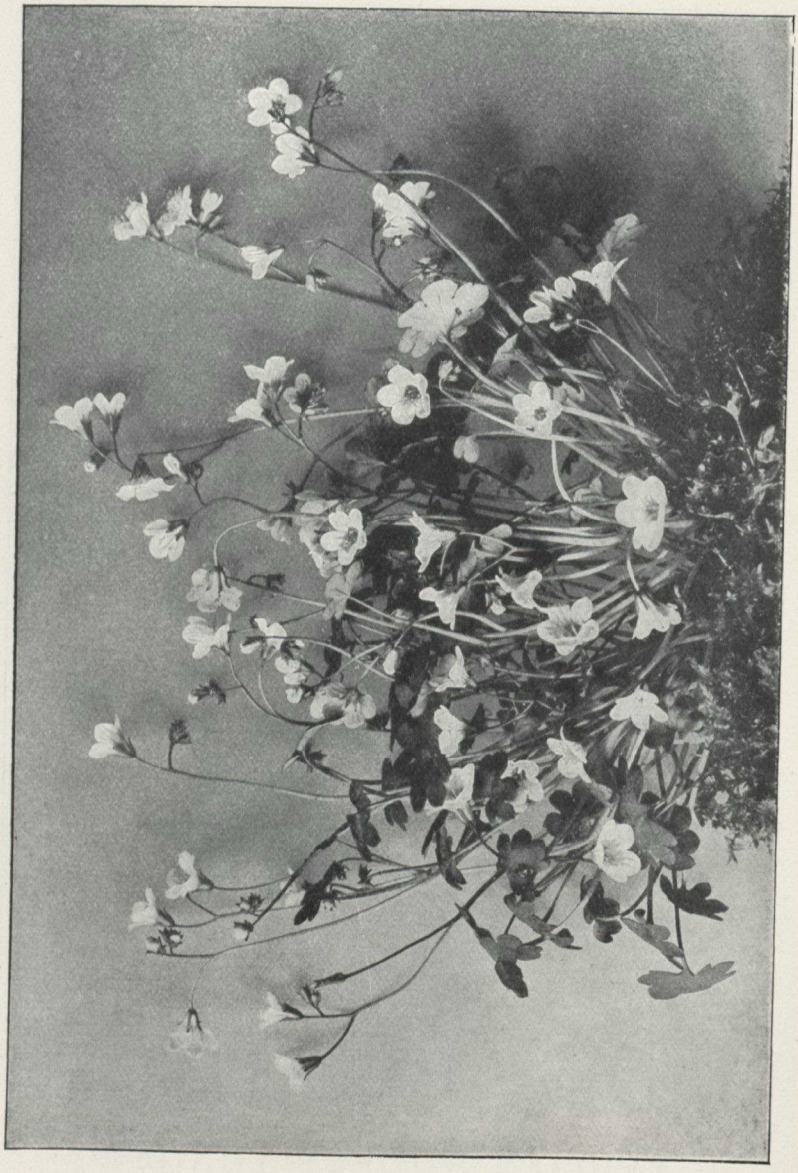
Cypripedium pubescens

It is a wonderful sight to see immense beds of these Large Yellow Lady's Slippers growing in the mountain fastnesses, far remote from civilisation, and blossoming amid high alpine surroundings with the same rich luxuriance that their sister-orchids bloom under tropical skies. They are very uncanny flowers, with their huge bright yellow pouches flanked by two long narrow spiral *petals*, and several thin purplish-brown *sepals*, each blossom flaunting its gaudy beauty from the top of a leaf-clasped stem. These "golden slippers meet for Fairies' feet," grow in quantities near the entrance to the Yoho Valley, at Field, where there is a huge sloping moraine, literally tufted all over with clumps of their queer-scented, remarkable flowers.

YELLOW ADDER'S TONGUE

Erythronium giganteum

This beautiful pale golden flower, sometimes also called Dog-tooth Violet, or with more appropriateness, Snow Lily, grows almost under the snow, and always at the retreating edge thereof. As the summer sun disperses the great avalanches swept down into the valleys by the winter storms, these exquisite translucent blossoms spring up in its wake, pushing their lovely green leaves through the soft, melting mass, and unfolding their glorious *petals*, undaunted by the ice and snow surrounding them. At Glacier, in the Selkirk Mountains, you will find the Yellow Adder's Tongue in its fullest perfection



ROMANZOFFIA

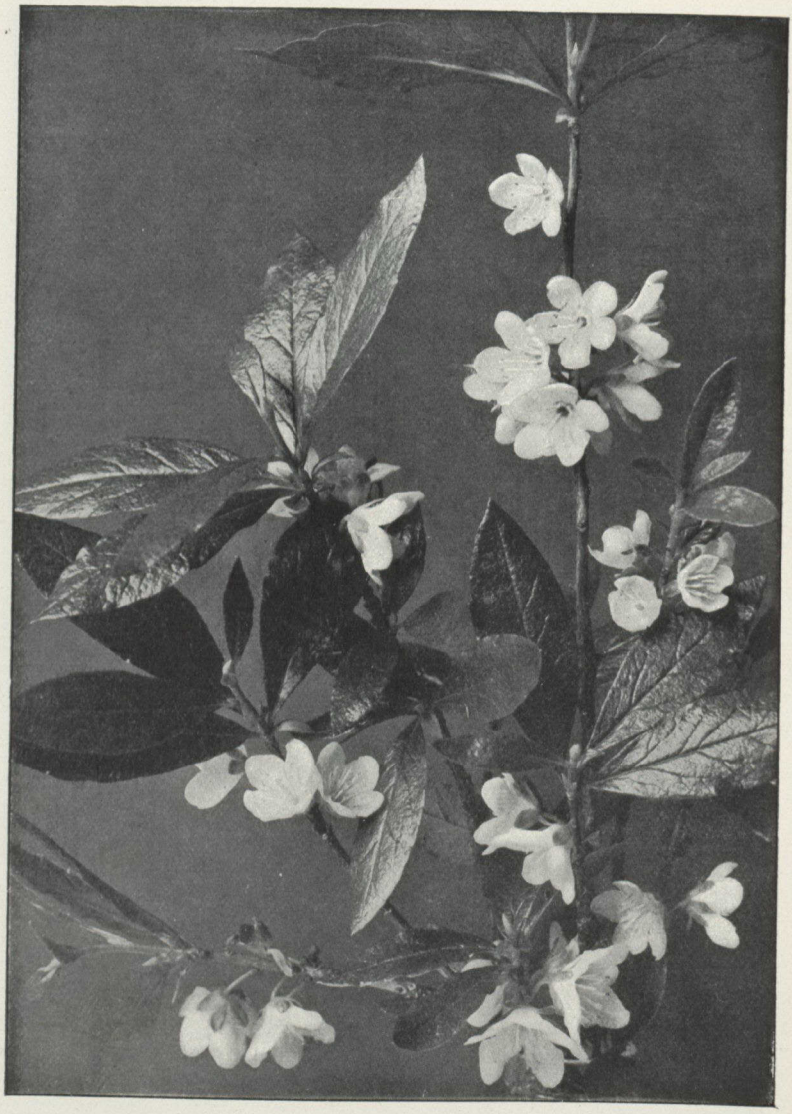
Romanzoffia Macounii

At extremely high altitudes, when the warmth of the July sun has melted the snow and set the flowers free, you will find the creamy blossoms of this Romanzoffia, called after Professor Macoun, Canadian Dominion botanist, who first discovered it. In many a nook amongst the forbidding rocks the *corollas* of these flowers gleam like shimmering pearls in the green setting of their round scalloped leaves. The texture of these flowers is simply marvellous, for they have a bloom upon them so beautiful that it resembles nothing less than the richest white velvet, while in their centres a few pale yellow *stamens* give to each blossom a heart of gold. Romanzoffia grows in abundance in the vicinity of Lake Louise, but is seldom found below 6,000 feet.

ONE-FLOWERED WINTERGREEN

Moneses uniflora

A noted botanist has called this fragrant flower the "single delight," and certainly it is a great joy to find its solitary drooping blossoms bent close down upon the soft green carpets of the July woods at Banff. In the deep shade of the conifers beds of these exquisite waxen wintergreens grow in profusion, each flower hanging its head and resembling a shining star. Turn its face upwards, however, and you will find that its white petals have ten yellow-tipped *stamens* placed at their base, and that the *style*, which is very large and long, projecting from a conspicuous round green *ovary*, is crowned by a five-lobed *stigma*. The leaves are set in three circles on the stem, close to the ground, and are dark-green, smooth-surfaced, and have serrated margins. This plant belongs to the Heath family.



WHITE MOUNTAIN RHODODENDRON

Rhododendron albiflorum

This is probably the most beautiful flowering shrub in the Rocky Mountains. On the highest slopes of the hills above Lake Louise, at an altitude of 8,000 feet, you will find its white waxen bells shining out amid a mass of glossy dark-green foliage. The shrub is bushy, and grows from three to twelve feet high. In the heart of each *corolla* there are numerous bright yellow stamens, and the buds are enclosed by tiny brown scales. During the months of June and July the lovely flowers of this white Rhododendron glorify the mountain sides, turning the loneliest spots into veritable bowers of beauty, and scenting the alpine air with their faint fragrance.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III

BY THE BUNYIP'S POOL

WHEN James Wolfe made his first purchase of clothes at the Narrawan store he timed his visit to the head station on a Sunday when he knew that Mr. Galbraith, and not Susan, would be acting as storekeeper. He did not feel inclined to buy moleskins, shirts and other articles of male attire from the young lady in question. As it happened, on this occasion, he did not even see Miss Galbraith who had gone for a walk with Patsy and the children.

That afternoon when Wolfe rode up Mr. Galbraith was lazing on the verandah, and as he was feeling some reactionary boredom after his week of hard work, he welcomed the new-comer. After questioning the new hand and proving his capacity to work, stock and manage an artesian bore, he engaged him definitely, on which Wolfe mortgaged a certain amount of the wages that would fall due and laid in a small stock of clothing, tools, and stationery—things necessary to a person of gentlemanly tastes. Then there was the usual "nip," and afterwards talk followed which embraced a variety of subjects and strengthened Mr. Galbraith's first opinion that Wolfe was well born, well educated, and should prove an interesting companion. The marvel was how he had come into his present position. On this point Wolfe gave no clue but seemed to treat the matter as a mere episode in a career of adventure. So clearly did he show himself a cultivated man of the world that Mr. Galbraith hesitated to offer him the hospitality of the hut or the kitchen, and would have been glad had Wolfe made any communication as to his parentage that might warrant an invitation to the parlour. He was disappointed. When Wolfe rode off again to the Bore, he had afforded him no such opportunity.

But now finding that Sundays were comparatively free, Wolfe resolved to come in again to the head station, on plea of some small purchase, or to see the newspapers, which when the house people had done with them were placed at the service of the hands. The boss encouraged a love of reading. He had a set of Chamber's Encyclopedia which he lent out to any of the men who liked to come on Sundays for a "read." It was surprising how many stockmen and shepherds and shearers in the shearing season would ride in on Sundays from all parts and carry a volume of the Encyclopedia or some other book down to the lagoon, and there smoke and read under the ti-trees and she-oaks.

For this reason, on Sunday afternoons, Susan avoided the lagoon and near vicinity of the house. She had a particular haunt of her own about a quarter of a mile up the creek where she would take her book and writing materials and breathe the inspiration of the bush.

This waterhole was lonely and had an uncanny appearance so that it might easily have been imagined the abode of some primeval monster. The gidyas grew down to within a few yards of it on one side—those gloomy grey trees with their straight black stems—and on the opposite ridge of the gully were two patches of "dead-finish" scrub. Beyond were wolds of bendee and weeping myall no less gloomy than the gidya.

Except for the bit of tropical looking jungle, the waterhole was surrounded by melancholy she-oaks and ghostly flooded gums, and here were some queer birds—a pelican with its hooked beak and inflated gullet, a ruminative native-companion, a curlew that uttered an occasional mournful pipe, and overhead some cruel brown

hawks with vulture talons that watched their chance to swoop down on unsuspecting prey. There was no lack of life and Susan, under the spreading branches of her tree, found plenty outside her studies to amuse her. Some distance off, a family of kangaroos could be seen flopping on their haunches, staring stolidly at her, the mother with a little "joey" in her pouch. Near by, a flock of pink-breasted galah parrots chattered as they hopped from twig to twig, and a whole community of white-eyed crows held hoarse conclave. Cockatoos cawed and magpies trilled and bright-plumaged kingfishers circled about a bleached log that had fallen into the waterhole, while round its submerged end water snakes made great circles, every now and then showing a glimpse of horrible brown bodies spotted with yellow. All sorts of harmless insects crawled at Susan's feet, and millions of flying things buzzed in the warm air.

Susan Galbraith, a conspicuous object in pale tussore silk, and a shady hat, fanned herself with a little branch of leaves and yellow blossoms from the tree that had an exotic scent. The teeming life and the blend of many sounds gave her a dreamy sense of companionship though there seemed to be no human beings near her. She was feeling melancholy in a manner not unpleasant, for there was a taste of expectation in the melancholy. Her sense of anticipation had been purely sub-conscious, and she gave a start of surprise as she recognised the man who had aroused her interest a fortnight previously, in a solitary horseman riding towards the waterhole apparently without seeing her.

It was a little astonishing perhaps that she should have recognised him immediately, for to-day Wolfe looked very different from the road-stained tramp for whom she had weighed out rations. He was spick and span as any gentleman-squatter coming over to pay a Sunday call—more attractive indeed than most of the squatters she had met so far, for he had a stamp of birth and breeding lacking in the greater number of them. He set his horse in an easy upright fashion, though it was clear that the horse—a young bay not too well broken, needed the rider's attention. The horse looked well groomed, and though the bridle and saddle were common station ones, every buckle shone and the bit was brightly polished. The man himself was well groomed also. His moleskins were new and spotless, his blue bird's eye shirt equally fresh; he had on a red necktie and round his waist above the strap from which hung his pouches and bowie knife, he wore a crimson silk handkerchief arranged as a cummerbund. His short pointed beard had been clipped, and the ends of his moustache trimmed and his hat was a new cabbage-tree.

He came down the hill in quite a jaunty way, his head raised, his eyes shining as if with some glad anticipation, The Outlaw curvetting and prancing under him.

"Steady, old boy—You want a drink, do you?—All right, you shall have it," Susan heard him say, and he turned his horse round down the dry gully towards the end of the waterhole where there was a clear, shallow place almost opposite where Susan sat. In her position on the bank, she was screened from him by a projecting shrub, and The Outlaw was fetlock deep in the water and pulling at the bit to go farther before the man discovered that there was a beautiful young lady within a few yards of him. When he saw her, he looked utterly surprised and delighted, and as he relaxed his hold on the bridle to raise his hat to her The Outlaw plunged forward and Susan was treated to a pretty exhibition of horsemanship, for Wolfe had some little difficulty in getting the animal to the bank again. When the horse steadied Wolfe jumped from its back and approached Miss Galbraith with apologies.

"I hope I did not startle you. I had no idea that you were sitting there. I hope you weren't splashed. He's a young horse, as I dare say you know."

"It's The Outlaw," said Susan, who had risen and now came forward. "Yes, I know he is a young horse. He seems rather a troublesome one. Hadn't you better let him drink?"

"Thank you, I will." The horse was straining at his bridle and now wanted to walk right into the waterhole.

"You had better not let him go too far. I believe the hole is very deep," observed

Susan. "The blacks say there's a bunyip in it."

"Do you believe in the bunyip?" he asked laughing.

"Yes, in poetry. The bunyip is a nice legendary monster to write about."

"Oh, do you write poetry about legendary monsters?"

"I try sometimes."

"Was that what you were doing? And do you come here for inspiration?"

"I come here on Sundays because it is quieter than any other place near the house. All the men on the run ride in for Sunday, you know."

"I am one of them."

She looked him up and down in a grave, unabashed way, and said as she would have done to an equal: "I think you are quite different from the men on the run."

The dark flush she had noticed before came into his face. "It is good of you to say that," he answered. "I have to thank you for a great deal."

"Oh, no—why?"

"You are the only lady to whom I have spoken for a long time,"—he laid a slight emphasis on the word "lady." "You made me feel that, in spite of my wretched condition, you recognised me as a gentleman; so you appealed to all that is best in me. You made me wish to show you more plainly that really I am a gentleman. One can't be altogether robbed of that birthright," he added,"even though one may fling it away one's self."

"Why did you fling it away?" she asked with the simplicity of a child, and with a child's eagerness.

"I fell into a mess in England when I was quite a young man. I was in the wrong, of course, but not as much in the wrong as was supposed. I have a demon of a temper and it got the better of me. There's the long and short of the matter, without going into detail. I ran away from home and I've never gone back again. There's nothing more to tell."

He spoke in the reckless yet reserved tone which was peculiarly attractive to her.

"Nothing more!" she repeated in wistful wonder, eyeing him still in that eager, interested way. "Oh, but surely —" She stopped and blushed, adding, "Of course I don't wish to be inquisitive."

"Nothing that *you* could say would be inquisitive. It is good of you to care enough—" He, too, stopped abruptly, for The Outlaw, fretting at the bridle-hold, reared as Wolfe jerked the bit, and the water dripping from the animal's mouth splashed over Susan's gown, making a muddy stain on the yellow tussore. Wolfe uttered a dismayed ejaculation, and pulled the horse back from the edge of the waterhole.

"There, you've had plenty, and you've done too much mischief!" he exclaimed.

"Excuse me for a moment, Miss Galbraith, while I tie up this brute. I'm so sorry."

He led the horse up the bank to a young tree which grew not far from where Susan had been sitting and fastened the bridle round the stem of it, allowing The Outlaw just sufficient tether to crop the grass at his feet. Then he hastened to Susan, who had retreated up the rise, and was ruefully regarding the damage done. She looked like a flower, the man thought as she held up her befrilled yellow skirt, her slender form in its dainty bodice bending slightly forward, her charming face upraised. In the sudden spring that she made backwards, her hat had fallen and her pretty yellow-brown hair was uncovered.

"I'm so sorry," he repeated. "But if you don't mind, I think I can get off that mud all right."

He went to the horse again and unbuckled a pannikin from the dees of the saddle. This he filled with clear water many times from the side of the pool where the lilies grew, going to and fro, and dabbed the stained part of Susan's gown in the pannikin, changing the water till no soil was left. As she watched him, she noted how deft he was, and saw also that his hands, though even rougher than those of most bushmen, were extremely well-shaped, and that he wore a signet ring with a crest upon it. Certainly, she thought this was not the first time he had rendered a lady similar service. She made a remark to that effect.

He answered carelessly. "Oh, I had a cousin who was a bit of a tomboy, and she was always getting into the bad books of a French governess and a cross

old Swiss maid for spoiling her clothes chasing things through the woods. So we used to tidy her dress up between us after the two of us had been in mischief. That's how I'm pretty good at this sort of thing."

A tomboy cousin who had a French governess and a lady's maid! Susan saw that the man had spoken thoughtlessly and that under her influence he was falling back upon the associations of his former life. She had made him forget that he was a stockman on an out station. She was restoring his self-respect. The notion pleased Susan.

"Have you been long away—I mean out here?" she asked.

"Seven years. No, not out here all the time. I've been in ever so many places, and have earned my grub in a variety of ways—mining in California and British Guiana. Ranching in the Argentine. Helping to work a syndicate for buried treasure in Mexico. Breaking in horses—I learned that in Texas. Riding after brumbies up north here—and then prospecting for gold. The only thing in a small way that I haven't done, Miss Galbraith, is going before the mast, for I loathe the sea and I can't even swim."

He had brought back his last pannikin of water and now stretched out the piece of the gown he had washed, contemplating it with a satisfied air.

"When that's dried and ironed, I don't think anybody would guess what a mess it was in."

"Thank you, very much," she said. "I'll sit down again and let it dry."

She placed herself on a shelving bit of the bank and spread out her dress in the westering sun, which came through rifts in the scrub and made a dapple of shadow and sheen upon the ground.

He plucked one of the yellow blossoms and smelled it, looking down upon her as she sat amid the greenery so that she seemed a big flower herself in her yellow frilleries.

"Oh, I oughtn't to stop and bore you. I came over to see if I could get any sort of a lamp or some sperm candles at the stores. You can't do much reading or writing in the hut with a bit of old moleskin stuck in a jam tin of bullock's fat."

"You read and write in the evenings. But have you any books?"

"No, except one or two paper-covered ones that I managed to stuff into my swag—and they're technical. I'm a bit of a geologist and naturalist, and like making notes in a new country."

"How interesting! But don't you care to read other things?"

"Novels and poetry you mean? Yes, when I can get the chance."

"You know there's a sort of men's library up at the house. And, besides, I could lend you some of my books."

"Would you really do that?"

"I've a g eat many books, and so has Oora."

"Oora? Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"My sister. She's gone away. Would you like some books?"

"Better than anything in the world—almost. If you would lend me some of your books, you would add immeasurably to the debt of gratitude I already owe you."

"But I have done nothing. What have I given you?"

"A week's rations—"

"Oh! you worked out that. I knew that my father would engage you. Nothing else?"

"Two cigars—and you can't realise what those cigars meant to me."

"No? And then?"

"Something else—something very precious which it is not possible to explain."

"No," she repeated vaguely.

"And your sympathy. I knew from the first moment that you felt for me."

"Of course, I could not help feeling for you. I saw at once that you were quite different from the ordinary sort of men who go about in the Bush. As for the rest—I don't know in the least what that precious thing you spoke of could be—but really I gave you nothing."

