MAY
1908

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME THIRTY-ONE NUMBER ONE

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI. No. 1

CONTENTS, MAY, 1908

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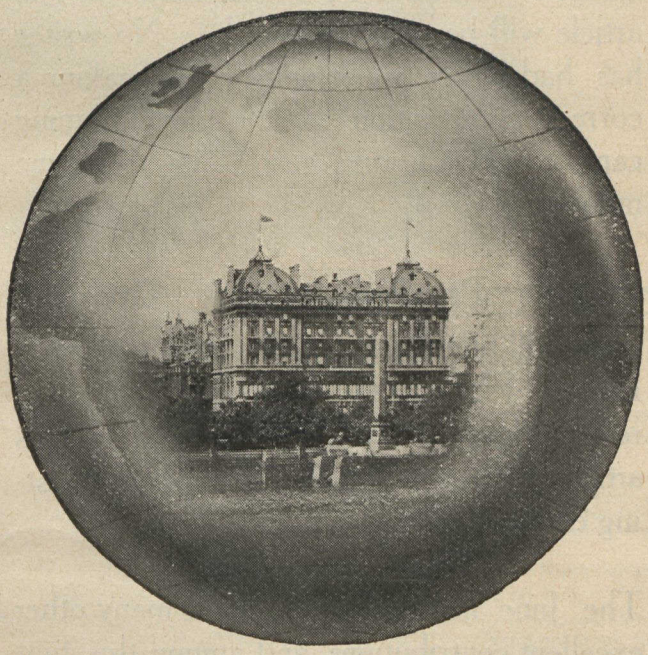

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June will contain an extremely interesting article by Mr. Frederic Robson, entitled "Cobalt: A Fallen Idol." The article will be well illustrated. No writer has had better opportunities for making a correct appreciation of this novel mining camp. Read his article in the June number.

"The Psychology of Gossip" is an odd title for an article, and yet J. D. Logan, Ph.D., has given us something really original under that caption. In this article Dr. Logan makes some very interesting deductions.

The June number will contain many other excellent contributions, and among the short stories will be one by Virna Sheard.

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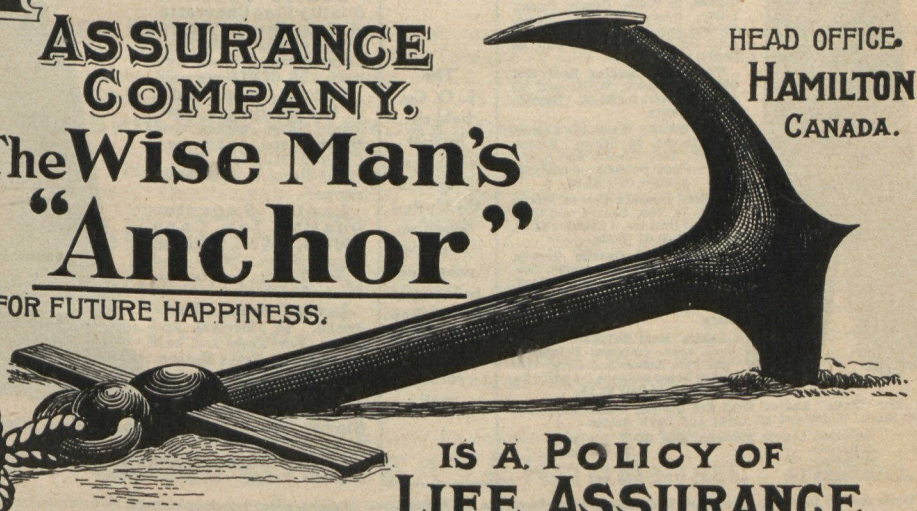

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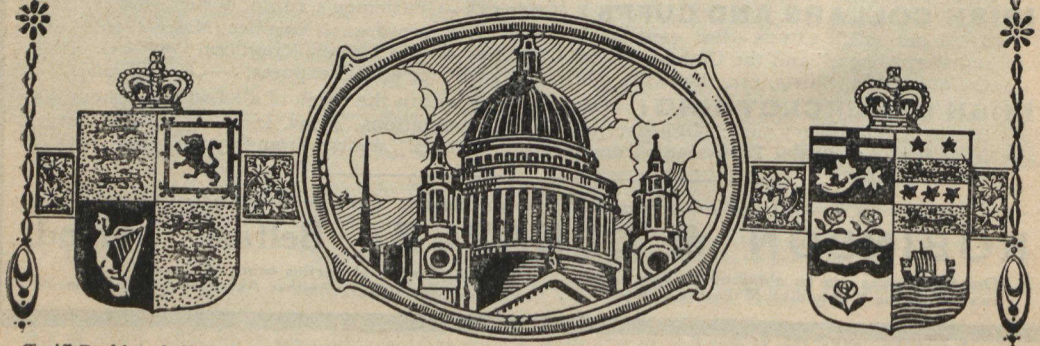

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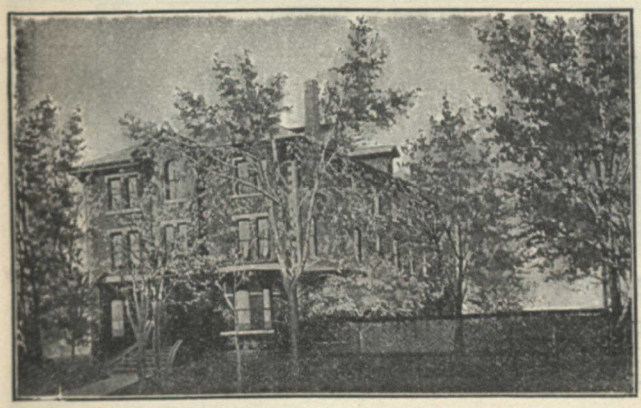

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A few "facts and figures" from the Directors' Report :—

Insurance Account.—The new business amounted to $7,081,402, all of which except $78,000 was obtained in Canada. This exceeds the business of 1906 by $1,577,855 and is the largest amount written in any year since the Company's organization. The total amount of business in force is $51,091,848, being an increase over 1906 of $4,179,440.

Income.—The total income for the year was $2,243,570.15, consisting of Premiums $1,733,041.88 ; Interest $509,240.02 ; Profit and Loss $1,288.25. The interest income exceeded the mortality by the large sum of $198,103.

Payments to Policyholders.—The payments to policyholders consisted of Death Claims $317,776.50 ; Endowments $178,785 ; Purchased Policies $92,138.68 ; Surplus $80,805.19, and Annuities $10,714.93, amounting in all to $680,220.30.

Expenses.—The Expenses and Taxes for the year, including the growing item of Provincial and Municipal taxes, was $383,981.33, about the same ratio to income as for 1906, though a much larger business was transacted.

Assets.—The net ledger assets are $11,069,846.22 and the total assets $11,656,409.92, of which 92½ per cent. comprise Mortgages, Debentures and Bonds and Policy Loans. The Company owns no real estate except its Head Office Building, held in account for $30,875.79.

The Reserve, on the Company's high standard of 4, 3½ and 3 per cent. amounts $10,019,563.89, and the total liabilities to $10,152,690.24. The surplus over all liabilities is $1,503,719.68, by the Company's standard (being an increase of $300,341 over 1906) and by the Government standard $1,897,358.28.

The Following Table shows the Company's very rapid growth, especially during the past ten years :—

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	SURPLUS	BUSINESS IN FORCE
1877	$ 55,319	$ 110,209	$ 23,387	$ 1,699,301
1887	352,923	1,089,448	57,665	11,081,090
1897	819,980	3,730,777	218,140	21,487,181
1907	2,243,570	11,656,410	1,503,719	51,091,848

Booklet containing the full Report and proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held March 5th, 1908, may be had on application to any of the Company's Agents or to its

HEAD OFFICE - - - WATERLOO, ONT.

Would You Let 35 Cents Stand Between You and Prosperity?

THERE are many readers of the Canadian Magazine who more or less appreciate the fact that there are fortunes in fruit farming at Peach Grove, that desirable fruit growing district situated six miles from New Westminster and overlooking the Fraser River.

¶ I have been interested nearly all my life in fruit and fruit farming and make the statement, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere in all of Canada can you find a richer and more suitable soil for fruit growing, a more congenial or even climate or better market and shipping facilities, than those surrounding Peach Grove.

¶ It's the place where there is sunshine in every day of the year, a noticeable absence of frosts and dreary days in winter. The broad, blue Fraser, fresh from the snow-capped Rockies, flows past Peach Grove to the Pacific Ocean, twenty miles distant. Large steamers come and go to the wharf at Peach Grove. Five times each day the trans-continental trains westward pause long enough to add many new arrivals to this fast growing community. Five times each day the east-bound trains stop to allow citizens of Peach Grove to alight from shopping expeditions into New Westminster and Vancouver.

¶ Any one of my five acre fruit farms in Peach Grove is large enough and rich enough to support a family in luxury, and then some over for a bank account. The soil is a deep, chocolate loam, varying in depth from three to seven feet, and every foot is pure leaf mould, capable of producing bumper crops for the next twenty years without further fertilizing. A portion of the crops will more than pay for the property. With very little improvements in the way of buildings and fruit trees the farms of Peach Grove in four years time will be worth and sell for $1000 per acre, yet the price now is only $100 an acre. Terms :–$100 cash and the remainder of the purchase price ($400) to be spread over a period of three years, which is really 35 cents a day.

¶ I am sending out free to all who are interested enough to write for same, the beautifully illustrated plan of Peach Grove and free booklet "Fortunes in Fruit Farming." You owe it to yourself to know just what my proposition really means. Many men have missed the opportunity of a lifetime because they did not exhibit even normal curiosity concerning a proposition of promise and independence.

¶ I want your name and address in order that I may show you just what Peach Grove can do for you.—W. J. KERR, New Westminster, B. C.

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Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

THE MILLER'S MEADOW, CONESTOGO

(See page 25)

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI TORONTO, MAY, 1908 No. 1

The Japanese in British Columbia

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

THE records of the Japanese Consulate at Vancouver give the Japanese population of British Columbia at the close of 1907 as about seven thousand five hundred persons, including women and children. Of this number more than three thousand are naturalized British subjects. At the close of the year 1906, the Japanese population numbered six thousand, three thousand of whom were naturalized. During the first seven months of the year 1907 there landed at British Columbian ports three thousand three hundred and thirty-four Japanese passengers, this number including merchants, students, women and children, some of whom were *en route* to Eastern Canada or to points in the United States, while others who had previously resided in Canada were returning to their adopted country after a visit to their native land. From January to October of the same year there arrived at Victoria and Vancouver eight thousand one hundred and twenty-five persons, nearly three thousand of whom came from Hawaii, and it is to these unwelcome arrivals that the serious difficulty in the matter of Japanese immigration may be mainly attributed.

The Japanese population of British Columbia, according to the Canadian Government census of 1901, was four thousand five hundred and fifteen, so that during the past six years there must have been an increase of about three thousand Japanese, or five hundred persons per annum. Those of them who arrived in British Columbia during 1907, and who have remained in the Province have found employment in the logging camps, as saw-mill hands and as laborers, while many who have gone to the United States have obtained work on the Great Northern Railway or on the Japanese rice plantations in Texas and Louisiana.

In a new and sparsely settled country the question of competition in labor must always take precedence over considerations of social sentiment, and in many quarters the fear was entertained that the presence in large numbers of even a friendly allied people might prove to be an injustice to the people of British Col-

JAPANESE FISHERMEN DRYING NETS AT STEVESTON, B.C.

umbia. From this arose the agitation in favor of a "white" British Columbia, fanned as it was by alien elements.

In this connection it is well to remember that the Legislature of British Columbia in its legislation to regulate immigration into the Province, from the year 1900 to the year 1905, regularly passed Acts whose tendency was to place the Japanese among prohibitive immigrants. These Acts were frequently and popularly, though incorrectly, called "Japanese Exclusion Acts." Just as regularly on representations from the Japanese Government were these Acts disallowed by the Federal Government. For, by the "British North America Act, 1867," "In each Province the Legislature may make laws in relation to immigration into the Province which shall have effect in and for the Province, as long and as far only as it is not repugnant to any Act of the Parliament of Canada." The prohibitory feature in the Acts was the Educational Test, requiring of the immigrant applying for admission into British Columbia ability to write at the dictation of the immigration officer, a passage of fifty words in some one or other of the languages of Europe. It is true that provision was made for the conditional entry of immigrants who might fail in this test, on condition of their depositing the sum of five hundred dollars, which sum was to be returned to them, on their securing a certificate of exemption, which, however, was given for a specified period only, and could at any time be cancelled by the Minister within whose province was the administering of the Immigration Act.

In the event of the expiration or cancellation of the certificate of exemption, the applicant became again a prohibited immigrant, liable to be deported from the Province. At the last session of the Legislature, however, a later prohibitory Act was passed, applying to Asiatics and

again requiring of them an examination in at least one of the European languages. The application of this Act has, however, been disallowed as regards the Japanese, owing to the pre-existing treaty between Japan and Canada.

In the industrial development of British Columbia, and in the opening out of her resources, the sturdy little brown men have proved themselves a distinct factor — on the fishing grounds, in the saw-mills, in the logging camps, and on farms, adapting themselves to novel conditions with marvellous capability. It is, however, as a fisherman that the Japanese is admitted to be *facile princeps,* and the sails of their fishing boats picturesquely dot the Fraser and the Skeena during the season of spring salmon, and later, when in turn sockeyes and cohoes and steelheads enrich the rivers.

At the close of the salmon season, the same little brown men engage in deep-sea fishing, loading their boats with halibut, or fishing among the shoals of cod that frequent the coast, or with marvellous dexterity managing nets strained by the accumulated energies of scintillating herring.

Not infrequently it happens that, in the gray dawn after a fierce storm on the Gulf of Georgia, when the dull gray water is lashed to a crested fury, a fisherman's boat, keel up, tossed at the caprice of the billows, tells the grim tale of another fisherman buried in "the graveyard of the Pacific," the individual being recognized by the number of his boat. With their characteristic, philosophical calmness they accept such fatalities as the inexorable decree of Fate.

The fishing industry in British Columbian waters gives employment to about nine thousand persons, including Norwegians, Swedes, Scotch and other nationalities as well as Japanese, but of the total number of fishermen, nearly one-half are Japanese, and as their superior skill is unquestioned, it will be conceded that the

Photograph by Okamura

A JAPANESE FISHING CAMP AT MILLSIDE, B.C.

Photograph by Wadds

HON. KISHIRO MORIKAWA, JAPANESE CONSUL AT VANCOUVER DURING THE RIOTS LAST YEAR

Japanese fishermen are valuable agents in exploiting the wealth of the rivers and deep waters of British Columbia. As may be inferred, the number of fishermen required to gather in the harvest of the rivers varies from year to year. In a poor year not more than perhaps seven hundred Japanese fish for salmon, while in a bountiful year, which occurs at least once every four years, two thousand five hundred or more Japanese hold fishermen's licenses. They are debarred by the alien law from a fisherman's license, and from employment at Government labor, or in public works, until they have become British subjects. Before naturalization papers can be issued, the applicant for naturalization must have resided for three years in British Columbia, and must be able to read and write, though the degree of attainment in these two accomplishments is not necessarily very high. The three years' probation is not spent disadvantageously, the Japanese doing in the meantime any work they can secure, making themselves invaluable as household helps, and employing their time in acquiring a knowledge of English. The period of probation over, on payment of the naturalization fee, and on swearing allegiance to King Edward, they may obtain a fisherman's license.

In the Fraser river district, known as District No. I., during the season of the year 1906, four hundred and seventy-four licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven licenses being issued to fishermen of other nationalities. In 1907 seven hundred and seventy-one licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, nine hundred and fifty-five licenses being granted to applicants of other nationalities.

In 1905 for District No. I., which then included the Vancouver Island District, and the Fraser River District, one thousand and forty-nine licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, while one thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven licenses were issued to fishermen other than Japanese.

Probably twice as many Japanese as the number of licenses would indicate were actually engaged in the industry, as each fishing boat is manned by two persons, a fisherman and a boat-puller.

By the Fisheries Regulations, in conformity with the Fisheries Act, every fisherman must hold a license, and consequently must be a British subject, but the boat-puller, whose work is simply the mechanical manipulation of the boat, does not require a fisherman's license. Therefore it is not usual for the boat-puller to possess naturalization papers.

In Northern British Columbia, the Skeena River District, known as District Number II., in 1905 the number of licenses issued to Japanese fishermen was three hundred and thirty-six, exclusive of the boat-pullers. In the Vancouver Island District, known as District Number III., one hundred and twenty licenses were granted to Japanese fishermen who had become British subjects.

Neither the fishermen or the boat-pullers are employed by the canneries, and at the beginning of the season the fishermen and the cannery men agree upon a fixed price for the salmon which the fishermen sell to the canneries individually.

In the canneries, where the salmon are prepared for shipment, probably not more than seventy Japanese are employed, the majority of the fish-cleaners being Siwashes, while most of the cannery-workers are Chinese, who are wonderfully expert in operating the machines used in the different stages of the work.

The boats and nets which form the fisherman's equipment in many instances are the property of the cannery men, and are rented for the season to the fishermen, but more frequently the fisherman has his own boat and net, possession of which indicates a considerable measure of prosperity, for a good net costs one hundred and fifty dollars, and a fisherman's boat costs from forty to seventy-five dollars, a flat-bottomed boat being worth forty dollars, while a good round-bottomed boat costs seventy-five dollars. The Japanese themselves construct excellent fishing boats, and they supply a large number of those used in British Columbian waters during the fishing season. An achievement of which they were rather proud was the building several years ago of a small steamboat which regularly plies the Fraser in the prosecution of Japanese trade.

In the Vancouver Island District, District Number III., after the close of the salmon season, the herring industry employs a large number of Japanese who have themselves invested about five thousand dollars in the Nanaimo herring trade. The magnitude of the industry may be imagined from the fact that one firm alone put up six hundred tons of herring during the season of 1906.

A new industry, for which the Japanese are especially fitted, is salting the herring, the most approved method of performing the work having been taught the salters by Mr. Cowie and the Scottish girls who two years ago visited the various fishing districts throughout the Dominion to instruct the salters in the art of packing the herring, as practised at

Photograph by Trueman

MRS. MORIKAWA, WIFE OF THE LATE JAPANESE CONSUL AT VANCOUVER

Photograph by Okamura

THE JAPANESE RED CROSS AUXILIARY SOCIETY OF VANCOUVER. THE PRESIDENT, MRS. MORIKAWA, IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW

the great centres of the herring trade in the Old Land.

In fishing for cod, the Japanese use a hook and line, removing the hook from the live fish before throwing them into a net or cage which trails along with the fisherman's boat. Those Japanese who can afford a gasolene launch have, in the centre of the launch, a tank or vat filled with salt water into which the catch is placed. The Japanese thus dispose of their cod alive, the purchaser procuring the fish fresh from the brine. And yet it is not so much consideration for the customer as protection for themselves that may be given as the reason for this custom. The Japanese are accustomed to eat certain kinds of fish raw, among them being smelts, cod and oysters. The cod is sliced thin, highly seasoned, and served with a salad. The necessity for the fish being absolutely fresh is obvious.

Though the Japanese benefit so largely by the fisheries of British Columbia, they cannot legally be employed in the mines of the Province, for all tunnel and drain licenses issued by virtue of the powers conferred by the "Mineral Act," and the "Placer Mining Act," and all leases granted under the "Placer Mining Act" are granted on the express condition that "no Chinese or Japanese be employed in or about the said 'tunnel,' 'drain' or 'demised premises,' as the case may be."

Farm work and gardening are occupations that engage the energies of many Japanese, especially in the early days of their residence in British Columbia, market gardening in particular apparently yielding a fair measure of prosperity. Still, it is chiefly the Chinese who supply the greater part of the vegetables used in the Province. Many Japanese find employment at felling the forest giants that must give way before the march of progress, while in most of the sawmills, Japanese are employed either in cutting lumber or in some other department of saw-mill work.

Comparatively few Japanese are engaged in mercantile pursuits, their largest shops being filled with Japanese curios, silks, porcelain and other Japanese commodities, though they have stores, too, where the ordinary necessities can be obtained. The preparing of rice for the market is carried on in very modest places, dignified with the name of rice factories. A more pretentious mill, however, is one at Lion Island on the Fraser river, about four miles below New Westminster, built several years ago by a naturalized Japanese who installed the machinery necessary for preparing the rice for commerce. The Japanese are usually credited with the possession of imitative skill, and a certain habit of ingenuity rather than any inventive genius. The latter may follow with the culture of years, as they are excellent craftsmen, and are not lacking in enterprise.

An enterprise proposed by a small syndicate of Japanese is the purchasing of farm land in Alberta for the culture of beets for the beet sugar industry. The Japanese interested in the purchase are actuated by a double motive—partly the desire to embark in a successful enterprise, and partly anxiety to provide work for their compatriots.

The artistic talent of the Japanese is well known, their innate taste for art being fostered by very careful training, while the artistic environment they enjoy in their native land and the beauty of their gardens all tend to favor this natural bent. They have a passionate admiration for trees and flowers, their skill in arranging the latter amounting to genius, with so dainty a touch do they impart peculiar grace to the grouping of even the most commonplace flowers. The ordinary garden or field turnip, of the prodigious size peculiar to the vegetation of British Columbia, scarcely seems to appeal as a motive

for artistic expression, except perhaps as a stimulus to thankfulness at a harvest home service. And yet in the hands of a clever Japanese lad named Norimoto, I once saw the prosaic turnip transformed into the very poetry of vegetable carving. It was about six years ago at a college in British Columbia, where young Norimoto was a student, giving such help as he could, in return for much coveted instruction in English. A reception was to be held at the college, and elaborate arrangements were being made for the decoration of the rooms. Norimoto, everywhere helpful with evergreens and flags and bunting, had in his spare moments prepared an additional contribution to the general effect. In a rather dim corner of the scantily-supplied conservatory (for finances had to be devoted to strictly necessary objects), Norimoto had placed a large tub, in which he had planted a laurel whose glossy dark green leaves were relieved by what appeared to be the large and exquisitely waxy blooms of the camellia. Closer examination revealed the cunning work of the craftsman. Each flower was carved from a solid piece of turnip, the pure petals having been scooped out with the spoon-shaped blade of a potato knife, the wonderfully realistic illusion being completed by slight touches of color in the shadows.

That the lad had been thinking of his home in Tokyo, and of the cherry blossoms of its cherry-lined streets was to be inferred from his having sought in the neighboring woods a wild cherry tree in bloom—though it was not the blossoming season — with quantities of beautifully tinted popped corn, dexterously fastened to the branches.

The artistic instinct peculiar to the race is developed and cultivated often in the most unlikely conditions. A Japanese house boy, after his day's work is done, and his daily lessons are prepared will spend many a half-hour with pencil or crayon working at a drawing that has seized his fancy. One boy found happiness for a fortnight in working at an ideal head of Saint John the Evangelist, while another who possessed no other drawing materials than one pencil and a piece of rubber, spent his leisure in making exquisite drawings of groups of flowers, carelessly tossed on the table before him, deftly rearranging them to provide himself with a variety of models.

The artistic taste of the women finds expression in needlework, especially in the work of embroidery so exquisitely wrought that the under surface of the fabric is a duplicate of the upper surface, this result being attained by using two needles in the production of the design. Their delicate fingers and fine sense of touch render them peculiarly adapted for the work of photographic retouching, but it is as home-makers and nurses that they are best known.

Some of the women give their work as household helps for small remuneration in return for the advantage of acquiring a knowledge of English, and of Canadian ways of living. Of course such arrangements are usually only temporary, for the Japanese women learn very quickly, and they soon apply their newly-acquired knowledge in the management of their own homes. Their home-training includes instruction in housework and in the art of caring for the sick, so that the transition from home nursing to hospital work is not difficult. Their self-control and gentleness of manner tend to make them ideal nurses, and the work appeals to them with peculiar insistence. In the work of the Red Cross Society the Japanese women of British Columbia have taken a very real interest, and it has given them peculiar joy to be able to add their contributions to so noble a work. A Japanese Red Cross Auxiliary Society, with Mrs. Morikawa as president, has been conducted with grati-

fying success, young girls as well as those of more mature age doing what they could to help, a neat badge awarded each active member being a coveted distinction.

The Japanese mothers are particularly impressed with the importance of educating their children, and they deny themselves much to have them properly equipped for school, and it is only just to add that the Japanese children in Canadian schools, by their intelligent grasp of their studies and their courteous demeanor, do their mothers infinite credit.