"Well, I can sum it all up in one word, which means everything to a man like me. You gave me back what I had almost lost—my ideal."

His voice had a ring of repressed feeling and his dark face and eyes were fixed on her face in a fierce, compelling look.

His eyes fascinated Susan. She could not take her own from them; they were so wild and earnest. The man seemed to her fate-hunted—that was how she expressed it to herself. She could not believe him guilty of any misdeed bad enough for his own class to have ostracised him. Whatsoever he had done, she felt sure was the result of boyish folly or sudden temptation—such as that, perhaps, to which her brother Harry had succumbed. No doubt, like Harry, he had taken the bit in his teeth and had run away in preference to coming home disgraced. She began to wonder if Wolfe were his real name.

Then a little abashed under his bold gaze, she dropped her eyes and the red came into her cheeks, making her look still prettier.

"I'm very glad if I did that for you, though I can scarcely believe it," she said softly. "It seems such a great deal."

"I told you there was a great deal—and if there had been nothing else," he exclaimed, "it's a tremendous thing to hear a woman like you say that she's glad about anything which concerns a wastrel who hasn't a soul in the world to care what becomes of him."

"Your cousin?" she ventured.

He laughed in a way that contradicted the tender suggestion her tone implied.

"Oh, my cousin! We were chums of sorts, but she didn't care—after her governess days. She got engaged to be married and naturally there were heaps of things for a lady of some importance, as she became, to be interested in other than a scapegrace cousin. You see, I was the most insignificant member of the family—bar one, perhaps—and therefore, I didn't matter."

"Insignificant!" she repeated. "But how didn't it matter?"

"This way—though my brother had died before then—I was the younger son of a younger son—"

"Ah!" she interrupted him with an interested gesture.

He looked up. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But the words and the way you said them reminded me suddenly of a man I knew in Sydney who once said almost exactly the same thing to me."

"Well, the fact is not an uncommon or particularly desirable one. Anyhow, it put me quite out of the running. I was a beggar, that's all. But I don't want to rake up things I'd made up my mind were done with. I can't understand how it is I've said so much to you. I suppose it's because you've been so good to me. You may take it, however, Miss Galbraith, that there never was anyone to care—any woman at least."

"But surely—had you no mother?" she ventured again.

His face darkened. "I never saw my mother after I was five years old—when they sent me home from India. She died out there during the mutiny—died of grief. My father was killed at Delhi, but I don't want to talk of my family history—which happens to be rather a tragic one. There was a short silence. Susan's eyes beamed sympathy, but she did not dare to put it into words. Her interest in Wolfe was growing stronger every minute. Presently he said, changing the subject, "Might I ask when your mail comes in?"

"On Wednesdays," she answered. "There have been no letters for you, Mr. Wolfe. I generally open the bag when my father is out on the run."

"I did not expect any yet," he said. "But I hope there may be one before long....Steady, boy....Steady," he called to The Outlaw, who, having eaten all the green stuff within reach, was tugging at his bridle. Wolfe went up to the beast's head, soothed him, and returned to Susan. "I ought to go up to the station now, Miss Galbraith. I can't thank you enough for having let me imagine for a bit that we were meeting on equal terms. I mustn't forget again though that I have no right to bore you with my personal views and experiences."

"But I like hearing them," she answered eagerly. "I should like you to tell me about your experiences. You must have had a great many interesting adventures. And of course it is nonsense—that about your not being my equal. Please don't ever say such a thing again."

"Very well; I will take you at your word

and since you bid me do so, I shall consider myself your equal."

She rose slowly, seeming desirous to keep him a minute or two longer. "Is the road to the Bore a rough one?" she asked.

"Oh, no—only I'm not used to this country. It's just the ordinary thing—through gum and gidya and dead finish, and a biggish stretch of plain. But there's a nasty crossing half way with a treacherous hole each side of it."

"Some day perhaps I shall ride out there," she said. "I haven't seen it yet. How far is the Bore?"

"Not far—seven miles at most. Do you often go for rides?"

"Oh, yes, I love riding through the Bush."

"I daresay just now that they're mustering, you don't find it easy to get an escort," he said.

"I can take Tommy George the black boy, and there's little Pintpot at the camp. He can ride barebacked on anything."

"Not much of an escort that."

"It's only in case of accidents. Dad doesn't like us to be quite alone. But my sister Oora rides about anywhere by herself—that is with her dog and her revolver. When she was here they would get her to ride over with rations for the shepherds and camp-keepers when we were short-handed at the station."

"I wish I'd been here then, and perhaps you would have ridden over with my rations. Anyhow, I shall look forward to your coming some day. Good-bye, Miss Galbraith."

"Good bye, Mr. Wolfe," she said, and impulsively put out her hand. "I'm very glad we've had this talk."

"So am I—how glad you can't even guess." To her surprise he flushed deeply as he took her hand, and then to her still greater surprise, he bent and kissed it, as if she had been a queen. She stood tongue-tied, ashamed of her own blushes. Men don't often kiss women's hands in the Bush. He hardly looked at her, but once more lifting his hat, turned round to his horse, unbuckled its bridle, mounted and rode away through the gidya trees.

Susan watched him till he had disappeared, then sank down again on the bank and remained for a quarter of an hour or so in dreamy meditation.

CHAPTER IV

TROU-BARK BORE

ON the following Wednesday, the letter Wolfe expected came in the Narrawan bag. Mr. Galbraith and the men were away again on a distant part of the run, and in the natural order of things, the letter would have remained until Wolfe should come in for rations, or till some of the stockmen took out a fresh draft to the mob of weaners that were herded near the Bore. However, at lunch, Susan quietly announced to Patsy her intention of riding to Iron Bark Flat that afternoon. Mrs. Galbraith looked up sharply.

"Tommy George can't go with you," she said. "I won't trust either of the Chinamen to get up the milkers. Last time Ah Hong had a fall, and two of them got away through the sliprails into the Bush."

"There's Pintpot, I'll take him," returned Susan.

"Pintpot's only a p'ccaninny,' objected Patsy.

"He's big enough to come home and tell you if Sinbad pig-jumps and throws me, which is the worst that can happen," said Susan.

"I can't think why Sinbad has taken to pig-jump lately," remarked Mrs. Galbraith, waiving the question of larger eventualities. But you ought to be able to sit a pig-jump, Sue. Oora can manage a buck-jumper."

Susan laughed a little hysterically. "Oh! I can sit a pig-jump, though I can't ride like Oora. You needn't be afraid, Patsy, I shall turn up in time for dinner, and if I don't, there's a moon."

Susan called up Ah Hong and got from him two melons, some cucumbers, cabbage, sweet potatoes and odds and ends of green stuff, which were packed in the saddle bags with the books she had looked out for Wolfe put in on the top. About three o'clock they set off.

Pintpot looked a very imp of mischief

as he sat astride the horse's broad back behind the saddle bags, his knees pressed well in, his naked feet with spurs on them sticking out. Luckily he was a feather weight, for he gave his horse a good deal of extra work making circuits into the Bush and returning to Susan with sundry pieces of information, such as "My word! one big fellow goanna (iguana) sit down close up that feller tree," or "Mine think it budgery sugar bag long-a-creek," or with an insinuating "Yuck-e! Yuck-e!"—the blacks' guttural ejaculation made by a click of the tongue against the palate—and a brilliant gleam of dazzling teeth. "Mithsis, suppose have-im race after kangaroo—look out, see him kangaroo—over there?"

"No, no, Pintpot. No time to-day."

Pintpot rode on a little way in a dejected manner. Presently he turned with another flash of white teeth.

"Mithsis, blacks' camp—tribe belonga me—sit down close-up Bore."

"All right," said Susan, "that no business belonging to me."

Pintpot was dejected again.

"Mithsis, ole fella King Billy he plenty sick along-a camp. That fellow gin belonging to him—she come along-a head station tell Pintpot 'you bring medsin along-a king.' Mine get-em medsin long-a Chinaman—cobbon budgery medsin—medsin make ole king all right. You let me take medsin long-a king?"

Susan gave the desired permission, provided that the blacks' camp was really "close-up" to the Bore, and Pintpot rode on once more gleefully.

By and bye they got along the spurs of the range where the gum forest was thick and the iron bark trees dropped red gum like congealed blood, and their ancient limbs were hung with hoary moss. After a while they came to a big flat dotted with iron bark gums and a good sized yard roughly fenced, at one end of it. In the distance Susan could see a ghost-like column of water rising to a considerable height, and from afar came the low roar of many beasts. She drew rein at a miserable little out-station—the cattle-centre of that part of the run—a slab and bark hut with bough shades front and back, a couple of boiling down pots and a fenced-in patch that had once been an attempt at a garden, for there were some self-sown pumpkin vines, a rosella bush and a flourishing crop of weeds.

A few hundred yards from the hut, filling the air with the rushing sound of water, the tall stem of the Bore uprose—a gigantic fountain, throwing out its thousands of gallons of water from the subterranean reservoir from whence it came. Round it lay rudely hollowed logs and saplings that had served as scaffolding for machinery, and on the further side, a deep channel had been cut which carried the water-flow into a dam. Here the ground had been trodden into the semblance of a ploughed field, and there were many troughs from which cattle were watered.

Susan wheeled round on Sinbad and surveyed the scene which now was apparently deserted. Pintpot, who had been reconnoitring on his own account, turned a somersault off his horse and peered in at the open door of the hut. "Mine think it ba'al that fellow Wolfe sit down along-a humpey," he remarked. "I go look out track."

Susan dismounted, and hanging Sinbad's bridle on the fence, followed Pintpot round to the back of the hut where, a little distance off, close to the yard, there were some tents pitched—the camp of the men in charge of the weaners. Here was a cooking place with a camp oven and tin billies and quart pots lying about, as well as a frying pan which gave out a disagreeable smell of burned fat. Near by, a bough shade had been erected on forked gum saplings and beneath it a table of slabs nailed on stumps, with a few more stumps for seats. A couple of crows flew up from the frying pan, and a host of others cawed on the dead trees. A lame dog, licking its wounded leg, got up and barked loudly at the new comers, and Pintpot sent forth a few shrill *coo-ees*. Evidently the men were all out with the cattle, and Susan supposed that Wolfe was with them. She turned back to the hut and sat down on a slab settle in the bough shade verandah while Pintpot went on coo-ee-ing.

She had not long to wait. Two sharp coo-ees sounded from the bush above the low bellowing of the weaning mob, and presently a rider dashed up to the hut. It

was Wolfe, in moleskins, his flannel shirt open at the neck, his face and arms caked with dust and perspiration. At the sight of Susan, surprise and pleasure shone in his eyes, and then the glad look gave place to one of embarrassment.

"Miss Galbraith," he cried and hurriedly dismounted. "How good of you! But I never dreamed of such luck as seeing you here. If I had known, I should have been better prepared to do you honour."

"I did not know myself until lunch time. You remember I told you I'd ride out and see the Bore some day. And I've brought you the letter you said you expected and the books you went away last time without taking."

"I—I—I didn't think you'd bother about the books then," he stammered. "It's was most awfully kind of you." He had been undoing his girths, and flinging saddle and bridle within the fence he set the animal loose. Pintpot, at Susan's orders, had taken the other two horses to the troughs to water them. Wolfe turned to her, holding out his grimy hand in a deprecating way.

"I'm not fit to speak to a lady. Some of the cattle got away and I've been helping to round them Do you mind if I go and put my head into a tub of water and make myself a bit presentable? I am really ashamed to come near you as I am."

She nodded, and he vaulted the fence and disappeared at the back of the hut. As she sat under the bough shade, she could hear through the closed doors sounds of sluicing of water and hurried movements. He could not have been much more than five minutes. Yet, when he came back, he seemed entirely re-clothed and his hair and beard were trim. He looked more like a hero of romance than ever, and was perfectly at his ease.

"I've been doing what they call in the music halls 'a quick change'," he said, "though I'm afraid I shouldn't pass muster in a drawing-room. Miss Galbraith, you've got a very uncomfortable seat. I can at any rate make it a little softer."

He bustled within and brought back a red blanket and an opossum rug, which he spread on the slabs. She remarked on the rug.

"It's my reward for curing old King Billy with chloriodyne and quinine after a debauch of opium. What a shame it is to sell opium to the blacks! His Majesty was *in extremis* a few days ago. He believes I went and *pialla-ed* debil-debil on his behalf, and they look upon me now at the camp as a very superior medicine man qualified to counteract all unholy spells. So the grateful queen brought me this 'possum rug they'd just finished sewing together. Don't be afraid to sit down upon the skins; I assure you they've been thoroughly purified."

She laughed and sat down again. "Here is your letter, it came in the bag this morning."

"Thank you." He scrutinised the address which was in an uneducated handwriting and put the letter in his pocket. "I shall not read it now. It may tell me something pleasant and it may bring news that would be unpleasant. I won't risk any drawback to my enjoyment of your visit. May I offer you the humble hospitality of bush tea, if you can drink bush tea?"

"I like it."

"What a splendid bush-woman you are!"

"Not so good as my sister," she replied.

"Your sister! Ah! she's away, you told me."

"She's just going to England on a trip, but I don't think she cares very much about it."

"I suppose not—if she is so good a bush-woman. She is your only sister?"

"Yes, except Patsy's—my stepmother's little girl, and the baby."

"And you haven't got any brothers, except Jacky."

"I have one," she answered in a hurt voice. "He's my twin. He's not at home; I'd rather not talk about him."

He gave her a swift glance which told him that the subject was a painful one, and without making any reply went into the hut whence he brought two clean pannikins and some johnny-cakes on a tin plate.

"They were baked this morning. I'm not a bad hand at making damper, and it's all I've got to offer you. We're in charge of weaners out here, you know, and since you're a bush-woman you must

be aware that it would be high treason to break in a cow. Butter and milk are unknown luxuries. One good thing about superintending a Bore, Miss Galbraith, is that you've always a plentiful supply of warm water, and can make tea in a minute or two."

"Is the water so hot?"

"116 degrees Fahrenheit. It comes up from a depth of 1,500 or so feet."

He began to explain to her the principle of Artesian wells which heretofore she had not found interesting. As he talked, she nibbled a johnny cake.

"It's rather fascinating to watch that great pillar of water and to know that it comes out of a natural boiler deep down in the earth," she said. "I'd like to feel how hot it is."

"Would you? We'll go presently and sit alongside of it. But I can tell you that you wouldn't care to do that at midday. You'd feel as if you were being steamed like our plum-duff on Sundays."

Her eyes fell on the saddle bags. "I've brought you a melon out of the garden and a few vegetables."

"That was kind and thoughtful of you. Out in the camp one appreciates green stuff as highly as if one were part of a scurvy-stricken crew on an expedition to the North Pole—though the very notion of an arctic winter—scurvy given in—sounds pleasant this weather."

He unpacked the bags.

"Two beautiful green-flesh melons, cucumbers, potatoes, beans, lettuces! This is real bounty. Thank you ever so much. But even the joy of vegetables sinks to nothingness in comparison with the joy of books."

He turned them over eagerly one by one.

"I thought you'd like Asolando. And there's *Peter Ibbetson*."

"With Du Maurier's own illustrations. Oh! good!"

"And there's a story by a man called Kipling—an Indian story, that's rather creepy, but I liked it."

"*The Phantom Rickshaw!* What's it about?"

"About a woman who cared for a man who got tired of her. And she died and haunted him in her rickshaw till he went mad and died too."

"It sounds uncanny. She would have been more sensible if, instead of dying and playing the ghost, she had got well and taken up with somebody else."

"Oh! Don't you believe in—?"

"Ghosts! I'm ready to believe that 'there are more things in heaven and earth,' etc.—if that's what you mean?"

"I didn't mean that. Don't you believe in constancy?"

"I believe in love," he said decidedly. "I believe in clinging like grim death to—what I told you you had given back to me—an ideal. And an ideal generally means love."

"Ah!" she murmured, and the sound was like a little catch of the breath.

"But I don't know that I believe much in constancy. You see, an ideal is not exactly a fixed quantity," he said.

"I don't think I understand, quite."

"There's such a thing as loving Love. And Love has a million million concrete embodiments."

"I shouldn't like to think that."

"Shouldn't you? It's true. Though it sounds a paradox. But Love itself is a paradox. Love is as old as the world and as young as every baby passion that is born and dies in a year or a day."

"I think there must be some loves that do not die so quickly."

"You are right," he answered, his tone becoming suddenly grave. "There's the love that knows itself and that endures through life—and maybe after it—the love that every man dreams of and that very few realise."

They were both silent. Susan looked out at the great fountain which played on, tossing up its pillar of spray. Turning her eyes suddenly, she found his fixed upon her with a curious questioning expression in their dark depths.

"Shall we go now and look at the Bore?" he asked.

She got up and they walked together along the edge of the dam. He found her a seat on one of the logs and proceeded to expound the laws of hydrostatics. But the humid heat became oppressive. She could not doubt the degree of temperature he had cited. After sitting there twenty minutes or so they went back to the bough

shade. Passing the open door of the hut she involuntarily glanced within and observed its scrupulous cleanliness. The earthen floor was swept, the bunk made, though evidently robbed of its top covering which he had brought to the settle, the plank table was scrubbed. Altogether, in spite of its bareness, the place did not look uninviting. She could picture him in it on solitary evenings. He did not ask her inside. They sat out under the bough shade, she on the settle, he on a stump, sawn off and set on end. They talked mostly about books and innocent impersonal matters. Then she remembered that it must be getting towards sundown and that she had seven miles to ride.

"What is the time?" she asked. "I forgot my watch."

He pointed to the shadow of the fence. "There is my sun-dial. It is about half-past five."

She got up in haste. "I must start at once. Will you please call Pintpot. I don't know where he's taken the horses."

"There in the yard. I'll see after the black boy."

He was gone several minutes and she heard him coo-eeing outside. When he came back, he said:

"There's not a sign of Pintpot as you call him. I thought he looked an imp. It isn't at all safe for you to ride these distances with only that irresponsible creature for an escort. You must allow me to go back with you."

"Oh, but I couldn't! And I must find Pintpot."

"For that, I fancy we should have to go to the blacks' camp on the other side of the scrub."

"On the other side of the scrub!" she repeated in dismay. "I told Pintpot he could go and see King Birraboi if the camp was only a little way off. He wanted to give him some medicine."

Wolfe laughed. "Oh, that's it. Then I shall have all my work all over again, and I shan't get another 'possum rug for it. You didn't happen to notice whether your Chinese gardener got a little packet of garden seeds in the mail bag to-day?"

"Yes, he did, but what has that got to do with it?"

"My dear lady, if you'd ever been on the diggings you'd know how the wily Chinese evades the law. Those garden seeds were little pellets of opium, and John will make what he would call a 'velly lice plofit' out of them in the blacks' camp and otherwise."

"I shall tell Dad about it," exclaimed Susan.

"It wouldn't make any difference. Poor blacks. They've been doomed since the white man set foot in their territory. If it isn't missionaries and grog, it's John Chinaman and opium. Now, if you'll allow me, I'll put my own saddle on Pintpot's horse, for I turned mine out and it would take a little while to get him in again, and we'd better start as soon as we can."

Pintpot had not appeared when Wolfe came round with the horses. He mounted her, tightened the girths and examined Sinbad's bit."

"I don't quite like your horse's eye," he said. "There's too much white in it. He looks as if he had been frightened and had got a little vice into him."

"It's only lately," she answered. "I've ridden him ever since I came home, and he's always gone quietly except once when he gave a pig-jump. I'm prepared for it and can sit anything short of a genuine buck."

But it turned out that Susan had boasted without warrant, or she had not discovered that it was Sinbad's peculiarity to be terrified at the weird shadows cast at sundown in the bush. He jumped about a little on Iron Bark Flat, then quieted down when they got up the ridges into the timbered country where the tree tops made a screen overhead and the light was distributed indefinitely. But when at the foot of the range, they emerged into the more open plain where there were isolated gums with distorted limbs throwing grotesque and fearsome images in the fading light, Sinbad again showed restiveness and Susan, thinking he was uneasy to get home, whipped him into a canter. She was talking interestedly to Wolfe and had in truth forgotten everything in the charm of that evening ride, and the pleasure of his conversation. Sinbad forged ahead—he had racing blood in him—and Wolfe found considerable difficulty in keeping the old

hack up to his pace. The canter was turning into a gallop. Susan's sunbonnet flew back and her shapely head was bare. She gave Sinbad the rein, and being several yards in front of Wolfe, turned her head back, laughing encouragingly to him to follow her. Before her was a clump of trees that cast a black blot athwart the track. Sinbad swerved to the side, his head went down, his legs drew together inward; his back humped, and before Susan or Wolfe realised what was happening, the horse gave almost a buck, unseating her by its very suddenness, and she was thrown violently to the ground, whilst Sinbad bolted off into the bush.

Susan lay against a branch fallen from one of the trees. She was quite still, and Wolfe thought at first her neck was broken. He flung himself from his horse and kneeled beside her. He saw that her face in the dim light was deathly pale. Her eyes were closed, and the lashes lay a dark stain on her cheek. When he lifted her hand it was limp and nerveless. He raised her tenderly on his arm, supporting her head, untied the strings of her sunbonnet and loosened her habit bodice at the neck. He would have given the world for brandy or even water, but all he could do was to chafe her hands and forehead and endeavour to ascertain as carefully as possible how far she was injured. He felt for her heart-beat, and a very slight flutter relieved his fears. It seemed almost an act of sacrilege to let his hand press that soft roundness of her girlish form. But presently there came signs of returning consciousness, a deep breath; a flicker of the eyelids, and at last the opening of her eyes. She gazed up at him, bewildered, as he leaned over her.

"Oh!.... What is it? I have had a fall I suppose. My head feels funny."

"You must have knocked it against that bough and it stunned you for a minute or two. I hope there's nothing else. See if you can move."

She tried to lift herself, but went dead white and fell back against him with a sharp cry of pain.

"Where are you hurt?" he cried. "Tell me, where do you feel any pain?"

"My leg," she answered feebly, "the left one—I think it's broken." Her eyes closed again. He tore up a handful of grass and fanned her.

"Try not to faint. If I'd only got a flask of something—but I haven't and there's not a drop of water near." A thought struck him. "You don't happen to have a scent bottle?"

"Some eau de cologne—here." She indicated an outside pocket in the breast of her bodice. He drew out a bottle. He drew out a little cambric handkerchief and a tiny flat silver bottle in which was about a teaspoonful of eau de cologne.

But even that was a god-send. He dabbed a few drops on the handkerchief and moistened her lips and held the handkerchief to her nostrils. She revived at once.

"I'm going to feel your leg, if you'll let me," he said; "it may only be a sprain. I'm a bit of a doctor. Can you sit up without my holding you for a minute?"

She nodded. Her cheeks were pink now. She leaned her elbow on the ground and watched him.

"It's just about the ankle. Don't mind hurting me. I'd like to know if it's broken."

He buckled his horse's bridle to the sapling, and getting out his knife cut Susan's stocking and removed the shoe from her foot, which was already swelling. He felt the limb very gently and found she was right. There was a clean break at the ankle bone.

"I shall not hurt you more than I can help," he said, "but this must be put into a splint and bandaged before I can think of moving you."

She submitted gratefully. He fashioned a rough splint and contrived an effectual bandage by cutting off the hem of her holland skirt. It was true, as he had said, that he was a bit of a doctor. In his varied career he had learned enough of surgery to be equal to any such emergency. By the time he had finished it was quite dark except for the moonlight, and they had good reason to be thankful that it was nearing its full. Susan bore the operation bravely, but the eau de cologne was finished before he had ended his work, and he saw that she was in a good deal of pain. The problem was how to get her

home? It was not more than three miles to the head station, but Sinbad had disappeared and would probably have arrived there by now riderless and with loose bridle, and would no doubt have occasioned serious alarm. Susan thought of this.

"Patsy will be coming out herself to look for me. She won't have any idea that I am in such good care and will imagine that I am killed and Pintpot too."

"I won't suggest leaving you while I go for help," he answered. "If you have courage and fortitude, I think I can manage it all right, I shall put you on my horse and hold you there while I walk by your side. It's lucky that the brute's quiet, though I am afraid he's rough. First, however, I must try and arrange some support for that poor foot."

He left her again and foraged round till he got a couple of forked boughs curving downward. These he strapped back and front of the saddle. Then cutting great withes of the long-bladed grass that grows among gum trees, he tied them to the sticks with strips torn from his handkerchief and bound the whole round with the thong of his stock whip. When he had done, there was an attempt at the kind of cushioned cradle in which small children are taught to ride. Susan watched him with admiration.

"How clever you are! And in half darkness, too! One would think you had been in the habit of conveying broken-legged women on horseback through the bush."

"As a matter of fact," he answered, "I did once bring a man who had been wounded by a machete—that's a Mexican knife you know, and a very murderous weapon—over thirty-six miles of roughish country, in just such a contrivance as this. But then I had a thick poncho to lay it on, and now I've only got my coat which is but a poor thing of alpaca. Still it's better than nothing."

In spite of her protestations, he took off his coat and spread it upon the cradle, tying it by the sleeves.

"Now the question is how can I mount you so as to cause you the least pain?" he said.

"I think if you'd help me up and I gave you the right foot and leaned on your shoulder, that you could mount me all right," she replied.

He reflected, then went off and searched for another forked piece of wood that might serve as a crutch. Helping her to rise, he said:

"Lean on that and give me your right foot. I must have both arms free." In this way, putting forth all his strength and dexterity he got her at last on the horse's back. Watching her in the moonlight, he noticed that she turned white again and bit her lip to keep herself from crying out. The helpless foot dangled. In a moment he was supporting the limb upon a sort of pommel that he had constructed with wisps of the coarse grass. The old horse stood stock still as if he knew what was being done.

"Lucky that Pintpot had the pack-horse and not a young one," she remarked with a laugh that sounded hysterical.

He gathered up the reins which he had unfastened. "Now," he said, "I must keep my arm round your waist to hold you firm, and if you'll bend a bit forward and rest your weight on my shoulder, you'll find it a help in steadying yourself. Don't try and keep from singing out if the pain's bad. Screaming must be a wonderful relief to a woman, who hasn't the safety-valve of swearing like us men."

He was purposely cheery and practical, and she understood his motive. He talked to her all the time—purposely also she knew—and told her the story of the man in his Mexican adventure, who had been wounded by the machete, and another story as well that sounded like a Rider Haggard novel, of burrowing for hidden treasure in the ruins of an ancient Mayan city.

"Miss Galbraith," he added presently, after they had gone in silence for about a quarter of a mile and she was almost sobbing like a hurt child. "Look here, I'm going to try something that I've done before to make people forget they were in pain. If you feel like getting dazed and sleepy with your head dropping down on mine, don't be frightened. Just let yourself go, I'll hold you fast and take care of you. I'm going to say some Abracadabra—charms an old Mexican Indian taught me. They, and he and I together seemed

to have a peculiar effect upon highly strung temperaments. It's a kind of half hypnotic, half wizard business I suppose. Anyhow I'll concentrate my will and try it on you."

He began to chant rhythmic foreign words in a curious sing song monotone, while taking her right hand in his left one, which at the same time held the reins, he pressed the ball of her thumb tightly against his own. It was as if an electric current were turned upon her, producing a tingling sensation that was very comforting. She was intensely conscious of his personality and the power of it, and seemed to see his eyes in an odd interior way, like expanding circles of light within her brain, filling it and making her dizzy. She wondered vaguely if he were really hypnotising her, and remembered how she had seen a professional mesmerist in Sydney make his subjects believe they were happy or miserable by merely looking at and making passes over them. But Wolfe was not making passes, and the position they were in prevented him from looking steadily into her eyes. She thought that it must be very difficult for him to concentrate his will on making her forget her pain while he was holding her in the saddle and guiding the horse at the same time.

Well, at least he was making her feel happy, very happy, deliciously happy. She could go on like that for ever. She was losing the sense of suffering. She was losing the sense of everything but him. She had let herself go altogether as he had told her. Her head drooped. She was slipping. No, he still held her firmly. The horse made a false step, it jarred her. She gave a cry and clung to him closer. Then they stopped. It was all like a dream. He shifted his arm. He held her on with his left arm and his hand on the horse's wither. And now he had vaulted behind her.

"Don't be frightened," he was saying. "Don't tremble, dear. I can hold you better like this, and we shall get on quicker. Lean back against me. Your head there—close against my breast. Dearest! Oh I can't help it—I love the scent of your hair—I can't help putting my lips to it. You mustn't be angry with me. There—so, nestling like a sweet trusting bird—just like a nestling bird."

TO BE CONTINUED

Love's Power

BY FRANK PARKER DAY

I STOOD alone in a vast wilderness,
Grey sand, rock ribbed, bleak barrenness,
A curséd, horrid land;
No palm in sight—or stretch of green
Or oasis, or water's sheen.
God had forsaken me, I stood undone,
Weighed down with wretchedness nor free;
When lo! My love came shining like a sun
Across the dreary, dread expanse to me.

She whispered, "Dear, I trust in you."
What mattered else since this were true,
My Angel's confidence?
But I looked down in silent awe,
Thinking how strange and sweet Love's law,
That she should love me thus, and sware
That I should break these bonds in two,
Subdue this devil, shun his horrid snare,
And give to her the best my manhood knew.

Reminiscences of a Loyalist

The Manuscript of Colonel Stephen Jarvis, or Jervis, a Soldier of England in the War for Independence. Afterward, in Canada, Adjutant-General of Militia, and later "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod" in the House of Parliament. Born Danbury, Connecticut, 1756. Lived 84 years. Now published for the first time.

Edited by STINSON JARVIS

Young Jarvis's experiences during the seven years of war are of interest but this part of his memoir will not be given in full. For a time he was with the Rangers at Oyster Bay, where he became a sergeant in the mounted troop raised by Colonel Simcoe. Here, and in the vicinity, he had plenty of fighting. In October, 1779, they were moved to Richmond and an engagement immediately followed in which Colonel Simcoe was wounded and taken prisoner. Later he was exchanged. On the 7th of April, 1781, they sailed for Charlestown where they went into garrison 400 strong. In May, Charlestown was surrendered and they went to Dorchester, and later to Rhode Island, still later returning to Richmond. Here, about the time of the death of Major Andree, Jarvis was made a Quarter-master of Dragoons, and moved to Charlestown again. After some months of inactivity, he was made a Lieutenant of Cavalry under Captain Campbell of the 71st, and moved to Dorchester. His description of the fighting does not reflect credit on the British officers, who apparently knew little of warfare and had little stamina. On one occasion, every man of the artillery in a British column was killed or wounded, without an enemy being sighted. For a time, Jarvis served under Major Craig, afterwards Governor of Quebec. Towards the end of the war, the troops with whom Jarvis was acting were embarked for St. Augustine in East Florida, where they remained until peace was declared.

The remainder of the memoir, giving an account of his later experiences in the United States, New Brunswick and Upper Canada, will be given verbatim.

HERE at St. Augustine we had no fighting; our duty was easy, and in April, 1783, peace was proclaimed. I obtained leave of absence, sailed for New York, and made my report at Headquarters. Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester) was then the Commander-in-Chief. I applied for leave to visit my friends in Connecticut, but before I could obtain leave I was under the necessity of writing to my father for leave from the American Government. He got this and sent my brother to New York to meet and accompany me back.

We left New York, and on the 21st May, 1783, I reached my father's house, to the great joy of my aged parents and the rest of my family. Their meeting with me can be better imagined than described. I had been absent for seven years without having the least communication with my home. And here I met the lady to whom I was engaged and to whom I was the next day married.

The day after I arrived, a person called and desired to see me. He said he was a brother of a Lieutenant Hunt of our Army, and wished to write to his brother by me when I returned to New York. This I very readily assented to. He then said: "Sir, you don't know me; I was once your prisoner!" I answered that that might be, as I had taken a good many prisoners during the war. "Where did you fall into my hands?" He replied "At Pound Ridge," at such a time. "My wife was with me." I recollected him from the circumstances and said to him: "I treated you kindly and released you, not finding you in arms." He replied: "Yes. You no doubt saved my life. But before you

came up to me your men had robbed me of my portmanteau, and I have called on you to demand payment."

This was a visit certainly very unexpected, and in my reply I said: "I suppose that your relationship to Lieutenant Hunt amounts to nothing more than the price of your baggage," turned upon my heel and left the room, and Hunt left the house. That day was a muster day of the Militia (American), and there were three companies of Militia then under arms in Danbury, and not far from my father's house. Towards the after part of the day an old man named Daniel Wilson (an Irishman who had been in my father's employ when I was a boy) came to see me and to warn me to be on my guard, as "the Militia were coming to mob me." I made light of this and took but little notice of what he said, telling him that I was glad to see him, and that he must come again when I should be more at leisure.

There was then in Danbury a regiment of Dragoons belonging to the American Army and commanded by a Colonel Jeamison. One of his Dragoons also requested to speak with the British officer. I went down to the kitchen where he was, and he apologised for the liberty he had taken: "For although you see me in this uniform I have a brother in the British Army, and for his sake, sir, have come to warn you of the danger to which you are exposed." This gave me no small uneasiness, and I began to consider how I should best defend myself. My father in the meantime walked out and went to where the Militia were embodied, and in a few moments returned much agitated, and said: "For God's sake, son, what will you do? They are certainly coming. What will be the consequence, God only knows!"

THE MOB ARRIVES

My intended was also in the house as the mob arrived. I embraced her and desired her with the family to leave the room. I said; "I'll despatch as many of them as my two pistols and my sword will assist me in doing." I then closed the door and in a few moments the house was filled, and for a short time great confusion—all the females imploring for mercy. The noise ceased, and, for a few moments, a profound silence. In the meantime my brother mounted his horse and rode after Colonel Jeamison who was celebrating a wedding some distance off. My father went for the magistrates and other persons of influence who had signed my passport. During their absence the mob became more tranquil, and at last declared they would not injure me if I would come down and let them see and converse with me.

This was communicated to me by my sister, and after a few moments' hesitation I consented and went downstairs. I saw many whom I knew, went up to them and offered them my hand. Some shook hands with me. Others again damned me for a damned Tory. Others charged me with cutting out prisoners' tongues. This scene lasted for some time. At last one of them who seemed to be their leader addressed me in these words: "Jarvis, you must leave this town immediately. We won't hurt you now, but if you are seen within thirty miles of this by sundown you must abide the consequences."

I replied that it was impossible. From Danbury I would not go until my marriage with the lady in the next room, "on whose account and for her only have I put myself in your power. I now warn you against injuring a hair of my head. Here is my permit from the authority of your Government; here is my leave of absence from my Commander-in-Chief. I am now in your power, and you may destroy me, but not unrevenged, if not by myself my friends in New York will avenge my death an hundred-fold on your near and dear friends. If I cannot remain in peace, give me a suitable time to make that lady my lawful wife, and then I will leave you; for, be assured, I have no wish to become an inhabitant of the States, and of this place in particular."

A HASTY WEDDING

By this time Captain Jeamison had arrived, looked into the house, went to his regiment and sent a sergeant and twelve Dragoons for my protection. Many other of our friends also arrived, with the magistrates, and some of the mob began to disperse; others, again, were very hostile in their manners and swore vengeance. I now began to feel quite safe, and began

conversation with the respectable part of those who had assembled, quite at my ease, and I found I was gaining friends even of some of the mob themselves. They, however, were not disposed to depart. At last it was by some of our friends proposed to my father that the best mode to be adopted to tranquillise the mob was that I should be that evening married. On this my father sent the brother of my intended to propose the matter to me, and he undertook to prevail on the lady, and as they found no great objections from either of us, a parson was sent for, we retired to a room and were that evening married. The mob and all others, except my guard of soldiers who remained all night, retired, and we were left to our repose. At daylight the soldiers went to their barracks. Soon, however, my father knocked at my door and told me that Hunt had obtained a warrant for me, and that the sheriff was coming to arrest me, and to be on guard.

As my door was fastened I felt secure, but I was mistaken; the door soon opened and the sheriff entered. My pistols were in my mother's room and I was unarmed. I however sprang from my bed and ordered him to retire or I would blow out his brains. He was so alarmed that in quitting the room he fell from the top to the bottom of the staircase. I then fastened the door more securely and returned to my bed. In the meantime the sheriff raised a posse and surrounded the house. The Dragoons had again taken their station in the house, and sent me notice that they were ready to protect me if I chose to leave my chamber. The morning was fair. I rose, dressed myself, raised one of the windows, and bade the posse "good morning." They looked sulky and made me no answer. I threw them a dollar and desired they would spend it in drinking the bride's health. Their countenances now began to brighten, and when they sent for a bottle of bitters they said I must drink their health first. But how to get the bottle up to me was a question. However, by tying together pocket handkerchiefs, that difficulty was got over, and I received the bottle with a glass in a bucket. Nothing would do but the bride must make her appearance at the window also, which she at last did, and touched her lips to the glass as we drank their health, and then conveyed the bottle in the same way to them; and before they had emptied the bottle they swore I was a damned honest fellow, I had married the finest woman in the country, that my conduct had deserved her, and that they would protect me with their lives.

The sheriff, finding it useless to remain any longer, retired. After breakfast I left my father's house by the back door and proceeded through his fields to a road in the rear of the house, when my brother met me with a horse, which I mounted and rode from the town. I went to Newtown, to a Mr. Hawley, whose wife was sister to my own. This was the place where we took leave of each other seven years before, as I have already stated in the early part of this journal. The next day my wife joined me, and we remained here for a short time, when I again left her and returned to New York, and reported to my Commander-in-Chief the treatment I had received. His aide-de-camp minuted it down in writing.

MOBBED AGAIN

Soon after, some of our relations in Stamford wrote to William Jarvis that they had formed a picnic party and requested that I and some of my friends would meet them on a certain day on an island lying in the sound between New York and Stamford. Mr. William Jarvis, his sister, with two other ladies, two British officers and myself, embarked on board of a whale boat, set off and met our friends about noon, and after spending the day very pleasantly were about to leave and return when we were, with some reluctance, prevailed upon to go to Stamford for the night. We reached that place after dark, and as we entered the harbour we were challenged by a boat's crew. Some of our friends made answer, and received in reply: "You have been to meet those damned Tories from New York." We landed and were distributed among the several houses in the town. The next morning at daylight the American boat returned and found our boat in the harbour. They immediately attacked our crew, who were much inferior to theirs, and beat

them most unmercifully, and were preparing to attack us also, and particularly Mr. William Jarvis, he having joined the British from that place. Our boat had quit the harbour and fell down to the entrance into the sound, the distance of three miles. As we came down to the harbour they appeared to be ready for the attack. Mr. Jarvis (Writer's note: "Afterwards Secretary of Upper Canada") went into a house with the ladies, and the two officers and myself, being equally strangers, went up to them, and after some conversation prevailed on them, on account of the ladies, to allow us to depart unmolested, which they at last consented to, and we took our departure. Soon after, and before we had gone half the distance to our boat, they set off after us, and we began to prepare for battle. They, however, gave up the pursuit, and we proceeded on, carrying the ladies a great part of the way, up to our knees in water, until we reached the boat, where we found several of our men disabled from the bruises they had received. Of course we were obliged to relieve each other at the oars. After rowing all night we reached New York at sunrise the next morning. As we had gone without leave we found it convenient to keep our jaunt a secret.

My wife joined me soon after, and we took quarters upon Long Island. It was here that I found a negro who called himself Jarvis, and an enquiry found that he was a descendant of one of the slaves of my great-grandfather, William Jarvis,* of Huntington, who died some years before I was born. He was a ship-owner who was helped to this business by his father, Stephen Jervis, an English lawyer, who came to Huntington about 1660, soon after the death of Cromwell. These blacks were brought from the West Indies and remained with the family a long time, their descendants using the name of Jarvis. Finding that I could receive neither pay nor rations, and hearing nothing from my regiment, I applied to Mr. Stephen Jarvis, a cousin of mine at Huntington who was the owner of five vessels, and easily obtained a passage to St. Augustine on one of his ships that was going to the south.

I wrote to my father to come and take charge of my wife; took leave of her and embarked. The wind came ahead, and in the evening I landed, when I had the pleasure of meeting my father, who had just arrived.

The next morning I embarked and sailed, and after a long and boisterous passage of five weeks arrived off the harbour of St. Augustine. Before I landed, the British fleet was in sight to receive the troops of the garrison, as that place was to be given up to the Spaniards. We embarked about the middle of October and sailed for Halifax, the weather squally, the wind fair, and after a passage of fifteen days landed at Halifax, where, on the 9th of November, I think, the regiment was disbanded.

Finding a vessel bound to New York, I applied and obtained a passage to New York, one passenger besides myself on board. Our captain was a very pleasant and a good seaman. We arrived off the Hook the day the British Army left New York, the whole fleet passing us and sailing for their destined ports, some for Europe, some for St. John and Halifax. Here again my troubles commenced—my wife being amongst my enemies. What was to be done? To return without her (probably meaning to Halifax.—Editor) was useless. I must meet the storm.

MEETS WASHINGTON

I got on board a pilot boat, landed at New York, and made myself known at General Washington's headquarters. and the next morning was introduced to him by General Hamilton. (Writer's footnote says: This was the General Alexander Hamilton afterwards killed in a duel by Colonel Burr). I communicated my business to General Washington and asked him for a passport to go into the country. He received me very civilly, but declined complying with my request, as his command had ceased, and Civil Government was again in operation; but at the same time said there was no diffi-

*The will of this William Jarvis (a copy of which is before me) bequeathes slaves to different heirs. It also gives moneys to Captain Samuel Jarvis, of Norwalk, Connecticut, who was the grandfather of Colonel Stephen. There are still blacks on Long Island calling themselves Jarvis.—(Ed.)

culty, that I was perfectly safe under the Treaty of Peace to proceed and transact my business, reporting myself to the authority of the place to which I was bound.

I therefore proceeded, and had the satisfaction of meeting my wife in Reading, at my brother's house, after four months' absence. I found her "as women wish to be who love their lord," and I removed from my brother's, and with my wife took up my quarters at my father's where we remained peaceably during the winter, and were visited by all the most respectable inhabitants of the place. But in the month of March, 1784, I received a note ordering me to forthwith depart, or otherwise I mu t abide the consequences.

As the situation of my wife would not allow her to travel, and to avoid trouble, I t ok horse and rode to Middletown, on Connecticut river, to pay a visit to my uncle (afterwards Bishop) Jarvis, who was then Rector of the Episcopal Church at that place. (NOTE:—The Right Reverend Abraham Jarvis, second Bishop of Connecticut, was the first Bishop consecrated in the United States—earlier bishops having had to be consecrated in England). I remained with him about a week and then returned to Danbury, and with my mother went to pay a visit to her brother, a clergyman at Warring, about thirty miles from Danbury. After making a short stay we returned to Danbury, when I received another warning to depart.