The same ardent love of knowledge characterizes the Japanese in their own land, not even famine causing them to neglect their duty in this particular. We are apt to overlook the profound history and learning of Japan, existing for thousands of years, and perhaps we fail to understand the mental attitude of proud intellectuality peculiar to the Japanese, an intellectual superiority which causes them to resent being classed with the Chinese or the Koreans. But this attitude partly explains the deep-seated reverence for their ancestors, peculiar to the race, and it is therefore not surprising that though a large number of Japanese are rationalists, many still profess Buddhism. No temple yet exists in British Columbia for the Buddhistic rites of worship, but there is in Vancouver a Buddhist mission with a membership of three hundred Japanese, though not more than seventy members assemble each Sunday to perform their devotions after the manner of their ancestors. They propose, however, to erect a temple for their peculiar form of religion at no remote date.

In the religious life of the Province the Japanese people of British Columbia are not conspicuous, though the different Christian denominations have undertaken missionary work among the race—work which has already borne fruit, for some of the most useful members of the different churches are Japanese. The Presbyterian Church numbers Japanese among its members, and only a short time ago a number of Japanese were baptized and received into the communion of the Church of England. The Methodist missions among the Japanese dotted throughout the Province have been remarkably successful, among those who attend the Japanese Methodist Church and labor zealously for the moral and spiritual good of their countrymen in British Columbia being several Japanese who are studying for the ministry, with the intention of returning to their native land to do missionary work among their people at home.

With praiseworthy independence, the Japanese of Vancouver have themselves built a mission building, which cost ten thousand dollars. This building is provided with, not only a church auditorium, but also with a men's club-room and a school-room, completely equipped for educational work among the race in the city. A smaller mission building had been previously opened in Vancouver, a dwelling for the Japanese teacher being a convenient feature of the building.

From the outset the Japanese people of British Columbia have manifested a readiness to identify themselves with everything that pertains to the interests of the Province, and in the most unobtrusive way they have assumed their full share of responsibility in philanthropic movements, assisting in maintaining the efficiency of charitable institutions and in equipping hospitals with the most approved appliances. To the Fund opened to assist the sufferers from the fire that devastated the city of Hull, in Quebec, and to the Relief Fund after the New Westminster Fire in 1898, the Japanese were prompt in tendering their aid.

In 1902 a liberal gift, spontaneous and quite unlooked for, was sent by the Japanese of British Columbia to

the South African Patriotic Fund, Mrs. Shimizu, wife of the Japanese Consul at Vancouver, having herself collected the amount of several hundred dollars among her compatriots. On the other hand, British Columbia's contribution to the Japanese Red Cross Fund during the Russo-Japanese war was warmly appreciated by the Japanese people, as was also the wheat sent by the Dominion Government, and the salmon sent by the British Columbia Packers Association for the relief of the famine sufferers in Japan. In this connection mention may be made of the extraordinary self-denial practised by the Japanese people of British Columbia that they might contribute to the relief of their starving countrymen at home, many Japanese depriving themselves of necessary food that they might be able to send a slightly larger gift as their share of help.

Among the many admirable qualities displayed by the Japanese population of British Columbia is their respect for law, their loyalty to their adopted country and their devotion to the British Crown, under whose protection they enjoy security.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales, then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visted Vancouver on their tour through the Dominion, every element of the population joined heartily in the popular welcome to our future King and Queen. That the reception might be a thoroughly representative one, the various classes of the population had erected triumphal arches along the royal route, the Japanese and the Chinese each contributing a structure of characteristic design, which elicited expressions of admiration from the royal guests, the Japanese tribute to the Sovereign's delegates receiving a special word of commendation. To the Japanese arch a special interest was attached, for, in awarding the contract for the work, the Japanese Consul had stipulated that every nail was to be driven, every flag to be in place before midnight on Saturday in readiness for the reception on Monday. On the Sunday following, it seemed a curious anomaly that bustling preparation should be seen on every side, while in stately beauty the completed Japanese arch rose, a mute tribute to the Japanese regard for the British Sabbath. And now that the Parliament of Canada has placed upon the Statute books the Lord's Day Act, to secure rest for the toiler and to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, it may come with a sense of distinct surprise to many to learn that in the year of grace, 1901, it remained for the Japanese people of British Columbia to set an example in this particular.

In the gentlemen who represent her at the Consulate of Japan, the Empire of the Rising Sun has been exceptionally fortunate, and in British Columbia the Japanese Consulate is recognized as a centre of social and beneficent influence. On the mainland, the first Japanese Consul was Hon. P. Sugimura, who was followed by the Hon. T. Kito, and he in turn, by the Hon. T. Nosse, now Consul-General of Japan for Canada. Mr. Nosse's successor was the Hon. Seizaburo Shimizu, who was in charge of the Consulate until June, 1902, since which time he has held various appointments, his present position being Japanese Consul at Chicago. Since June, 1902, the Hon. Kishiro Morikawa has been the Mikado's representative at Vancouver, and during his occupancy of the Consulate, the reputation of the Japanese for graceful hospitality has suffered no diminution. In the social duties of the position he has been greatly aided by Mrs. Morikawa, whose graciousness and unaffected simplicity of manner have endeared her to many friends in all classes of the community. Mr. Morikawa's consular term at Vancouver expired at the close of 1907, his successor at the Consulate being the Hon.

C. Yada, formerly the Japanese Consul at Mexico.

It is true that in the early days of Japanese immigration into Canada, it was with the hope to be able to return to Japan with their savings accumulated after years of toil, to spend the remainder of their days in their native land. But as they have grown to understand and appreciate the freedom of British institutions, as well as the material advantages which residence under the British flag secures for the subject, they have more and more inclined to settle in Canada as naturalized citizens.

Retaining a strong attachment to their native land, very naturally they do not wish their sons and daughters to grow up ignorant of its great history or disloyal to its traditions, and those who can afford to do so, send their children to Japan, after completing their public school course in British Columbia, partly to acquire a Japanese education and a knowledge of the accomplishments valued by the Japanese, but principally to obtain the advantage of a Japanese environment.

But with all their intense patriotism, the Japanese who have settled in Canada recognize the fact that Japan, owing to its dense population has many limitations, and that it can not give to the individual Japanese the advantages that Canada affords. This fact explains the eager desire of Japanese immigration to settle in the Dominion.

Apart, however, from motives of interest and from diplomatic considerations, there seems little reason to doubt that a lofty aim is entertained by many of the Japanese who have settled in British Columbia.

In this connection it may not be indiscreet to quote the words of the Hon. Seizaburo Shimizu, a former Japanese Consul at Vancouver. "It had been our aim to cement in friendship the Japanese settled in British Columbia with Canadians, so that Canadian interests and sentiments and aims might be, as far as possible, intelligently shared by the Japanese people. When leaving my post at Vancouver in 1901, I felt our endeavors to attain that aim had not been altogether in vain. The news of the regrettable occurrence at Vancouver in the autum of 1907, naturally caused me much sadness."

In a Japanese artist's studio, rich with glowing Satsuma pottery and gorgeous silken embroidery from Nippon, where water-color drawings of the Grotto at Lourdes and of Saint Bernadette reveal the artist's varied studies, there is conspicuously hung on the wall a framed facsimile of Runnymede's immortal charter—the first safeguard of British liberty. The artist, remarking on the excellence of the reproduction—the color of time-stained parchment, vivid with the heraldic bearings of the nobles who had secured this pledge of freedom for the subject--said thoughtfully: "A great charter of liberty; it has made Britain great. It is because Britain stands for liberty that the Japanese are so proud of the Anglo-Japanese treaty."

Perhaps the amazing admiration felt by the Japanese for our "rough island story" may be partly accounted for by the physical position of the Island Empire of the Pacific, not dissimilar to that of the British Mistress of the Seas. However that may be, the naval glory of Britain appeals to them with a potency only second to their inbred passion for their Emperor. And when, two years ago, six hundred picked sailors from a Japanese war-ship visited London, where they were welcomed with a warmth called forth by their prowess in the Russo-Japanese war, they won the good-will of every Jacktar that sails under King Edward's flag, when in the crypt of St. Paul's, before the sarcophagus of the world's greatest Admiral, they reverently paid homage to Nelson's dust. And

if, as it would appear, the Japanese have studied freedom, as interpreted in the text of Britain's example, they have learned their lesson well. They are the most tolerant people in the world, courteous, humane, faithful to friends, generous to foes, ever open to new light.

In the Russo-Japanese war it is admitted that the rules of the International Red Cross Society were observed faithfully by the Japanese, whose surgeons, hospitals, nurses and hospital equipment were employed to aid suffering humanity irrespective of race. And though, to use the words of Rudyard Kipling:—

> "East is East, and West is West,
> And never the two shall meet,"

it is a cause of pride to many Japanese, as it surely must be a cause of satisfaction to many Canadians, that this people allied with us by treaty have been able in some degree to realize the meaning and the inestimable privilege of Canadian citizenship.

Remembered

A VILLANELLE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Red rose and gay Grisette,
Do you recall the hour
My heart will not forget?

That heart is holden yet
Within thy subtle power,
Red rose and gay Grisette.

Full many suns have set
Behind that ruined tower—
My heart will not forget.

With tears your eyes were wet
All dew-bedecked, the flower,
Red rose and gay Grisette.

Fresh as the day we met,
Remains that golden hour—
My heart will not forget.

Untinged by least regret,
Fair woman and sweet flower—
Red rose and gay Grisette,
My heart will not forget.

Drapeau the Patriot

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

VISITORS to our country readily acknowledge that the basin of Quebec presents one of the most beautiful sights, not only on this continent, but in the whole world.

One evening, chance had led me in my stroll to the edge of the lofty cliffs of Levis, from the top of which the eye embraces the marvellous panorama, and in my childish reverie—I was hardly fifteen years of age—I had forgotten the flying hours.

The sun was sinking in a blaze of glory behind the proud fortress surnamed the "Gibralter of America," outlining the pinnacles, domes and steeples which crown the giant promontory.

The lower town was lost in darkness up to the summit of Cape Diamond, whose sombre mass projected its shadow on the surface of the great river; while the mouth of the St. Charles and its vast estuary reflected the rose and lilac tints of the glowing sunset, which from the heights of Charlesbourg, filled the western sky with splendor.

On the slopes of Beauport, alternatives of dim spots and flakes of light, variable as a transformation scenery, faded slowly and gradually in the decreasing twilight and the recoiling perspective.

Right and left, the distant objects died away by degrees, enveloped in the bluish shades of a soft and floating mist. In front of me, the embattled old city, squatted down in the dark, with her brow lost in a radiant nimbus, girted itself with a myriad of golden sparkles multiplied to the infinity in the shiverings of the waves.

At my feet, from the deck of the anchored vessels, or from the blazing hearths of the great rafts at rest in the remote coves, an isolated voice rose up by intervals, blending its melancholy note to the last sounds of the closing day.

The night was falling, falling, enveloping in its obscurity, like a rising tide, the meadows, the houses, the rocks and the woods, while the St. Lawrence, growing dimmer and dimmer, could hardly be detected in the dark, and semed to retain its breath of sleeping giant, for fear of troubling the peace of that serene hour.

Suddenly a flash of lightning broke out from the top-most bastion of the fortress.

A few moments later—just the time required for the report to reach my ears—a detonation was heard, strong as a thunder crash, and its rumblings, re-echoed in the far distance, slowly died away among the lonely gorges of the Northern mountains. It was the cannon of the citadel announcing nine o'clock from its lofty granite carriage.

The last vibrations still floated in the atmosphere when a nervous shock started me from head to feet. A thundering voice had just broken out above me. I raised my head, and in the last glimmers of the fading light, I saw a tall old man who from the top of a rock near by was brandishing

a heavy cudgel with a wild gesture, while hurling a torrent of invectives at the distant city.

If the voice had frightened me, I was tranquillized by the sight. Old Drapeau was a well-known character. "Drapeau the wild man," as children used to call him. Though I had never met him face to face, I had more than once heard him haranguing from afar.

"Cursed English!" he used to shout out with thundering voice. "Nation of assassins! fire out, fire your cannons! If the great God is just, he shall chase you from this soil some day, you execrated invaders! Ah! you triumph now, with your powder and bullets, but wait a while! Look at me, I have none of your powder and bullets; but I challenge your cannons, your guns and your bayonets! Here I am, waiting for you, do you hear me, traitors? Come along, a hundred to one, as usual, you cowards! You don't care, do you? Bandits, scoundrels, reprobates!"

The vociferations of the maniac died away in the echoes of the night, amid the barking of the dogs roused in the distant coves and solitary farms.

Long did the old man cast his wild provocations in the face of the imaginary enemy, his voice faltering by degrees until nothing but inarticulate growls could be heard, broken by long sighs and heart-rending sobs.

At last he remained silent, absorbed in a kind of tragic reverie; and then after having thrown an inquiring glance around him, he slowly disappeared in the thicket, muttering in a tone half sad, half raging, an old war refrain from the Ardennes, imported with so many other ballads, by the first settlers on Canadian soil:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

Which may be translated thus:—

On horse-back, men of arms!
On foot, boys of Burgundy!
Let us march on to Champagne:
We shall find the English there!

Drapeau was a grim-featured lunatic who spent his life travelling between Levis and Montmagny—a distance of about forty miles—somewhat savage, generally taciturn, accepting charity here and there, without a fixed residence or known means of existence. In spite of his frowning expression of face, he was not inclined to mischief; he even proved of use occasionally. And, as his inoffensive disposition was well known, nobody thought of annoying him; on the contrary people treated him with sympathetic kindness.

He travelled with a wallet on his stooping shoulders, ever sombre and thoughtful. When he felt hungry, he would sit down by the road, at the corner of a bridge, anywhere at all, to nibble a crust. In the evening he would knock at some humble dwelling and ask for a night's hospitality. Such favor he would recognize by sawing firewood, by sweeping the front doors or doing errands. He won his welcome in the evenings, by singing old songs and ballads.

He used to sing the ballads as if he had been alone, in a tone and with an accent that strangely impressed all who heard him. His glassy eyes seemed then as if gazing inward, and the singer looked as if he attuned his voice to some extraordinary scene, to something tragical that was going on in the inmost recess of his soul. He ventured occasionally upon some objectionable refrain to which he succeeded in giving a mournful expression, by dragging his tremulous voice through the endless grace-notes with which country people like to adorn their rustic couplets.

One thing he used to intonate with fiery spirit was the old refrain already quoted:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

The fact is that his chief mania—we might say the only truly objection-

able one he had—was his boundless hatred for the English; a ferocious, mad, wild, hatred. A single word of English would put him in a rage. If he met an Englishman on the way, he would shake his fist at him, swearing and gesticulating wildly with his deadly cudgel.

With this exception, as I have already given you to understand, there was no real harm in him. A severe glance was enough to calm his anger.

That man had a history.

Drapeau's grandfather — Jacques Placide—was born in St. Michel de Bellechasse. His family had early settled in the country and had originally come from Fontenay-le-Comte, in Vendée.

During the Seven Years war he shouldered a musket like others, and valiantly fought for the supremacy of France in the new world. Two years he had nibbled the poor ration of hard brown bread distributed to the starving garrison of Quebec. From the ramparts he had watched the smoke of the burning farms, and, wounded on the battlefield of Abraham, he had seen the British troops entering Quebec, behind the litter of the dying *Marquis*.

The wounded soldier had returned to his country home, with fury in his heart, and dreaming of one thing only: a turn of events.

France defeated, Canada in the hands of the enemy, gave him the impression of a nightmare; and, amid the circles of the villagers, during the evening gatherings, the poor invalid endeavored to revive the courage of his compatriots by alluding to the rescue that could not fail to come from abroad and save them.

Montreal had surrendered.

Levis had burnt his flags in the island of Ste. Helena, and sailed off for France. The long expected liberating fleet never came; but, instead, to the forsaken soldier still hoping in anguish and distress, this terrifying and incredible news was conveyed: Louis XV had ceded Canada to England.

It was, of course, received with a general shrug of shoulders. France accepting her defeat! An entire population delivered up like merchandise! Canada to England, nonsense! All this seemed so absurd that every one obstinately refused to believe it, until the day when, from all the pulpits of the country, the priests officially announced the event and preached submission to the new régime.

This aroused a cry of universal protest:—

"Never! never!" was the unanimous exclamation; "we will never be English! we will die French! *Vive la France!*"

Drapeau wept with rage, biting his fists.

In presence of this defiant attitude of the population, the clergy redoubled their efforts to induce the country people to accept, as had been done in the cities, an order of things imposed by necessity and against which all resistance was useless.

"It is now the established power, my dear brethren," said every pastor in his Sunday discourse; "it is the legitimate authority: God commands you to submit and obey."

Such was the thesis developed by the parish priest of St. Michel de Bellechasse, in his sermon, on the 13th of July, 1763, when a man stood up in the audience and violently interrupted the preacher.

It was the soldier, Drapeau.

"*Monsieur le Curé,*" he said, "that's enough preaching for the English, can't you preach a little while for God now?"

Such *algarade* created a great scandal, as may be easily imagined; and the result was deplorable.

Two parishes—St. Michel and St. Valliers—who had sided against their common priest were excommunicated in a body by Mgr. Briand, who was then bishop of Quebec.

The rebellion lasted four years; and one may yet be shown the unhallowed spot where, without the prayers of the Church, were buried five of the rebels—three men and two women—who never consented to submit.

Those simple hearted believers renounced their eternal salvation in order to remain faithful to France.

As for Drapeau, after his extraordinary interference in the sermon, he left the Church, singing with all his might.

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

The unfortunate being had lost his mind.

He had a son—Pierre.

The young man inherited the paternal homestead, married, and became in his turn the father of a family.

Being peaceful and industrious, he prospered.

But with his imagination excited by the patriotic ramblings of his father, he voluntarily indulged in a state of sickly exaltation, which could not but lead him to grief also. It was impossible for him to realize that the power of England over the country was to be permanent. He constantly dreamt of some return, insurrection, or reconquering invasion, which would drive away the strangers and restore on our shores the victorious flag of France. When he had been selling his products on the markets of Quebec he always returned in the height of exasperation.

"Confounded English!" he grumbled; "the streets are full of them. Sentry boxes at every door! Bayonets in every corner! Always some frigate landing cannons in the harbor! One is no more master at home! Quebec is turned into an ant-hill of *goddams*. Won't God's thunder ever blow up that vermin? Ah! if Bonaparte would only come!"

Napoleon was then master of Europe, and the world trembled at his name. The news of his marvellous progress reached the land; and in spite of all the efforts made to lessen their effect, such echoes of continuous success exalted the souls, and revived the lingering hopes in the hearts still devoted to the past.

The triumph of France meant for them salvation and deliverance at an early date.

The old Canadians wept at this thought, and the young patriots longed for the day when they would draw from its hiding place the rusted musket of their fathers, to resume anew, and without mercy, the eternal and legendary strife.

One day—in 1815—Drapeau, the son, set foot on the Quebec market with a full load of rich and inviting products, which he exhibited with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The news had arrived that the Emperor, escaped from the island of Elba, had re-entered Paris triumphantly. The Bourbons had fled. England had to look out for herself this time!

At last, the accursed red-coats would have to clear off. Drapeau fancied he could see them pack bag and baggage, hurrying away distressed and disbanded. Poor fellows, after all! He almost pitied them, and in the kindness of his heart felt half disposed to forget the past.

Suddenly:—

Boom! . . .

A cannon shot.

Then two . . . then three. . . then four . . . At last twenty-one!

"What is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"I don't."

"It's a ship that anchored in the harbor this morning with a big piece of news, they say."

"Is that so? What can it be?"

"Don't know."

"Hold on, you fellows over there, do you know?"

"What?"

"The news."

"What news."

"The great news of this morning, what else?"

"I know it," interposed an old woman out of breath, "its published everywhere in the upper town."

"What is it then?"

"They say Bonaparte has been beaten!"

"That's a lie!"

"Hard to believe, no doubt!"

"It's unfortunately too true," said a new comer. Napoleon has been defeated by General Wellington, at Waterloo, near Brussels, in Brabant. The English, Russians and Prussians are now marching on Paris with the Austrians, that's all!"

At the same time a flourish of trumpets broke out in the distance amid a roll of drums. And the band of a regiment solemnly sent forth to the echoes of the old French city the first notes of *God save the King.*

That same night—at one o'clock in the morning—having stabled his horse as usual, Pierre Drapeau entered his house, sobbing like a child and singing with a terribly lugubrious voice:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

His wife and children, disheartened, opened their eyes to the fact that the poor man had become insane in his turn.

Misfortunes never come singly, they say. This one was followed by a whole series of fatalities. A barn burnt down, an entire harvest destroyed, an epidemic among the cattle; at last, mortgages, bailiffs, ruin.

Drapeau died a pauper, and his son Charles—the hero of this true story—had to shoulder a bag and leave his native parish in search of a living in the Western shanties.

At first he managed to keep body and soul together, in the forest of the Ottawa during winter, on the floating rafts during spring, and in summer time, along the coves of Point Levis, the driving hook or the squaring axe in hand.

It was a hard life, but it would not have made him so unhappy, however, had he not been obliged to work for English masters. This shockingly aroused his old race rancor. All that timber—rich elms, splendid oaks, lofty pines—which he saw stowed away on board English ships, gave him the impression of as many robberies committed to the detriment of his own country. That labor of his to the benefit of the enemy, which seemed to him as a cowardly abdication of his rights, weighed on him as the yoke of slavery. The wages received for his day's work burnt his fingers like the price of treason.

Meanwhile, 1837 drew near.

The name of Papineau was in every mouth; and from one end of the country to the other the valiant and incorruptible tribune was hailed with enthusiasm as a future liberator.

The insolent claims of the reigning oligarchy drove the population into open rebellion. The old leaven of independence fermented everywhere. Everywhere was heard the first rumor of a confliet which was, alas! to die out only on the bloody planks of the scaffold.

As may be well imagined, Drapeau was not the last to furbish his arm. After the famous meeting of the Five Counties, finding that the district of Quebec was not ardent enough in entering the path of insurrection, and excited to extremes by the more or less authentic news that came from the south and the north of Montreal, he buckled up his knapsack, shouldered the old musket of his grandfather, and started afoot for Sorel and Chambly, singing as in the old time:

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

Where did he go? What did he do?

Did he take part in the combats of St. Denis and St. Charles? Did he join Chenier, at St. Eustache? Nobody could tell. But an old Patriot, Mr. Phillipe Pacaud, who had fought at St. Denis along side with Wolfred Nelson, talking of that memorable encounter, told me one day:

"There was a fellow there by the name of Drapeau whose thirst for massacre made us shiver. We had neither powder nor bullets: I saw him in less than ten minutes break and shatter the skull of three British soldiers, with the butt end of his gun. 'No prisoners,' he cried; 'kill! kill!' "

Was it the same Drapeau I am telling about?

At all events, when this one reappeared in Levis, his hair had turned white, and he had become insane like his father and grandfather.

From this moment the history of the poor lunatic can be summed up in a few words. As already said, he led a nomadic life, attracting attention only by his hereditary hatred for the masters of the country. It was the characteristic of his insanity.

Every evening—at least when in Levis—he could be seen climbing up one of the great hills at dusk. A little later, on some of the towering cliffs which face the rock of Quebec, his tall silhouette would appear, motionless, profiling its dark outlines on the crimson shades of the sunset.

He would remain there waiting and waiting, until the firing of the nine o'clock gun from the citadel, when the mad imprecations of the lunatic would resound in the calmness of the night—always the same.

The urchins of the neighborhood would follow him sometimes, laughing, but they never molested him, as it is often their habit with the unfortunate fellows deprived of reason. His folly, the source of which was so touching, after all, seemed to inspire that pitiless age with a kind of sensitive commiseration. It might also have been naturally inferred that the terrible voice of the insane man and the wild gestures which accompanied his savage eloquence, were not entirely without their influence, in the matter. At all events, when, after having exhausted his litany of maledictions to the address of the eternally hated conqueror, Charles Drapeau turned away muttering in his teeth:—

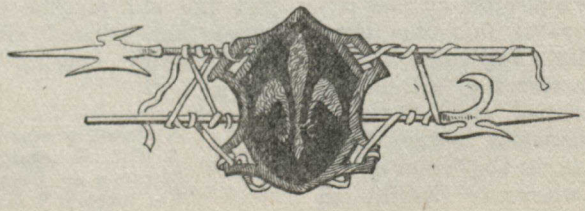
A cheval, gendarmes!

Those who had witnessed the scene took sometime to shake off the impression produced.

Poor Drapeau, he sleeps now in the old cemetery of St. Michel de Bellechasse, beside his fathers, awaiting like them and with them the mercy of Him who forgives those who have truly loved.

When the priest—according to those who were present at his last moments—attempted to awake a last glimmer of reason in the so long vacant mind, he could obtain from his dying lips nothing but the unconnected syllables of the old Ardennes refrain stammered amid the death-sobs of painful agony:

A cheval, gendarmes. . .



Frieda's Engagement

A MONOLOGUE

By MADGE MACBETH

MAY I come in, Frieda? It's Kathleen. Don't look so surprised, my dear, though I suppose you *are* due an apology for my bursting in so suddenly; and I told your man down stairs a bit of a fib, too. I told him you were expecting me, because I was so *crazy* to see you, you darling!

Glad of it? Well, of course, Frieda, although I don't see you very often, I always think of you as my *best* friend. And that's why I came this morning—to tell you of my engagement and show you my ring. Isn't it a beauty? It was *very* expensive; I know, for I chose it myself; and, you see, the canary diamonds are very large and deep. I hate cheap rings, and said so quite frankly. This will never combine with any but the best, and I saw another one which I am going to have——. The man? Ha, ha, is'nt that funny? I forgot all about him! Why, Tom Cartwright.

No, I don't suppose you do, he doesn't care for girls, and is all for business, which is most commendable in a man—husband—isn't it? He has plenty of money, and I am going to have every thing I want, and be able to travel around just like Ethel.

However, the advantages are not all on my side; no, indeed! I am going to be a great help and inspiration to Tom. He is a little—what word shall I use?—er—sordid—earthly—you know what I mean—thinks so lightly of the higher life; and, I assure you, Frieda, his keen enjoyment of a low order of wit is most painful to me. He even enjoys puns!

You know I am so different—high-minded and spiritual—and I am always credited with being clever, you can't deny that, Frieda. Why, when I was only a little girl I wrote a splendid story. No, it was never published, but I had a personal communication from the Editor, which was very flattering; and at school my essays were considered remarkably deep for one so young.

My goodness! What queer questions you ask, Frieda! Of course, that has nothing to do with my marriage. I was just letting you see Tom is getting a woman vastly superior to him mentally. That is strictly between ourselves, as I wish the news of my engagement to be—for I am not going to tell any body for *ages*.

Oh, yes, a *few* people know. I met Jessie Hayes and Margie Walters on the way here and told them, and Fred Paxton was in Martin's where we were looking at rings, and—why that's so, his sister is a reporter—how killing! But I have only told a *few* people.

My, how unbecoming that kimona is to you, if I may say so, my dear. A person with sandy hair should *never* wear yellow. I know what I am saying, for I gave a great deal of time to the study of art.

A present? Well that makes no difference: you might easily exchange it at one of the stores for another kind. I'm sure Ethel sends me lots of things that I don't like at all, and I always manage to get rid of them.

How heavenly it will be, not to have to take many more from her! I am often bothered to death trying to remember to thank her for the right thing. Suppose she sent me a pair of gloves when I would rather have silk stockings. I change the gloves *for* the stockings. Then with my intense straightforwardness I am most apt to say in my note of acknowledgment, "thank you, dearest Ethel, for the lovely stockings," when I should say gloves, and Ethel gets cranky. She hasn't a very nice disposition, I must say.

And that reminds me of an incident which will give you an idea of Tom's unpleasant failing. He asked me to go shopping with him last Tuesday, and although it was *most* inconvenient, being Lord Fitzhugh's bath day (I have to be so particular about him in summer, or he gets fleas), I sacrificed myself and said I would go. Well, I met him at Fisher's and went to buy some socks. He wanted me to choose them. I went to the counter and said, with the dignified air I always use towards salespeople:

"Kindly show me some black men's socks"

Now, Frieda, I leave it to you—is there any foundation there for a lengthy argument? Don't trouble to answer for, of course, there isn't. Nevertheless, Tom made a scene. He laid his hand on my arm and said:

"No, Kitty, they are for *me.*"

"Well," I said.

"But you've made a mistake," he insisted, and the impudent sales-person tittered.

"I think not," I answered coldly; "I have not mentioned the size."

Well, the outcome of it all was this engraved bracelet, for he saw that I was very much annoyed, and any way—

Why, my *dear,* isn't that a new ring? An engagement ring? Oh, you precious darling! Why didn't you tell me before? And me your best friend! I adore being the first to know about engagements!

Why, it's huge! Do you believe it's real? Now, *don't* be cross, Freida; I know plenty of men who give girls paste until they are really married. You see, there are loads of girls who hate giving back handsome rings; and if you were a man, and engaged to a couple of girls each summer, you can see for yourself how expensive it would be.

Engaged to be *married?* Why, why of course, you are—Oh, ha, ha, you *are* queer, Freida! Fancy making a distinction between being engaged and engaged to be married!

Why didn't you get a marquise? With a stubby hand like yours---what? Oh, who is he? *Allen McDonald!* Why I used to be engaged to him myself!

But don't worry, Freida, for though *I* did not care for him, I don't doubt that he will make you very happy! Of course, you must hate being second choice, and I don't suppose I should have told you; but I would never have felt comfortable—being your best friend—with that between us. I can't see, though, how he fancied you, you are so—forgive me for speaking frankly, dear; it's because I am so fond of you—unattractive to men.

Oh, did he tell you? Well, I must say, Frieda, that you showed very little spirit—*consenting* to be second choice! You might have another chance. One can never tell!

Oh, he told you that, too, eh? No doubt he made me out a perfect dunce. It would be just like him.

I was young, and every other girl at the Island was engaged, so I went to Allen one evening (you see, I knew that he admired me immensely; I

could tell by the way he listened when I talked) and simply told him I *had* to be engaged. Why, it was awful not having a letter every day; and waiting on Saturdays for the boat, when I expected no one in particular, was spoiling the whole summer for me.

So I said: "I have decided to accept you as my suitor, Allen (I had never called him by his first name before), "and you may kiss my hand."

I assure you, Freida, he was overcome, for he sat stock still a full minute, then laughed to cover his embarrassment, and said: "So I'm to be the goat." Do you see the point? A very neat compliment: implying that I was a lamb.

What are you laughing at? Yes, I broke it: I couldn't stand his relations. Oh, poor girl, I'm sorry for you!

When we all came back to town I went to a dinner—my first, I remember—at Donald McDonald's, and intended to announce my engagement that evening, though I said nothing of it to Allen (he was always so bashful and never would speak of it before people). Well, when I got there (a little late, and expecting to make a sensation in one of Ethel's evening gowns) everyone was making a tremendous fuss over some Mrs. Macbeth —the prodigal daughter of some one. I took an immediate dislike to her, she monopolized everything and everybody, which was exceedingly bad taste, you must acknowledge. Whenever she spoke the whole company roared, in fact, they did nothing but roar, for she never stopped talking, and no one could call her conversation clever. It was the kind that Tom would enjoy.

One of the Hoare girls asked: "Where *do* you live now, Mrs. Macbeth?" Billy Hoare answered at once: "She lives in Alaska, you stupid." "I don't, at all, Billy. You surely haven't found me as frosty as that, have you?" she said. Then everyone laughed and began to guess where she did live.

Finally I grew tired of such nonsense, and with Shakespeare in my mind said: "Why you all should know that Mrs. Macbeth lives in Denmark."

That night was enough for me. I saw at once that the McDonald family could not hold that woman and me, so I broke our engagement.

Allen was terribly distressed, and vowed that, having known *me*, he could not bear to think of ever knowing any one else like me. Poor fellow!

Are you crying, Freida? Oh, I thought you were; and that just reminds me: I have forgotten my handkerchief—do lend me one. Thanks. I'll try to remember to return it.

Now I must hurry off. I want to see Phoebe King and ask her to be one of my bridesmaids. I've got all the rest promised.

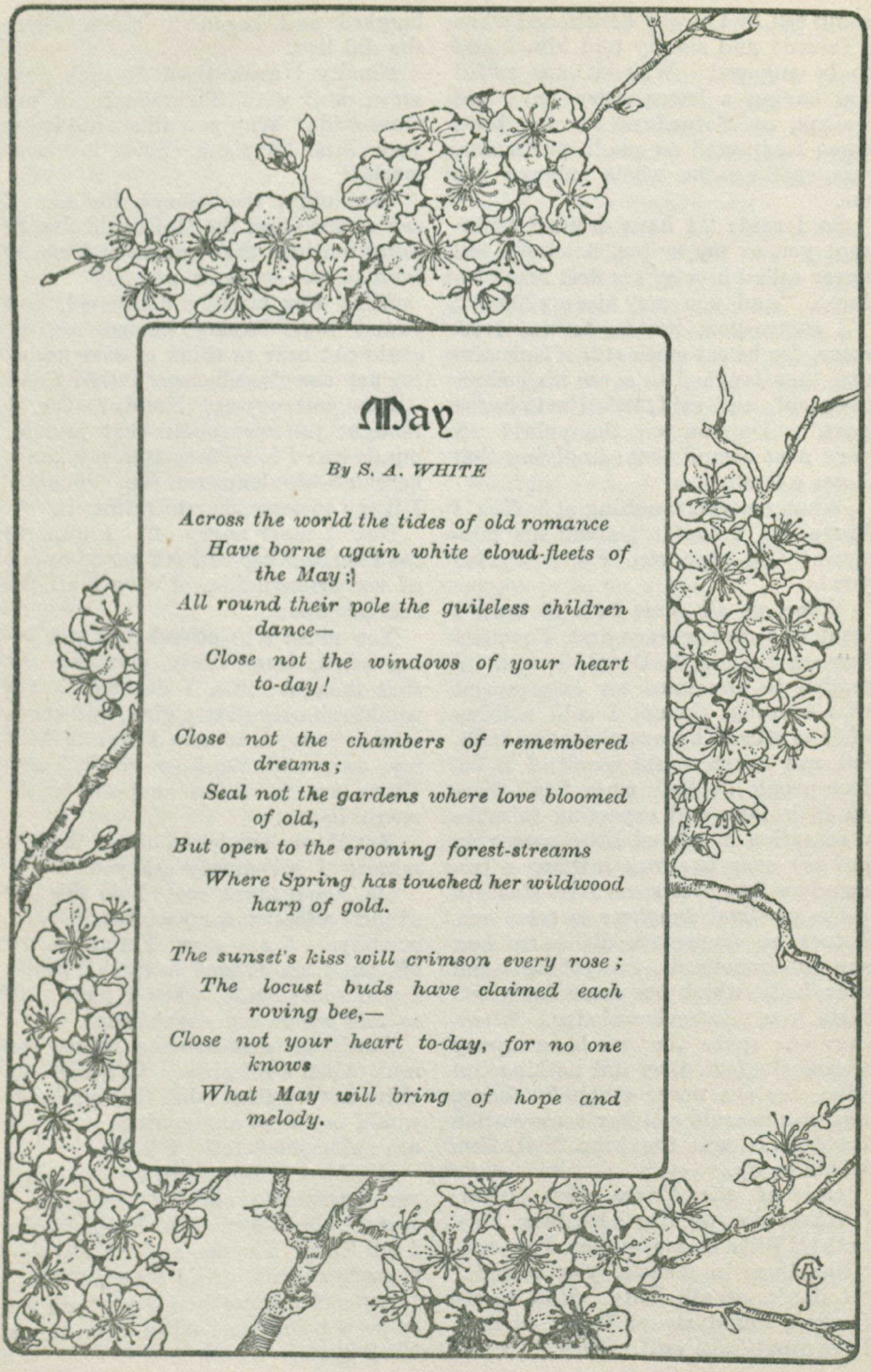
You musn't be offended at not being asked, dear. Truly, you were my *first* thought; then I decided that I would ask only pretty girls, and show, in that way, how able I was to hold my own without fear or jealousy. There are no mean or petty sentiments in *me*.

But if any one backs out at the last minute I will surely ask you.

Oh, don't thank me. I do this out of pure affection for you, dearie. Now, good-bye. I am sorry I must hurry off, but I am obliged to catch Phoebe. I will come again, when I have time to talk about *my* engagement.

Don't be disheartened when you meet Allen's relatives. To a less sensitive nature than mine they probably would not be so antagonistic; and you are quite phlegmatic, I think.

Good-bye! Don't tell anyone about my engagement, and I'll keep yours a secret. Good-bye. Oh, Frieda—may I tell Tom? Thanks, and Phoebe too? Good-bye again. And Frieda? Don't forget: if anyone backs out, you are to be a bridesmaid—you dear thing! Good-bye!



May

By S. A. WHITE

Across the world the tides of old romance
Have borne again white cloud-fleets of the May;
All round their pole the guileless children dance—
Close not the windows of your heart to-day!

Close not the chambers of remembered dreams;
Seal not the gardens where love bloomed of old,
But open to the crooning forest-streams
Where Spring has touched her wildwood harp of gold.

The sunset's kiss will crimson every rose;
The locust buds have claimed each roving bee,—
Close not your heart to-day, for no one knows
What May will bring of hope and melody.

Conestogo.

Written and Illustrated by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

LOOKING back over the years of the early settlement of Canada, after the lapse of more than a century, we find some very interesting records that have never been worn threadbare by too much telling; in them, the many Indian conflicts do not appear, and the gradual subjection of the redman forms no part of these particular bits of Canadian history. The records have to tell of a sturdy people, some of whom left the State of Pennsylvania, crossed the Alleghany mountains, came on into Canada, and began to settle in the particular part of Ontario, now known as Waterloo County. In the beginning this alien band of hardy toilers selected well, and being great and persistent workers, they, and especially those that came after

them, quickly brought that particular part of the country, which most concerns us in this article, to a state of rich and ripe perfection. The well-farmed fields are a treat to behold; prosperity seems to be writ large over the face of the whole country, the comfortable homes, the huge and well filled barns, the abundance of good cattle and fine horses, and more especially the people themselves, all speak plainly for the success of the move that took place so many years ago.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the Non-Conformists of Northern Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Poland, Denmark, and even Russia were cruelly persecuted and subjected to all manner of suffering. "They advocated strongly against warfare of all kinds; under no circumstances whatever would they bear weapons of war, or take part in military operations, and no persuasion would induce them to consent to the taking of oaths in court." We read that in the year 1536 Simon Menno renounced his connection with the Roman Catholic Church, of which body he was a priest.

Associating himself with others of a like mind—Non-Conformists—he became a preacher; later on, all Non-Conformists of Holland, Germany and Denmark were called Mennonites. Thus we find that in the year 1700 the first of the Mennonites came from Holland and settled in Germantown, Pa. The first Mennonites from Pennsylvania came over into Canada in the year 1798, and in the fall of 1799, Joseph Sherk and Samuel Betzner came from Franklin County, Pa., arriving safely on the Canadian side of the Niagara river. One of the principal causes of the "Coming of the Dutch" into Canada would seem to have been the great faith they had in the British Government in keeping the promises made to them over one hundred years before, regarding their exemption from military service and taking of the oaths. It is at least so considered by the descendants of these two men. Sherk spent the winter following his arrival near the Falls, while Betzner remained in the neighborhood known as Ancaster, until the spring. They pushed forward about thirty miles beyond the limit of civilization, having heard of a region traversed by a fine river. On examining this virgin country, they found the soil, surface of the land, timber and such things very good; there was excellent water in the rivers and smaller streams, all of which were well stocked with fish. So they decided to settle upon the banks of the Grand River. Sherk transported his family to Waterloo in the early spring of 1800, and located upon the east bank of the Grand River, opposite the present site of the village of Doon. Betzner took up land on the west side of the river and adjoining the part now occupied by the interesting village of Blain.

At this date there was no white settlement where now so proudly and busily stands the city of Buffalo. The site of Hamilton was an impassable swamp; the only indications of a village on the land now covered by the town of Dundas consisted of a small mill and a diminutive store owned by Mr. Hatt. Coming to the fall of 1801, we find this beautiful county of Waterloo had a population of twelve families, all from Pennsylvania. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1806, Benjamin Eby and Henry Brubacher, two young men from Lancaster County, Pa., came across the Alleghanies into Canada, turning up at the farm and home of George Eby, who had settled upon the old J. Y. Shantz farm, a little to the southwest of Berlin. They made the journey on horseback. During the first week of June, in company with G. and Benj. Eby, they crossed into Woolwich Township, tracking over the farms of Aaron S. Shantz, P. Martin and Levi Cress; arriving on the south-

side of what we now know as the Conestogo river, and about fifteen rods below the present bridge at St. Jacobs and the E. W. B. Snider flour mills. B. Eby made the remark that this river, with its beautiful rising on the northside, bore a strong resemblance to their own Conestogo, in Lancaster County, Pa., to which George Eby replied: "Then this stream shall be called the Conestogo." That name it has borne ever since.

Crossing the river, they continued their tramping northward, coming to a small stream a little to the west of D. S. Snider's farm. This water they gave the name of Kinacachic after a stream of similar character, in Lancaster County, Pa., and with which they were quite familiar. Breaking the thread of this early history for a moment, it is worth while noting that the Kinacachic stream is still very much in evidence and passes through many a beautiful glade or meadow, while just before its junction with the Grand river, below the village of West Montrose, it is crossed in quick succession by four picturesque, if none too safe bridges. The somewhat peculiar name that this charming little waterway possesses is now corrupted into something which sounds extremely like "Kanakajiggs." To resume the interrupted tramp: wending east from the stream and again south, they came upon a large river. Not knowing whether it was the Grand river or the one they had just named Conestogo, they followed its course southward and soon came to the confluence of the two streams a little below the ground on which now stands the pleasant village of Conestogo.

As far back as 1816, the site of Berlin was an impassable swamp, inhabited by wolves, bears, foxes and other wild animals. Waterloo village had a saw-mill, built by Abraham Erb. During the same year Erb erected a grist-mill; this same mill is still standing, although it has undergone many changes and improvements, as well as having had a large addition built to it.

Significant and rather remarkable is the fact, that throughout the whole Continent of America, no other class of settlers has been known to be so universally successful as the Mennonites, more broadly described in Waterloo County as the "Pennsylvania Dutch." They have always had the greatest good fortune in selecting the best parts of the country in which they settled; the combining of their great and untiring industry with these natural advantages has resulted in making the locality of the State or Province in which they settled the best to be found.

So much for the things of the past and the interest they add to what has yet to be said about our "Village that is set on a hill," the Conestogo of 1908.

Eight years ago, two enthusiastic young artists had penetrated as far as West Montrose, that tiny and all but unknown little hamlet lying far away from any railway station, and showing nothing more important in a business way than the combined store and post office. With the Grand river at their feet, and delightful subjects tempting the brush on every hand, little wonder that the place was liked and its manifold charms put to good account. The year following, a third man, friend of the first two, also visited West Montrose, taking hold of and putting to good use the abundant opportunities; not content with this he goes afield, instinct drawing him to inspect a place with so good a name as Conestogo. A dinner at "Jake's" was followed by an extended ramble round about, which opened up the beauties of the place. Action followed enthusiasm, and five artist-friends were induced to join him, share in the hospitalities of "Schweitzer's," and try their none-too-prentice-hand at the many fine subjects which invited to paint, to pen or pencil.

This is the first knowledge we pos-

Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

CONESTOGO, FROM THE WEST

sess of the "descent of the artist" upon Conestogo; these six pioneers were the leaders of the many, who in the few years since have made happy pilgrimages, again and again, to this village that is set on a hill and round about whose base, on either hand, sweep the shining waters of the Grand and Conestogo rivers; while in between steals quietly a little stream, and through what the men of paint at once described as Peaceful Valley; where now it has been expanded into a trout pool, finally to slip into and be lost among the larger waters of the Grand river. The meeting of the waters, the junction of the two rivers, takes place about a quarter of a mile below the village; the spot is fair to look upon, somewhat altered in appearance from the time the Ebys came upon it; even to-day the native fisherman who is well posted about the deep pools below the joining can take out some good fish.

The Conestogo of to-day has emerged; the seal of approval has been set upon its attractions and possibilities, and the first of our Canadian Painters to make it his home and workshop, is comfortably ensconced therein. His Lares and Penates have been set up. The flight of the years alone can show what may result from this initial move: visions will come of a little band of accomplished men, very much in love with their work and very loyal to nature, forming a truly Canadian School and shedding off the effect of too much foreign example, at the same time being large and open-minded enough ever to do homage to and profit by the great things of both past and present. Dreams of this kind steal in, and we see rewards to the men who will paint the many good things, ready and waiting, of their own great country. Seven years have passed by since the first man screwed a "James Newman" sketching umbrella into the fallow fields of Conestogo and sat him down under its friendly and sheltering shade to "map down the sceneries," put on record something of the villagers and their daily life, and seize on canvas or paper some of the many incidents that make the open-air life of the country so intensely interesting and attractive. The good people of Woolwich Township took kindly to the painter, accepted him as a reasonable quantity at once. were willing to pose for him; and the children of these Pennslyvania Dutch were notably well mannered and willing to help in the making of the picture. All went well, and the good word was passed on; others came and went and each succeeding year brought a fresh face or two to make use of the good things lying about as well as to enjoy the change and rest of so likeable a place.

Last year found the original discoverer back upon the well-remembered spot, roaming over the familiar fields, along the roads and up and down the rivers' banks. Scarcely any change had taken place and the welcome and good cheer was as hearty as ever.

The village of Hawkesville is a seven-mile ride or drive from Conestogo. The road is very interesting and many stretches of it follow the river closely, holding it in full view. On one memorable occasion we called a halt at a wayside smithy. The darkness of the interior was confusing; the contrast a sharp one, as we had plunged into its recesses out of the blaze and brilliancy of an August sun. Thirst consumed us, and when, on getting accustomed to the deep glooms, we descry the ancient smith and ask him for a drink of water, his reply is, "Look in the teapot, and if you find that too warm, why, ther's plenty more in the well outside, and that's cooler. I'm going out to plough in the garden."

Arrived at the village, we took dinner at the Come-by-chance hotel; when our little waitress had ministered to our most pressing wants, she with a marvelous celerity skipped into

a room adjoining and seated herself at the piano. The connecting door was partially open and we were treated to a musical medley, the like of which is not often heard. The poor piano was in a like predicament with the poet's "Sweet bells jangled." The little maid's intention was so good, her desire to add to our enjoyment so evident that it ill became us to criticize or discount the quality of the music. Dinner and music ended, we find ourselves outside in the brilliant sunshine and make a gentle, strolling survey of the place. A great piece of industry is in full swing: the laying of a concrete footway. These cement sidewalks are breaking out everywhere through the country and have put an element of activity and persistence into this aspect of country labor that was completely absent in the very recent times when a like band of workers would be busy constructing the old-fashioned wooden walk. Then the easy-going workers could call many a halt to fill the pipe and chat a bit, or cross the way to where cool ale was, perchance go the length of a wink or two in the shade of nearby trees. But the good old time has gone: the "coming of the concrete" has done away with all the little leisure touches. For if the cement walk is to be any good at all the work of making it must be brisk and continuous.

Hawkesville is a pleasing place, the approach to and first view caught from the bridge crossing the Conestogo river are decidedly picturesque. All too soon, the "pinxits" returned to Toronto; they said it was the call of duty; one of them, however, was hard hit with the beauty of all he saw and came back in a few days. Possible homes were inspected, and finally the choice fell upon one with a fine garden attached, a sunny, southern slope, with a fine look-off over the wide country and the gleam and flash of the mill-race at its lower border. In this way Mr. F. S. Challener has come

to make his home in Conestogo, having removed thither from Toronto with his family.

Into the prevailing peace and quiet of Conestogo was inserted one day the hustle, vivacity and unquenchable energy of a young German, whose business was the peddling of cloth, clothes, watches, etc. The story went that he was not long out from the Fatherland and that he had no acquaintance with the English language, but on more than one occasion, when our man of trade was off his guard, something went to show that he knew more than he cared to admit about conversation in English. Energy surrounded him like a zone of fire, bubbling up and seeking outlets all the time. With a touch of the truculent in his countenance, which was adorned with a huge and bristling moustache, this man of action compelled business; the hesitating and weak were an easy prey to his untiring pursuit. The village stayed his feet for several days, the volume of his business culminating in a grand nocturnal sale. Business opened rather late but strong, with our peddler thoroughly alive to the value of free beer. His speech was tumultuous, incessant, like unto the voice of strong waters among rocks; convincing too, for many who came to scoff at his goods and prices remained long enough to fall a prey to his art of making sales. One gross doubter, who would "touch nothin' nohow, nor at no prices," after settling up for five suits and two watches, took himself off to home and bed. His July sale was a huge success, and such was the remaining energy of this man of bargain clothes that even in his sleep he snorted, blew, struck wildly out and appeared to be carrying on the usual business, in the usual way.