To this notice I paid no attention, and continued to visit those families from whom we had received civilities. About the beginning of April, I with my wife had been visiting a family where we spent the evening, and returned to my father's house about nine o'clock. On retiring to bed, my wife soon fell asleep. I had some suspicion that if they intended to insult me, that night would be the one for the purpose, and I lay contemplating on the mode of defence that I should make. I had my pistols under my pillow. About the hour twelve I heard persons approaching the house. I stepped out of bed, slipped on my drawers, took my pistols in my hand and prepared for defence. The front door was immediately assailed. My father was alarmed, ran to the door and demanded who dared to assail his house at that time of the night. He received a very hostile answer, and they continued to batter away at the door, which soon began to give way. My father came to my room and begged of me to make my escape, "for if I made any resistance we should all perish."

DRIVEN INTO HIDING

I laid my pistols down and attempted to dress myself but had only time to haul on one stocking before the door gave way. My father said: "For God's sake, son, escape," and ran to meet them. As they rushed into the house they knocked him down. I found that the house was surrounded, and made for the cellar. My father ran into the street calling out "murder." I hid myself for some time in a large bin of apples. I soon heard the voices of my mother and wife, as if some person were murdering them at the cellar door. I left my hiding place and approached the door to rescue them. All the rest of the family had fled. I had got to the door when I heard my father's voice saying to the females: "Be not alarmed; help is at hand," and I soon heard several friendly voices and amongst them the voice of a magistrate demanding the peace. He received for answer: "Damn you and the peace, too!" and calling me by name, saying: "We will have you yet!"

The tumult continued for some time. At last the mob thought proper to retire. I then left the cellar and found both mother and wife much injured in guarding and defending the door of the cellar in the absence of my father and the rest of the family. I dressed myself, left the house and took shelter at the house where we spent the previous evening, where I went to bed and fell asleep. I was awakened in the morning by a Major Lawrence, of the American Army, who had shown me great kindness and was instrumental in dispersing the mob. He gave me a ludicrous description of the proceedings during the remainder of the night, and then left me. At this house I remained until the next night when I joined my wife at a neighbour's house, a few doors from my father's, where we remained until the next night, when I took horse, left the town and rode to Newtown, to a brother-in-law of my wife's, where she joined me the next day.

TO NEW BRUNSWICK

Here she was confined with our first child (Eliza). To describe the sufferings of my poor wife for nine weeks is impossible. Suffice it to say that I was the only nurse at night for both herself and the infant. During that time her sister assisted me in the daytime. I remained with her until she had so far recovered as to be removed to my father's, in whose charge I left her, and set off for New Brunswick, got on board a vessel at Huntington, on Long Island, in company with several families going to Annapolis in Nova Scotia; and after a passage of fifteen days landed at Digby; visited Annapolis, and then sailed for St. John; proceeded on to Fredericton, eighty miles from the mouth of the river St. John; made a contract for building a house at that place, and after a short stay returned to St. John, where I remained a few weeks. Here I drew my first half pay bill, and shipped myself in a vessel belonging to Mr. Jarvis going to New York. After a boisterous passage we were forced to take shelter in Rhode Island where we remained two nights and a day; then made sail, and the next morning landed at Stamford, took breakfast, hired a horse and set off for Reading, where I expected to meet my wife; stopped at Norwalk, dined, then proceeded on my route. After reaching within four miles of my brother's house, in descending a small hill, my horse from a misstep fell and broke his shoulder. This, however, I did not know at the time. I put him into a field at the side of the road, took my saddle on my back, with my bridle in my hand, and proceeded for a short distance, obtained the loan of a horse, and rode on to my brother's, when I learned that my wife and child were at Newtown—ten miles farther. I exchanged horses with my brother, whom I requested to look after the lame horse, and then went on to Newtown where I found my wife and infant in good health. After making a short stay at that place and visiting my friends in Danbury, I took up my quarters at my brother's in Reading for the winter. Here we spent our time very pleasantly, except we were for some weeks visited with sore eyes, both myself, wife and the infant.

In the spring of 1784 I left Reading with my family and proceeded to Norwalk, where we shipped ourselves on board of a vessel called the *Sholdrum*, Capt. Sanford, for St. John, New Brunswick, where we arrived after a passage of fifteen days; remained a short time at St. John, and then proceeded up the river and landed at Fredericton on the 15th of June, where I expected to have found a house ready for my reception; but in this I was disappointed, and had to hire a poor abode where we remained for a few weeks. I however purchased a town lot—not liking the one I had drawn—and commenced building. I went into business and in October we entered our new dwelling—as happy as princes—but my poor wife suffered greatly from the dampness of the walls, and in January, 1785, she was very ill. She suffered everything but death.

However, in the course of the next summer she recovered her health, and we went on smoothly and began to feel our situation comfortable. All my old brother officers appeared to be interested in my welfare, drank my wine, feasted upon my hospitality, and then either left the country or died without paying their debts; so that at the end of the year I found myself a loser to the amount of about two hundred pounds.

SETTLING DOWN

I however went on building and making improvements for another year, and on the 9th of April, 1787, my wife presented me with a son, who was named Frederick Starr; and the next season I commenced to build a large two-story house, which I soon completed, and in this house I remained until I removed to Canada.

From this until 1792 things went on very well, and I acquired property; but at this period I was induced to take a company of Militia, which I put into uniform at very great expense, and soon after, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent* paid a visit to His Excellency Governor Carleton. I had the honour of receiving His Royal Highness when he landed, and the next day was introduced to him, and was of the committee who represented an address from the magistrates and gentry of Fred-

*Father of Queen Victoria.

ericton. I had my company under arms, and, as he passed me, fired three volleys, passed a royal salute and sang "God Save the King." His Royal Highness rose up from the stern of the boat, gave us three cheers, and after he had reached St. John I was honoured with a message through the Governor, speaking in the highest terms of my officers and men.

I now became a great martinet; rose rapidly in rank, until I arrived to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. My attention to the Militia made me pay less attention to my business than for the benefit of my family I ought to have paid, but as our neighbours showed a hostile disposition, and as I was promised a command if the Militia were called into actual service, I continued to discipline the Militia from year to year.

VISITS THE OLD HOME

The time Lord (then Sir Horatio) Nelson was before Copenhagen (1801) I was with Mrs. Jarvis on a visit to the States, and whilst I was at my father's house the news of Sir Horatio's victory had made its appearance in American papers, and a gentleman, a Mr. Starr, was polite enough to send me the paper, and I was reading it with great satisfaction when my father returned from the fields, where he had spent the morning. He had also heard the news, and as he entered his house, or rather before he had dismounted from his horse, asked me if I had heard the news.

"Yes, my dear father. Huzza! Old England for ever!"

"Hush! Hush!" said my father. "I fear you'll be mobbed again."

"If they come, I'll defend myself," I replied. "But I must exult in this victory!" This brought on a long discussion between my father and myself relative to what is called Jay's Treaty; for as yet the American Government had not fulfilled the articles of that treaty.

From Danbury we went to Newtown to pay a visit to my wife's friends. At that place she had an aged mother and two sisters. Her mother was in her ninetieth year. I left Mrs. Jarvis here, and set off to pay a visit to my uncle, now Bishop of Connecticut. His seat was at a place called Chester, not far from New Haven. Here I met two ladies from New York, sisters to the Bishop's wife. They had lost their baggage in travelling—stolen from their carriage.

After spending a few days at Chester, we all set off for New Haven, where we stayed one night, and the next morning parted; the Bishop's wife and sisters going to New York, the Bishop, his son, and myself, leaving for Newtown. I rode in the carriage with the Bishop, and his son, Samuel Farmer Jarvis, rode my horse. We stopped at Darby, where I fell in with a Mr. James Andrews, an old acquaintance who had lived in my house at New Brunswick for a year whilst he was teaching the Grammar School at Fredericton. We dined with Mr. Andrews, and reached Newtown that evening, the second of June, 1801. The next day there was a young clergyman ordained. The church was immensely crowded, and the singing surpassed anything I ever heard before in any house of worship. I dined in company with the Bishop and clergy at a Mr. Benham's, who was the rector of the church in Newtown.

The next day, which was the fourth of June, I had my brother and half a dozen more to dine with me and celebrate the King's birthday. Mr. Benham, with the Bishop and clergy, honoured me by drinking the King's health, and I returned the compliment by drinking to Mr. Madison and the American Government.

The next day the Bishop accompanied us to my father's house, where we remained that night and the next morning we took leave of him and the rest of my friends in Danbury and set off for New York; called at Reading and stayed one night with my brother Samuel, and then left him and took Norwalk in our route; went to Stamford to see our friends there; returned to Norwalk; took shipping and sailed for New York, with my brother Samuel for company. At New York I made purchases for the business in New Brunswick, having taken about 1,000 dollars in cash with me for this purpose. We then took shipping and arrived in safety at New Brunswick, where we found our family well.

My beloved sister Rachel, who was on a visit to me at New Brunswick, and who

remained with my family during our absence, now returned to the States. She arrived in New York where she found a cousin of hers ill with the yellow fever, of which he soon died, and also his wife, and a brother soon followed him. She remained in New York till the deaths of her friends, when she went to the country and was so fortunate as not to take the fever.

DISAPPOINTMENT

I continued to discipline the Militia until the year 1808, under a promise from Governor Carleton, that if they were embodied for actual service I should have such a command as would remunerate me for the services I had thus performed. Governor Carleton, however, left the Province, and the Administration devolved upon Mr. Ludlow, as President. When the affair between the American ship *Chesapeake* and the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt* took place, I was convinced that there would be war with the United States, and I wrote to Mr. President Ludlow offering my services in case he should find it necessary to call out the Militia, and I received a most flattering answer, that my services should be most thankfully accepted. But notwithstanding this pledge, and after making every arrangement of my private matters, when the Militia were embodied, the command was given to another person.

This so disgusted me that in the spring of 1808 I made a visit to Upper Canada. I set off from Fredericton to visit Upper Canada in company with Major Thompson. We travelled in birch canoes as far as Temiscouata Lake, across the portage on foot to the River St. Lawrence, and then proceeded in caleches to Quebec, and from thence to Montreal in the same way. Two young men named Gordon, sons of William Gordon, Esquire, Commissary at Fredericton, were fellow travellers with us as far as Quebec, to join the Newfoundland regiment, to which they were lately appointed Ensigns.

At Quebec I was very politely entertained by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Sutherland, who had visited me in Fredericton, on his way from England to Quebec some years before, and I kept him company at that time as far as the Great Falls on the River St. John. I had letters of introduction to a merchant in Quebec, who gave me letters to Mr. Woolrich at Montreal, who also behaved with great politeness, and with whom I dined at Montreal. I also met my old friend, Captain Eales, of the Canadian regiment, who was at this place recruiting.

After dining with Mr. Woolrich, we set off for Upper Canada. At Lachine we found a bateau which was going as far as Johnstown, on board of which we placed ourselves (Major Thompson and myself) and baggage and proceeded, sometimes on foot when the water was rapid, and sometimes in the boat. We made a short stay at Cornwall. I had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Strachan, drank tea with him, slept at one Vankoughnet's, who took us in his waggon as far as Mr. Shuk's where we expected to have found our boat gone on before us.

Mr. Shuk insisted on our taking breakfast at his house, where we met a Mr. Jones, a nephew of Stephen and Simon Jones of my acquaintance, and he insisted on our calling on his father, who lived between Johnstown and Prescott. Mr. Shuk then ordered his carriage and his servant, and drove us to the head of the Long Sault.

At Johnstown we found some bateaux going to Kingston, on board of which we took passage and reached Brockville, where we made a halt for the night; and the next day we set off without taking any provisions on board. But there was a Mr. Wadsworth with us who had a large loaf of bread with him and a keg of shrub. The boatmen, as usual, at the end of every league, made a halt, and Mr. Wadsworth produced his loaf and some raw ham, of which we all partook, and whilst we were thus engaged an Indian with a birch canoe came alongside.

Mr. Wadsworth took this opportunity of leaving with the Indian; and he took his loaf and shrub along with him, leaving Major Thompson and myself under the necessity of fasting until we reached Gananoque, at which place we arrived about midnight.

TO BE CONTINUED

How Cyclone Bill Got Religion

By VIRNA SHEARD, author of "By the Queen's Grace"

IT was the end of the day and Cyclone Bill was glad of it. With the going down of the sun, the earth would cool off and he could start back for the ranch. He stood leaning against the gaudily painted door-frame of the one hotel the town boasted, and he gazed with apparent indolent indifference down the long, dusty street, dotted irregularly with its small adobe houses.

In his grey eyes, beneath their sleepily drooping lids, there smouldered a red light, like the glow left in the heart of the ashes when a fire has burned down.

And the red light smouldered with reason. He had ridden over from his ranch, twelve miles west of this Arizona town, in the dew of the morning, driving before him twenty unwilling steers; and he had had his journey for nothing. The man who was to buy his stock had not appeared at the appointed meeting-place; neither was there word nor sign from him.

All day Cyclone Bill had waited about the hotel in a wordless impatience that was peculiar to him. The trains that ran into the little nearby station, long hours apart, broke the monotony, but only one passenger alighted and he was not the right man. Now, in the late afternoon, the ranchman watched the heat quivering up from the road, and occasionally he flecked the white dust from his long boots with his riding whip.

A dazzling blue butterfly fluttered up and around a clump of hollyhocks by the door, and the sunlight sifted through their red silken bells and lit them into bits of living flame. If the man noticed the exquisite play of colour he did not seem to.

Men passed to whom he nodded, and two girls, in ruffled muslin dresses, went by—and after a little—went by again, one looking at him boldly from beautiful, daring brown eyes, and the other shyly from under long curled lashes. Apparently he did not see them. They were one with the butterfly and the hollyhocks.

He was a picturesque figure himself, though his years had been enough to frost the hair a bit at his temples. As for his name, there were those who said he had earned it, and others who maintained that it was a free western pronunciation of some foreign name he had given as his own. No one troubled about it—he least of all. There were half-breeds and Apache Indians thereabouts who knew him, and loved him not. But the cowboys upon his own ranch, although they feared him with a fear mingled with awe, worshipped him in secret and afar off. Of this he took no visible note. He raised his cattle and ponies—branded them—sold them, and kept his money; to what end no one knew.

The sun was going down now like a red-hot wheel rolling through a mist of gold. Cyclone Bill still flecked his boots as though it were his sole occupation in life, but there was a peculiar tenseness in the grip he had of his riding crop; and he still watched the road.

Then—up the centre of it, afar off, and heralded by a cloud of amber dust, the rolling of drums and thumping of tambourines, came a motley procession. They were singing music that was plainly martial, and keeping step with it to some indifferent extent.

The man at the door gave a short laugh and pushed back his sombrero.

"Gad!" he said to himself, "you can't escape 'em—not though you take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost. Some white-chokered man of heaven is bound to come along with a dozen sermons in his pocket, as dry as jerked buffalo meat, and he'll tackle your soul or die. If he fails to get on your trail, trust these gentlemen of the road to find it. Petticoats too!" he went on; "a regular round-up. If it were not for them I'd

like to fire a blank cartridge into the middle of the lot. They'd run like jack-rabbits, every man of them, and leave all their holy paraphernalia behind."

The wrath that had been gathering in Cyclone Bill's soul all day was concentrating and it seemed it might fall, not upon the deserving object, but on the harmless, dusty singers struggling onward.

The words of the hymn came quite clearly now:

Wind and storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the Halleluiah harbour,
We are out on the ocean—sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

"Got their metaphors mixed," said the man smiling a little. "Can't stick to their own line of work, bloody battlefields and the like—but they must tackle the sea. 'Out upon an ocean sailing—sailing!' Think of it! The everlasting blue of the water—the sea-gulls—the damp wind in your face—the irony of it, in this sunbaked country aching for rain, with the parched grasses—the dust like fine ashes. I wish they'd thought of another form of torture; but no—they must conjure up a mirage in the desert."

People were standing now at the doors of the low white houses, and from here, there, and everywhere they gathered to watch and follow the Salvation Army.

When the singers reached the little hotel, they stopped and swung into a half-circle. There were eight or nine women, jaded and out-wearied, and a dozen men.

All the women carried fiercely mottoed flags or tambourines, and they wore the blue gown of uncompromising ugliness, and the unspeakably awful bonnet that is of their order.

At the end of the line of women was a girl of about twenty. She also wore the bonnet, but even to the ranchman's inexperienced eyes, she wore it with a difference. It had slipped back from the wavy bronze of her hair, and the strings held it from falling. Her face was of a lovely oval, and beneath her eyes, black-lashed and blue, there were shadows that bespoke utter weariness, and her red curved lips were childishly tremulous.

Cyclone Bill leaned forward to watch her while the leader of the band harangued the little crowd.

He was a middle-aged, thick-set fellow wearing the uniform of a captain, and from his head to his feet of the type that is of the earth—earthy. Now he sawed the air and ranted of life, death and judgment to come. Heaven to him was a place of literally golden streets and white-winged angels, and the pearly gates swung to and fro directly above the blue overhead. As for hell, he pictured it as the lurid pit of our early imagination—the seven times heated fire that burns unendingly, and though he dwelt but sparingly upon the joys of the blessed, no detail of the tortures of the lost escaped him.

Whatever else this man lacked, he had the gift of words, and in his coarse, uneducated tongue, he created a picture of the lost soul—so vivid, so horrible—that he stamped it upon the minds of his listeners as an indelible impression.

A half-caste Mexican woman shivered and turned pale beneath her brown skin. Children hid their faces in their mother's gowns, and mothers lifted their babies closer against their hearts.

Then, as suddenly as he had begun to speak, the Captain broke out into song. The words burst forth like the heat from a furnace:

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death."

A low moan ran through the bonneted women and they repeated the verse after him. Only the girl at the end of the line did not join. She stood still, her wide blue eyes staring with childlike fear out of her white face, her free bright hair blowing about her forehead. As the voices went into silence, a little tremour shook her slender body, and she sprang forward and grasped the man's arm.

"Oh!" she panted, "what made you sing that? See!—you have frightened them—you have frightened even the children! They are hiding their little faces! These are verses you should have sung."

Throwing back her head, she took up the melody and sang with the intensity of

her youth the two following verses of the same hymn:

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh,
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love."

Her voice rang out on the stillness, sweet and comforting as an angel's.

The Mexican woman drew a sobbing breath, and Cyclone Bill bit a word short off between his teeth.

The thick-set Captain drew the girl back into her place, and she stood trembling but quiet, now that the sudden impulse of song was over.

"That's right enough—that's right enough, my girl," he said half roughly, "but there must be conviction of sin, confession and repentance. Ay!" turning to the crowd, "*repentance*—or the worm that dieth not." Then, as he noticed the light failing and the people going away, he beckoned to the girl hastily:

"Strike up again, Hilda!" he said. "Sing 'Marching to Victory!' and afterwards Sanctified Sam will give them his experience. Sing—sing—don't wait," he went on.

The girl shook her head, and the group of people wavered.

The Captain realised the situation.

"Do as I tell you," he said hoarsely, catching her by the arm. "We've got their attention now and we must keep it. Do as I tell you."

"No!" she said, with a certain defiance. "I will not sing again to-night."

The grip on her arm tightened—tightened visibly, while her colour blanched, and the man's face, red and angry, went close to hers.

A frail woman next the girl pushed between them.

"Please, Hilda," she said pleadingly; "don't anger him, love."

The Captain brushed her aside.

"You need not interfere," he commanded sharply. "I can manage her alone."

The girl lifted her troubled eyes, and by some chance they looked straight into the grey ones of Cyclone Bill, shining beneath the brim of his wide hat. It was as though she had set a spark to a powder train.

In two long strides the ranchman reached the man who held her arm, and caught him by the shoulder, swaying him gently to and fro. Then, suddenly loosening his hold, he began to speak.

"I say, stranger," he began slowly, "you ain't the kind of game we shoot out here. No. But, there's some sort of punishment coming to you right soon. It's for your good. I reckon you came out this way to scare us into being holy. Well, we don't scare easy—most of us—but there's women and children hereabouts that mightn't sleep sound at night after listening to your idea of the Gospel. That's why it's up to me to quiet you. Now," and he drew away a pace, "if you can hit me, I give you a fair chance; if not," he paused, "if not, it'll be my turn." Before the Captain realised the situation a lightning blow had caught him.

He succumbed without any attempt at defence, and the small company, utterly demoralised and unstrung, surrounded him with mingled words of anger, terror or surprise.

The girl herself had given a startled cry, and then slipped away and into the shadow of the vine-wreathed hotel verandah, where it turned at the side of the house.

She stood there alone, a slim dark figure, as Cyclone Bill swung by a moment later. He passed her, then turned on his heel and came back.

Where they stood it was twilight and still. Again his eyes, half-smiling, half-daredevil, drew her shadowy, frightened blue ones up to them.

"Roll up your sleeve," he said, touching her arm gently. "This one—the left arm."

"No, no!" she cried below her breath. "I will not! I will not! It does not matter."

From around the corner of the house came the sound of the battalion marching in disorganised array into the hotel.

The man listened till the last footstep passed.

"Do you want me to roll it up?" he said, bending towards her. "I reckon

there was some cause for what I gave that chap, and I'd like to know how much."

She shook her head but began slowly to roll back the blue sleeve. Above the elbow, white and dimpled, there was the bruised marks of four heavy fingers.