How good it is to find the Canadian painter waking up to the possibilities and charms of his own goodly land, going forth to do it the justice and give it the credit so well deserved.

Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

LOOKING INTO HAWKESVILLE

The beauties of the Old Country, which we lovingly speak of as home; the attractions of France and Spain; the glories of the Alps and the Italian lakes—these have been upheld and exploited for many, many years. The good, the bad and the only middling have "handled the brush" in all these and numerous other places, but we rejoice to think that the great good things which Canada possesses and offers us are still ours to do, waiting and calling to be done in the great true way.

Only from the west of Conestogo does one fail to note the dominating poplar. Viewed from the north, south or east, the hill-character of the little village is plainly seen, and this solitary poplar is the highest cutting point of the broken sky-line. The villagers were anxious to remove this tree, they said it was "scraggy." But one of our painting-brethren rose in his might and declared that the beauty of the place would be gone forever. This man, held in great respect and esteem by the natives, spoke with the voice of authority, and the hand of the destroyer was stayed. Standing as high, we are told, as the highest land of Muskoka, our village has a beautiful setting; streams and rivers are all about it; roads radiate in all directions and carry the traveller to any number of villages and small towns. The roads are well travelled and well kept and invite the robust pedestrian to many good tramps. Those who will stand by the "bike" can have glorious spins; the highways and byways turn and twist in the most delightful way, always retaining an element of the unexpected. Being of the number of those who have spent many days in the place, we can sum up in a word and declare that the worst thing was the leaving of it.

Glimpses of Canada in 1796

By IDA BURWASH

NOT long ago, a distinguished Irishman paid Canada a visit. In the comfort Western travel now affords he crossed the continent from coast to coast. As the train flew on, from the windows of his car he must have seen cities, farms and woodlands blend behind him in a dazzling streak. If he compared the manner of his trip with that of his compatriot, Isaac Weld, who visited Canada in 1796, he doubtless marvelled at the change.

A century ago railways had not even been imagined. Trouble was brewing in his country when young Mr. Weld, in 1795, sailed for the new Republic of the West. But though prepossessed in favor of the States, on closer inspection they failed to attract him as a home. His heart turned to struggling Ireland. Before leaving North America, however, he resolved to make a trip through Canada, for he was eager to see for himself the difference in the aims and governments of these separated English peoples in the New World. On starting he had no intention of publishing his travels — his correspondence was solely for his friends — but his letters proved so interesting he was persuaded to allow their publication in book form. This book was produced by John Stockdale, of Piccadilly, London, in 1799.

The closing years of the 18th century proved a stirring time. George the Third was on the throne of England. Pitt was supreme in Parliament. Burke had but just left its scenes, his "silver tongue" silenced forever by grief at the death of his son. France was heaving under the Directory. Napoleon, a young man of twenty-six, was rising into notice. Nelson was sweeping the seas. Australia and India were looming up as British colonies.

Ten years after Canada was taken by the English, an officer's wife gave a glimpse of its society in a novel called *The History of Emily Montague*. After the production of this book little was written of domestic life for twenty-seven years. They were fateful years, too, years that saw the invasion of Quebec by Arnold and Montgomery, the coming of the Loyalists and the first settlement of Upper Canada.

So determined were the Loyalists that in thirteen years succeeding to the War of Independence, they had scattered far in Upper Canada. Along the St. Lawrence and the lakes their clearings stretched as far as Fort Malden, opposite Detroit. This Fort, which was then on the borders of the wilderness, was made the headquarters of the Indian Department. It was commanded by a Government officer, part of whose duty was to distribute the King's "presents" to the Western tribes.

Mr. Weld's itinerary included all that was then considered "worth seeing" in Canada. It will strike the modern tourist probably as curious. Crossing in July the border line between the States and Canada, he tra-

velled by trading vessel down the Richelieu to St. John's; from St. John's to La Prairie by waggon; from La Prairie to Montreal and to Quebec by *bateau*; back from Quebec to Montreal by post-stage or *Marche-donc*; from Montreal to Kingston by way of the St. Lawrence; from Kingston to Newark (Niagara), then the capital of Upper Canada, by schooner; from Niagara to Fort Erie on foot; from Fort Erie to Malden in a lake vessel; back from Malden to Presqu'isle and Erie in a sloop, crossing finally to Buffalo to travel on horseback through the Genesee country *en route* for New York and home.

Custom houses had not been established, but on crossing the border he was met by an armed brig of twenty guns flying English colors. On board her decks he underwent a strict examination. Passports and luggage were inspected. Though British soldiers stood on duty, it was odd, he writes, to see the British flag flying over French people running about in red night-caps, and to be greeted by *habitant* children running down to boat or waggon to salute him; while the neat exterior of the houses, the odd *calèches*, the *bons dieux* or wayside calvaries, Roman Catholic churches, nuns and priests going to and fro in their black robes, with the sound of the French tongue heard on all sides, made up what was certainly a novel Britain.

He knew little of the depth of the St. Lawrence, and on nearing Montreal was surprised to see ships of 400 tons burden lying close to shore. On arriving at the city proper, its old walls and the stone shops fitted up with iron shutters in case of fire loomed prison-like and sombre. Lodgings were engaged on Notre Dame street, and from his windows here the Irish lad looked out from eager eyes on this old Montreal of a hundred years ago. It pleased him that the doors of the Cathedral stood open day and night—a refuge for the troubled —but the jangling of the bells annoyed him greatly, for he insists that with marriages, christening and burials, they were never still. On fine Sundays he was surprised at the number of worshippers who, unable to find room within the church, knelt humbly on the steps throughout the service. A funeral procession passing by struck him as both sigular and picturesque. It was led by the chanting priests, followed by acolytes in white robes and black caps, bearing wax-lights. And as it wound away into the distance to the burying ground outside the walls the traveller was impressed by its solemnity.

Though the townspeople were largely French, already the most influential inhabitants were Scotch or English. But all alike vied in showing hospitality to strangers. The town was so sociably inclined that in winter society was said to be like one large family. Through the busy summer there was less social stir, but a club of the principal people, about a hundred in number, met weekly or fortnightly to picnic on the slopes of the mountain. The view from the top of Mount Royal delighted Weld then, as it has delighted all travellers before and since. The silver flash of the rapids, the changing lights on the distant mountains, the dreaming islands and the shining spires below never pall in beauty; but the shipping of that time, lying under the old walls, makes a quaint picture when contrasted with the docks of to-day.

On August 5th he started for Quebec. The traveller accustomed to present-day comfortable steamers will follow with amusement, possibly with envy, young Weld embarking in his flat-bottomed *bateau* — the accommodation increased by an extemporized cabin formed of an awning of oil-cloth stretched over hoops, gypsy fashion. As he glided leisurely on, the cultivated farms along the river banks formed a charming picture. "It was pleasing beyond description," he

writes, "to see one of these villages opening to the view round a point of land covered with trees, the houses in it overhanging the river and the spires of the church sparkling through the groves with which they were encircled, before the rays of the setting sun." At Batiscan he stayed over night at a farmhouse. Received with Canadian politeness, he was placed at a small table, neatly spread, his bill-of-fare consisting of bread and butter, milk and eggs. On demanding his accommodation for the night, he was shown to a large French bed four or five feet high, piled up with *paillasse* and feather bed. The log houses, whitewashed without, were lined within with deal boards, less rough than those of the United States, he thought, but their lack of ventilation offended his British nose extremely. Remonstrance, however, was of little use, for it only produced the remark, accompanied by a shrug—*ce n'est pas la manière des habitants.* At St. Augustin Calvaire, near Quebec, he stopped again, where he was amused by a scene typically French-Canadian. Strolling about till dark, on returning he found the light from the hanging lamp so dim he could scarcely see what he was eating. On explaining to his host, the obliging habitant refilled and trimmed the lamp, though with little benefit. "*Sacré Dieu!*" exclaimed the apologetic host, "but you shall not eat your fish in the dark." So a candle was lighted. All went well till the wife coming in poured a sudden torrent of abuse on her wondering husband. "It is the holy candle!" she screamed, as she extinguished it. It had been blessed that very morning and there stood the stupid husband calmly watching their precious charm—their protection against tempest, fire and sickness — dribble down. That night the traveller risked his fish in the dark.

Next morning, August 8th, he entered the Basin of Quebec. The beauty of the scene and the superb position of the city divided his attention. Frowning guns pointed to the Basin from the ramparts, while on the heights rose the imposing fortifications, greatly strengthened by the British.

Somewhat larger than Montreal, Quebec contained about 2,000 dwellings, in all a population of 12,000 souls. Society here was altogether charming, for as the capital of Lower Canada the city was the residence of the Governor, the civil officers and many of the most prominent Canadians. Lower Town was given over to the trading and shipping, but if its narrow, shut-in streets were disagreeable, the charm of Upper Town made up for all shortcomings. There, the air was pure, breezes cool, streets and houses quaint, if not beautiful.

Weld gives a slight sketch of the old Chateau St. Louis, which is interesting as probably the first account given by an English writer. He describes it as a plain building of common stone situated in an open space, the houses round it forming an oblong place. It was built in two parts, an old and a new, separated by a spacious court; the old part was built on the verge of the rock, with a gallery at the back, from which a pebble if dropped would fall sixty feet perpendicularly. The awkward rooms of this old part were used for public offices. In the new part, which was the Governor's residence, the rooms were larger, though not elaborate. Built without regularity of design, neither part had a uniform front. Nor was it a place of strength, as its name might indicate, though in the garden there was a parapet wall manned by a few guns. In summer evenings, in fine weather, the band played for an hour or two in the open place, while a regiment paraded. This was an event enjoyed immensely by the lively Irishman, as it brought out in a body the gayest and most fashionable society. The monasteries were pretty well deserted at this time.

Brotherhoods were not encouraged by the English. The nuns, however, flourished as in Montreal, the convent of the Ursulines standing in the spot it occupies to-day. But near the spot where the City Hall stands, there stood in Weld's day the engineers' drawing room, the Houses of Assembly and a barracks.

A visit to the market was a favorite amusement. It was well stocked, and the dogs, yoked into little carts, which were then used for drawing market produce, gave it in the traveller's eyes "a medieval air." But the greatest attractions to the guest were the superb view from the heights, and the Montmorenci Fall. From the house beside the fall, built by General Haldimand when Governor, Weld first saw its graceful spray drifts. Later, when he followed his host down the steps built by the General on the face of the cliff, his enthusiam knew no bounds.

While in Quebec the observing young Irishman gleaned information of all sorts. Though there were 126 Roman Catholic clergy in the country, he noticed that the English Church had only twelve. The expenses of the civil and military lists seemed to him enormous—the Indians alone costing about a hundred thousand pounds sterling annually. To manage these adopted children of the forest necessitated a little army of officials—superintendents, inspectors-general, deputy inspectors, secretaries, assistant secretaries, storekeepers, clerks, agents, interpreters, issuers of provisions, surgeons, gunsmiths, and even others. Though all these posts were sinecures in Lower Canada, in Upper Canada every one was needed. The Governor's salary was then two thousand pounds, the Bishop's the same, the missionaries receiving fifty pounds each, the schoolmaster in Quebec one hundred, in Montreal fifty. Public overseers were also appointed to sweep the chimneys of the poor in order to prevent fires. The import duties were slight, levied only on tobacco, sugar, salt and spirits. The chief export, furs and pelts, was immense, but wheat, flour, flaxseed, potash, timber, lumber of all sorts, and dried fish were also exported.

Among other Quebecers Weld was introduced to Dr. North, the head of the General Hospital. The doctor had just made some interesting experiments in maple sugar. Not only had he granulated and refined the sugar, but had also made from the sap a good vinegar, a table beer, and distilled from it a fine spirit. Both French and English gentry, Weld reports, lived in plain and simple style, their lands as yet yielding little income.

In addition to the water route, a line of post-houses extended from Quebec to Montreal. On learning this the tireless traveller decided to return overland. The post-calash, he states, though clumsy in build, was more comfortable than the stage waggons of the United States. The horses, though small and heavy, made good travellers. The drivers, oddly, were more susceptible to praise than tips, and by a skillful use of native blarney he insists that he gained at least three miles an hour. He was much amused at what he calls the "series of expressions" used to hasten the speed of the horses—"First, Marche! in the usual tone of voice—then Marche donc!, hastily and louder—then Marche donc! with one of Sterne's magical words in a shrill and piercing key with a lash of the whip, which last was always effective." His driver, who was six feet high and wore a queue bound with eelskin, never omitted to salute the hostess of each post-house emphatically on each cheek.

The road he describes as being excellent, the scenery grand, the merchant vessels on the river looking like fishing boats from the height of the lofty banks. As he rolled along the white cottages, glittering spires, fields and trees against the rich green moun-

tains with the cheerful air of the busy workers in the fields made a fascinating picture. Women in blue or scarlet bodices, with skirts of different colors, worked industriously on all sides. The men, on the contrary, were indolent and slovenly, as farmers. Yet as bush rangers these very men were bold and hardy, laughing at storm and rapids, hunger or danger.

At Three Rivers he waited a few hours to wander through the narrow streets and visit church and convent. As an honor he was presented to the "Superieure," an old lady, agreeable and lively in her conversation." The nuns were famous for their bark work, which was embroidered in elk hair, dyed most brilliant colors, and their models of canoes and Indian implements were exhibited with every indication of pride.

The post-calash reached Montreal about the end of August, and on the 28th Weld was in Lachine busy with his outfit for the "West." Buffalo robes were needed, also dried provisions, and kegs of wine and brandy, all of which must be packed into the Government *bateaux*, in which he with eleven others had taken passage. By August 29th the "brigade" was ready—poles, oars and sails in place to fight the current. It was a hard pull up stream and frequent stops obligatory, each stop called *"une pipe,"* for the Frenchman, who was rarely without a pipe in his mouth, measured his distances by the amount of tobacco smoked. An average "pipe" was said to cover three-quarters of a mile. The experience was novel to the visitor, for at the foot of the first rapid the whole cargo was unpacked, to be portaged in carts to the foot of *The Cedars*, the passengers going on on foot. Their way lay through dense woods whose "solemn gloom," together with the loud roaring of the hidden rapid, filled the susceptible Irishman with what he calls "a pleasing horror." At *The Cedars* he rested for a while admiring the beauty of the scene and the pretty French girls spinning in groups at the cottage doors. He then went on again on foot till at five o'clock the *bateaux* appeared once more in sight. But after two miles by water they were obliged once more to land to escape the Coteau Rapid. This rapid he describes as very grand, its white breakers visible for four miles. On August 30th they were sailing Lake St. Francis, but on August 31st a head wind drove them to camp on St. Regis Island. The evening turned out perfect, but a fierce storm rising in the night woke them to sodden misery till a stroller returned in the morning with news of a house near by. It belonged to an old provincial officer, from whom and his daughters they received a cordial welcome and bountiful breakfast. While congratulating themselves on the now "lucky" accident, the clouds broke, the sun came out and the order was given to embark at once. On September 2nd they were once more portaging past the Long Sault Rapids. The pigeon shooting on the way proved most exciting, for immense flocks were migrating from the north, in such numbers that the year was afterwards known as the "pigeon year." September 3rd they passed their last rapid, and the following morning at eight o'clock entered the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

"All," he writes, "were wooded to the smallest, the water deep in the narrow passages between and beautifully clear, the bold rocks standing up in some cases twenty feet high, the whole scene beautiful in the highest degree. At times apparently landlocked, suddenly a sweep of lake appeared bounded by the horizon only, again a dozen different channels like so many rivers opened, every minute varied, while the Indian hunting camps on the different islands, with the smoke of their fires rising up between the trees, added to the beauty. Through fifteen miles of this he tra-

velled to Kingston. On an average, seven days were supposed to cover the trip from Montreal via the St. Lawrence, which Weld calls the Prince of rivers of North America, surpassing even the Mississippi.

Kingston was still a fur trading post, where supplies from the upper country were landed. It was then the proud possessor of a stone fort with bastions, built by Frontenac. It boasted also a barracks, an English church and one hundred houses. Settled chiefly by Loyalists, strangers—especially British—were hospitably welcomed. Its principal merchants were partners of old established houses of Montreal and Quebec. On the lakes at this time were three King's vessels of two hundred tons each, with from eight to twelve guns, also several gunboats. It was the duty of these King's ships to carry the Indian presents, the stores for the troops, and to transport troops when changing quarters. Every officer's luggage went free of charge. Naval officers, however, if room permitted, were allowed to carry cargoes of merchandise freight for their own profit, and also passengers across the lake at a stated price. Both commodore and officers of the King's vessel on Lake Ontario were French, wearing blue and white uniform with yellow buttons stamped with a beaver and the letters "Canada." The naval officers were under control of the military commandant at each post. As well as these King's ships, Weld passed on his journey several decked merchant vessels, schooners and sloops of from fifty to two hundred tons each, and sailing *bateaux*.

On September 7th he left Kingston for Niagara on a schooner of one hundred and eighty tons. Soon out of sight of land, "all was conducted," he writes, "exactly like an ocean voyage—the ship steered by compass, the log regularly heaved, way marked in the log book, and an account kept of procedures on board." They remained out of sight of land till the 9th, when the blue hills near Toronto appeared in view.

At daybreak, September 10th, Fort Niagara came in sight. All was at once excitement. *Habits de voyage* were quickly changed for proper dress in which to appear at the capital of Upper Canada, the centre of the *beau-monde* of the Province. The schooner's yawl being launched, our eager traveller was landed on Mississauga Point, with a walk of a mile before him through the woods to Newark, the capital. Without as within the town there was agitation. The Point was the camping ground of the Mississauga Indians, and one of their chiefs had just been killed in a fray by a white man. The tribe was roused; revenge might follow any moment. The stir in the little town was of another sort, however, for Newark's days of glory now were numbered. Much to the disgust of her inhabitants, many of them Englishmen of education, an order had just been issued that the seat of Government was to be removed to Toronto. The town consisted in itself of seventy houses, a courthouse, a gaol and a building for the legislative bodies. At the moment its charm for the traveller lay in the fact that it was the nearest stopping place to Niagara Falls. For to see this famous cataract was the chief object of his journey. Altogether, he was very fortunate; for when the day was decided on the Attorney-General and an officer of the British Engineers accompanied him. As they drove along he was constantly on the watch for the column of white mist and stopped the carriage at least a hundred times, he writes, in hope of hearing the thundering sound of the cataract. But as on and on they drove to the foot of hills and over hills doubts arose in his mind as to the truth of any fall at all; and still more doubts when within half a mile of it the mist was barely discernible and no sound heard. For he had been told that the noise could be heard at times at a

distance of forty miles. He had not noticed that the day was thick and cloudy, the wind in an opposite direction. Finally they alighted at a little group of houses, where they lunched as a "preparation against fatigue." Crossing the fields then they made their way towards a hollow, from which rose a thick volume of whitish mist-like smoke. Here is the Irishman's description of the Falls in the primitive setting of the wilderness one hundred years ago:

"Down a steep bank of fifty yards we struggled over wet ground to Table Rock; from Table Rock to the edge of the Horseshoe Fall, where we had an unobstructed view of the tremendous rapids above the Falls, of the thickly wooded shores, of the Horseshoe Fall below and of Fort Schloper Fall in the distance to the left, and of the frightful gulf beneath, into which the man who has the courage to look near the exposed edge of the rock, may look down perpendicularly. The astonishment excited by its vastness is so great that few persons can for the first time collect themselves enough to form any tolerable conception of the stupendous scene. Many think that only with years of contemplation they discover its full grandeur as it grows upon them more wonderful and sublime. Following our guide to a point opposite Fort Schloper Fall, the prospect of the whole cataract was better and more complete, more beautiful and less grand. The officer who so politely directed our movements on this occasion was so struck with the view from this spot that he at once had a wooden house constructed and drawn down hill by oxen, in which he lived till he had finished several drawings of the cataract. One of these we were gratified by the sight of which exhibited a view of the cataract in the depth of winter in a most curious and wonderful state. The ice at this season of the year accumulates at the bottom of the cataract in immense mounds, and huge icicles like the pillars of a massive building hang pendant in many places from the top of the precipice, reaching nearly to the bottom."

Leaving this spot they walked on to the "Indian ladder," for descent to the bottom of the Fall. There were several of these ladders, which were simply long pine trees with notches cut to rest the feet on. Unsteady from the first, each year they grew more dangerous, though still used by daring passengers. All three went down by "Mrs. Simcoe's ladder," one that had been made specially for the Governor's wife. It was strong and firmly placed, but the descent most fatiguing. At the bottom they found themselves "among a huge pile of misshapen rocks, with great masses of rocks and earth projecting from the side of the cliff, overgrown with pines and cedars hanging overhead and apparently ready to tumble down and crush one to atoms." The spray from the opposite Fall was like rain, while on the shore towards the Great Fall they saw dead fishes, squirrels and other animals that had been swept down and washed in, attracting the birds of prey that circled overhead. Stumbling on to the Great Fall, the little party went six yards behind it till the newcomer's breath was taken away by the violent whirlwind, "always raging at the bottom of the cataract."

"No words," he writes, "can convey an adequate idea of the awful grandeur of the scene at this place. Your senses are appalled by the sight of the immense body of water that comes pouring down so close to you from the top of the stupendous precipice, and also by the thundering sound of the billows dashing against the rocky sides of the cavern below; you tremble with reverent fear, when you consider that a blast from the whirlwind might sweep you from off the slippery rocks on which you stand and precipitate you into the dreadful

gulf beneath from which all the power of man could not extricate you, you feel what an insignificant being you are in the creation; and your mind is forcibly impressed with an awful idea of the power of the Mighty Being who commanded the waters to flow."

Evening was far on before the top of the cliff was regained. As they left the foot of the Fall, the sun broke forming a quivering rainbow across the spray. Wet from head to foot and greatly fatigued by the day's tramp they halted on the bank where in the morning they had hidden some brandy and goblets beneath a stone. They looked in vain however. It had been stolen by the river nymphs—not "Nymphs with sedged crowns and ever harmless looks," he writes, "but a pair of squat sturdy old wenches with close bonnets and tucked up skirts, busy with long rods fishing, the noisy clack of their tongues indicating that the brandy was undoubtedly good. So without further stop they made a bold push forward in the dark to their station of the morning. Here they found—most welcome sight!—a well-spread table waiting for them in the porch, and here the traveller, with a hearty good-bye to his friends, set off in the moonlight to Fort Chippewa, three miles above the Falls. Charlevoix, writing in 1720, states that the Falls could only be viewed from one side, and only a side prospect of them was possible. Weld was so fortunate as to have seen them at the most favorable season—in mid-September, when "the woods are seen in all their glory beautifully variegated with the rich tints of autumn." He had escaped the rattlesnakes which in summer were frequently seen, and the mosquitoes, then so thick that, to use a phrase common to the country, "you might cut them with a knife."

At Fort Chippewa he found a farmhouse or two and a blockhouse, occupied by a lieutenant and fifteen soldiers. It was part of the duty of these men to carry the stores for the Indians and the upper country in *bateaux* to Erie. With his servant Edward, he went on from Chippewa to walk to Fort Erie, fifteen miles. Though October, the heat was so intense they threw off their packets, waistcoats and cravats, envious of the Indians who, in "nature's garb," paddled comfortably on the river. Fort Erie, at the eastern end of the lake, was a small stockaded fort with extensive storehouses and a few miserable little dwellings; but a hundred yards from shore three war vessels and three merchant ships, windbound, rode at anchor. "Altogether, with the rich woods and distant hills opposite, the vast lake itself running out to the horizon and the ships at anchor, it made an interesting and beautiful scene."

Leaving Erie he went by schooner to the new British post of Malden. He describes the evening that they left as being perfect—"the vast lake bounded only by the horizon glowing with the rich warm tints reflected from the western sky, the tops of the tall forest trees fringed with gold as the sun sank behind it." A storm arose, however, that sent them on shore to dine at a farmhouse on roasted potatoes, coarse bread and bear's flesh. But next morning smooth water and a cloudless sky set all in the highest spirits. As they skimmed along the white cloud formed by the mist of the Falls of Niagara was distinctly seen.

On September 10 at sunset they passed the islands of the Detroit river. A lively scene surprised them here, for they found the river dotted with canoes, *bateaux,* and the pleasure boats of officers and traders who had come out specially to meet them. As the schooner entered the river she was joined by two of the war vessels from Fort Erie, so the three ships in return spread every bit of canvas they could muster in order to create a good impression. On arrival, Weld gladly accepted the invitation of Captain

E——, the head of the Indian Department, to remain a few days as his guest. The Captain's house was placed on the river bank with a charming view of the water and of *Bois Blanc* Island from its parlor windows. Before it a large lawn dotted with clumps of trees, was neatly paled in; while at the foot of the lawn near the river stood a large Indian wigwam called "The Council House." In this the Indians assembled to discuss important matters with the officers of the Department, and Weld was greatly pleased to hear that five hundred Indian families were encamped on *Bois Blanc* Island. In the orchard adjoining the house the peach and apple branches were bowed with fruit, though the peach season was almost over.

From Malden two routes offered for return. The one overland was quite impossible, as neither guides nor horses were forthcoming. For the other, by water to Presqu'isle, Weld secured a passage in a trading vessel. Two weeks he was told must intervene before the ship was laden. The delay was very welcome, as he was anxious to see something of the Indians and the distribution of supplies was fortunately just then due.

To the Britisher it was a fascinating scene. First, the chiefs handed in little bundles of cedar chips about the thickness of a pencil indicating the number of individuals in each tribe—the longest sticks, the men, the second length, the women, shortest, the children. All were carefully noted by the clerks, who prepared the gifts accordingly. Next morning at daybreak the busy clerks were out driving stakes into the lawn, each labelled with the name of its tribe and number. Several bales were then brought out from the stores and thrown in heaps at the foot of each stake, according to its tribe. In the bales were blankets, scarlet, blue and brown cloths and figured cottons, large rolls of tobacco, guns and ammunition, with other articles, in all about the value of five hundred pounds sterling. No liquor was presented, or silver ornaments, except to a favorite chief from the Governor. While these arrangements were going on the four hundred and twenty warriors lounged about on the edge of the lawn. When all was ready they were called in, ranged in a large circle on the grass while the Captain delivered a speech. He told them "that their great and good Father, who lived on the opposite side of the big lake, was ever attentive to the happiness of his faithful people, and that with his accustomed bounty he had sent the presents which lay before them to his good children the Indians; the guns, hatchets and ammunition for the young men, the clothing for the aged, the women and children; that he hoped the young men would have no occasion to employ their weapons in fighting enemies, but would use them for hunting merely; and that he recommended them to be attentive to the old, to share bountifully with them what they gained by the chase; that he trusted the Great Spirit would give them bright and clear skies and a favorable season for hunting; and that when another year should pass over, if he should find them good children he would not fail to renew his bounties by sending them more presents across the big lake."

This speech was delivered in English, interpreted paragraph by paragraph, the end of each drawing from the Indians a coarse "Hoah! Hoah!" The chiefs were then called forward, the heaps pointed out, thanks were returned and in less than three minutes all was conveyed by the warriors to their waiting canoes, yet all regularly and properly, without wrangling or jealousy and in perfect silence.

The days were full of interest to Weld, who was always ready for a visit to the Island. But most interesting of all was an invitation to their mid-night dances. Both squaws and

Indians were fantastic figures. The Indians wore embroidered moccasins, blue or scarlet leggings edged with fringes, embroidered aprons, loose shirts of figured calico, a pouch and scalping knife, with over all a blanket —one end tied round the waist, the other thrown over the shoulder and pinned on the breast. The squaws were less fierce, he thought. Over their leggings they wore broadcloth skirts, generally dark blue or green, and in full dress covered their bodices with silver brooches or buttons and tied ribbons to their hair, falling in long loops to their heels—sometimes a favorite squaw wearing quite five guineas worth of ribbon. Earrings, bracelets and a few nose pendants were also worn.

The dances were weird in the extreme. For the first one three old men with drum and rattles marked the time and led the song in which the dancers joined. To this no squaws were admitted, but the men, in a circle, with their hands round each other's necks, swayed sideways round a small fire with close short steps. Later the fire was made up larger and fifty men in a large circle marched round it one after another with short steps, keeping time, the best dancer leading and giving the step. Gradually the step widened and stamping began, till every three or four rounds was marked by little leaps with both feet, their faces all turned to the fire, their heads bowed but still moving sideways. After a dozen or two rounds at the end of each, all stamping with incredible fury, all together gave a loud shout and the dance was over. To please them Weld with the other guests joined in and danced till daybreak. Of this extraordinary dance he writes: "There is something inconceivably terrible in the sight of a number of Indians dancing thus round a fire in the depth of the woods, and the loud shrieks at the end of every dance add greatly to the horror which their first sight inspires."

By the time the sloop was ready it was late October. Still new beauty charmed his eyes. His farewells said, as he glided past the river banks, "the rich autumn woods whose gaudy color mingled with the shadows of the rocks were reflected in the clear water." By the second morning land was out of sight, the weather promising. But a sudden storm sweeping down the lake sent the vessel on the rocks. Their suspense was terrible; for by nine in the evening the vessel was striking every minute. Then suddenly the wind shifted, by degrees the anchor was hauled and they found themselves again in deep water. Next morning the sun rose fair. The skies were so clear and the air so mild that but for the disabled boat all might have seemed a "dark dream." Luckily a passing sloop came to their aid and after four days, though not without alarming squalls, they arrived at Erie. From Erie he crossed at once to Buffalo expecting to travel by horseback to Philadelphia, but the horses failing he finally made the journey on foot with "China Breast Plate" his Indian guide.

He had spent four months in travelling through Canada from her eastern to her western settlements. As a sympathizer with the "Patriots" of Ireland, his opinion was not likely to be biased in favor of English rule in Canada. Yet while visiting Quebec Weld could write frankly to a private correspondent—"The mind is equally gratified by the appearance of content and happiness that reigns in the countenances of these inhabitants. Indeed if a country as fruitful as it is picturesque, a genial and healthy climate, and a tolerable share of civil and religious liberty can make a people happy none ought to appear more so than the Canadians during this delightful season of the year."

Grant and the Nation

By ELSIE REFORD

IN the lives of nations Canada is still young, a fact we must not lose sight of when we see her taking on the arrogance and complacency which are not uncommon to, but rather characteristic of, youth. But already she can boast of some "giants among men" as her sons who have contributed a lion's share in the development of things, which will go far towards the fulfilling of her splendid destiny. Among the first few of the foremost row of such men stands out assuredly the name of George Munroe Grant, late Principal of Queen's University, an imperialist and practical-idealist in all that the terms imply. It is just six years since Kingston witnessed the filing through her streets of a silent throng of men, representing all parties, politics and creeds, men in many and divers conditions of life, all gathered there together to pay their last tribute of respect to the earthly remains of this great Canadian.

Imperialism and Imperialists are words we hear in constant use in public and in private, "in the synagogue and in the market-place," though frequently those who use them have but a faint conception of their actual meaning, in fact, one might safely say that the number of persons who have a full understanding of all they embrace and involve is but comparatively small. Not everyone is gifted with an imaginative grasp of unseen things, and this is necessary for at least the majority to have if we would "build Empire wide as the world." Still, we cannot fail to feel that in these times there is a vague something moving abroad and gradually working its way into the minds of men up and down the earth, and that something is the *Spirit* of Imperialism. It is fastening itself upon their intelligence in a way that augers well for its crystallization into form and action sometime in a future which cannot be far distant. Hopes are justified in running high that ere long its notes will ring out full and rich with such quality of tone as will reach to and find its echo in the farthermost corners of the most widespread and mightiest heritage it has ever been given to an Empire to enjoy. There have been those of the keener insight and clearer vision who, long before the duller majority, dreamed their dream of realization and unification of Empire and have passed out from among us with but few results visible to the world of all they had labored and toiled so unceasingly for, and for which they had sacrificed so much. Pioneers do not often attain their object in entirety, but who is there who for this will call them failures? Through these hewers and path-finders we have come to know that he is but a poor harvester who looks to reap the fullness of his crop in the evening of his own day.

It has been said of some men, even of those who by virtue of their achievements can rightly lay claim to greatness, that only after their

death did the world awaken to the knowledge that they had lived; but this cannot be said of Grant, for from him there radiated a living force which made itself felt. He was alive in every thought and fibre, and no matter what was the nature of the field, or on whatever side he chose to throw his weight, at all times and in all places he was a leader. At the time of his death he was known far and near throughout the breadth of the Dominion—"envied by some, but admired by all."

The rising generation knew him not in person; and in these hurrying days, when everything is changing with a heretofore unknown rapidity, improving, progressing, yes and prospering at such a rate of speed that it threatens to become a source of danger alike to individual and state, these younger men do neither stop to ask who were the layers of such foundations as they found ready waiting for them to build upon, nor do they always show their gratitude in the only way it ought to be shown, viz., by continuing the construction on the same solid basis on which it had been begun by their thoughtful and farseeing predecessors.

It is on the younger portion of her people, with their advantages of strength and buoyancy and the stretch of years ahead of them that the hopes of a country must needs be centred, and to them there can be no better guide or inspiration than to look back again and again over the records of lives of men who were filled with patriotic sentiments and public spirit of the highest order.

Principal Grant was born in Nova Scotia, and his earliest years were spent in that Province amidst surroundings of extreme political and sectarian bitterness. This, however, seems, instead of narrowing and warping his ideas, to have had the opposite effect, for all his life he passionately denounced intolerance on all subjects and stood for a freedom of conscience for the individual. From his first schooldays he was a worker; and, by scholarships, he was enabled to go to Glasgow to pursue his theological studies at that university. There he very soon won distinction, quite as much by his irresistible geniality, wholehearted enthusiasm and chivalrous spirit as by the bursaries and medals obtained, not only by superior and versatile gifts but also by diligence and industry. He entered into every sphere of student life; he was a familiar figure on the football green, at debating societies and in lecture halls—all knew him. His was a splendidly receptive mind, and he revelled in all the literary, historic and architectural charm and associations with which the atmosphere of the Old World supplied him. He loved and reverenced her traditions, and his whole being expanded under such warmth and mind-food.

Norman Macleod, the great Scottish minister, soon became the strongest human influence in the shaping of Grant's career, and at the conclusion of his university course he offered him the position of his assistant at the Barony Church. Had he accepted that important charge in Scotland his work would have been along different lines and before a bigger and more imposing audience than it later proved to be. The path would have been more smooth, fewer difficulties would have presented themselves, and so those wonderful powers of combat, linked with absolute fairness, which showed themselves time after time in the battles he fought with so much eagerness for his native land, would not have been called into execution. An easier life might have made him more of a scholar and less of a doer, though it is doubtful if he would have found the same happiness in a more tranquil life, for his nature and temperament enjoyed riding "on the crest of the wave."

After a few months amongst a struggling community of a Nova

Scotian Mission Station, to whom he had been a very saint in adversity, he was removed to Prince Edward Island, and there, besides taking charge of the largest station, within eighteen months he succeeded in building two churches and had obtained provision for the payment of their incumbents. He soon entered a wider field, being given a church in Halifax. At once he threw himself with vigor into the discussion which ended in the passing of Sir Charles Tupper's (then Dr. Tupper) Educational Act, and with this as a coping stone he set about reviving Dalhousie College and raising it to the status of an undenominational Provincial university. In this work he met with endless difficulties, but he was successful, and in April, 1863, the bill for the reorganization became law. Scarcely had this been accomplished before he was in the midst of a fierce struggle for the founding of a theological hall at Halifax. A controversy of such bitterness arose that it was deemed expedient by the committee to abandon the idea, and all Grant's protests availed nothing. He struck out with full force and that courage which distinguished all his undertakings, speaking his mind clearly and strongly regardless of personal enmities and unpopularity incurred. He asked Scotch Protestantism why it had not fulfilled its mission. "Because," said he, "when it became powerful, it was the first to deny its own spirit and principles and it became intolerant and persecuting." Even more calculated to rouse opposition were his attacks upon the clergy for their coldness, faint-heartedness and bigotry and on their willingness to rest contented in vain repetitions of formulas which had lost all relation to the real life of the community. Would that another with like courage might arise to waken not only Scotch but all Protestantism from the dangerous lethargy into which it has drifted to-day! A warning note was sounded not long since by one of England's bishops when he delivered a striking address on the present-time attitude of society to the church, and *vice versa*. "The world is too much in the church, and the church too little in the world" were the words he used and the convictions he set forth.

These were now hard days for Grant, for he was distrusted alike for his attack upon Protestantism for its attitude towards science, as being equally cowardly and unscriptural, and a sin against the principles of liberty, as well as for what was looked upon to be his undue sympathy towards the Church of Rome. When we take into consideration the conditions and prejudices of the time and the stiff-necked, blind and dogged adherence of the people to their misconceived idea of Protestantism, the bravery of the man, an ordained minister of the Church, who thus fearlessly expressed his view in support of whatever he sincerely and deeply believed to be right, cannot fail to command our highest admiration and respect. Grant was a true patriot, inasmuch as he seized every opportunity for serving his country and to try to level out strange differences, arising out of prevailing ignorance and narrow prejudices, which must have injurious effects upon those who allow themselves to be governed by them. That he held as a duty from which he had no right to shrink.

But a bigger issue was already at hand. The question of Confederation. Of this Grant was an ardent advocate, for although he saw plainly that at the outset individual and Provincial interests would suffer, he realized it was the only means towards development into nationhood. He saw clearly what a number of his fellowmen saw but dimly, and he devoted himself and all his brilliant persuasive powers to the furtherance of laying this corner-stone of Canada as a nation. He spoke often and eloquently on public platforms for the

cause. In argument he was unequaled, for he carried with him that personal force which transcends all tactics and causes its will to prevail, and few will deny that it was in a very large measure due to him that Tupper gained a victory and that Nova Scotia became one of the Confederate Provinces. His financial and executive abilities were remarkable. During his pastorate in Halifax he established and carried on successfully the work of one charity after another, and, what is more difficult, put them on a basis which ensured the continuance of the work already begun.

In 1872 Grant set out with Sandford Fleming on a pioneer expedition across the Canadian Northwest, and thence through the Rockies to the Pacific coast. His very soul was stirred by the splendor and vastness of the inheritance, and he came back in a red-hot glow of enthusiasm over the magnificent future which awaited us in those possessions. In lectures full of the finest spirit of patriotism he called on Canada to "rise up and build," and when the great company was formed to connect the Atlantic and Pacific by means of iron bands, his voice was always raised in its support, and during a long and discouraging time, when those who stood at the head of that company and were responsible for it needed every friend, he was its steadfast champion. He helped them to fight that most difficult of all opponents, an atmosphere of disbelief, for having himself seen he believed in the country and what was in store for it. His book, "Ocean to Ocean," revealed Grant in a new light to the people of Canada, but more than that it revealed to Canada the glories and richnesses of her northern and western territories, and did not a little to "steel the hearts of many through the dark days that were to come."

The last years in Nova Scotia Grant identified himself more closely than ever with educational reform. In 1877 he accepted the offer of the Principalship of Queen's University, Kingston. His installation address was a masterpiece, in which he spoke out, with his usual fearlessness and boldness, of university ideals, university work and university policy. His very audacity in immediately taking up the position he meant to hold and at once proclaiming it compelled and arrested public interest in the university which had hitherto been quite lacking. The work of collecting was of the most repellent kind to him, of it he had an absolute loathing; nevertheless when he had been but six months at Queen's we find him starting out on his endowment campaign. Feeling himself more or less of a stranger in Ontario made it all the harder for him, and weariness and disgust are often expressed in his letters about this time. But to the keynote of his appeal "a country's prosperity depends on learning and religion and therefore on colleges," to their honor be it said, the people responded not ungenerously. The canvassing for funds was started in May, and after eight months of painful toil and all the discomforts of traveling from place to place in the country districts throughout Ontario, Grant was stricken down in Ottawa by illness and racked by pain, but with $140,000 subscribed to Queen's, an immense sum when one realizes that it was raised chiefly amongst small merchants and farmers. It represented a tremendous effort. His largest subscription was given to him by the one colored graduate of the University. He gave it freely and willingly, saying that at his "Alma Mater he had always been treated as a gentleman." There is something pathetic in the statement and in the extent of the gratitude shown. His colleagues were amazed at the boundless energy of the new Principal. One reform of organization followed another in quick succession under his administration. Besides the writing of artic-

les for *Scribner's,* Grant became the editor of *Picturesque Canada,* to which he gave the greatest care and industry, supervising and recasting excellent material and putting his best work into his own chapters.

In '83 the Hon. Mr. Mowat, then Prime Minister of Ontario, offered him the portfolio of education in his Cabinet. The position had many attractions for Grant, especially as he saw through it the means of guiding the educational development of his country, round which his chief interests were centred. However, after much thought and deliberation he declined. His reasons were principally his fear that his abandonment of Queen's at such a juncture would, in all likelihood, injure its prospects; then too he felt he could not associate himself so closely with a political party without identifying himself throughout with that party to which he was unwilling to bind himself to do, but most of all, he was not prepared to give up his status as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, which the acceptance of such a position would necessitate.

The next question of importance to arise was that of federation of universities in Ontario, and Queen's, backed and stimulated by her Principal, decided to retain the independence she had won. That independence cost Grant another gigantic collecting effort. Again he went through all the old trials and distasteful work, and again success crowned his endeavor, the Jubilee Fund, a quarter of a million, was raised, but again at the cost of Grant's health, and he absolutely broke down. The doctors prescribed a sea voyage, and the University Board showed their appreciation and gratitude by voting him a gift of money which enabled him to make a tour of the world.

In politics Grant was first and last independent, not that he was never an adherent of any party, but when that party to which he belonged and had given his support ceased to uphold his principles, then he would swing from it with a readiness that puzzled and dazed the ordinary politician. Speaking broadly, he was Conservative till 1893, but then, disapproving the methods of the Conservative leaders he became a Liberal, and his influence was a telling factor in favor of Laurier's side. His habit, however, of judging issues on their merits and according to fundamental principles one can easily imagine to have been disconcerting to Conservatives and Liberals alike. Incensed and horrified at the revelations of '91, he wrote a series of impassioned letters on a policy for Canada, in which he showed that selfishness, localism and inaction in public life made each and every Canadian citizen responsible for the scandals. The letters were inspiring. His refusal to take part in the Jesuits Estate agitation was characteristic of the man, for with his usual far-sightedness he saw only evil resulting from it, and later he was acclaimed for the refusal as much as he at first was condemned for it.

A side of Grant's public activities which is of pecular interest at the present moment, was his long continued fight against the exclusion of the Chinese from Canada. After the defeat of the Conservatives in '96, against whom his strictures had carried great weight, he was in a position of almost a consulting publicist, and at that time his journalistic work was very considerable. He was in close communication with Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the negotiations of the Joint High Commission in '99, and his instinct for the true relation of things rendered his advice and opinion always of value. He was keenly interested in Canada's transportation questions, for he knew them to be of primary importance. Against prohibition he thundered with vehemence, for he neither believed in its efficiency or in the righteousness of an attempt to compel men to sobriety. He fore-

saw that the results of such a law would only be the increase of such evils as hypocrisy, evasion and defiance of law and perjury. This fight he had to undertake singlehanded, for though many agreed with him in the main, it required too much courage for them to say so. There were too many material interests at stake for men to speak their minds openly, and for the first time the majority of Queen's University trustees opposed him. Nothing could daunt him, for he firmly believed in the right of his opinions. He defeated the Prohibitionist's champion in open debate, and three letters from his pen which appeared in the newspapers created a sensation and showed the people that a man of intellect, disinterestedness and moral fervor could be in opposition to the enforcement of sobriety by legislation.

Grant's liberal views on doctrine and dogma, as may be supposed, gave some offence. He was ahead of his time in advising the study of theology in an undenominational way just as the study of science and philosophy is pursued. Very recently, in a speech of unusual breadth, one of our foremost Presbyterian ministers made a similar appeal for the very same thing.

This is but a slim account of a life of extraordinary activity. If the goal of all life be "more life and fuller," truly in his sojourn in this world Grant must have been nigh unto that goal. From the humble position of a minister of the Scottish church in Nova Scotia country districts, he rose to be a recognized power in the land.

Grant like every one human had his stumbling blocks within himself, and all his life he had to strive and struggle for the control of a hot and impetuous temper and against an inborn impatience. Those who knew him best say that the finest aspect of his character lay in his great love for his fellow-men and his confidence in them to respond to all reasonable appeals. He called to the best that was in them and got the best from them. Like Abou-ben-Adhem, he might have asked the angel to write him as "one who loved his fellow-men" and the angel would have written and when it would appear again with "a great shining light to show the names of those whom the love of God hath blessed" lo, his name would "lead all the rest."

At Dawn

By

VIRNA SHEARD

Turn to thy window at the silver hour,
When day comes stealing down the hill of night,
Infolded as the leaves infold a flower
By all her rose-leaf robes of misty light.

Then like a joy born out of blackest sorrow
The miracle of morning seems to say:
"There is no night without its dear to-morrow,
No lonely dark that does not find the day."

Lake Louise

By FRED LOCKLEY

MIDWAY between Revelstoke and Calgary, in Alberta, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway there is a little station called Laggan. You are likely to give it only a passing glance, but if you do you will always regret it, for Laggan is the nearest railway point to one of the most exquisite gems of nature to be found on the western continent.

If ever a lake deserved the name of an emerald gem it is Lake Louise. It is situated in one of the most pictureque regions in Canada, being in the immediate vicinity of Paradise Valley, the Valley of Ten Peaks and the Lakes in the Clouds. Its surface lies more than a mile above the level of the sea and its depth has not yet been determined.

On a recent summer morning I started from Laggan at daybreak, so as to witness sunrise on the lake. The road leads over the impetuous and picturesque Bow River, by a bridge near the village, and winds in many a sinuous curve, steadily upward. You hear the noise of dashing waters which grow louder as you advance till of a sudden you see through the trees to your left a ribbon of silver. Soon the road, as though unable to resist the charm of its alluring beauty, winds down to the bank of the ice-cold glacial waters of Louise River and faithfully follows the stream to its source. Louise River descends over seven hundred feet in a distance of less than three miles. As a consequence, it is a succession of cascades and falls hyphenated, at rare intervals, by a stretch of a few yards of green water. Though the water, dashed to milk-white spray, has a hint of green, delicate as the curling crest of a storm-driven breaker just before it breaks, yet one would not know how green the water really is were it not for the occasional deep pools where the water pauses for a moment after its wild dash down the rapids to regain its force, to recruit its strength, and with reformed battalions to dash on in a yet more furious onslaught, a yet more determined charge against the grim gray granite boulders that litter its course. On it hurries at top speed as wild and free as a band of Arabian horses with manes and tails, white as milk, flying in the breeze.

We cross a rustic bridge. On both sides of the stream the delicate ferns creep down to nod their reflections mirrored in the less turbulent water above the bridge. They cling to the lichen-covered, moss-grown rocks along the spray-drenched shore, a symbol of strength and beauty. As you linger where the sentinel pines in stately procession march down to the water's edge you breathe the incense of the mingled delights of the resinous woody odor of balsam, fir and pine. As your gaze lingers on the quiet beauty of the scene there is a flash of blue so quick that the startled eye can scarcely mark its flight; the blue-green waters of the pool before you splash upward, sub-

LAKE LOUISE, NEAR LAGGAN, B.C.

side and, in ever-widening circles, move shoreward, while a saucy kingfisher flies to a nearby tree to eat at his leisure the unwary minnow he has captured.

As you go on you come to a turn in the road and as you round the bend—but wait, have you ever sat in a darkened room and, looking at the blank surface of the curtain before you, suddenly, as though by fairy magic and in the twinkling of an eye, seen that blank canvas blossom into beauty as the moving picture man threw upon the screen the faithful reproduction of some one of nature's masterpieces? Then, just as suddenly and much more unexpectedly, as you round the bend in the mountain, you come to a halt as though you had come into physical contact with an unseen wire stretched across your way. You catch your breath. There, thrown against the curtain of the sky, glacier-clad, snow-crowned, rises in stately dignity Mount Temple, a delicately cut cameo against a background of cloudless blue.