The man drew a quick breath.

"So!" he said. "I knew he hurt you. I knew it."

With one hand he helped her to pull down the sleeve.

The girl drew back, a flame of colour sweeping her face.

"It does not matter," she repeated. "It is nothing to you, sir. We are strangers."

The ranchman gave a short laugh. He gazed down at her in a steady way that was disconcerting.

"You're wrong there," he replied. "Some folks are never strangers."

Then, with a nod towards the hotel, "Do they stop here over night?"

"Yes," she said; "we have walked from the town beyond. To-morrow there'll be a parade and a revival."

"To-morrow," he echoed reflectively. "To-morrow, eh?"

"Yes," she returned, "and I must go now, sir."

The man did not seem to hear.

"Who is he?" he asked—"the sky-pilot."

"He is my step-father," said the girl. "And that little woman—the one who ran to him—is my mother."

Cyclone Bill gave a low whistle.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see it—. He was in the Army when your mother married him, and between them they corralled you. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," she said. "I suppose that is it. I do not mind singing, but I hate to march through the streets, to pass the tambourine, to speak. Oh! I hate it. I am not really one of them. My soul may not be right. I do not think I have repented of my sins enough or that I am conscious of a change of heart, like the others."

Across the bronzed face above her there swept a sudden soft expression.

"Your sins!" said the man. "Your sins, eh?"

"Listen," he went on quickly. "There's a moon to-night. A full moon—and down that way, yonder—there's a long double line of cottonwood trees. You just go down this street and turn to the right. I'll be there when it strikes nine, and you —you'll come, eh?"

The girl lifted her face and her eyes were held as by a spell.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she cried. "You know I cannot! I should be with the others now. They will miss me." She stopped, breathlessly. "Do you not see—I could not go!"

The man glanced up at the sky.

"There ain't going to be a cloud," he went on as if to himself, "and the moon is big and yellow these nights. I reckon it'll be mighty pretty down there. I've heard a Virginia nightingale or a redwing in them cottonwoods once or twice. The light chequers down through the leaves and makes shadows like lace on the ground velvet black and silver white. There's a kind of rose-bush grows low down under the trees, and the blossoms smell sweet with the dew on them.

"Inside the house here, it will be quite some full o' people, an' I presume likely they'll tune up and have a meetin' of some sort. The rooms are sun-baked and hot, while down there by the cottonwoods—" he broke off.

The girl caught a quick breath.

"I'll come," she answered. "Oh! I'll come."

Cyclone Bill straightened his shoulders and lifted his hat.

"I reckoned you would, maybe," he returned, "though I wasn't jest certain." So, with a backward smile, he strode away.

She gazed after him a moment, then rounded the corner of the house and fleetly followed the way of the others.

The ranchman and the katydids had the cottonwoods almost to themselves. The bird of night had not yet started his song of love to the roses. Now and again a bat flitted by, or a white owl boomed across the dark on muffled wing. The moon came up from behind the far-off hills.

The man leaned against the grey trunk of the last tree and watched the street that

ran up to the small hotel illuminated now for the night.

The moonlight glanced on the silver mountings of the pistol at his belt and drew flashes of fire from the heart of a great white stone on his little finger.

"One way and another," he soliloquised, "I've been watching all day. But this—this, I reckon, is some different."

He leaned forward eagerly, for down the street from shadow to shadow came the figure of a girl swiftly towards him. As she neared the trees, the wonderful mellow first notes of a bird sounded from among the leaves above, and the man stepped out to meet her.

"I've got 'em all here for you," he said. "The moon's celestial highness, and the scent of the roses; the black and silver lace work on the ground, the singer over head, and the blessed cool stillness."

She did not answer but went by his side along the wooded way.

"Some days are powerful queer to live through," he continued, "and there are things about this one I'd like to tell you—an' tell you now. I've been waiting around this God-forsaken town since sun-up for a man who was to have bought some cattle I brought up from the ranch. He fooled me once before, this same fellow, and he lied his way out that time, but the man don't live who can do that twice. That's why I waited. It was eternally lucky for him he didn't turn up near sundown." He stopped a moment, but went on. "When that Salvation Army round-up came on the scene, I reckon I had something as near to murder in my heart—well, as near as they make it."

The girl lifted her face to his—listening.

"Then," he went on, "then I saw you, and on the instant, the thought that had had possession of me, body and soul, all day slipped away into nothingness—into thin air. You were the only thing that counted between the two seas—the only thing. After a bit I caught on to the words that human volcano was giving out—the brimstone and fire rolled down to where I was, and I listened quiet enough while he sang his diabolical song. Then you followed with the other two verses—and whether it was your voice—or the eyes of you—or your courage for it—or jest that I am *I*, and *you are you*—it suddenly came to me that you were mine. Belonged to me of right." His voice, cool and deliberate, had gone on swiftly from sentence to sentence with an occasional pause. Now it stopped.

The girl drew away a step from him in the uncertain light and then came back.

"You cannot mean what you say," she answered unsteadily. "It is too strange. You do not know me at all. We are strangers. Oh! I ought not to have come. I ought not. But it is so lovely here out of doors, so lovely, and—I wanted to."

The man smiled in the dark.

"Still," she continued, her voice trembling and catching on the words, "even if you do mean what you say, why! we are only poor travelling people. We go from town to town as we are directed. My step-father preaches—and I—I sing. They tell me I do right in that, and all those poor tired people try to do right and live the religious life, in their own way."

He gave a quick movement towards her and lifted her face with his hand, turning it up to the moonlight.

"Listen," he said, "and let me look at you, you frail little thing! You beauty! See—I will tell you. I have had most everything in my life but Religion, and I reckon the time has come when I need that. There's a verse, ain't there, which says 'Confess your sins?' Well then, I confess—own up to the lot. When it comes to the Commandments——" he waited, looking down at the red curved mouth and the shadowy eyes. "Why, when it comes to the Commandments—do you recollect that fellow in the New Testament who said, 'All these I have kept from my youth up?'"

She nodded.

"The difference with me is—I would have answered, 'All these have I *broken* from my youth up.'"

With an impulsive movement the girl clasped her hands around his arm.

"Not all?" she said. "Oh! not *all?*"

The man gave a little shrug.

"And if I had?" he questioned, bending lower. If I *had*—what then? Would it finish me—with you?"

A swift flood of colour swept over the upturned face.

"With *me?*" she echoed. "Oh! no, not with me—and surely not with Him."

She drew away as the impulsive words ended.

"I must go," she said. "They will miss me."

Cyclone Bill stooped down and where the light touched some low bushes, he broke off a branch of blossoms and handed it to her. As the slight fingers touched his, he caught them in his own.

"Back of here, twelve miles or so, lies the ranch where I live," he said. "It is mine—and there's a lot of it. It's wild and ungodly quiet most of times. That isn't a thing I've minded in the past—but now—well—back of the ranch again are the mountains, the Grand Canyon and acres of condensed loneliness. The cattle and ponies that bear my mark are all half wild, and the men who look after them, some of them are good fellows and some the devil's own. Now and then we have a little trouble with the Indians. I reckon after to-night I'd find it one too many to live out there alone. I want you to go back with me—to marry me. I want the sweetness of your eyes—your voice—yourself."

The girl swayed, then steadied, and gave a quick upward smile.

"They would not let me," she said tremulously. "Oh! never! Never! Neither my mother nor her husband. Even if you—and I——. Often I have heard them say they would *never* let me marry anyone who did not have Religion."

Cyclone Bill laughed, a boyish laugh.

"Sets the wind that way?" he answered. "Why, then I'll get it."

"Oh!" she cried. "You could not get Religion because of me."

"Could I not?" he questioned. "Why, then? Religion means being square—doing the right thing whether you want or not—and usually you don't. Religion ain't served out the same to every one, but I reckon it would make me swear less, drink less, and shoot less, sweetheart. Anyhow, I'm going to have you; so if that's the price, I'll pay in Religion."

"It doesn't seem just right," she said falteringly.

"Don't worry about that," Cyclone Bill returned. "It's the best that could happen to me. See?" he went on, his voice dropping, "Your faith shall be my faith—your God—my God."

He lifted the arm that had been so cruelly marked, rolled back the sleeve again and touched his lips to the bruise. "You will go back with me to-morrow?" he asked, slipping the white-stoned ring from his finger and putting it on the slender one of hers it best fitted—"to the wilderness?"

She suddenly leaned her head on his shoulder and lifted her arms to his throat.

"Well then, I reckon," he answered, brushing back the curls of hair lightly, "I reckon it will blossom like the rose."

"And now," his voice changing, "we'll go up to the hotel and persuade the Captain to retain any stumbling blocks he might be inclined to put in our way, and if the question of Religion comes up—you can tell him Cyclone Bill *has* got *it*, though it may be of a different sort from his."

CARNATIONS IN WINTER

YOUR carmine flakes of bloom to-night
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;
Again in dreams you burn to light
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it
Is bland with long ethereal days;
The gleaming martins wheel and flit
Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, where the gradual twilight falls,
Through quietudes of dusk afar,
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls
From hills below the first pale star.

Then, in yon passionate love's foredoom,
Once more your spirits stir the air,
And you are lifted through the gloom
To warm the coils of her dark hair.

—*Bliss Carman.*

WHAT WOMEN FEAR

THE frivolous reader on scanning the above heading will probably wonder if this paragraph is to be concerned with a new mouse-trap of simple design which will remove with swiftness and certainty what is supposed to cause the greatest consternation to the feminine heart. But there is a condition which women dread much more than any concrete terror, and most of us would admit that to be considered old-fashioned is the dread of the average woman.

This fear is usually the end of all wisdom and taste, and to it may be traced some of the evils that are beginning to afflict even so young a country as Canada. It is generally conceded that our greatest fault is our haste to be rich at the cost of commercial honour and political integrity. We still consider our civic government superior to what has been seen in St. Louis and Philadelphia; but this is a case in which the *tu quoque* resort brings little comfort, and it is just as well to consider our own shortcomings without regard to our big and wealthy neighbour to the south. There can be little question that one reason for the modern Canadian's feverish desire for wealth, even if it mean a sacrifice of health and honour, is that his wife and daughters may be as richly clad as any other women in the community.

This exaltation of fine clothes as the chief ambition of woman is leading to our indifference to the things that are more excellent—the invigorating charm of nature, the beauties of art and music, and the elevating power of the best literature. Even when a club of musical or artistic aims is established, many of the members seem to turn the meetings into occasions for such a display of purple and fine linen that it takes unusual courage for a woman of limited means to continue to wear such gowns as she can afford to the afternoon gathering of the Shakespeare Club or the Schubert Society. This love for display is manifesting itself in our households in a fashion that is alarming to many sober observers and distasteful to those who realise that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

It would be interesting to know how many married women there are in the land who are in debt to dry goods merchants and dress-makers, and live in daily fear that their husbands will discover their extravagance. It would also be interesting to know how many girls who are earning a livelihood spend every cent they earn on food and clothing, especially the latter. In a country like ours that has seen so many swift changes of fortune, where the old homestead seldom shelters the third generation, it is quite natural that econ-

omy should seem an unnecessary virtue. But it is not so much a question of saving as of subjects of expenditure. In a book-shop, during the fortnight before Christmas, one girl accused another of extravagance because the latter was paying two dollars for a copy of Rossetti's Poems.

"Why should you call it extravagance?" asked the accused; "you pay more than that for a pair of shoes, and surely it is more important to have something in your head than on your feet. And you told me that you are saving for a fur coat, but a cloth one would do just as well. I think yours is the extravagance."

"But two dollars for a *book!*" urged the other in horror. She so evidently could not understand the craving for good poetry worthily bound that she was to be classed with the Marthas whose money invariably goes for the material things, the end of which is the garbage heap or the rag-bag. To save for an edition of Ruskin, a good picture or a piece of statuary is, we fear, incomprehensible to the modern Canadian woman; but to save for a few yards of silk and chiffon, a hat composed of panne velvet and slaughtered birds, or a sealskin coat, is entirely praiseworthy

The love of "pretty things" is natural to the Daughters of Eve, and no one would wish it otherwise, for this would be a dreary world without the small transforming touches that turn desolation into a cosy home. But the trouble on this continent is that women are mistaking luxury for refinement and display for beauty. They also forget that clothes are to be worn, not to be talked about, and discourse on the subject of *chiffons* until the conversation of a group of average women is nothing more dignified than a congress of milliners or a convention of dressmakers.

There is a great deal of gush about the charming and all-conquering American girl What is the truth about this much-lauded damsel? The most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the Englishwoman and the dress of the Frenchwoman, and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old-world graces of speech and attire. Superficially, the American woman is imposing, but she has never yet shown the mental versatility that made the *salon*. It is being remarked everywhere that the American man is withdrawing more and more from the social life where women are to be met and is taking refuge in clubs. An Englishwoman has lately written an article for a New York magazine commenting on the slight masculine element at teas and receptions in the United States. Do the American men absent themselves from these affairs because they are mentally superior to Englishmen who in London frequent such entertainments? Not at all. The latter may be found in society because they find there women who are able to do more than skim the froth of conversation, women whose views on politics, finance, literature and art, are treated with deserved respect. Where will you find such women on this continent? Not in Washington, not in New York, and certainly not in Chicago. May they be found in Halifax, Montreal or Ottawa? We are comparing a pool with a lake, but the question is not absurd.

No clamour is being made for women who will vote, act as school trustees, deliver addresses from the pulpit, or become barristers. If women are to do these things, the proof will be in the practice. But it is a matter of concern when the women of a community show themselves utterly indifferent to art and music, and foolishly susceptible to the "very latest" atrocities in many-gored skirts and afternoon bridge. A dowdy woman is an unpleasant spectacle, but attractive dressing does not necessarily mean expensive attire. In fact the curious thing about these women, who live to lavish what money they can get by fair or unfair means on rich and ostentatious clothing, is that they slavishly follow whatever fashions are supposed to be set, without the slightest study of lines or colour. The fat woman will wear large checks or plaids if she is told they are the fashion; the lean woman will cheerfully don striped material if told it is "the thing."

Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth," while recognised by all critics as of fine literary workmanship, is being adversely commented upon by certain authorities because it describes smart and sordid people. The pity is not that the book should be written, but that it should be so true. A writer in the New York *Outlook* says: "The kind of society which it describes with merciless veracity has existed in every generation, and is to be found in every city. The story is laid in New York, but it has been told again and again of Rome, Paris, London, and it might be told of Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco. Wherever men and women attempt to organise life for the sole purpose of pleasure, the terrible sag of society toward vulgarity and corruption inevitably shows itself. . . .Human relations and intercourse can be kept sweet and wholesome only by generous aims and interests; without religion, art, literature, music, society always degenerates."

But, it may be objected, what is the sense of this talk about Chicago, San Francisco or London? What has that to do with the Canadian woman? What especially can it have to do with the wife of the Canadian farmer whose days are too often nothing but monotonous toil, and whose gowns are neither many nor artistic? Such a subject is chosen simply because all true Canadians wish to see their country's appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are true, keep pace with the harvests and the harbours. Wealth is to be ours in the century to come, but Canada as yet knows little about painting and cares less. In literature the outlook is more hopeful, and most Canadian cities show some appreciation of music. It is to Canadian women that we must look for the subtleties that make for culture, and just now the Canadian woman seems far more anxious to possess the rustling silk petticoats such as are dear to Buffalo and Chicago than to have some idea of who Beethoven and Rembrandt were. She would not be at all ashamed of not knowing the names of our two new provinces, but she would be mortified beyond measure to possess a pocket when such an affair has been "out" these many moons.

"But," says one objecting woman, "men hate clever women and they want us to dress well. I'm sure Tom would be awfully disgusted if I were to go around like a slouch."

There is not the slightest necessity for appearing as such a disappointing creature, but there is many a "Tom" who takes to stock gambling and political trickery partly because his wife must not be dressed less richly than some odious Mrs. Harris, whose husband is "awfully good to her and gives her all the money she wants."

Men do not hate clever women, because no really clever woman ever lets a man think that she is such a being. But as far as a man's desire for his wife to be arrayed in glad garments is concerned, listen to Myrtle Reed on the subject: "Once upon a time there was a notion to the effect that women dressed to please men, but it has long since been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

"Not one man in a thousand can tell the difference between Brussels Point at thirty dollars a yard and imitation Valenciennes at ten cents a yard, which was one of the 'famous Friday features in the busy bargain basement.' But across the room, yea, even from across the street, the eagle eye of another woman can unerringly locate the Brussels Point and the mock Valenciennes.

"A man knows silk by the sound of it, and diamonds by the shine. He will say that a woman was 'richly dressed in silk.' Little does he wot of the difference between taffeta at eighty-five cents a yard and broadcloth at four dollars. Still less does he know that a white cotton shirt-waist represents luxury, and a silk waist of festive colouring abject poverty, since it takes but two days to 'do up' a white shirt-waist in one sense, and thirty or forty cents to do it up in the other.

"One listens with wicked delight to men's discourse upon women's clothes. Now and then a man will express his preference for a tailored gown, as being eminently simple and satisfactory. Unless he

is married and has seen bills for tailored gowns, he also thinks they are inexpensive. It is the benedict, wise with the acquired knowledge of the serpent, who begs his wife to get a new party gown and let the tailor-made go until next season. He also knows that when the material is bought, the expense has scarcely begun, whereas the ignorant bachelor thinks that the worst is happily over.

"Some gown, seen at the exact psychological moment, fixes forever in a man's mind his ideal garment. Thus we read of blue calico, of pink and white print, and more often still, of white lawn. Mad colour combinations run riot in the masculine fancy, as in the case of a man who boldly described his favourite costume as 'red, with black ruffles down the front.'

"Many an outrageous garment has been embalmed in a man's book simply because an attractive woman once wore something like it when she fed the novelist. Unbalanced by the joy of the situation, he did not accurately observe the garb of the ministering angel, and hence we read of a clinging white gown in the days of stiff silks and rampant crinolines; of the curve of the upper arm when it took five yards for a pair of sleeves, and short walking skirts during the reign of bustles and trains."

It may as well be admitted that women dress magnificently to dazzle and depress other women, because a man, dear, stupid creature, can rarely tell the difference between Cheviot and Venetian cloth, and does not know *crepe de chine* from brocade. Dress reforms come from women, not from their brethren, although an alleged man has lately been scolding away about woman's gowns in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in a very slangy and tiresome fashion. Of course men may offer advice on the subject and utter a few trenchant remarks which women listen to in amiable silence, and repeat with giggling comments to their friends. But courage is almost as infectious as cowardice, and if a few women will only be brave enough to dress with dainty simplicity in a style becoming to the individual, others will pluck up an interest in matters higher than *chiffons* and the life of a whole community may become less sordid.

Can we not all remember women who were an "influence" in some small town, and who were even called by those two detestable expressions, "superior woman" and "estimable person?" But in spite of these unctuous phrases, used by the unimaginative, we carry the blessed memory of their sweet faces and gentle lives. But what do we remember of their splendid gowns and their flashing jewels? There is the memory, perhaps, of a soft gray dress, of a summer gown with rosebuds or forget-me-nots, of a piece of old lace treasured with greatest care, of a quaint old fan and a fragrance of clove pinks and mignonette. There is the recollection of old books bound in morocco explained to childish understanding, of an historic engraving with a story that fascinated the youthful heart. These things we may associate with the woman who unconsciously meant much to the community in which she lived. But as to her gowns—they are forgotten, or only remembered because *she* wore them. But in conclusion it might be said in the matter of extravagance, ancient or modern—what woman fears most is—the other woman.

Jean Graham.

A FLAG INCIDENT

THE battleship "Dominion" of His Majesty's Navy is to have among its special flags, a silk ensign presented by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire in Canada. This flag was recently sent to the Navy League in London, by whom it was enclosed in a teak case. One day at Kensington Palace, the ceremony of presentation took place. Sir Edward Freemantle handed it to the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and she presented it to Earl Cawdor, the First Lord of the Admiralty. In addressing Earl Cawdor, the Princess said:

> "I present you with this ensign, which is an evidence of the good feeling of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire in Canada and of the Navy League. I hope you will allow the use of this flag on the 'Dominion,' and I am glad to have been allowed as a Canadian to hand it over to you."

THE various nations interested are ready for the conference on the Morocco question to be held at Algeciras. The most opposite views are expressed as to the probable outcome. The well-informed New York *Nation*, for example, ridicules those who always see in such meetings the possibilities of war. The equally well-informed London *Spectator*, belonging to the same school of peace, is not at all so sure. It fears that there is among the ruling classes of Germany an element which is chagrined at the extraordinary recuperative power displayed by France, and who believe that the earliest opportunity should be taken, in the interest of German security, to once more smash her into the dust. This section of opinion perceives that no such favourable opportunity for the carrying out of that programme will occur again. While Russia was strong and France's ally, Germany could not risk such an adventure, but the great northern power has a good reason for remaining quiescent just now.

In the Congress, France will undoubtedly have the support of Britain, Spain and Italy. The latter country has appointed as its representative the Marquis di Venosta, an experienced statesman who has already shown by word and deed that he looks upon Morocco as the natural sphere of influence of France. The voice of Russia will probably be with France, though the Emperor may be inclined at this juncture to take no line that may be offensive to Germany, which has been so profuse in her proffers of sympathy during his past and current difficulties.