At this distance you get no hint of yawning crevices or blue-green ice walls; it seems to wear a spotless robe of ermine; the trees that clothe its base look soft as plush; the green velvet of the trees merges into the rugged cliffs which in turn blend imperceptibly with the snow fields and the glacial ice on Mount Temple's massive forefront. You look down at the milk-white stream below, whose substance is ever changing, but whose form remains unchanged, you look up to the spotless purity of the snow-clad mountain, and, even as you look, nature in her laboratory is preparing a wondrous change. She has dipped her brush into her paint box and from her seven-fold arch she has taken, not a color, but a mere tint, an illusive suggestion of color, filmy, diaphanous. As your enraptured eye dwells upon the scene, lo! the miracle takes place, the white loses its in-

LAKE LOUISE, SHOWING OUTLET

tensity, a faint tinge of gold mingles with the molten silver, a suspicion of pink flits across Mount Temple's icy brow. Again it comes, it lingers for a moment, gradually the shade becomes fixed, a rosy glow, a pink touched with gold, indescribably delicate like the waning Alpenglü on the highest Alps. It is as though the Sleeping Beauty had been kissed by Prince Charming and the quickened blood brought the flush of life and youth to her ivory-tinted cheek, so the first rays of the sun have softened the austere outlines of Mount Temple and bathed it in wondrous beauty.

I passed Lake Louise Chalet, its three hundred occupants still wrapped in slumber and walked down to the shore of the lake, trying to close my eyes and senses at the wondrous, the matchless beauty of the scene, so that I might row out, far out, away from all sign or sound of man and at the upper end of the lake be alone with nature.

How shall I describe it? Can you tell, can you find the words to describe when your whole being thrilled for the first time at the touch of love, when love, long dormant, unknown, unsuspected, came to you in an instant, like Minerva who full-armed, mature and perfect, sprang from the head of Jove? Can you describe those moonlight nights when your whole being throbbed to the harmony of life, as the soul of a Cremona responds when its chord is struck on the piano? If you can, you can describe Lake Louise. I cannot. I would not if I could; it would lay bare to the gaze of the curious world ones very soul with its deepest feelings and highest aspirations. Can a painter catch the ripple in the grass as it bows to the soft and tender caress of the west wind? Can he pick out a color which will express the delicate perfume of the violet he is painting or with his brush catch the plaintive minor key of the low-voiced song of the pines

LAKES IN THE CLOUDS, ABOVE LAKE LOUISE

when the wind, that grand old harper, "smites his thunder harp of pines"? Well, I have warned you. I cannot describe Lake Louise; all I can hope to do is from a multitude of impressions to pick out, here and there, one that stands out from the warp and woof of the fabric of my memory as the scarlet thread does from the woven strands of gray.

Picture a lake whose colors are like a green-blue opal only more transient and fleeting. The colors come and go over its face as quickly and as idly as a maiden's dreams and fancies or the thronging thoughts of youth. Green with all its varying shades and values, blue and purple with all the merging harmonies of their blending.

Sunrise has not yet come to the lake. It lies hushed, tranquil, serene. Take in your oars. It seems a profanation of some mysterious Holy of Holies to disturb the unruffled waters. The stroke of your oar in the water makes the sky-reflecting lake look like a broken looking-glass as the disturbed waters flow shoreward setting the reflections of mountain and sky to dancing and trembling. Nature is holding her breath. Peace ineffable seems to brood over valley, mountain and lake. You feel the narrowness, the selfishness, the lowness slipping from your soul's shoulders, and now your soul can stand erect as God meant it to stand. You see things in their true light, the cares, the vexations, the petty jealousies of the work-day work shrivel to their true proportions; the lust for wealth, the greed for gain which have grown giant-like and almost crowded out your higher, better self shrink back affrighted before your soul-searching introspective gaze. Soft to your ear comes the lap of the water on the sides of your boat. Faintly you may hear the roar, softened by distance, of the waterfalls from Victoria glacier, and now comes, like

MORAINE LAKE, VALLEY OF TEN PEAKS, B.C.

the echo of a distant salvo of artillery, the reverberating boom of falling ice which, long suspended over the face of the glacier, has finally given way and gone crashing over the cliff to the foot of the glacier. Its undulations come more and more faintly and die away into silence. As you look around it seems as though the world had just emerged from the hand of the Creator. It is perfect, untarnished, undefiled, and primeval silence broods over all. Look up at the beetling cliffs, red and brown and gray, at the dark green of the tree-clad slopes of the mountain, at the undimmed glory of the snowfields and, high though the ragged peaks are, look higher to the blue sky above, now look below in the lake: here the same scene, unchanged, color for color, outline for outline, is reflected. It is hard to tell whether you are afloat in the blue of the lake or adrift in the blue of the sky; it is hard even to tell which is the shadow and which the substance. To your left rises Mount Fairview, his feet laved in the ice-cold waters of the lake, his massive bulk clothed half way to the summit with trees. Here and there above the timber line a tree more handy than his brethren clings precariously to the weather-worn, wind-eroded, glacial-cleft bluffs. To the left of Victoria glacier rises a line of peaks, seven in all, carved fantastically as though nature had shaped them for titanic gargoyles—naked, grim, gaunt, savage in their jagged outline, they uprear their forbidding heads. Their rough-ragged, saw-like edges stand out against the blue background of the sky, the very antipodes of Lake Louise with her alluring charm, her tenderness, her beauty, the sheen of her ever-changeful colors, her depth, her constancy.

Clustered about the lower end of the lake, as though guarding her vestal purity from sacrilege, or as though guarding a rare and costly gem from the despoiler, rise Castle Crag and

Aberdeen, massive Victoria with its glacier, here white and glistening, there with its vast ice-walls gleaming in green and blue, clasped in its gigantic embrace. Lefroy, Whyte, Niblock, Pope's Peak, the Beehive and St. Piron stand on guard—a noble group. Fairview's shoulder has become radiant, dazzling, transfigured. Like a brightly burnished copper shield the *Lord of Day* clears the mountain and throws his first long, level, golden lance on the shimmering lake. The lake responds with a myriad of dimpled smiles, the tremulous waters gleam with an iridescent and opalescent sheen at the greeting of the sun, while the reflections of the trees from the youngest sapling to the monarch of the forest who has seen the wheeling centuries come and go quiver as though with scarcely suppressed joy at the coming of the life-giver.

Now nature's alchemy gives to the lake a score of transient gleams of beauty as the sunlight chases away the shadows. As you look into its emerald depths imperceptibly the green is transmuted to blue, and it has become a turquoise. As you look up you see wheeling in stately circles across the blue of the overarching vault of the sky an eagle. He seems to float without effort, his outspread wings motionless. Somewhere on those rocky heights is his eyrie. There with far-seeing eye he scans the valley spread like a panorama at his feet.

Take up your oars and with long, even stroke make the hickory bend as your boat skims over the water, leaving a long line of gleaming bubble-strewn ripples in your wake.

You have seen sunrise on Lake Louise. Is it not worth coming a thousand miles to see? Beyond and above Lake Louise are other lakes which will well repay you for the labor of the climb, Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes; but go again—we have seen beauty enough for one morning.

Good-bye

By ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

Not less I love you—but you did not come
Unfalt'ring, fervid, when I craved the right
To walk beside you in the noonday light.
Some strange reluctance of the soul struck dumb
The voice of treaty, left your heart-strings numb,
And turned you from the venture and the height.
My golden years I yielded you; my slight
And silver days must hoard their scanty sum.

You, like the trav'ller, gathered from the deep,
Pond'ring the chances of the grappled ships—
One towards the morning, one the setting sun—
Persuaded, took th' irrevocable leap.
Love knows, nor wavers while the one chance slips.
Good-bye! God haven you when all is done!

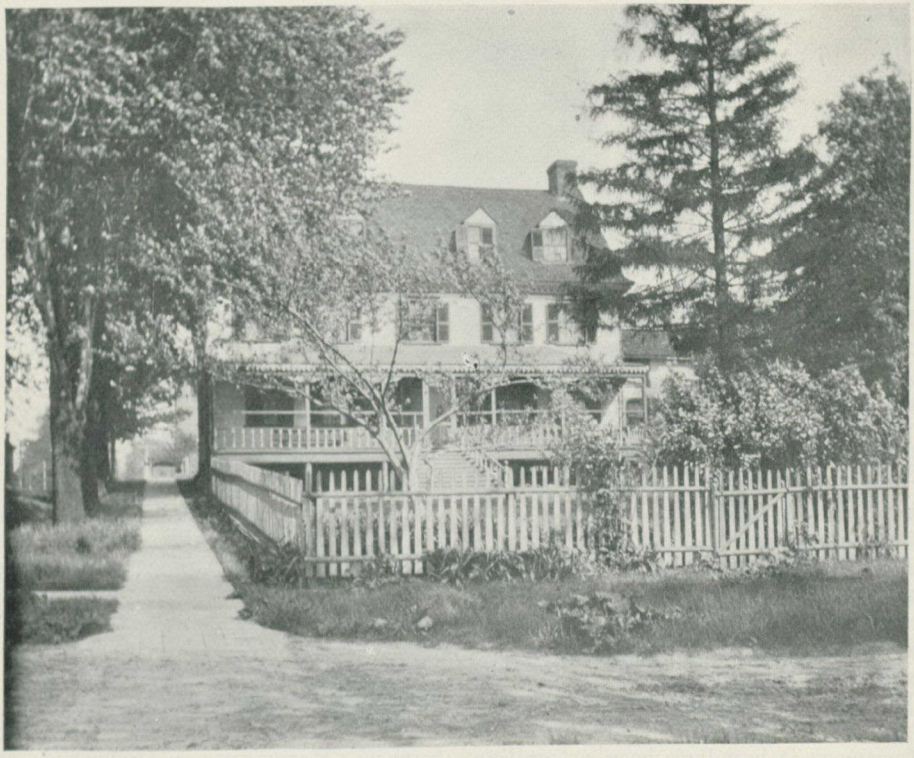
The Baby Mansion

A RELIC OF 1812

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

FEW more interesting relics remain of the war of 1812-13 than the *Bâby Mansion* at Sandwich. The date of its erection is uncertain, but, according to *Souvenirs of the Past* by the late William Lewis Bâby, who was born within its massive walls, it served as a Post in the picturesque northwest trade as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. It must therefore be at least 150 years old. To Tecumseh it had long been a familiar landmark, and to it this great Indian chief was summoned to deliberate on grave questions concerning the defence of the country. When General Hull first landed on Canadian soil in 1812 he made the *Bâby Mansion* his headquarters, and from it was issued his famous proclamation, advising the people of Canada that if Indians were used in the war no mercy would be shown. "The first stroke of the tomahawk," it read, "the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." Little did he think that he would soon ignominiously retrace his way across the river to Detroit, or that before many months had passed he would be held a prisoner of war in the very house wherein he had planned the easy conquest of his inoffensive neighbors. Brock, in his turn, used this house as a base of operations in that district, and under its hospitable roof he arranged the details of some of his most important advances against the enemy. So varied and paradoxical are the vicissitudes of war, the following year, after General Brock had repaired to the Niagara frontier, General Harrison, having defeated the Canadian troops on the Thames and burned Moraviantown, returned to Sandwich, occupied the *Bâby Mansion,* and numbered among his prisoners the very owner of the house himself—Col. James Bâby, of the Kent militia. Meantime it had been occupied by Major General Procter as headquarters during his various defensive operations. All of these historical figures have long since gone; still the house remains — changed somewhat in itself and much in environment, but for the most part it stands, as it stood a century and a half ago, a mute witness of the great transformation that has taken place since that time.

To build so pretentious a structure as the *Bâby Mansion* in those days demanded enterprise and determination, for there were no saw-mills in the vicinity, and accordingly all of the lumber used in the building of this particular house was cut out with a whip-saw. Every board was finished with a bead, and the nails, made



THE BABY MANSION AT SANDWICH, THE HEADQUARTERS SUCCESSIVELY DURING 1812-13 OF GENERALS HULL, BROCK, HARRISON AND PROCTER

of wrought iron, were driven through holes bored with a gimlet. The framework was filled in with bricks and mortar. The walls of the foundation, 40 x 50 feet in size, are three feet thick, and the cellar was made to hold 600 pipes of wine or other liquors. The beams and sheathing were of oak, the framework of doors and windows of walnut, which is still in a good state of preservation. In the ceiling of the main hall was fixed a massive hook, from which were suspended scales capable of weighing two thousand pounds of furs. The hook is still there, but the doctor who now occupies the place does not use it in weighing out his powders. The door locks are quite ponderous, being about four times as large as the average lock nowadays.

In 1812, when the *Bâby Mansion* received most of its historic associations, Detroit was a place of but few structures, lying about two miles down river on the opposite side from Sandwich. The house still looks out on the river, but how the scene has changed! Instead of a great forest on the farther bank there is now a great city, and the black clouds from a multitude of smokestacks hang like a pall over the water. Instead of the *bateaux* of the *voyageurs,* the birch-bark canoes of the red men and the passing and repassing of innumerable waterfowl, there are the Windsor ferries, the merchant craft of the Great Lakes and the innumerable vessels of all kinds that pass up and down between Lake Erie and Lake Huron.

The house faces the river, which in the early days was the great and immediate highway. As the trade in

which it was associated was brought about by means of the water, the building site was chosen close to the river's bank. Most of the *bateaux* laden with merchandise came from Montreal and were destined for points farther north and west.

The war of 1812 began with General Hull's operations in the vicinity of Amherstburg, Fort Malden and Sandwich, and it was at this time that he occupied the *Bâby Mansion* and called on the people to take shelter under the Union flag. Apparently, however, he overestimated the timidity of the Canadian people on the one hand and the awe-inspiring effect of his proclamation on the other hand. Evidently also he undervalued the friendliness of the Indians to the British arms, for it was about this time that Tecumseh with a band of red men routed a detachment of Americans at Brownstown. Major-General Procter now had the American forces at Sandwich shut off from all communication with expected reinforcements from Ohio, and so General Hull found it advisable to retreat to Detroit. Soon thereafter Brock arrived on the Canadian side, and immediately took possession of the Bâby house. Batteries were erected, five guns being placed so as to command the fort at Detroit. As soon as the guns were in position, Brock sent a demand, under a flag of truce, for Hull's surrender of Detroit, but it was refused. That night and early next morning a Canadian force numbering, with Indians, 1,330 men, crossed over about three miles below Detroit, and, finding that the time was opportune, bore down upon the fort. The guns at Sandwich began a severe bombardment, and so hopeless did Hull's position soon become that he did not attempt a defence but offered to capitulate. As a result, the Union Jack was hoisted over Detroit; Hull and the 2,500 men under him became prisoners of war, and all the armament and stores of the Americans passed into the hands of the British.

Thereafter the *Bâby Mansion* was used as headquarters by Major-General Procter during a considerable period of inactivity, but after the defeat of the British and the burning of Moraviantown, General Harrison likewise used it on his way back to Detroit. The house, therefore, has many historical associations. It now stands, surrounded by trees, a short distance from the main thoroughfare of Sandwich, unmarked in any particular way except by a doctor's sign and various traces of antiquity.

The Drama in Canada

By FREDERIC ROBSON

WHEN the late Sir Henry Irving was playing in Montreal some years ago a newspaper reporter, on the pretext of urgent business, slipped past the secretary and begged the privilege of an interview.

"Canada is familiar ground to you," remarked the reporter by way of breaking through the personal hedge.

"Fondly familiar," replied Sir Henry with his quaint smile, "I have seen this Canada, yours and mine, its plains and all those pictures through the mountains on the coast. Some day you will crown it all with a national drama, that's what you need next, a Canadian drama."

Unfortunately the Arts do not follow close in the waggon tracks of the pioneer, but we must know that pioneering is a past institution in a large section of Canada and yet we have given but few serious thoughts to the establishment of a national art and particularly that section with which the present article attempts to deal—the drama.

Any reader who has followed at all closely what the world is doing in all the branches of its life must have gathered that there is a distinctive English drama, one peculiarly French, Italian or German, and possibly a drama of more recent creation or adaptation that may pass under the name of American. But up here in Canada, we have, so far, to take the crumbs from our masters' tables. Canadians cannot be called a nation of theatre lovers. Religious sentiment which once placed the theatre as an accompaniment of the downward path is of too recent existence to be suddenly up-rooted by newer ideas and cast aside as unworthy. It is hard to turn a people from bitter opposition to mere scepticism in one generation. Harder still to make them the champions of the thing they once despised, but it is being done, and who can gainsay it?

With the weaning away from old ideas the new generation has come into a new belief that after all, the interpretation which the stage gives to stories of life is the most expressive we have yet found, and that in its transmission from the footlights to the auditor it does not carry the poison of a plague.

Granted, then, that the sentiment toward the theatre in Canada has undergone a change, the question comes—"Has any benefit accrued to the theatre?"

The influence has tended, one must admit, to a numerical increase in theatres and theatre-goers. Discrimination has not kept pace.

A new public, sons and daughters of a generation that tore the theatrical pages from the foreign magazines and burned them, lest they reach the eyes of the children of the home, have tossed aside tradition. They don't believe there is any harm in the theatre, and so they rush helter-skelter to the playhouse as soon as the white and gold doors are open.

It doesn't matter what is inside. The idea is to get there and "take a chance." They little think that they are making the theatre what it is, that every sneer at the character of a play they have been disappointed in, is a jibe at their own folly. The public love to be "taken in." It is as true of theatrical management as it ever was of Barnum. You can draw a "house" with the *Broadway Maids,* which every man buying a ticket knows to be a fraud, when empty benches would greet Shakespeare, which every man in town knew before hand would prove a treat. It is one of the little corners of human freakishness which can some day stand explanation.

There has been a lapse of many years since Mrs. Morrison's playhouse in Toronto featured Fanny Davenport, but in the intervening time, who would say that there has been an appreciable advance in public theatrical ideals?

Surely the theatre is not to blame. If a public demanded *The Pilgrim's Progress* in four acts there would be a dozen managers able and willing to serve them with the allegory. If you do not see it at your local theatre it is a fairly accurate law to take, that the public of your own town does not want it.

"The uplift of the stage" is generally little more than a patronizing phrase glibly turned off the tongues of people who know nothing of its practical problems and at heart care less.

There is only one person who can uplift the stage, and that is the man or woman who lines up opposite the box office, but in nine cases out of ten, that man thinks so little of the quality of his amusement that his opinion is rendered negative or positively harmful.

It may strike the reader as very strange that the greatest dramatic works ever written, those of William Shakespeare, which would seem to require a trained mind to fathom them, are scorned as uninteresting in the best educated centres of Ontario, while they are taken up with eagerness by the farmers of the West and the miners of the Canadian mountain towns.

The further a people get from rock bottom primitive virtues, the further from simplicity of thought, the more they desire namby-pamby novelty in their amusements.

And there is plenty of proof that veneer in the heart demands veneer in religion, in friendships and amusements.

A strange contrast comes to mind that places the point of differing dramatic taste in a highly educated community and one rugged, simple, and without the frills of up-to-dateness.

As most people who have travelled through the West know, the theatres of the plains and through the mountains are not generally the lovely creations we have in Toronto and Montreal, and the travelling actor from Fort William westward must put up with inconveniences of no light order.

A Toronto actor, at one time head of the Conservatory's elocution department, was perhaps the first man to preach Shakespeare in the wilderness. In the face of opposition he set out with a small company, fought against ill-luck and misunderstanding and finally succeeded in establishing himself and his company as the recognized attraction of Western Canada. For six or seven years he brought the classic drama almost to the prairie door. Small audiences in this town or large in the other, adverse sentiment or plaudits, he prosecuted his classic mission, playing Shakespeare at every chance. And success came at last where it would have been denied in the East. And why? Was it not that the quiet customed people of the prairies and mountain towns, with loves and hates unfettered by imitation of others or what others did or said or had ever done, felt that in

Hamlet, for instance, was given them a lens whereby their eyes beheld the philosophy of their own lives. Would it not be accurate to say that the peasant, full-blooded and with good intelligence, might gain vastly more from Shakespeare than the prince of keener intellect, but more pampered tastes? That is why Shakespeare "goes" in the west of Canada and the south and west of the United States while it falls flat in the middle districts; and these same middle districts of both countries generally claim a fair preponderance of discrimination and correct taste.

Since it is impossible from the smallness of the population and the widely scattered cities and towns to maintain companies in Canada playing only to Canadians and governed by Canadian taste, impossible for many years to have a Canadian "stage" or a Canadian drama, it would seem that the means of bringing Canadian dramatic taste up to a higher level and securing proper food to sweeten and make the taste a contented one, must come from a new direction. Formation of amateur societies is disputable as a remedy. Amateur societies meet so often for fun and vanity, so seldom for hard work. Earl Grey has done much to clear the way for better things. His annual competitions for dramatic societies encourage original and skilled work from amateur actors and playwrights the Dominion through. Happily His Excellency's idea is not "to reform the stage." He aims rather to encourage amateurs to interest themselves in the interpretation of plays purely for the personal benefit accruing from such efforts.

American theatrical managers regard the Canadian circuits as among the best paying on the continent. Take Kingston, Ont., a place regarded as one of the best one-night stands on the continent. London too gives a good paying audience; Hamilton turns out well; likewise Toronto and Winnipeg and Calgary and New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria.

The same line might be followed through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. So that it may be taken that the money of the Canadian theatre-going public is looked upon with desiring eyes by managers and syndicates in New York city, that centre where North America's dramatic diet is prepared and served out.

To take a hypothetical case, suppose that by dint of an educational campaign throughout Canada on the theatre and its proper function in a community people were brought to believe that the theatre was a Temple of the Drama and not a whirligig with hand organ music and fun for grown-up children, the dramatic horizon might quickly be swung round from murky skies to sunshine. The people would stay at home until a worthy production came to town, then flock to it until the sign of "Standing Room Only" would be a feature on the night of the true drama. And how long do you suppose the managerial lords would be in opening their eyes to the new conditions? The correction of public taste is an immense task, but it can be done and the first element that must be called upon is the Canadian newspaper. Why could not every newspaper boasting of independence of its business office, and these are not a few, come boldly into the field for a more abundant showing of brains at the local theatre and fewer of the travesties that pass before the public's eyes under the name of comic opera and melodrama. Why could they not do this? The newspapers are one of the theatre manager's greatest aids in getting the public's money. It isn't the display advertisements set up in a heavy-face that draw the crowds; it is the advance notice.

Nearly every newspaper gives in return for theatre tickets and advertising contracts, a certain amount of

space to the local theatre manager in the news columns, wherein the latter is allowed to say almost what he pleases about a coming attraction, and the newspaper shoulders the responsibility for the accuracy of his statements.

For instance, pick up even our most reputable Canadian papers. There in a prominent place you see: "Greatest treat of the season—Mr. Blank, manager of the Blank opera house has completed arrangements for the appearance in this city of the famous operatic star—Miss Blank—in that most brilliant comedy of the season, So and So. The original caste has been retained, and the company will number 100 people. New York papers proclaim Miss Blank as the cleverest comedienne that has appeared on Broadway since the days of Miss So and So." Most of which the newspaper man knows is grossly exaggerated. Every newspaper editor who admits such copy must know for all intents and purposes his paper in printing such stuff is giving, not the statement of the advance agent but its own. If the *Daily News* or *Herald* of this city or that uses those advance notices without any advertising caption then these papers are backing up every word that is used.

Let one courageous newspaper begin the work of refusing to print advance notices that it cannot vouch for, and a score will follow—for imitation in journalism is not the needle in the haystack.

Unfortunately for Canada, dramatic critics are not to be plucked from every maple tree. Even were they abundant and possessed an appreciative sense, with good knowledge of dramatic technique and good means of expression, what newspaper would want them? How many newspapers would stand for candid criticism of the local theatre's offerings? Possibly ten in the whole Dominion. How many newspapers in the Dominion, no matter how willing to slash unworthy "shows," have at present dramatic columns of any appreciable value to readers? Possibly three.

If we can't have a Canadian stage for a while, let us do the next best thing: Tell the theatrical manager that we have changed our idea of the purpose of the theatre, and will only attend when that purpose is recognized and respected. Shakespeare should have no monopoly of the theatre. No, let us breed more Shakespeares, and to do that the stage should be open to every playwright so long as his ideas are good and his purpose sound.

And let the newspaper look to itself and do its part. Banish the false advance notice. Criticize the play when able to criticize—if not able, then let it alone: say nothing more than that it pleased or disappointed. Let all those harping on the theatre's degeneracy look to themselves and learn whether or not they are giving the dramatic toboggan a good start down hill. The theatre-goer who remains away from the play of merit does as much to kill all merit on the stage as the one who turns out to the melodrama or frothy comic opera.

It is *your* support that will lift up or drag down the present standing of the drama in Canada. It is *you* that this institution, possible of incalculable benefit to any country, looks in the present day for the nod of approval or the scowl that will determine the calibre of its future.

Uncle Lemuel

By PEARL S. BENEDUM

IT was in protracted meeting times that Uncle Lemuel came out strongest. We childen always liked him, but oh, it was bliss to be allowed to stay out half an hour under the old oak tree with him while preaching was going on inside the big, square, hot, old Baptist church.

Mother, in her best black Henrietta dress, and father, in his alpaca coat (for coolness), used to sit 'way up in front, while Mr. Howard's big booming voice was saying over and over with varying emphasis to the "seekers": "Won't you come, *won't* you come?"

It was all very solemn, and very hard for eight-year-old little girls to sit so still, when one knew how cool the spring was down under the alders, and that Uncle Lemuel was on the log seat by the big oak, with maybe a story all ready to tell.

And when I got very tired mother would let me slip out quietly, while everybody was standing up and singing vociferously *Almost Persuaded.* And then for Uncle Lemuel! There he was in his linen duster, with his pipe and the jolly little twinkles about his mouth and eyes. Oh, Uncle Lemuel knew what little girls liked!

First of all, off came my tight little kid shoes and white socks, and my red, tired, little feet nestled gratefully into the cool moss about the oak tree. Then, Uncle Lemuel went straight to his sister's (Miss Polly's)) big basket, under their waggon seat, and abstracted therefrom such a juicy fried chicken leg and such a cold, tender buttermilk biscuit; then sparkling spring water, in Miss Polly's "gourd" (no glass could make it taste so sweet). My! but I was content, nothing lacking now but the story.

Just then, Mrs. "Neck" Herndon, and her husband, drove up in their "Rockaway."

"Neck" Herndon was so designated because of his most abnormally long and thin neck. He was long and thin all over. But his neck!—why, it was almost as long and red and thin as our old turkey gobbler's.

As their waggon stopped, "Neck" got out, and hitched the two white mules to the swaying branch of a tree and assisted Mrs. "Neck," in all the glory of a new false front and gray alpaca gown, to alight.

Uncle Lemuel watched their dignified progress into the church, and then he chuckled—that slow, rich chuckle that we children thought always presaged a story.

"Oh, Uncle Lemuel," I exclaimed, "Is there a funny story about Mrs. 'Neck' Herndon? Please tell me, won't you?"

"Well, Honey," said Uncle Lemuel, "I don't know whether it will seem funny to you or not, but I'll tell you what I was thinkin' about. I used to know Betty Herndon, Pet, twenty-five years ago, when she was a great belle —pretty as red shoes, too, with her shiny, black hair in two big puffs over her ears. And *beaux,* honey, she had *mo'* beaux; seemed like every young spark in Fanquier county was tiein' his ho'se out at Major Farish's hitch-

in' post. She was Betty Farish then. Well, she refused this one and refused that one, and one by one they went off finally and married somebody else. Looked like Betty couldn't get suited; and as the years went by, of co'se, she wasn't quite so pretty, and the beaux jest natchully dropped off. At last, 'bout five years ago, I hea'h'd tell she was married to Neck Herndon. I couldn't hardly believe it, after all the fine, handsome young men she'd refused. So I went out to see her one day, and s'y I, 'Betty, is this true 'bout you goin' to marry that giraffe of a Neck Herndon?' Well, she says 'yes.'

" 'Now, Betty Farish,' I says, 'you tell me *why* you're doin' this.'

" 'Well, Uncle Lemuel,' says she, and I declare her eye was twinklin', 'Well Uncle Lemuel, I'll tell you: I've just come to the point where it's *Neck* or *nothin'*.' "

The Broken Galley

By LLOYD ROBERTS

They beached her in the bay,
Where the creamy sand-drifts lay,
And strove to hold the foemen off
With blades too weak to slay.
Then her stricken captain said,
"Our blood has dyed you red,
We've broken you upon the rocks
And ringed you with our dead.

"Each plank of yours could tell
Where spear and arrow fell;
You ran us through a thousand jaws
And brought us safe from hell.
And now the fight is done,
The wild, free life is run;
No more your prow will climb the blue,
To greet the golden sun.

"Your decks will rock no more
To the battle's sullen roar;
No more your soldiers break in song
Above the straining oar;
But we will sleep beside,
Till on another tide,
We rise and take you forth again."
And so the captain died.

The black years flutter by,
Like ravens in the sky;
Still she sleeps below their wings,
Nor heeds their doleful cry:
With her broken timbers strewn,
White ribs beneath the moon,
And a dirge to rest the soul of her,
The ocean's hollow rune.

Fairy Singing

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

It is a Celtic belief that when a young and beautiful girl sinks into a swift decline, she has heard the fairies singing.

She was my love and the pulse of my heart;
Lovely she was as the flowers that start
Straight to the sun from the earth's tender breast,
Sweet as the wind blowing out of the west—
Elana, Elana, my strong one, my white one,
Sweet is the wind blowing over thy rest!

She crept to my side
In the cold mist of morning.
"O Wirra" she cried,
" 'Tis farewell now, mavourneen!
When the crescent moon hung
Like a scythe in the sky,
I heard in the silence
The Little Folks cry.

" 'Twas like a low sighing,
A sobbing, a singing;
It came from the west,
Where the low moon was swinging:
'Elana, Elana'
Was all of their crying.
Mavrone! I must go—
To refuse them, I dare not.
Alone I must go;
They have called and they care not—
Naught do they care that they call me apart,
From the warmth and the light and the love
of thy heart.
Hark! How their singing
Comes winging, comes winging,
Through thy close arms, beloved,
Straight to my heart!"

White grew her face as the thorn's tender bloom,
White as the mist from the valley of doom!
Sure was her going—her head on my breast
Drooped like a flower that winter has pressed.
Elana, Elana! My strong one, my white one!
Empty the arms that thy beauty had blessed.

The Cradle of Scottish Liberty

By JEAN BLEWETT

THE Lanark folk proudly draw your attention to the picturesque ruins of St. Kentigern, and St. Kentigern, passing over its massive masonry, its carvings and its stained glass, proceeds to press upon your notice the fact that from its ivy covered tower was removed the oldest bell, not only in all Scotland but in all Europe. Rough and ponderous that bell, cracked, and dulled, and dinted, with its inscription almost rubbed out by the fingers of centuries —almost, not quite. Look close, and mark the quaint lettering:

Anno 1110.

I did for thrice three centuries hing,
And unto Lanark City ring.

The church, one of the most interesting ruins in Scotland, was built by King David the Good, son of Malcolm Canmore, and grandson of that Duncan whom Macbeth made an end of in Glamis Castle. Of the sixty-odd churches dedicated to Scotland's early evangelist this is the only St. Kentigern. The title of "St. Mungo," for instance, was won by deeds of piety and zeal in the cause of Christ. But the Lanark folk were ever a fighting folk, and so their church was given the name he bore as knight and soldier—St. Kentigern.

The architecture is early English, the masonry of a kind which refuses to crumble beneath the march of the centuries. The men who put these massive walls together were probably descendants of the Romans who, at one time, made Lanark their central station.

To the right of the church stood the castle (Lanark was a royal city in the good old days), with its moat, its towers, and rock-hewn keep. The church and the castle had close connection. What time the brave Lord of the castle was not fighting the English, he was in the church attending to his devotions.

In his history of Scotland Buchanan tells us that the first Scottish Parliament was held in Lanark.

It was William the Lion of Scotland who presented St. Kentigern with its crowning glory, the great bell, which rang out for the first time on the morning that Joan, daughter of Henry III. of England, stood before the altar of St. Kentigern to marry the son and heir of Scotland's king. William the Lion was wont to affirm that twice each day souls slipped into paradise unchallenged, since, so passing sweet was the bell of St. Kentigern, that morning and evening St. Peter laid aside his keys and stole to the ramparts of heaven to listen to its chiming.

St. Kentigern figures largely in the history of the country. Robert Bruce, though more closely associated with Dumfermline Abbey, kept vigils many and long in these dim cloisters. Here in the sacristy was signed the treaty between John Baloil and Philip of France, which made Philip an ally of Baloil's, and brought a beautiful

ST. KENTIGERN GRAVEYARD AND RUINS

French woman over to be the wife of Baloil's successor.

In one of these old oaken pews Marion Bradfute sat and hearkened to sermons "baith lang and strang." Lifting her eyes once on a time she saw a man "strong and young, and of an exceedingly fair countenance." The man, who was no other than William Wallace, also saw Marion, and

"To see her was to love her
And love but her forever."

In these musty aisles, under sound of the ancient bell, began that tender love tale which has thrilled the hearts of youth the world over. Here at the altar they were married one June morning.

Lanark is William Wallace's town. "Wallace's path" leads past the Cartland crags and the falls of Linn to "Wallace's Cave." This was his hiding place. On a boulder overlooking the water sits a lad, with an open copy of "The Scottish Chiefs" in his hand, and eyes fixed dreamily on the cave. He is seeing it all plainly, hearing above the clamor of the water the cry which broke from Wallace's lips at the tale told by the old follower, the tale of Marion's loyalty and of Marion's murder. Poor young wife! Of course it all happened long, long ago, but the lad's sympathies are vivid. He is glad that Wallace took vengeance, glad that enough men rallied round him to put the brutal Hesilrig, with two hundred and forty followers, to death, to set fire to the garrison walls and burn them to the ground. It was a noble bonfire in his estimation.

That flame, the first lighted in the cause of liberty since nobles and clansmen alike had had their spirits broken by many defeats, kindled an answering gleam through all Scotland. From Dunnet Head at the north to the Mull of Galloway at the south, from Ardnamurchan at the west to Buchanness at the east, flashed answering beacons. And because of this flame, and the freedom it brought about, Lanark proudly writes

herself "The Cradle of Scottish Liberty."

Lanark was a stirring place in Covenanting times. To its old Mercat cross was nailed the declaration of war, beneath the same an indignant people burned the Test and Succession Acts. King's man and covenanter must often have brushed shoulders in these warm streets, "when the de'il o' Dundee had his men marshalled just beyond Castlegate."

Poor Robert Owen, the reformer, cried out in bitterness: "Lanark people, I meant ye to have a taste of heaven below, but you would have none of the methods"—they were not Scotch methods.

Owen's dream was to make a Utopia of New Lanark. Late in the seventeenth century he began the work. He dissented from all churches. No church spire should rear itself in this Utopia, no bell clang out a reminder of creed or article. He held that human nature contained the elements of purity and grace; that it was good, radically good; all it needed was environment calculated to the development of goodness. Error was not natural, it was the direct result of outside influences, and instilled beliefs. He made a mistake in locating where he did. When he exclaimed against the selfishness of doing good in the hope of getting to heaven, and the cowardice of keeping the Commandments out of fear of going to hell, he got a scant sympathy. New Lanark could set her own standards, but old Lanark would hold fast to the old faith, the old creed, the old kirk; she was orthodox through and through.

Owens was an enthusiast. His people were to be a sober, healthy, upright people, living well out of pure love of goodness. None would lie or steal or speak evil; no man would wrong his neighbor; the leaven of goodness would leaven the whole lump; human nature would prove its

WALLACE'S CAVE, UNDER THE ROCK IN THE FOREGROUND

OLD ROMAN BRIDGE OVER THE MOUSE

innate grandeur, and this spot become a veritable bit of heaven below.

Reports of his wonderful system spread far and wide. Not only did the scholars and statesmen of the day visit the place, but several of the crowned heads of Europe as well. But time showed him the hopelessness of his task. A broken man he exclaimed:

"Ay, human nature is a grand thing, but it has proved too much for me."

Poor Robert Owen sleeps in a quiet corner back of St. Kentigern, and the world wags on, and human nature is about what it was in the days when he pinned his faith to it.

Lanark is proud of her age. She has reason to be. When the Caledonia Railway was being built such a store of relics was discovered as swelled the contents of the town museum considerably. From a cairn of stones came coins of Neva, Trajan, Hadrian, and Antonius Pius; from a Roman burial place stone coffins and deep stone urns which carry a hint of cremation about them.

But more interesting than cairn or crannog or coin or urn is the bridge spanning the Mouse. The mists of tradition hang heavily about it. When the Romans went out of the country after five years' occupation this stone bridge swung between these banks. Now it is as gray as the very rocks it rests upon, save where the ivy covers it. It looks a part of rock and cliff and overhanging shrub, a thing grown, not made. Nature has seized it and made it part and parcel of the landscape.

On either side the lilies lift their white heads bravely, the rushes flaunt their soft, slim greenness, and out from its shadow the waters of the Mouse go singing and shining straight to the fragrant solitudes of Orchard Valley.

"The Servant in the House"

A Review of Charles Rann Kennedy's Remarkable Play
by John E. Webber

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THE apostolic fury of a Paul or Carlyle, the zeal of a Savonarola, and the genial paradoxical humor of a Bernard Shaw seem to have all entered into the temperamental outfit of the author of *The Servant in the House*. The artistic equipment is a perfect mastery of dramatic construction with a special predilection for Greek forms, a keen literary sense and an intimate knowledge of modern stage craft. It is this dramaturgic skill, the specific understanding of the uses of the drama as a vehicle of expression, that has enabled the author to deliver his message (for such it is, notwithstanding its setting of comedy) with such startling effect. Although written on modern realistic lines, a form of unusual severity has been adopted, imposing on the "apostolic furist" a degree of intellectual self-restraint that abundantly proves the indwelling artist and scholar. It also demonstrates, as Ibsen has already done, the perfect adaptability of the "classic" form to the treatment of modern problems. The author employs only seven characters in his play and the unities have been strictly observed, the action being continuous and taking place, without change of scenery, in an ordinary living-room of a country vicarage. The tremendous cosmic significance, the terrific spiritual excitement, crowded into that one room is a constructive feat probably unsurpassed by modern dramatists, not excepting Ibsen. The dynamic value is incalculable.

Dramatic preachments we have had, this season at least, *ad infinitum*—we may even again add *ad nauseam*—proving that the functions of the stage are still variously regarded. No doubt much of the great art of the world, dramatic and otherwise, may be directly traced to humanitarian

Mr. C. Rann Kennedy,
author of "The Servant in the House"

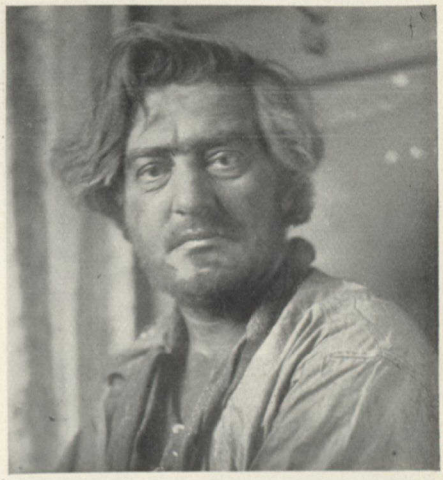
Miss Edith Wynne Matthison,
in "The Servant in the House"

impulses, but the test of any such art must surely be that it survive its specific intent and delight (yea and save!) finally for its own inherent beauty. In the case of Henry Arthur Jones' *The Evangelist* (reviewed in the March *Canadian Magazine*) construction, we noted, got little farther than ordinary pulpit technique, and the public properly relegated the effort back to its proper stage. *The Servant in the House,* on the other hand, will appeal to us when the message has spent its fury, just as Ibsen's social dramas are received with increasing interest, though we are no longer thrilled by their revolutionary propaganda. Mr. Kennedy's message, moreover, can lay no claim to originality — unless paradoxically it be its strict orthodoxy — though the conviction behind it and the sense of personal discovery give it the force and value of a revelation. All of which is but another way of saying, reverently let us hope that the dramatist's art is more potent than his message, though apparently inseparable from it, and that his remarkable play will live as much for its strong human qualities, its inventive skill, and the inherent dynamic beauty of its drama as for its teaching. For apart from its symbolism and serious appeal—one might almost say in spite of them—it is a drama of absorbing human interest and deliciously humorous situations—all the more humorous perhaps because of the (conventionally) pious background.

On its surface we have a strong domestic drama, involving a vicar, his loving but ambitious and worldly expedient wife who has persuaded her husband to ignore all other obligations save those which further his own interests, and *Mary,* daughter of the vicar's degenerate brother *Bob.* The vicar and his wife have adopted *Mary* and brought her up in ignorance of her father's existence. The hatred and denial of this outcast brother, with the living lie it involves, form the crux of the drama and are the occasion of its emotional as well as its ethical and spiritual conflict. The vicar, who has "seen clearly but lacked courage," holds himself responsible for his brother's downfall, and this brooding thought, together with the vexatious burden of a sadly dilapidated church for whose restoration he is unable to collect funds, are weighing heavily on his soul as the play opens. He has also another brother, *Joshua,* who, it appears, went to India fifteen years before and had not been heard from since. This long lost brother proves to be none other than the great *Bishop of Benares*— a hypothetical eastern bishopric, of course — who has just written the vicar offering to restore his church provided one other is found to help him. Whereupon the practical wife, unknown to her husband, has written her own influential brother, an out-and-out-worldly-material churchman (a man of "stocks and shares, a bishop of Mammon" he is called), who on learning of their exalted ec-

clesiastical connection is graciously pleased to come. Both bishops are expected as the play opens. A totally unexpected and unwelcome guest arrives meanwhile in the person of *Mary's* father—*Bob*—the hater and hated, who appears on the scene a burly, begrimed workman, uncouth in form, rough-spoken and bitter from a lonely life and ingratitude. His job is drains. Each of these characters bears also a symbolic or secondary significance which may be read or ignored according to the impressionability of the spectator.

The *Bishop of Benares* is soon recognized in the Hindu butler under the suggestive name of *Manson,* who has entered the vicar's employ that morning and from his position as servant proceeds to exert a subtle but all-compelling influence over the destinies of the troubled vicar's household. This grave Oriental in whom we further recognize a re-incarnation of Christ—symbolism within symbolism, you see — moves through the scene impassive and mysterious, an ever watchful and admonishing spirit, his dual identity sufficiently clear to the audience but skilfully concealed from his associates (with the exception of little *Mary,* to whom he has confided his recret) until the general *dénouement.* The test of plausibility, of course, is not to be applied too strictly here or for that matter at many other points in the play. For instance, in a comedy scene that follows based on this and other mistaken identities, the *Bishop of Lancashire,* who is a little blind and a little deaf (the play abounds in just such figurative touches) and has doddered in after *Bob,* who is now eating his breakfast of "sossingers" in the vicar's cassock, mistakes the drain-man for the vicar and *Manson* for his brother bishop from *Benares.* Thereupon all three sit down together and the dialogue that ensues, with its play of cross-purposes, is equal to Bernard Shaw at his best.



Mr. Tyrone Power,
as *"Bob"* in "The Servant in the House"

Improbable as the situation is, the dignity of the setting and the seriousness of its underlying satire save it from even the suggestion of farce. The bishop's horror on discovering that he has been sitting at meat with a common laborer is only equalled by the horror of his later discovery that he has been making rather compromising overtures to the butler in regard to the restoration fund. To clap the situation *Manson* is bribed to silence, the "remedy for misapprehension" taking the form of a five-pound note, which *Manson* promptly burns. Later, when the opportunity is given to him, as it is, *Manson's* first act is to cleanse the house of "this abomination" and incidentally lead the vicar's revolt against his bishop's unholy counsels. The vicar and his wife meanwhile thresh out their domestic and spiritual problems, projecting into the field of discussion childlessness, husband-worship (which the author frankly calls idolatry), ethical idealism as opposed to worldly expediency and truth and love as opposed to lies and hate. "Don't you see," the vicar cries, "that God and Mammon are fighting for our very souls?" Auntie, the wife, yields re-

Mr. Walter Hampden,
as *Manson* in "The Servant in the House"

luctantly, however, fighting God to a finish. But, thanks to *Manson*, she too finally surrenders, and the spiritual harmony is complete. *Bob*, who has early come under the regenerating influence both of *Manson* and his daughter *Mary* (from whom in a scene of tenderest emotion, tragic in the depth of its pathos, he manages to conceal his identity) proves just the helper *Manson* needs. For, of course, the trouble is all in the drains, and a very realistic picture *Bob* presents of their condition. They are particularly foul under the church. He "knowed it was under the church, for I could 'ear the organ overe'd playing 'The Church 'as One Foundation.'" *Bob* has found his place. "Someone 'as to see to the drains, someone 'as to clear up the muck of the world," he declares. The work is a dangerous one: typhoid, perhaps death, but he will go. "Why, wot is there to fear?" he asks. "Ain't it worth while to move that load of muck?" . . . "What's it (death) matter if the comrides up above 'ave light and joy and a breath of 'olesome air to sing by?"

At this point the vicar, who has foresworn lies, cant and hypocrisy forever, and looked himself squarely in the face, takes up the strain, throws off his priestly garments, and declares himself ready to help in the work of purification. This scene throughout is a grand dramatic *fugue*, culminating in a spiritual exaltation and ecstacy of dramatic emotion unmatched anywhere in modern drama.

A full account of the play is of course out of the question, but enough has been said to show that the author has projected with considerable boldness the broad problem of the Church, which he freely criticizes in the light of Christ's teaching and frankly declares un-Christian. It is a treatise to this extent and as such constitutes an arraignment of the Church in severe and caustic terms. Opposed to this, we have the Church of *Benares* the ideal, spiritual church which *Manson* describes in a speech of wondrous eloquence.

Manson: When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears.

If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder!

"The pillar of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades, and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building — building and built upon. Sometimes, the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. (Softer) Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

From this it will be evident that Mr. Kennedy is more than a mere iconoclast. Idols he breaks mercilessly with master strokes of irony, and altars are overturned without compunction. But he is constructive as well as destructive. If he pulls down this church of "creeds and stones," it is only that he may build the Spiritual Church, a church born of heart and soul and courage, on a foundation of love, truth and righteousness as he conceives them. If he drives false priests and lying prophets before him with a scourge, it is only that the true believers in Christ may minister in His temples. He is, moreover, an optimist of optimists, a positive believer in God and revealed religion. Your smug saint is your real atheist, this author would say. He would not deny the Latin creed, for instance, but re-state it, vitalizing it at the same time with a living faith and a show of spiritual energy. Formalism with its attendant hypocrisies he recognizes as the real enemy of the church, and this enemy he would smite with every weapon at hand. But every blow is a blow for brotherhood and love. The church must not only teach the brotherhood of man but believe in it as a necessary corollary to the fatherhood of God.

This will be recognized at once as a re-statement of the tendency of modern thought to interpret Christianity in its larger sociological aspects, and is in full accord with the current thought of the day. That Christ taught modern socialistic ideals is also fully recognized by independent observers. Not anarchistic socialism which is specifically reproved in *Bob*, but socialism that expresses itself in spiritual philanthropy.

Manson, visually and by implication, stands for the living Christ, and represents the probable attitude of the Galilean toward the social and religious problems of the day. And with the author's conception of the Christ as such and the part He would play in contemporary life, no one will seriously disagree. *Manson* has all the qualities we associate with human perfection, which is to say, divinity; for the "divine" will always be expressed in terms of the highest spiritual aspirations of humanity. We think, however, that the author in attempting to realize an actual Christ, has pushed his symbolism too far, that is, beyond the dramatic necessities of the case, sacrificing thereby the significant to the obvious. No doubt its wisdom will also be questioned on religious grounds, although the manner in which it is done and the dignity and spiritual beauty of Mr. Hampden's performance practically disarm criticism on that score.

The author, however, has proved his audacity in other directions than this. Two important tenets of the drama at least he has calmly ignored: there is no love interest in the ordinary sex sense, no plot and little inci-

dent. The result is that long reaches of unrelieved conversation have occasionally to be traversed, a criticism which the author has apparently anticipated at one point where *Mary* persuades *Manson* not to get impatient, because "it is all in the story." It is a play rather of psychological and symbolic import, and the drama arises from the conflict of character and ideals, which, however, clash together at times like armies in full combat, sword crashing on shield, spear on helmet, blow on blow, the din of battle rising crescendo on crescendo up to the very battlements of heaven.