Would France stand alone in case of a wanton attack on the part of Germany? The *Spectator* answers the question very plainly. "As long as France does not wantonly provoke a war," it says, "or refuse reasonable concessions and compromises—in fact so long as France does her best to preserve peace, and only accepts war if forced upon her—Germany knows that Britain will stand by France." Coming from such a source the statement is one that well may make us pause. The editor of the *Spectator* is as accurately informed of the ruling mind of Great Britain as any man alive. It is true there is a new Government in the saddle, but before the change the present Foreign Secretary declared that there would be no alteration in the foreign policy. The *Spectator's* statement is undoubtedly put forward under the belief that the way to avoid war is to convince Germany of the danger she will run in attacking France, and that France will not be the "easy thing" that Potsdam imagines.

That is undoubtedly also the object of certain articles in the London *Times* from its Military Correspondent giving an account of the state of military preparedness of the French army. It is averred that the French army was never more formidable than it is at the present moment. The nation feels that it is as well prepared as it can be to meet any sudden onslaught from the direction of Germany. It is true that there is no great military name to conjure with, but neither is there in Germany. The son of the great Von Moltke has just been made Commander-in-Chief but there is no assurance that in this case it is not all name. On this occasion, too, there would be no foolish cries of "On to Berlin," but the whole nation would shut its teeth for a defence of the sacred soil of France from immoral and unwarranted aggression. The changed position as compared with 1870 would make a world of difference and the German chauvinists had better consider very carefully the enterprise into which they are endeavouring to hurrah the nation.

What the views of the chauvinists are may be gathered from two interviews which a well-known French journalist, M. de Noussanne, had with Count Reventlow and Prince d'Arenberg. It is well to premise that Count Reventlow is the leader of the Pan-German party. He frankly said that Germany ought to be master of Morocco. France might have the interior, but "we must have the Moorish littoral on the Atlantic, and the realisation as well of all our desires, in the forefront of which is Austria, governed by a German Prince and transformed into a confederated state." "In America, too," he continued, "there is Brazil and in Asiatic Turkey, Mesopotamia." The Count dismissed the idea of opposition by saying that France as a Republic did not count. This is, of course, the very summer madness of jingoism, but one must wonder to what extent such dreams find lodgment in the Imperial brain and among his entourage. Prince d'Arenberg, of course, smiled at Count Reventlow's extravagances, and declared that the Kaiser's policy was, as it had ever been, a peaceful one. Then followed the significant statement that Germany must have coaling stations and *points d'appui*. "We have no intention of taking anything from anybody," he continued, "but in what remained to be conquered and organised she demanded her share." Taking everything into consideration, therefore, it cannot be said the forthcoming meeting at Algeciras is free from dangers. The prospect of a war involving the three leading civilised nations is too monstrous to be thought of. The effect of such an apportionment of material interests would be curious. We should probably see our fellow-citizens in Quebec mustering for shipment on the troop-ships as eagerly as their English-speaking fellows during the Anglo-Boer war.

ONE VIEW OF THE SITUATION IN EUROPE

ONLY WILLIAM'S WAY

MADAME LA FRANCE—"What a very uppish person!"

MR. JOHN BULL—"Oh, I suppose it's what he calls being 'correct.'"—From *Punch*.

("In foreign policy the relations of the German Empire with all the Powers are correct, and with most Powers they are good and friendly."—*The Kaiser's Speech at the Reichstag.—The Times, Wednesday, November 29.*)

An article in the January number of the *Outlook* is a blazing commentary on Count Reventlow's breezy Pan-Germanism. It is entitled "Emperor William," and is written by "a Berlin diplomat." It professes to reveal the Kaiser's aims and ideals, and if the nations of Europe credited that it truly portrayed his programme there would be an immediate laying of hands upon swords. In the first place the Kaiser is represented as believing "that the Germans are destined by God Almighty to uphold the Christian religion

BRITAIN'S "LABOUR" CABINET MINISTER

GETTING TO WORK

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS—"I can take off *this* coat just as well as any other."—From *Punch.*

and Christian morality on earth." But he is a peaceful monarch and trusts that Germany's mission will be realised by commerce. It can hardly be said peaceful commerce, for this diplomat's commercial language is all in terms of war. The Emperor conceives that the British, Russian and Japanese Empires and the United States are tending to become huge fiscal entities, from which outsiders will be excluded. He proposes therefore to form a similar Central European entity embracing Austria-Hungary, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland. Norway and Sweden would also be invited within the fold, and promised protection from Russia. In exchange for opening their markets to Germany, the latter would shield them with her army and navy. As to fresh foreign fields she looks to South America, where the "United States is the enemy," and to the Holy Land. Then follows a remark that while the Kaiser is for peace he is not for peace at any price. It reads like a delicate intimation that anyone who interferes with the programme may get his head knocked off. The whole article suggests the question whether Count Reventlow has a double in the Imperial palace. If so, there is trouble ahead.

The British elections will be over before this reaches the eye of the reader. At the moment of writing, everything points to a sweeping victory for the Liberals. The defeat of Mr. Balfour is indicative of how the tide is running. The Chamberlainites have endeavoured to make colonial hopes and aspirations a factor in the fight. There can be very little doubt as to where the sympathies of the majority of the Canadian people lie. Even our material interests are concerned in the triumph of a policy of preference for Colonial products. There would not be the same unanimity as to the advisability of the adoption of such a policy from the mother-land's standpoint. On the whole, therefore, the almost universal decision to keep out of the hurly-burly is a wise one. The Government, of course, could not without a grave breach of propriety intervene in any way or show its leanings or affinities. With whichever side is the Government the colonies must have relations, and it might affect the cordiality of these relations if it was known that the Colonial administration had exerted itself to prevent the success of the holders of power.

Lord Selborne is proving himself a firm and, I must think, a wise administrator

in South Africa. He has many vexatious problems on his hands, but he is dealing with them courageously and with statesmanlike insight. On the question of teaching Dutch in the schools, he has offended the English-speaking element. The language question will not play an important part in South Africa. If the colonies progress the Dutch language will die in due time, and if they do not progress it does not make much difference which tongue gains the mastery. The perpetuation of the French language in Quebec may be cited against me. But the cases are different. In the first place the affinity of the English and the Taal makes it easy for the Dutch to acquire the former. There is no great literature embalmed in the Taal. There are no profound religious differences separating the two peoples. The Boer, like the Englishman, is a Protestant. Discriminating against the language is more likely to make it live than extending toleration to it. So long as measures are taken to teach English in the schools there can be no doubt of its ultimate triumph.

THE CHINESE QUESTION IN BRITISH POLITICS

SHADOWED

MR. LYTTELTON—"I had got used to It at the office. I only wish I could have left it there!"—From the London *Chronicle*.

Lord Selborne has two other problems on hand. His attitude with regard to the Chinese is that they are a cross and a trial which the colony will e'en have to bear for some time. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman promptly announced that no more contracts for the supply of coolies would be allowed, but we are now told that anticipating the advent of a hostile Liberal Government the mine-owners had made arrangements for the importation of 17,000 of the Mongol labourers. The other question is the unification of the railway system of South Africa. Lord Selborne has addressed an able paper on the subject to the various Governments and asked them to appoint representatives to meet in conference for the purpose of discussing schemes of unification. The inland States complain that all their imported goods are ruinously appreciated in cost by the heavy freight tariffs on the railways of the seaboard states. The unification of the railways would be a long step towards the political federation of South Africa.

On the 15th of the month the conferrees were assembling at Algeciras. The British representative, Sir Arthur Nicholson, landed at Gibraltar and was received by Sir Geo. White, the defender of Ladysmith who for some years has been commander of the impregnable rock.

John A. Ewan

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE REWARDS OF SERVICE

THE rewards of honest public service are not alluring. The man who serves his country as alderman, mayor, member of parliament or cabinet minister, too seldom meets with treatment that comes under the designation of adequate reward. He must go down into the by-ways and mingle with the great unwashed who can make him and unmake with their votes. He must travel about from day to day and listen to those to whom politics and elections are merely games to be adorned with all the tricks and subterfuges of which the human mind can conceive. He is at the beck and call of his party to go hither and thither to eat dinners, make speeches and enliven dull gatherings. He must so manipulate or pretend to manipulate the measure of governmental power which he possesses in order to benefit his friends and his party. While doing all these things he must attempt to build up a reputation as a publicist. He must still keep to the straight and narrow way that leads to fame—stepping off into the mire as little as possible, returning, if possible, after each excursion, clean shod.

It is a trying career for any man to choose and many who essay it fall all too soon by the wayside. They attempt to please everybody and please no person. They try to be both good and bad and are discovered. They find pitfalls at almost every stride. The man who goes along this pathway from the point of the obscure citizen to the station of premier of a province ought to be admired—if he has preserved his reputation intact.

The Hon. G. W. Ross began life as a public-schoolmaster, became inspector, passed on to member of parliament, then Minister of Education, and finally Premier of Ontario. He did this by suavity of manner combined with wonderful energy and capacity for labour. It might be said also that he had a ruthless courage—not so strongly marked as in some other men, but still noticeable. Starting out as a speaker of very moderate ability, he became the Demosthenes of his native province, perhaps of Canada. No one could vie with him in ability to make a political or an after-dinner speech. He carried one provincial general election at the point of his own oratorical bayonet.

At last he fell—fell because of bad companions, because of a long list of party indiscretions, fell because in the hour of his supremest trial he was found wanting. He might have resigned, he might have cut himself loose from his entanglements; but he neglected or refused to do so. He went down in the battle, defeated by men whom he had the hardihood to despise.

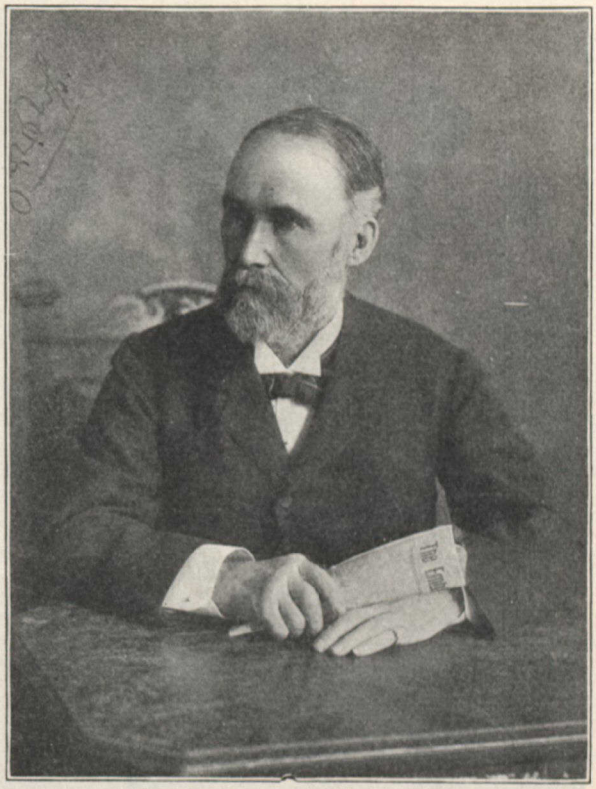
The other day some friends gathered to do honour to him and to themselves. They presented him with an address appreciative of his success as a public man, and in acknowledgment of his services to his party and his country. With the address went a cheque for $35,000, that it might be said that the man who has served his country for many years shall not go unrewarded. It was a fitting act of courtesy to mark the beginning of the close of a wonderful career. It was an object lesson to those who are inclined to be less faithful. It will be an incentive to those who follow him to stand firm for the principles of probity, uprightness and unselfishness in public life. Mr. Ross made mistakes, but these are forgiven and forgotten. It is remembered only that he gave for many years, brilliant talents in the service of his fellow-citizens.

THE GENERAL ELECTION

ALL portions of the Empire have been interested in watching the change in the Empire's rulers that has taken place in London—the substitution of a Liberal

for a Conservative cabinet. The general elections now concluding have also had considerable interest for every Colonial.

A general election in Britain is much like a general election anywhere else, but it has its peculiarities. The principle of ONE MAN ONE VOTE has not been introduced into the British Constitution, and consequently all elections do not take place on the same day. A Proclamation of Dissolution is made and there must be a meeting of Parliament not less than fifty days, and not sooner than thirty-five days after such Proclamation has been issued. The Lords High Chancellor of Great Britain and Ireland are the persons who set the machinery in motion and cause writs to be issued for the elections of knights, citizens and burgesses to sit in Parliament. These elections will be spread over a fortnight or more.



HON. G. W. ROSS

In these elections a candidate may spend only a limited sum. If his constituency contains not more than 2,000 electors, he may spend only $1,750. For each additional 1,000 electors, he may spend another $150. That is in boroughs. In counties the amounts are $3,250 and $300. In Ireland, the amounts are rather less. In 1900, the average cost of a vote, according to the declared accounts of candidates, was one dollar. The total number of votes was 3,519,345. In Canada the votes are much more expensive, but the amounts spent from "campaign funds" are concealed. Canada is not so fond of honest methods as is Great Britain.

British election money is spent mostly in entertainment. In the early part of the century, an election in Hampshire cost the candidate $250,000. "That was nothing," says Henry W. Lucy, "to what is known in history as the Spendthrift Election, fought in Northampton in 1768. It was a three-cornered duel, the Earl of Northampton, Earl Spencer, and the Earl of Halifax, each backing his man. Their ancestral homes, Horton, Castle Ashby, and Althorpe, were thrown open to welcome the mob. Mr. Labouchere's constituents cannot think of those happy days without instinctively wiping their lips. For full fourteen days the polling booths were open, the free and independent electors and their friends meanwhile feasting their full. In these circumstances it was quite a moderate result that out of a register of 930 electors 1,218 votes were recorded. One would have expected to have seen the number doubled. Lord Spencer's bill of costs mounted up to £100,000. Lords Halifax and Northampton went 50 per cent. better, spending between them £300,000."

In Canada the money is spent secretly and by men who steal a large proportion of what they handle. The accounts are not audited, because both the con-

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD

Who has just been elected a member of the British House of Commons for the City of York. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto

tributor and the distributor are ashamed. In England this is not the case.

LABOUR CANDIDATES.

IN the present general election, Great Britain has had a great many Labour Candidates and a few Socialists. In the first place, there are Independents such as the Rt. Hon. John Burns, who are really labour men, but who cannot sign the "test pledge." These are labelled Independents. Then there are the English Miners and Scottish Miners, the candidates endorsed by the Labour Representation Committee, and those supported by the Social Democratic Federation. The list thus stands as follows:

Official L.R.C. candidates	49
By the Miners	17
Independents	9
Socialists	10
Total	85

In fifty-two cases the Liberals have refrained from nominating a candidate, while in thirty-three cases there will be contests between Liberal and Labour or Socialist candidates. It will thus be seen that the Liberal and the Labour Parties are working together in this contest.

There were fifteen Labour members in the last House, distributed as follows:

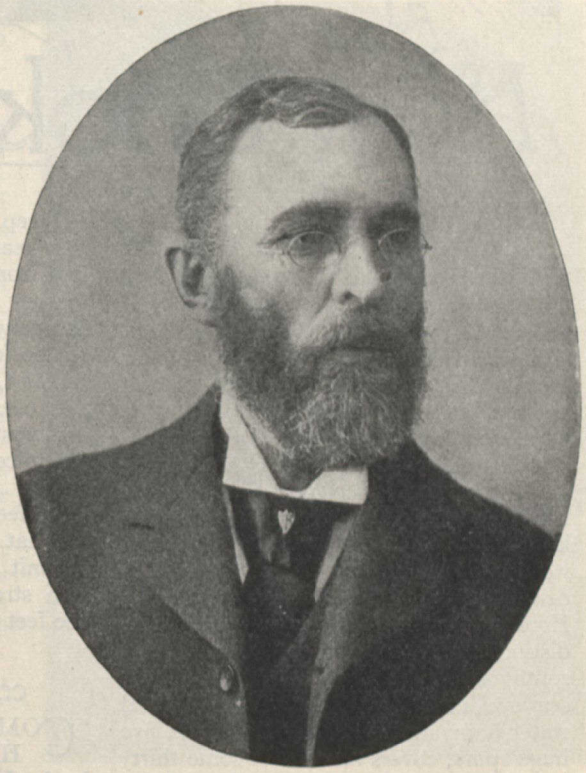
London	3
Midlands	2
Northern Counties	7
Wales	3

The greatest of all Labour members is John Burns, the member for Battersea. He is well known by name in this country, and but a few weeks ago made the journey forward and back across the continent to see for himself the possibilities of our newer districts. With Herbert Gladstone, he shares the reputation of being an all-round athlete. Mr. Gladstone, however, has abandoned cricket in favour of milder exercise, while Mr. Burns still defends his stumps at Battersea Park. Besides cricket, Mr. Burns likes boxing, rowing and skating. Physically he is not a large man, but he is stout and possesses great strength. Once, when a free fight was threatened in the House, his strength was useful in the cause of peace; and on another occasion a fainting and, as it proved, a dying member was bodily carried out of the Chamber by this brawny legislator.

AN EXCELLENT PLAN

IN the city of Kingston, a bye-election for the provincial legislature is approaching. In order to prevent corruption, 100 prominent men of each party have signed an agreement to try to discourage corrupt acts during the election. A committee of three men are to arbitrate after the election, and if an act of corruption on behalf of the winning candidate is proved, he agrees to resign the seat. This board consists of the Bishop of the Church of England and two leading barristers.

This is a move for purity in elections which might commend itself to many constituencies. That our present laws and machinery for this purpose are inadequate has been thoroughly proven, and that the protesting of elections, with resulting "saw-offs," is a farce. Here, however, is a simple plan by which a community may preserve its good name and provide for a clean election. After all, public opinion of a community or a nation is more powerful and effective than the best laws that ever were drafted.



MR. E. STEWART
Dominion Superintendent of Forestry

THE FORESTRY CONVENTION

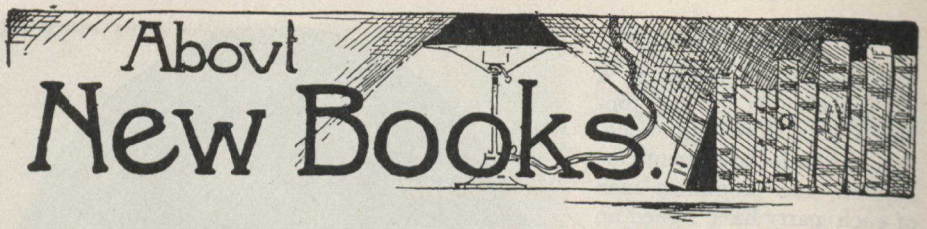
SIR WILFRID LAURIER performed an opportune and important service when he called a Dominion Forestry Convention. At the opening session he pointed out four leading necessities: the establishing and preserving large forest domains, the reproduction of forests, great care against fire, and tree planting in the older districts on rocky hills and along the banks of streams.

The gathering volume of the movement to conserve, regulate and increase our forest wealth is a great tribute to Mr. E. Stewart, the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry. Though only a short time in office, he has convinced the public and the government of the magnificent opportunity afforded this country of preserving one of our greatest national assets. He has been ably assisted by a number of business men and other citizens who have long been carrying on an unselfish and patriotic agitation.

COLONIALS IN PARLIAMENT

AS the British elections proceeded, it was evident that colonials as candidates were popular. Sir Gilbert Parker increased his majority, though his party friends fell thick and fast. Mr. Hamar Greenwood helped to redeem the ancient city of York for the new Premier. Others have been equally successful; some have been less fortunate. That there are colonials in the House is creditable both to the old land and to the colonies. As they increase in number—and this is likely—the House will come more and more to be the Parliament of the Empire.

John A. Cooper



THE ROCKIES

"IN the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," by James Outram, is an excellent addition to our literature on this subject. "The Rockies of Canada," by Walter Dwight Wilcox, brought the records and knowledge up to date in 1900. In the intervening five years much has been accomplished in exploration, surveying, and climbing. Mr. Outram embodies this newer knowledge in his volume but acknowledges his indebtedness to the earlier work by Mr. Wilcox. The chapter which deals with Mount Assiniboine is charming. Here is a sentence: "It enjoys the proud distinction of being the loftiest mountain south of the railroad, 11,860 feet above sea-level, and is situated on the continental watershed; and its mighty mass, with five huge spurs, covers an area of some thirty square miles and harbours fully a dozen picturesque lakes within the shelter of its giant arms." This mountain has baffled the climbers more than any of its peers, and it was at one time thought to be inaccessible. It is about twenty miles in an airline from Banff, though much farther for the tramper. In 1901, the author essayed its steep sides. He camped at its base, at an elevation of 7,200 feet. With his three guides and two days' provisions, he made a start. They worked up a glacier to 9,600 feet. They then crossed to the south-west ridge, where the attempt was to be made. The day proved bad, and only reconnoitring could be done. On the next day, profiting by their experience, they were within a thousand feet of the top by ten-thirty. That thousand consisted of slopes of solid ice, sharp pinnacles of rock, vertical clefts and crevices. A misstep, a crumbling bit of rock, a slide of any kind, and death for the explorers. Each hold had to be fully tested before weight was trusted to it. The final scramble was up a gully lined with solid ice and almost as steep and narrow as a chimney—then they reached the southern ridge top, 300 feet from the summit. The rest of the journey was up an easy ridge of snow. At twelve-thirty, "we stood as conquerors, 11,860 feet above the sea, on the loftiest spot in Canada on which a human foot had then been planted." From the over-hanging crest they could look down a sheer precipice 6,000 feet to a shining glacier below. Did any reader ever look down 1,000 feet? If so he will know something of what it means to look down from the summit of Mount Assiniboine. I have seen strong men faint on looking down 700 feet for the first time.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION*

"COMPARATIVE Religion," by Louis H. Jordan, B.D., is a most valuable book. It will interest laymen quite as much as the clergy and scholars who will turn to it with eager curiosity. Comparative Religion is a new science. Its aim is to compare together all the religions of the world and so to find out what they have in common, and wherein they differ.