The symbolism is not so deep nor the psychology so profound as that of Ibsen, at his best, but for that reason both will be nearer the popular understanding. Unlike the great Norwegian, moreover, this author does not ruthlessly probe the human conscience only to expose with relentless but fascinating logic the secret springs of human action. Nor is he an inscrutable sphinx who refuses to answer the riddles of his own propounding. Questions of our mortal or immortal souls, in fact the whole riddle of life, are answered with perfect equanimity and the confidence of an enthusiast. There is no note of despair, no cynicism, no hint of futility, because with one exception there is no limit to the efficacy of his (*Manson's*) gospel. The exception is the *Bishop of Lancashire,* "the abomination" whom *Bob,* inelegantly perhaps, but explicitly, directs to perdition. We may not all be as sanguine as this author, as happily constituted temperamentally, to ignore some of the perplexities that confront us. But whether we concede the premises or not, we must all admit the implied compliment to human nature.

Altogether *The Servant in the House* is a great play, one of the great plays of modern times, and while it may not be wise to prophesy definitely at this moment, it is well within the limits of probability that in Mr. Kennedy England has found at last a great dramatic genius, possibly the greatest since Shakespeare.

Of the presentation one can only speak in terms of highest commendation. No such company of actors has previously ever been assembled on the American stage, and better acting could not be wished. We have elsewhere spoken of the dignity and spiritual beauty of Mr. Walter Hampden's performance in the supremely difficult rôle of *Manson.* Notwithstanding the comparison it invites at every turn, the dignity and impressiveness of his characterization are never for a moment challenged. Mr. Hampden has vocal gifts of a wonderful order as well as a beauty of countenance and dignity of bearing that lend themselves peculiarly to the investiture of this sacred rôle. Mr. Tyrone Power gives a colorful, masterly performance of *Bob,* in whom the great human interest of the play will undoubtedly be found. The dynamic beauty of his final "drain scene" could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Charles Dalton as the vicar could not be improved upon, while Mr. Arthur Lewis acts the *Bishop of Lancashire* to the last note. Miss Mabel Moore as *Mary* furnishes a picture of charming girlishness, simple and direct in its appeal and holding us with an indefinable charm. She is like a lute strain wandering with rare sweetness through the brasses and cymbals and spiritual turmoil of a great rhapsody. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who heads the important caste, has an apparently subordinate although technically a highly difficult rôle in *Auntie,* the vicar's wife, which of course she enacts with all the skill and charm of the accomplished, beautiful actress she is. Her voice alone is a constant joy, while her acting makes us realize once more the absolute poverty of the American stage in this regard.

Burrows' Important Engagement

By ALFRED PALMER

ABOVE the rugged outlines of the Canadian Rockies the declining sun was thrusting a fierce ruddy glare between the masses of dark cloud rack that had overshadowed the country and drenched it with violent and incessant rain all day long.

It lighted up the tall form of a young man in the usual "get up" of the western cowpuncher, seated on a small black cayuse that stood wide-legged in the centre of a water-sogged trail.

The rider was industriously, but vainly, endeavoring to get a light from the matches he drew from his damp pocket from time to time.

"To blazes with such truck," he cried at last. "Matches like these are enough to make a man wild!" And, losing all patience, he flung the last useless stick and the cigarette after it.

He was about to jerk his cayuse forward when a voice from the dense growth of willows on his left arrested him.

"Save your curses for your real troubles, young fellow. You'll need them sure enough, or your life will go smoother than life goes with the most of us these days."

The cowpuncher looked for the speaker, and perceived the face and shoulders of an elderly woman amid the willows. The face and shoulders pushed their way through the still dripping scrub and the form of a strongly built woman clad in rough farm dress emerged. The young man instinctively made her a motion of politeness.

"Our light roan cow got away on us yesterday in the storm, and I have tramped through mire and muck after her all day. I have only just now lighted on her; she has a little calf. The poor wee brat is so weak and cold I fear he'll die. Could you just take him on your cayuse and along to our place right north — Dombey's place? Maybe you know it?" She paused for breath and looked up into the cowpuncher's face in an artless, trustful manner; then immediately continued her homely talk as if he had, without question, the greatest interest in her affair. "What *shall* we do if these cold rains continue much longer? Why the poor brats can never stand it. Every one of ours now have the purge, and then before they will be well over that the flies will be here and wear them down to shadows. I wonder sometimes how they pull through at all." Then she resumed suddenly, as if some secret monitor within had administered some gentle rebuke, "There! there! there! That's how we let our cares and fears run away with our trust, as if trouble really amounted to very much after all. God *is good*—and we *do* pull through."

Then she smiled such a good-humored contagious smile that brushed all the care from her brow, and it caressed a hearty one in response from the silent cowpuncher, although since he had realized the full meaning of

her request, he had been repeating beneath his breath a series of progressively deeper and profounder exclamations. His face, however, did not disclose the profanity of his mind. The reason for this subterraneous profanity was that, in order to attend a celebration, he had been, to use his own expression, "doing his damnedest" to plug through this choice samplet of Alberta alkali mud to join the boys at Dempsey's. He was late already; now here was this old woman further delaying him on account of her calf.

Lank Burrows worked at Coxey's ranch in the Knee Hills and was popular with the boys; in fact he was what most people call a "wild duck." He took in as many of the toots, rallies and flings as he could reach. And he did not let many of them pass him. Although really if these flare-ups did encourage a taste for whiskey in him, it was incidental; it was the roaring fun, the company, and the pleasure of fraternity that was the main incentive.

This morning the Dempsey boys had sent him special word to assist them at a *little function*. They had heard, or expected to hear, of the decease of an old uncle of theirs who had promised to "cough up good" on their behalf in his will. They had gathered up all the boys, secured a couple of cases of the "best stuff" to be found in Calgary and intended having an immense flare-up. Lank was on his way to the whooping. They would be looking for him sure, as he was a whirler on the mouth organ. His ethics were like his digestion, and they seemed to act very well enough without his active intervention. He never lost much time in thinking over what he should do, or whether he should do it. He acted on impulses, and it went very well at that. When it was the case of an appeal from man or beast in distress, he acted quickly, and always in the right direction. He had ridden into the heart of a prairie fire to release horses tied in a burning stable, floundered about in a muskeg up to his waist to get out a stuck cow, and swum the chilling current of the Bow to save a venturesome breed. In every such act he suffered inconvenience and hardship, besides ruining his clothes, yet the impulses remained for the reason that they were a part of himself.

So when the old lady ceased and looked to him, he responded and bore down his inclination without even a grumble.

"All O.K. Ma'am," he shouted cheerily, as he plunged into the scrub; "we'll soon land the lad home." He dropped off and lifted the calf, which was nearly dead with cold, back with him into the saddle.

"Come, baby, come,
And we'll all take a ride,"

he sang as he plunged back into the trail.

When they reached the house, he carried the calf to the stable and left it snug. Old Mrs. Dombey, who had gone into the house, met him on his return, thanked him in her simple way, and asked him in to take a cup of warm tea. He stammered his excuses and was moving on towards the cayuse, when she said that the old man, who was sick inside, would like to speak to him.

This was another test of Lank's equanimity. A mental picture of the boys arriving at Dempsey's came to him, and for several seconds the inclination battled strenuously with the impulse, as he stood jerking the knot of his red handkerchief from the side of his neck towards his chin. But the impulse again thrust the inclination aside, and he followed Mrs. Dombey into the shack.

He found old Dombey lying in bed in a small room, divided from the living room by a paper partition. The old man was propped on the pillows, his long bony hands, soiled with hard work and exposure, extended on the patchwork quilt. His small watery

eyes were turned towards the door as the huge frame of Lank Burrows appeared; the old man was apparently expecting him. The rugged, wan face lighted up as if he was infinitely pleased.

"Heaven and earth! Where came ye from, lad? Sit ye down. Sit ye down," exclaimed the old man rapidly in a sharp, jerky voice. "And what's yer name? Where's yer place?"

The wife, who had followed Burrows into the room, protested against this inquisitiveness, explaining to Burrows that it was the old man's way with everyone, a habit acquired in the factory days. The old man had been a factor for the Hudson's Bay Company in his early days.

Burrows smiled good naturedly, told the old man who he was, where he worked and other particulars about himself and his calling. Old Dombey was greatly interested and bade his wife get supper quickly. When she was gone, he turned to Burrows, looking at his schaps, motioned him to bend closer.

"Ye are a cattle man, lad," he whispered, "and so understand; when a man must lie on his back——" (Here he motioned him to bend yet closer, while he continued in a very low tone, with almost a purr in his voice.) "The petticoats do very good in the house, trucking around with the milk and the butter and the chickens, but, heaven and earth, lad, when it comes to horses and cattle, they don't know the first thing. Are you bothered with them?"

It was with some difficulty that Lank suppressed a roar of laughter at this question. The old man, noting his comical look and the definite shake of the head, added quickly: "Well, well, lad, maybe ye have realized that cattle are easier handling. While they are getting supper will ye just take a look at the horses? I haven't been out of this bed for two weeks and the poor brutes are starved, I know. Women finick about with calves, but heaven and earth, lad, never trust them with horses."

Burrows had again relapsed into that mental exercise of profanity; he cursed his luck and consigned those horses to a very sulphurous abode. The little clock standing on the table near the window was ticking away the precious minutes before his eyes with special energy. Seven o'clock! It would be nine before he could reach Dempsey's, hustle how he might. But the next instant he was briskly assuring the old man that he would go at once and not only give the horses a good lookover, but feed and water them before he left.

As Lank turned the corner of the corral he was confronted suddenly by a young woman, who had evidently just finished milking, because she carried two very full pails of milk.

An apparition could not have brought Burrows to a stand more quickly. He stood still, looking surprised, and then awkwardly raised his hat. The young woman stopped also, looking at him demurely and embarrassed; then finding that he did not speak, she said quickly, blushing and smiling meantime:

"God night, sir; it was very good of you to bring home the calf for mother. She has spent the whole day looking for it." He mumbled something, what it was he could never remember. He felt that he did not want to move, so continued looking into her face. It was not rudeness; it was wonder, a wild man's wonder of admiration when placed suddenly and unexpectedly in contact with a young and graceful woman. Her color heightened, and to avoid her embarrassment, she continued:

"She would never leave the prairie until she had found it. Of course, she would not have had to do it, only father was sick. This has made us all behind with our chores."

She stopped again, ceased smiling, and a peculiar look came into her

face, wistful pleading for him to take his part—woman's fear that he should think her forward. Uninitiated and untutored as he was, there was enough of the original Adam in him to at once collect himself and come to her rescue. He told her that her father (he presumed that she was the daughter) had asked him to take a look at the horses.

The color and the smile came back to the face of Lizzie Dombey, her amused look communicated her thought to Burrows, and he, forgetful of the whispered confidences of old Dombey, blurted out:

"He has no great use for petticoats fluttering around his horses."

On this they both burst into a hearty laugh. The harmony of that laugh broke down the barriers of strangeness between them. Then she, with the same artlessness, told Lank how she had posed the horses before her father's window to satisfy him. They both joined in another merry laugh again over this.

The cowpuncher gallantly offered to carry the milk to the house, but the girl reminded him that he had said he was going to look after the horses and any delay would make him late for supper, which "mother" was preparing. As this seemed like a command, he responded with a gay laugh and went beaming away towards the stable. As he reached the door he looked back and, by all that's curious, she was actually—well, she was glancing around far enough to see Lank as he entered the stable, and their eyes met.

Lank plunged into the dimly lighted stable and began calling to the horses. They neighed as if they recognized him. But few words were sufficient to introduce a horseman to horses. But Lank Burrows carried the sight of the bright laughing face with him into the dark stable—the sparkling black eyes, the flushes of color, the white teeth, the curious cotton bonnet that encircled the face, even the "pesky" bow tied under the dimpled chin, which had kept a constant bobbing up and down towards the ruddy lips as she spoke to him, as if it was endeavoring to reach them.

When he returned to the house to report to the old man, the mother and daughter were still busy getting supper and separating the milk. It seemed natural for Lank to take hold of the handle and help. He no longer resisted the invitation to stay for supper, but surrendered himself to this new found pleasure. He seemed to have forgotten the important function he had been so anxious to attend. He was drawn as by a magnet toward this young woman. They sat opposite each other at table and spoke at intervals, but of course the main conversation was carried on by the old couple. The old man had the door wide open and could see the table as he lay in bed. After supper the old man invited Burrows to take a pipe, but, remarkable to relate, he refused. That was certainly strange in a man that had never been known to refuse.

He sat and watched Lizzie and her mother clear the supper away and straighten the things for the night. The women seemed happy and contented enough, and there was something so clean and good about the place. This tame pleasure was strange compared with the wild night he had planned. Women had held no place in his thoughts, and therefore this insight into home was an experience undreamed of. During one of these contemplative periods he remembered what was doing at Dempsey's. The boys had arrived, they were whooping and stumping about, and things must be very interesting as they got toned up. He mechanically smacked his lips as he remembered the good stuff that was being passed around as freely as water. He felt an uneasiness, and there was a dryness at the throat. He shifted the knot in his

red handkerchief several times, and began to consider whether he was not really a fool for not getting right up and away to join the fun. Wouldn't the boys give him a roast when they knew! Just then Lizzie came in from the kitchen and whisked past him with a smile. The whisk of those skirts blew the whiskey dream clean out of his head. He began to understand that he was being held by this girl. He didn't quite understand why, but he was certainly enjoying the thraldom, which he afterwards described as being "so real good." Although, apart from this, it was the tamest time Lank had put in for years—listening to the clatter of the crocks, the grouching of the old man, the women's house talk and the singing of the kettle.

After the women folk had finished they came back and the old man requested Lizzie to play them some music on the organ. The organ was an old affair, and Lizzie a poor player, but to Burrows both were very good. He became enthusiastic. First Lizzie played two hymns in a simple homely way, then broke into an old-fashioned polka that Micky Mulligan, who worked for Cap. Short, had played on his wonderful accordion at the great "kick-up" at Porter's.

Burrows had learned snatches of this air on his mouth organ; so without a word of apology he drew out his instrument and joined in the melody. This done, they found another piece known to each, and again played together.

Old Mrs. Dombey sat back in her wooden rocker and began to think so hard that she even stopped mending the stocking she held in her hands. They played thus, chatted and laughed until bed time. No one asked Lank why he had not gone sooner to keep that very important engagement, and he never explained.

On saying good-night, the mother gave him the customary farewell, "call again." He looked at Lizzie and bluntly replied: "Sure I will. And I'll be passing this way next Sunday."

He had to dismount to let himself out of the Dombey gate on to the trail, so he stopped to light a cigarette with the matches he had procured from Dombey's. He looked at Jerry, who stood drooping his head and blinking his eyes at the flare of the match. The frogs on every hand were croaking lustily.

"Hoh! Jerry, a quarter for your thoughts!" exclaimed Lank. Do you think that these croaking fellows in the sloughs are taking a roast out of us? I shouldn't wonder! Here we set out with the best of intentions to meet the best of boys, to enjoy the best of things going, and then to get on to a blind trail after a petticoat, like a regular soft. Too bad, Jerry, old boy! What do you think of it all, anyway, eh, sonny? It's just sixteen miles to Dempsey's."

He smacked his lips energetically and mechanically.

"They have cleaned up one of those two cases. They won't open the other one until I come. They are hanging out the fun and taking cracks at the empties with their guns. They are betting I'll be there by midnight. They are sure of Lank. Bah! *But I won't.* It's true, Jerry; I'm soft alright! Bah!"

He sprang upon Jerry's back, turned his head towards the ranch, away from the trail that led to Dempsey's.

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE announcement that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada to take part in the Quebec Tercentenary in July next has given general pleasure to the Canadian people, and is especially grateful as signifying the keen personal interest of the Constitutional head of the Empire in the popular movement for the preservation of the Plains of Abraham. The presence of the Prince of Wales will lend a special *éclat* to the celebration at Quebec, which we may now look forward to being one of the most brilliant pageants in Canadian history, if, indeed, it does not outrival all functions that have preceded it. The attendance of the British and French squadrons will gracefully typify the blending of nationalities that has been the fortunate outcome of the racial struggle that reached its climax on the Plains of Abraham and will also tend to strengthen that friendly *entente* between France and England which is one of the most pleasing developments of the international politics of the twentieth century.

* * *

There is a touch of irony in the fact that Venezuela, the country whose controversy with Great Britain President Cleveland, in 1895, in a fire-breathing manifesto, pledged the United States to take up, should show so little gratitude for the services—a doubtful quantity, perhaps — rendered on that occasion, that it now refuses to arbitrate certain differences which it has with the United States. Venezuela has a bad reputation in the matter of settling differences, which the United States will appreciate more to-day than in 1895, and as for the refusal of the little Republic to submit the matter to arbitration there is an excellent precedent for it in the course of the United States with respect to the settlement of some differences with Canada. Nothing very serious is likely to come out of the hitch with Venezuela, but the incident shows that the hegemony of the United States is not yet very firmly established on the southern continent.

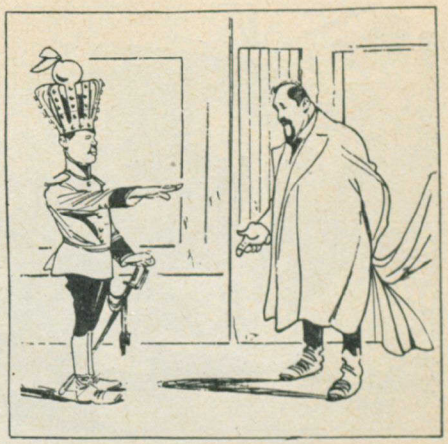
* * *

The community of imperial and domestic interests in the various parts of the Empire is continually growing closer, and is especially in evidence at the moment in connection with the question of Oriental immigration to Canada and other colonies. In the case of Japan the action of Canada was affected by the existence of a treaty between Great Britain and the island empire, to which Canada had also become a party. In the case of the Hindoos the Dominion authorities have again been influenced by the fact that India is within the Empire and its people are our fellow-subjects. The somewhat superficial criticism was made with respect to the restraint placed by the Dominion upon the proposals of British Columbia regarding Japanese immigration that Canada was making too great a sacrifice for the interests of the Empire. A mo-

ment's reflection, however, will show the truth of what Dr. Parkin pointed out in a newspaper interview during his recent visit to Canada, that it is probably the fact that Canada is part of the British Empire that alone enabled us to effect any arrangement with Japan. Nothing else possibly would have restrained Japan from taking vigorous action on her own account after the riots of September last, and it is obvious that in such a case, Canada, standing alone, would have fared badly. In this and all other respects Canada shares in both the advantages and disadvantages of the Imperial connection, but the former would appear to greatly outweigh the latter.

* * *

It is doubtful if Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, has added to his reputation by his public pronouncement on the subject of spiritualism. It will be remembered by some that Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers, a brilliant but possibly not wholly balanced writer, who spent thirty years preparing his marvellous volumes on "the survival of the Human Personality," published posthumously a few years ago, was so possessed with the idea that the personality not only survived death but could communicate with the living that he kept before him to the close of consciousness the purpose of endeavoring to effect such communication after death, and left with his wife a message which his spirit was to endeavor to duplicate. Myers had been, with Sir Oliver Lodge and other men of science, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and this society was made cognizant of Mr. Myers' last earthly intentions. Sir Oliver now declares that a message has been received from the spirit world, which he has no hesitation in believing to have come from the late Mr. Myers. Unfortunately, Sir Oliver admitted that the supposed message had come through the medium of a certain



IN PORTUGAL

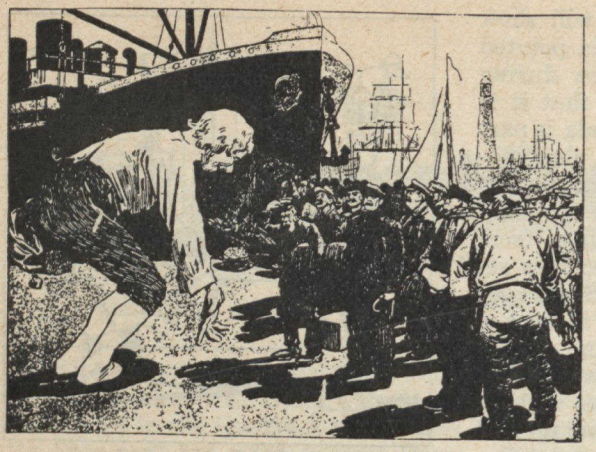
"The liberty of the people is a sacred thing, and I shall faithfully preserve it."

"Yes, your Majesty, it is remarkable what good thoughts may sometimes be suggested by unfortunate events." —*Fischietto* (Turin).

American lady, expert in such matters, and, needless to say, the public confidence goes down to zero. Sir William Ramsay, another great leader in science, has taken occasion to declare his conviction that Sir Oliver and his friends have been imposed upon, and this will probably be the view of the world at large unless stronger evidence than has been offered is produced to sustain so remarkable a claim.

* * *

Japan is in danger of becoming the jingo of the East. War talk grows out of the smallest international hitch. The friction with the United States had hardly been smoothed away, if indeed it had altogether disappeared, when a threatening situation arose in the relations between the land of the Mikado and China, which seems to have brought the two countries to the very brink of war before it, too, yielded to the efforts of prudence and conciliation. The suddenness and intensity of the China-Japanese strain gives at least additional interest, if not increased weight, to the somewhat sinister suggestion of Mr. F. A. McKenzie, a writer in the London *Daily*



RETURN OF THE AMERICAN EMIGRANTS

MICHEL—"Welcome back, friends! now you can help us pay the taxes." —*Ulk* (Berlin)

Mail, made some weeks prior to the seizure of a Japanese ship by China, the incident which precipitated the recent disturbance. Mr. McKenzie exploits no less startling a theory than that Japan will be induced by her poverty to attack China, the giant nation which lies rich and helpless beside her. It was the huge Chinese indemnity of 1895, amounting to $165,000,000, Mr. McKenzie insists, that equipped Japan financially for the war with Russia, and a second contribution of the same dimensions would put Japan on her feet again. One is inclined to ask, however, whether, if war is both to precede and follow the financial rehabilitation of Japan, as Mr. McKenzie argues, it is desirable she should be rehabilitated.

* * *

The poetic invitation to prolong one's days by stealing a few hours from the night has been accepted in a very literal sense by the English member of Parliament who proposes to squeeze an hour and twenty minutes out of the small hours of four Sundays in the month of April (putting them back again in September), so as to give that amount longer of daylight during the summer months, and which at present passes away while most of us are yet in bed. Mr. Pearce, M. P., the gentleman in question, would in other words have us up with the sun, and no doubt his plan would conduce to health and wealth. But we are creatures of circumstances, and so beset by formulas and conventions that it is not likely any Parliament will seriously undertake to tamper with time in the manner proposed.

* * *

The extraordinary victory of the Unionists in the Peckham division of London is an event which must be taken as foreshadowing the early dissolution of the Liberal ministry. No British ministry will long hold office in the face of such evidence of the turning of the tide. It is unfortunate for Mr. Asquith that he takes the Premiership at a moment so inopportune. In this respect he resembles Mr. Balfour, who succeeded Lord Salisbury as leader of the Unionist Government just as its fortunes had begun to decline. Cable despatches suggest that the license bill and not tariff reform was the great issue at the polls, but this must remain more or less uncertain. Only the result is quite certain—an enormous Liberal majority of two years ago, over 2,400, has been converted into as great a majority for a Unionist.

* * *

The reason for the change is found not so much probably in the obvious suggestion of the fickleness of democracy, as in the fact that democracy is heaving this way and that like a great sea, trying to throw to the surface of British politics some man or men who may be able to unravel the numerous ugly tangles of the day; to solve the educational problem, to show the nation clearly which is the right path to take in the matter of tariff

reform, and perhaps, most of all, to find a way to ease the terrible burden which ever-growing armaments by land and sea impose on the people of the United Kingdom. At the moment there appears to be no such leader on either side, and the two parties must continue to mark time, now in, now out of power, until the man arrives whose personality and message will compel attention and will command success.

* * *

Amid all the current talk in condemnation of government by party, it is a relief to be able now and then to point to situations where the system appears to compare not unfavorably with any conceivable substitute. The New Brunswick electors the other day ousted a party which had been in control for twenty-five years. Premier Robinson, the defeated, shook hands with Premier-elect Hazen, stays in office long enough to clear up the odds and ends of administrative work and then gives way to his successor. There is not, of course, a ripple of excitement over Canada at large; little, probably, the result once determined, in New Brunswick itself, outside the tiny capital of Fredericton. The administrative work of government goes on smoothly and really nobody