In recent years we have heard from time to time of hasty comparisons, more often ingenuous than true. Such premature deductions mark the beginnings of every science. But these crude theories are now being exposed. There is no real likeness, *e.g.*, between Buddhism and Catholicism. It is a law in the growth of every science that we should have first an incomplete collection of the facts and then immature hypothesis. The science of Comparative Religion has not escaped this law and its unfortunate consequences. Hitherto many of its first conclusions have been suspected and rejected. It will not be so in the future, for the scientific conclusions of Comparative Religion are

*Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Depository, 1905.

now to be based on complete inductions from all the facts, so far as this is possible. The scientific explorer in this field must first study the history and facts of all the various religions of mankind. (2) He then compares these facts together and classifies them. (3) The laws of these facts must next be discovered so that principles of origination, adaptation, and development, etc., may be discovered, enabling the explorer to bring order out of chaos, or rather, to discern the law under which the facts group themselves. (4) Then, finally, it is for the master-mind to discover the true Philosophy of Religion.

The present volume is the first of three, and it deals only with the genesis and growth of this science. But even so it is full of interest, and some of the conclusions to be established at length in the subsequent volumes are of the very highest interest. We may note among the most interesting of these conclusions: (1) The fact that lower types of religion first prepare the way for and afterwards help to propagate higher types of religion. (2) The fact that a higher type of religion will influence for good a lower alien faith. (3) The fact that already the disinterested science of Comparative Religion is compelled by the facts to put Christianity in a class by itself—standing apart and above all the other great religions of the world.

We would that we could summon back again the great masters of sceptical thought in the last generation that they might see how the very science which they helped to create is now rounding upon the premature conclusions of its infancy.

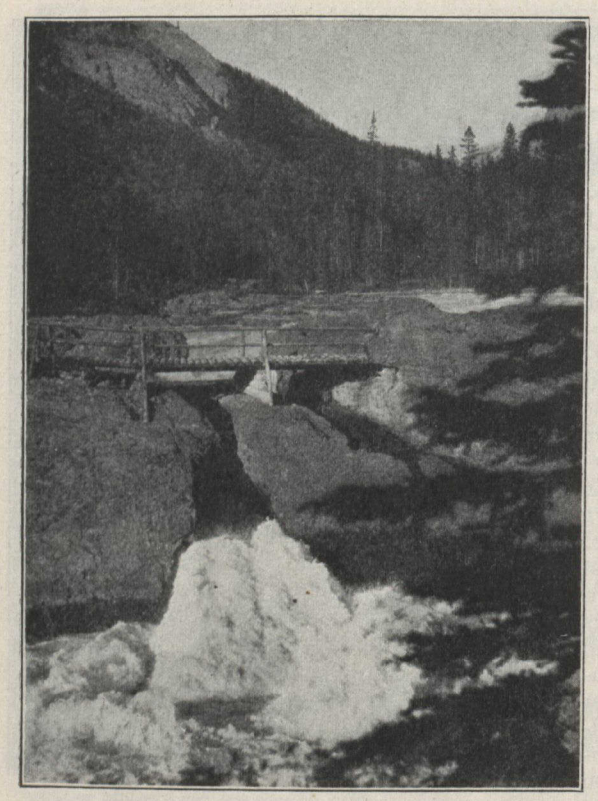
We must congratulate Mr. Jordan on the completion of this foundation of his great building which we hope he may be able to complete in the near future. And if in his later years he return to his Canadian home we can assure him that he will not be forgotten in the land where he is already held in the highest esteem. The task is a great one and the workman is worthy. What further need be sought for or declared? Except perhaps to remark that it is fraught with tremendous moral and spiritual consequences for mankind to learn that the sober second thoughts of science justify the conviction of Christendom that to Christ belongs the spiritual empire of the world.

THE TAKAKKAW FALLS

From Mr. James Outram's "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies." The Macmillan Company

AN ACADIAN POET

PERHAPS a few Canadians have on their shelves a copy of "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, published in New York in 1889. Two of these poems are included in "Songs of the Great Dominion," that best of all our anthologies. The author who is a native of Nova Scotia but has spent nearly all his life in the United States, has given us two new volumes, "Acadian



THE NATURAL BRIDGE

From Mr. James Outram's "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies." The Macmillan Company

Ballads" and "Poems of the Christian Year."* The first is similar to his earlier volume, and contains several of the ballads which appeared there. These verse stories are worthy of commendation from an historical point of view, although the exacting critic might find something to criticise in the poetical workmanship. Mr. Eaton has pictured in a graphic way some incidents in connection with the early French history of Nova Scotia, and also in the later coming of the Loyalists. Of the latter "Puritan Planters," and "A Ballad of the Tories" are notable. "Poems of the Christian Year" contains religious poems, suggested by such seasons as Christmas, Lent and Easter. The thoughts are wholesome, the sentiment quite orthodox, and the language gracefully simple. In fact, the most praiseworthy feature of all Mr. Eaton's work is his simplicity and unpretentiousness. He does not strain after effect as too many of our minor poets have done.

One suggestion—some of these ballads should be embodied in our school readers. They are eminently suited for school use because of their historical value.

*New York: Thomas Whittaker. Each, $1.00 net.

NOTES

Quietly and without a blare of trumpets Duncan Campbell Scott has issued a volume of "New World Lyrics and Ballads." The character of the contents does not contradict the title since the topics dealt with are essentially "new world" topics. The Indian hunter with his trials and his troubles; the poor old squaw deserted by the children she has borne, and left to die because she can no longer fetch and carry; the trapper and the canoeist; the dashing French adventurer—these are the subjects of lyric and ballad. There is a lack of brightness and airiness in Mr. Scott's work, which gives it a sombre tinge. This is not amiss in the ballads but it does not add cheeriness to the lyrics—and even a ballad might be joyful. (Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 75 cents).

Those who are reading Captain Scott's interesting narrative of his Antarctic Expedition will be interested in knowing that the King, in December, decorated the members of the party. Every officer was recognised, including Lieuts. Barne, Mulock, Skelton and Shackleton, as well as the surgeon, the biologist, the physicist, the carpenter and the boatswain. Men who took such risks as these men took, and showed such magnificent pluck and daring, are deserving of the reward which the King personally extended to them at Buckingham Palace.

Idle Moments.

ILLUSIONS REALISED

"ARE you ready, dear?"

"In one minute, darling."

"Matrimony does not dispel all our illusions," he muttered as he lit a cigar. "Before we were married I thought every moment I had to wait for her was an eternity, and so it's turned out to be."—*Selected.*

NO WAY OF ESCAPE

LITTLE FREDDY (*after listening to the usual matutinal quarrel between his father and mother*): Mamma, if a little boy is very, very good all the time when he is little, does he *have* to get married when he's grown up?—*Selected.*

EXACTLY

"WHAT is the matter, darling?" asked the concerned mother when her small son came to her in tears. "Well you see, mummy, daddy was hanging a picture, and he dropped it, and it fell on his toe." "But that is nothing to cry about," cried the mother cheerily. "You should have laughed at that sonny." "I did, mummy," responded her small son, regretfully.—*Selected.*

A LEVEL-HEADED PARSON

JUST before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of the fowls had disappeared. "I doan' want to be pussonal, bredr'n," he added, "but I hab my s'picions as to who stole dem chickens. I also hab reason fo' b'lievin' dat if I am right in dose s'picions dat pusson won't put any money in de plate which will now be passed around." The result was a fine collection; not a single member of the congregation feigned sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward. "Now, bredr'n," he said, "I doan' want your dinners to be spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable gotten up fo' purposes of finances."—*The Tattler.*

HIS FATE

SMYTHE: "Remember when Jones was married last year how he kicked about the duplicate wedding presents?"

BROWNE: "Yes."

SMYTHE: "Well, that sort of luck seems to follow him. He had a somewhat similar complaint yesterday."

BROWNE: "What was it?"

SMYTHE: "Duplicate birthday presents. That is to say—twins."—*Selected.*

SCOTCH MEDICINE

A STRANGER came to a Scotch provincial town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The what, sir?"

"The chemist's shop."

"Ay, an' what kin' o' shop is that, na?"

"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Eh, sir, we've nae sic shop as that here."

"No? What do you do then, when anyone falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"'Deed no, not a drap. We've just whiskey for the folk and tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the feesick we deal in."—*Selected.*

PARTNERS

IT was a Saturday evening.

Peter Penniless had had a day out, and was dressed rather beyond his station

in life. Finding time hang heavy on his hands, he joined a crowd who were staring with breathless interest at the unusual sight of a chauffeur starting his engine.

He had been so engaged for some minutes, when he felt a hand in his right-hand pocket.

"That can't be my hand," said Peter to himself; "I can tell by the feel."

He caught hold of the hand, and sure enough it was someone else's.

By bending the little finger as far back as it would go, and watching the faces of the bystanders, he discovered the owner of the hand.

"Who are you?" said Peter to the latter.

"I am a Pickpocket," said the owner of the hand.

"Indeed," said Peter, "and what are you looking for in my right-hand coat pocket?"

"Money," said the Pickpocket.

"Oddly enough," said Peter, "I was doing exactly the same thing in the left-hand pocket. . . . Let us work together.

They did so, and continued their search for some time without success.

"I thought we should not find anything," said Peter, as they parted with mutual expressions of sympathy.

This is not a true story.

Did you think it was?—*Punch.*

A PHENOMENON

A NEGRO preacher while speaking to an audience of his own colour chanced to make use in the course of his remarks of the word "phenomenon." This rather puzzled several of his hearers, who at the close of the meeting asked to be informed of its meaning. Not knowing quite how to answer them the preacher put them off until the following Sunday, when he thus explained: "If you see a cow, that's not a 'phenomenon.' If you see a thistle, that's not a 'phenomenon.' And if you see a bird that sings, that's not a 'phenomenon' either. But," he said, "if you see a cow sitting on a thistle and singing like a bird, then *that's* [a 'phenomenon.'"—*The Tattler.*

VISITOR—"I'm so glad to find you going on so nicely, Mrs. Jenkins! And is this the dear little soul? I would so *love* to see him!"

MRS. JENKINS—"Lor, no, Mum! That's my 'usband taking his bit o' rest. He's a Policeman on night duty." (*Quick exit, with promise to look in again.*)—From *Punch.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

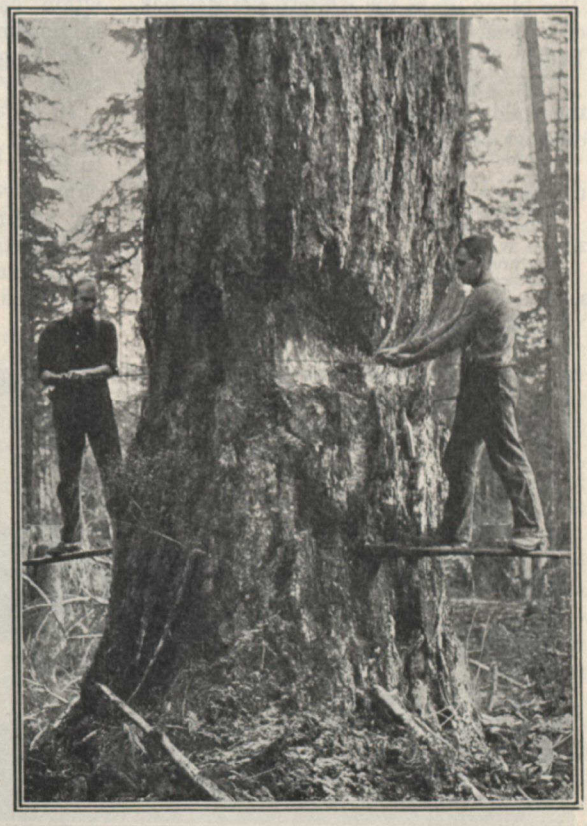
THE DOUGLAS FIR

JUST when this country is discovering that it has destroyed about one billion dollars' worth of timber which might have been preserved, it may be interesting to draw attention to the largest trees in Canada. These are the Douglas Firs, growing along the British Columbia as far north as a point opposite the north end of Vancouver Island, and as far east from the coast as Calgary. It received its name, Pseudotsuga Douglasii, from David Douglas, a noted botanist, who explored New Caledonia in the early part of the century.

Especially along the coast, the Douglas fir grows to a great size, sometimes 300 feet high with a base circumference of forty feet. The best averages, however, are one hundred and fifty feet clear of limbs and five to six feet in diameter. It has about the same specific gravity as oak, with great strength, and has a wide range of usefulness. It is largely employed in shipbuilding, bridge-work and the construction of wharves. It is exported as dimension timber (see illustration), lumber, spars masts and piles. Locally it is used for construction work of all kinds, fencing and railway ties, and in the manufacture of furniture. Its durability, when excluded from the air, adds greatly to its value for pile work in the construction of bridges and wharves. The bark is used in tanning.

British Columbia has another tree, almost as valuable as the Douglas fir. This is the red cedar from which the famous B.C. shingles are made. It is not quite so high as the Douglas fir but it attains a similar diameter at the base—sometimes as much as ten feet.

There are about 100 saw-mills in the Province, and the annual cut of logs runs somewhere about two hundred million feet. The present methods are very



FELLING A FIR TREE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

wasteful and many trees, which in a few years would be valuable, are now being or have been ruthlessly destroyed.

There are no paper mills as yet, though it has long been known that the Douglas fir makes good pulp. Pulp and paper must be consumed near the place of manufacture, or shipped at a very low rate of freight, in order that the manufacture may be profitable. This is hardly possible in British Columbia until the population of the Province is much larger, or until the markets on the Pacific coast for pulp and paper are greatly enlarged. There can be little doubt, however, that some day there will be successful paper and pulp factories in that Province. The opening of the Panama Canal, if it ever occurs, would permit of more British Columbia timber, lumber, shingles and pulp being economically and profitably shipped to Great Britain, where these products must always be in great demand. The filling up of the western prairies has, of course, brought the paper-mill day in British Columbia considerably nearer.

The latest census returns (1901) give the following summary of the wood industries of that Province by districts:

	Establishments	Capital	Value of Products
1. Burrard—			
Log products....	18	$2,560,574	$1,692,516
Lumber products	4	124,888	302,400
2. New Westminster			
Log products....	11	889,829	766,310
Lumber products	1	.....	.....
3. Vancouver—			
Log products....	7	654,600	432,295
Lumber products	1	.....	.....
4. Victoria—			
Log products....	3	250,879	204,392
Lumber products	1	.....	.....
5 Yale & Cariboo..			
Log products....	36	1,777,046	889,664
Lumber products	1	.....	.....
	83	$6,257,816	$4,287,577

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

THE following advertisement appeared recently in the Toronto *Sunday World:*

CHURCH SERVICES.

ALL REJOICE—ANY PERSON WISHing to enquire of Jehovah God, most mighty, they may send their enquiry to Dr. J. R. Irish, 198 Bathurst street, Toronto, and if it is suitable upon every account, God will give them an answer through Christ by His Spirit. Amen.

In 1875 there were 6,185 licensed liquor houses in the Province of Ontario; in 1905 there were 2,665 and the population had materially increased. This is reform with a vengeance. In fact, "drinking" is becoming an unpopular sport.

In contrast with these facts, on January 1st, 1906, Toronto voted against further license reduction. Even the church-women refused to go out to vote for arbitrarily cutting off more licenses.

The conclusion is that all reforms must be gradual and that when reformers get over-keen, the people give them a gentle check.

LARGE SQUARED TIMBER ON FLAT CARS AT VANCOUVER

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

AN AMUSING VIEW OF OURSELVES

JOHN A. HOBSON, the noted writer on economic questions, has been visiting Canada and sending letters to the London *Chronicle*. He draws the following accurate and amusing picture of Canadians:

In the St. James' Club, at Montreal, or the Rideau, at Ottawa, and still more prevalent in Toronto, you find a sort of Canadian who prides himself upon being conspicuously British, and is loud in his denunciation of the United States, her politics, her commercial methods, and her ways of life. This, indeed, may be described as the distinctive attitude of the well-to-do Canadian, who seems everywhere to think himself more English than American. In point of fact the very club in which he thus descants is a typically American product: its foods, cooking, and modes of service are American; the anteprandial cocktail, the absence of alcohol from table, the literature in the reading-room, the talk of sport and stocks and industrial development, the very tone of voice, is not English, but American. No one familiar with the States can fail in all the details of life to detect the common character.

Great Britain is, of course, somewhat more in evidence here than in the Republic; the cocktail habit, for instance, is conjoined with that use of whisky-and-soda which prevails throughout the Empire; English books and magazines compete in fairly equal terms with American; *Punch*, *The Spectator*, the chief illustrated weeklies, and occasionally the *Times*, are found in clubs and libraries, though the New York journals, and such periodicals as *Munsey's* and *Everybody's Magazine* are far more widely read. Some particular attention is given to English sporting matters. I found a great "sweepstakes" on the Cambridgeshire widely advertised in Vancouver, while in the chief bookstall of this far-distant city a pile of the *Sporting Times* was the most conspicuous representative of English literature.

Turning from the well-to-do habitues or clubs and hotels to the ordinary man in the street and woman in the home, he and she are American through and through, though with modifying circumstances, which I will indicate presently. Take the life of the street, the store signs, the dressing of the windows, the plate-glass publicity of the hotels, the palaces where one sits upon a gilded throne, *coram populo*, to have one's shoes blacked for ten cents, the omnipresent candy-store, and its sympathetic drug-store, the ill-made streets, with the prevalence of plank-paths, the promiscuous levée of the hotel-hall, the highly-heated rooms and cars, the waiter, who openly peruses as he stands by your table the newspaper you have just laid down; the conductor and the brakeman, who sit down at your table in the dining-car and treat your feeble attempts at conversation with the brusque superiority of their order—all this is distinctively American.

The differences are mostly of degree; the superb self-confidence of the average American woman, as she walks abroad, the licensed obtrusiveness of children, the perpetual degeneracy of conversation into story-telling—these characteristics are less marked in Canada than in the States. In fact, Canada presents as yet a sub-American variety of civilisation, though in some ways rapidly assimilating to the States.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES

WHEN the Canadian Pacific Railway was projected there were timid souls who said it was too far north to pay. Now the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be extended to Edmonton, which was reached by the Canadian Northern the other day, and which is one of the points to be served by the Grand Trunk Pacific. The fact established by the building of the Canadian Northern is that the farther north the railways penetrate the better business they obtain. The next interesting revelation will come when the new lines pierce the Rocky Mountains, and the resources of the northern portions of British Columbia are opened out. Railway construction has touched as yet only the fringe of the magnificent Pacific Province, with its great resources of timber, minerals and fish, and its access to the highway of

Oriental commerce. Astonishing as the development of the prairie country has been we think that at least an equal surprise awaits the country in the opening up of the treasures of British Columbia. —*The Toronto News.*

OUR NEW CITIZENS

OUT in the west, the new settlers are quietly but persistently taking up the land. The following clipping from the *Labour Gazette* throws light on the nationality of these persons and on the speed with which they are settling down:

It will be seen that there has been a net increase in the number of homestead entries made in October, 1905, as compared with October, 1904, of 756. A statement of the homestead entries made during the first four months of the present, as compared with the corresponding period of the last fiscal year, is as follows:—

STATEMENT OF HOMESTEAD ENTRIES DURING JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1904-05, 1905-06.

Month	1905	1904	Inc.	Dec.
July	3,751	3,011	740	...
August	3,040	2,360	680	...
September	2,406	2,015	391	...
October	2,771	2,015	756	...
Totals	11,968	9,401	2,567	...

It will be seen that there has been a net increase during the past four months of 2,567.

NATIONALITIES OF HOMESTEADERS

The nationalities of homesteaders, as reported by the several agencies of the Department of the Interior in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon Territory, during October, 1905, were as follows:—

STATEMENT SHOWING NATIONALITIES OF HOMESTEADERS DURING OCTOBER

Nationalities	No. of Entries
Canadians from Ontario	531
" Quebec	54
" Nova Scotia	18
" New Brunswick	22
" Prince Edward Island	5
" Manitoba	85
" Saskatchewan 36, Alberta 24	60
" British Columbia 12, Yukon 2	14
Persons who had previous entry	208
Canadians returned from the United States	49
Americans	847
English	338
Scotch	88
Irish	37
French	8
Belgians	4
Swiss	5
Italians	1
Roumanians	2
Syrians	1
Germans	64
Austro-Hungarians	167
Hollanders	2
Danes (other than Icelanders)	11
Icelanders	15
Swedo-Norwegians, Swedes 15, Norwegians 39	84
Russians (other than Mennonites and Doukhobors)	28
Mennonites	19
Australians	3
New Zealanders	1
Total	2,771

Representing 7,262 souls.

Of a total of 896 entries made in October by persons coming from the United States to Canada, 233 were from Dakota, 193 from Minnesota, 72 from Iowa, 49 from Michigan, 45 from Wisconsin, 42 from State of Washington, 40 from Ohio, 33 from Montana, 30 from Nebraska and 24 from Illinois.

TORONTO'S STREET REVENUE

THE City Treasurer of Toronto has issued the following statement of the city's percentage of street railway earnings during the last six years:

1905	$292,706.72
1904	249,511.42
1903	206,932.81
1902	155,172.69
1901	145,209.24
1900	127,128.10

The amount to be paid by the company to the city for mileage for 1905 is about $75,000. This with the percentage averages $1,000 a day revenue to the city from the railway.

In 1891, the city leased its railway franchise for thirty years for a percentage of the gross receipts, with the result that today it is securing a splendid return for this natural monopoly. There is, perhaps, no other city in the world getting a better return from its street railway franchise than this same city of Toronto.

Put Your Foot On It

If coffee "does things" to you. (And it hurts many people deeply.)

Suppose you make a stand for the old fashioned comfort of being well again.

It is easy to shift from Coffee to Postum and the change in feeling is worth a gold mine to anyone who values power, strength and health.

Boil Postum well and it's delicious.

There's a Reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

A Guarantee on Gelatine

By CHARLES B. KNOX

HAVE you ever known any other manufacturer to guarantee his gelatine? To satisfy you in every respect, or your money refunded? That is what I do on Knox's Gelatine. A retailer told one of his customers, while explaining Knox's Gelatine to her, that it was worth two and a half cents more than a cheap package she was going to buy, because it made two quarts, a pint more jelly than any other package on the market, it was purer and better than any other Gelatine, and if she was dissatisfied he would give her her money back and present her with another package free. To make the statement stronger and the guarantee more solid, he said: "If, when you get home, you find you do not like even the color of the box, Mr. Knox will refund your money, or I will for him, for his guarantee is a broad one, and you are taking no chances."

I could not do this, or allow the retail grocers to do it, if I did not know that Knox's Gelatine is perfect. So on your next order, if you are not already using it, ask for Knox's Gelatine and insist on having it. Every first-class grocer sells it, not only throughout the United States, but Canada and Mexico. It sells in carload lots.

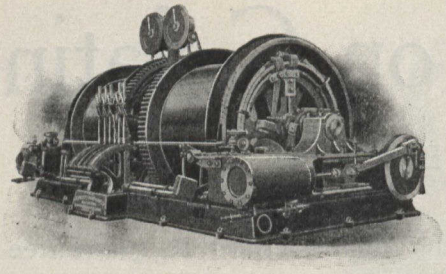
FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THE HANDSOME PAINTING, "THE FIRST LESSON," DROP ME A POSTAL CARD FOR FULL INFORMATION HOW TO GET IT.

CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)

Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my $500 Prize Baby Contest.



¶ Our line of Hoisting Engines is varied and complete.

¶ From first to last they are especially adapted to mines and quarries.

¶ From our 5" x 5" "Special" Hoist, well known to mining men all over the Dominion, to a 28" x 60" Corliss Hoisting Engine, we can build any desired size, single or double drum, with or without reversing links.

¶ The cut at the top shows our 14" x 20" Double Drum, Lane Friction Hoist, a popular engine with large mining companies from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

¶ Our 6" x 8" and 7" x 10" Double Tandem Drum Hoists with Vertical Boiler mounted on same base are especially suited to Contractors' work.

¶ We also build Electric Hoists of any capacity required.

¶ Correspondence invited. Ask for Bulletin.

THE JENCKES MACHINE Co.
LIMITED
50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.
TORONTO HALIFAX
ROSSLAND VANCOUVER

Don't be bothered with a table salt that cakes.

Windsor SALT

never cakes, because every grain is a pure, dry, perfect crystal.

IF I WERE A QUEEN

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

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

SULPHOLINE LOTION
The Famous English ..... Skin Fluid
ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

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The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

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Navy Switches, Toupees

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The Largest Hair Store in Canada.

Our new creations are unequalled for Style, Finish and Elegance. Ladies' Wigs from $15 up; Switches from $1.50 up; Toupees from $15 up. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

SEE that the box has THIS LABEL
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT

Do not accept something "Just as good (?)"

WHOLESALE ONLY

THE INTERNATIONAL GAS APPLIANCE CO., Limited

25-27 Richmond Street West, Toronto

Model 15

Price $2,500.

Rambler

A Car of Power and Steady Service

Equipped with a four cylinder, vertical motor, 35-40 H. P., providing one full horse-power to every seventy-five pounds of dead weight with car fully equipped.

The entire power plant and controlling mechanism refined and simplified to the Rambler standard of serviceability.

Elegance of design and appointments mark this the ideal car for which you have been waiting.

It is but one of seven models for 1906.

Our catalog, giving full details, mailed upon request.

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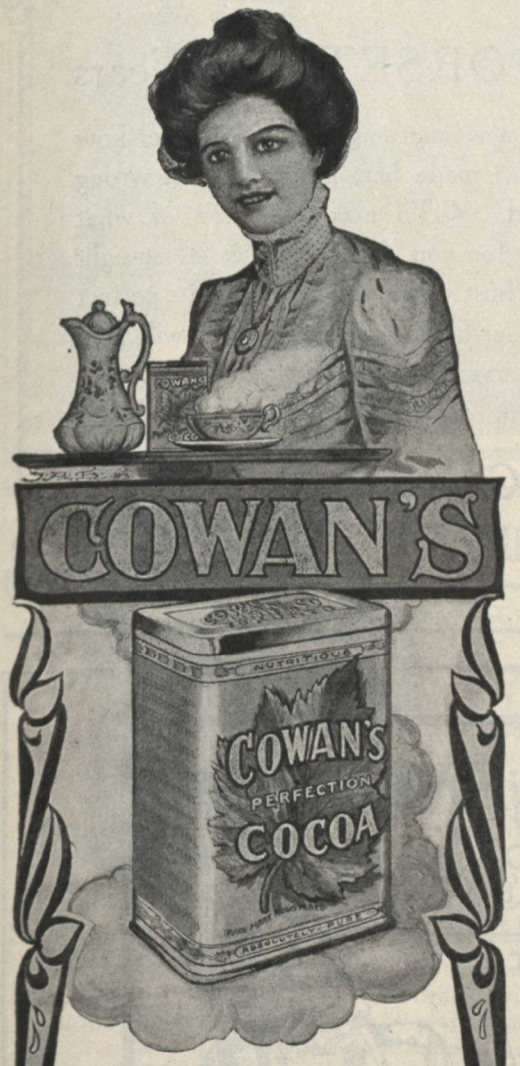

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COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

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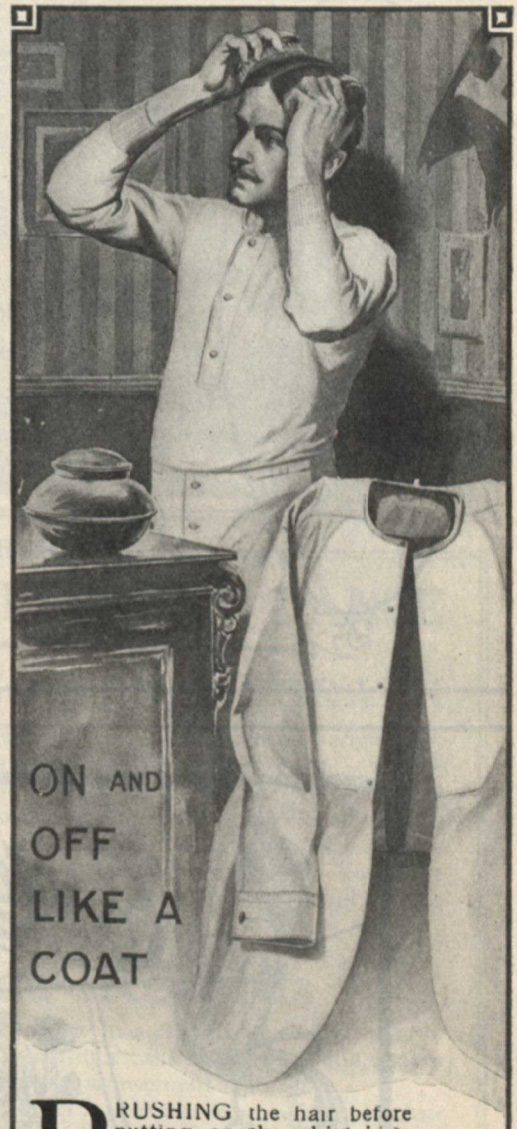

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THE

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COAT SHIRT

makes this luxury possible. The fit of every shirt guaranteed, whether in white or color-fast fabrics. $1.50 or more.

Write for Booklet and dealer's name.

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Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

It's the CORSET She Wears

That determines a woman's figure. No matter how perfect nature has made her, if the corset is wrong the effect is bad. ¶ To make the most of what nature has done for you, wear a D. & A. straight front model high bust with the long hip. Its perfect lines will make your figure perfect, while it will give you the longest service and best wear. ¶ First-class dealers sell them, or you can write us direct.

Dominion Corset M'f'g Company

QUEBEC TORONTO MONTREAL

An IMPROMPTU DANCE with an EDISON PHONOGRAPH

YOU can have a dance anytime, anywhere, if you own an Edison Phonograph. Unexpected visitors, neighbors, or your children can be most acceptably and economically entertained in this manner. Everybody may dance, because no one need play a piano. You start the Phonograph and it plays to the end of the Record without attention.

EDISON Dance Records

were made under the direction of a well-known dance master, and are correct in style and tempo. The lanciers are furnished with or without calls. Between the dances you may entertain your guests by playing appropriate amusement records.

Here is the opportunity to learn to dance or teach a friend in your own home, without embarassment and at little cost. Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear some Dance Records, a complete list of which will be mailed from our Orange, N. J., office, on request.

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I. C. S. Language Courses Taught with Edison Phonographs.

Latest Gold Moulded Records — Now on Sale at Your Dealer's

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McDonough and Biehling
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REINDEER Condensed Milk
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These milks are the product of careful selection and strict care at every stage of preparation.

TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited
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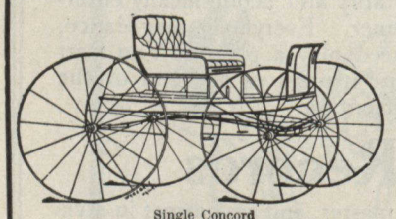

Single Concord

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FINE FINISHED
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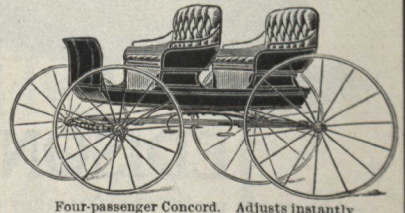

Four-passenger Concord. Adjusts instantly for one-seat use

All Armstrong-made Carriages have name plate attached, bearing our registered Trade Mark. A guarantee of quality seldom equalled, never excelled, over a period of 70 years.

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Our new 1906 Catalogue is ready for mailing promptly to interested enquirers.

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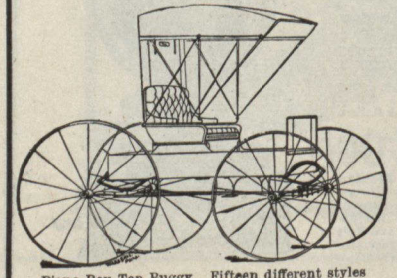
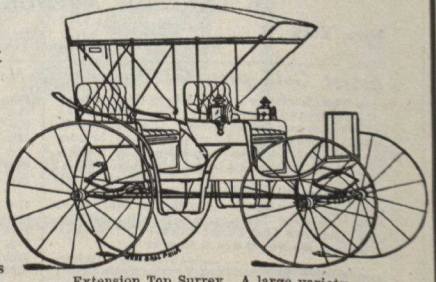


Piano Box Top Buggy. Fifteen different styles



Extension Top Surrey. A large variety.

Can Have Your Cake and Eat it Too

If You Happen to Have Dyspepsia—But the Possession is Not a Pleasant or Desirable One—A Certain Way to Cure the Trouble.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Make Your Stomach Like These

Fruit cake, meat cake, nut cake, sinkers—anything and everything that the stomach of a healthy fourteen-year-old boy will digest are digested, one and all, in a natural, safe and positive way by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They possess the same properties and act in the same way as the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of a healthy stomach do. They cause no disturbance and are followed by no bad results, because they are natural in their workings and effects. No matter what the condition of the stomach is, their work is just the same. They act in their own natural way without regard to surrounding conditions.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, by relieving the stomach of its work enables it to recuperate and regain its normal health and strength. Nature repairs the worn and wasted tissues just as she heals and knits the bone of a broken limb, which is of course not used during the process of repair.

A Wisconsin man says: "I suffered the pangs of dyspepsia for ten years. I tried every known remedy with indifferent results until I was told of the remarkable cures of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I bought a box, began taking them and forgot I had a stomach. Three boxes cured me completely. I have had no trouble whatever for a year and have an appetite like a harvest hand and can eat anything that is set before me without fear of bad results."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50c. a box. The druggist never fails to have them in stock because the demand for them is so great and so pronounced that he cannot afford to be without them. People who could not get them of one druggist would go to another and would get in the habit of buying their other drugs there as well as their Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Secret of The Steinway

To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.

A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.

This makes the Steinway, not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.

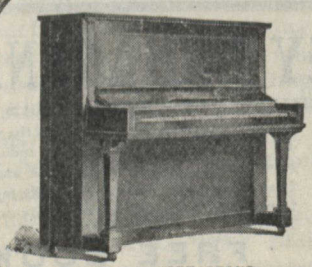
The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.

MINIATURE GRAND

For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.

The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price **$925**

The Vertegrand, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for **$600**



VERTEGRAND

THESE PIANOS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES

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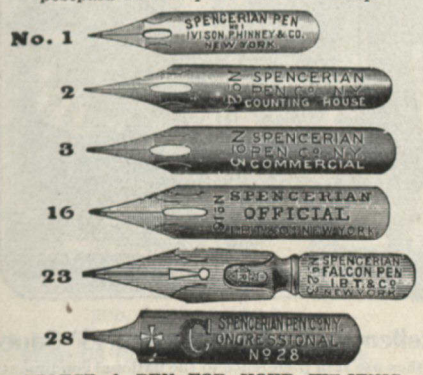
The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



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ELECTRO Silver Polish SILICON

Merit—exceptional merit—has won this record. May we not prove it to you? Simply send your address on a postal. At grocers and druggists. Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits. 25 cents.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff Street, New York.

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CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS *BEWARE OF IMITATIONS*

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

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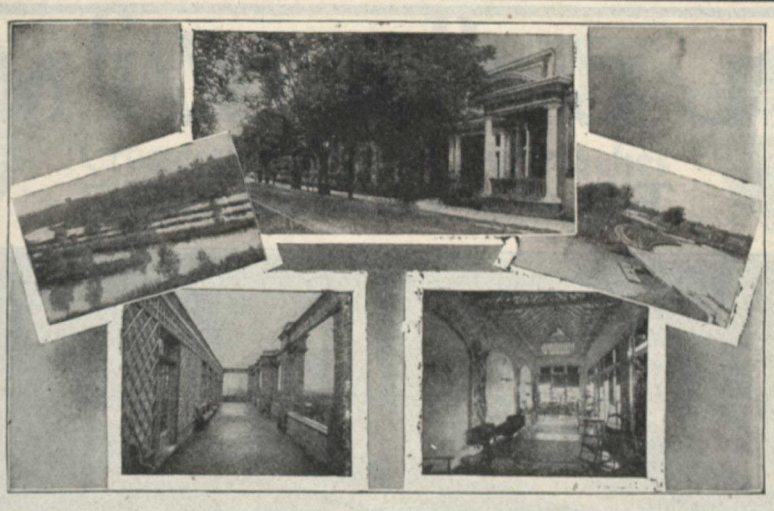

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THE OLD CANAL

THE ROOF PROMENADE

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A SUN PARLOR

- Mineral salt water bathing at any desired temperature.
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  - Sun room.
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- Long distance telephone in each room.
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  - Library.
- Mildest point in Canada.
- International regatta course
- Welland Canal, costing $20,000,000.
- Lake Ontario three miles by trolley.
- Trolley to Niagara Falls.
  - Beach Bathing.
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- Beautiful walks and drives.
- Healthiest city in Canada.
  - Population, 10,000.
  - Free Public Library.
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OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

For an antidote to the ills of modern life visit the

"St. Catharine's Well"

The victim of the strenuous life, the sufferer from rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, the overworked business man or tired society woman will here find a cure without undergoing the restraints of a Sanatorium.

TRY THE NIAGARA PENINSULA FOR AN ENVIRONMENT

For Circular apply to

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Specific Gravity	1.0888
10,000 grains of water contains	
Carbonate of Iron	0.5210
Carbonate of Lime	0.0820
Sulphate of Lime	19.7934
Chloride Calcium	174.4876
" Magnesium	40.6644
" Sodium	378.4196
" Potassium	2.8119
Bromide of Sodium	(a trace)
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THE ANGLE LAMP

Is not an improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely NEW METHOD of burning oil which has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all illuminants.

And when we say **satisfactory** we mean satisfactory—not an illuminant that merely gives a brilliant light, but one that combines brilliancy with soft, restful, pleasing quality, that is as convenient as gas, safe as a tallow candle, and yet so economical to burn that in a few months' use

IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF.

The ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil, while The Angle lamp burns a **full 16 hours** on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, soon amounts to more than its entire original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more.

Ordinary lamps must **always** be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. **A gallon of oil a week absolutely wasted,** simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable odor. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp, for whether burned at full height or turned low, **it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke.**

You should know more about the lamp, which for its convenience and soft, restful light, might be considered a luxury were it not for the wonderful economy which makes it an actual necessity. Write for our catalogue "P," fully explaining this new principle of oil lighting, and for our proposition to prove these statements by

30 DAYS' TRIAL

When such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and thousands of others, after trying The Angle Lamp, find it profitable to rip out gas and electric light fixtures, to throw away gasoline and acetylene outfits or ordinary lamps, it is surely worth your while to send a penny postal to find out about it.

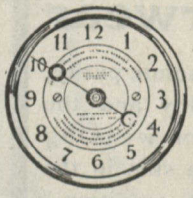
Write for catalogue listing 32 varieties.

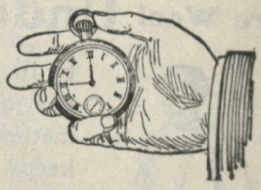
The Angle Mfg. Co., 78-80 Murray St., New York

OR

McKINNON & McNEVIN, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
HILTON, GIBSON & CO., Winnipeg, Man.
W. H. THORNE & CO., St John, N.B.
C. W. ROBSON, 165 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.
THE BACH SPECIALTY CO., 355½ Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE best range thermometer ever invented will not produce satisfactory baking from a poor oven. A fluctuating oven heat means guess-work baking.



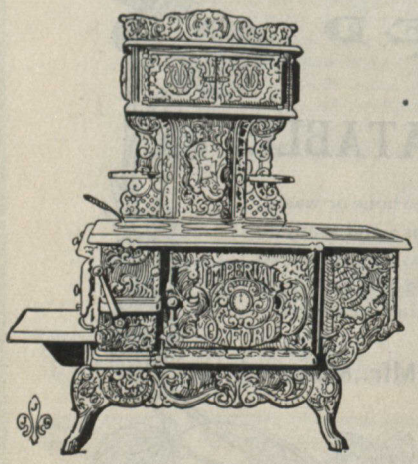


The Imperial Oxford oven has a steady, even heat. You don't require to touch the fire or move a damper. Baking with an Imperial Oxford is an exact science. Just place the article in the oven and time it—the oven does the rest. It is the Diffusive Flue of the

Imperial Oxford Range

that makes this possible. This flue draws in fresh air from outside the range, it is superheated and discharged through a grating into the oven. This heated fresh air permeates every part of the oven and keeps it at an even high temperature.

Write us for literature explaining more fully the exclusive features of the Imperial Oxford Range and the address of the nearest dealer who can show it to you.



THE GURNEY FOUNDRY Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG
MONTREAL CALGARY
VANCOUVER

22

Every reader of this Magazine should read the interesting article by Chas. B. Knox, on advertising page 27 of this issue.

Crown Brand
CORN
SYRUP

Has a Delicious Flavour which makes it a welcome addition to many plain dishes. Used in Cakes and Puddings—with Porridge and other breakfast cereals every mouthful is so enjoyable that a second and even a third helping becomes a necessity.

Healthful—wholesome and absolutely pure—it is good for children and grown up's alike.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co.
ESTABLISHED 1858 LIMITED

OFFICES
Montreal and Toronto

WORKS
Cardinal, Ontario

THE WIFE BEHIND THE URN

There's a man behind the capital,
The man behind the gun,
The man behind the enterprise,
The man behind the son.
Though all-important they may be,
I quit them and return
To her who cheers my home for me—
The wife behind the urn.

What though the frenzied financiers
Do tear each other down;
I leave my struggles, cares and fears
Behind me in the town.
For splendors and the gauds of pride
I'll never, never yearn,
No other gift can rank beside
The wife behind the urn.

The wind may shake the window-pane
And boofle in the flue;
Our roof can shed the driving rain,
Our love sheds trouble, too.
With CHASE & SANBORN'S
coffee, dear,
True comfort do we learn;
I pledge you in its fragrant cheer—
The wife behind the urn.

One of Libby's Spotless Kitchens

In the preparation of all the Libby Food Products, the first consideration is purity and cleanliness.

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

are sold by grocers everywhere. Ask for Libby's Wafer Sliced Dried Beef, Potted Meats and Concentrated Soups. Be sure the name Libby is on the package.

A Suggestion: Dried Beef may be creamed and served on toast, or chopped fine and served in scrambled eggs—or it may be served as taken from the tin or glass.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free on request!
Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago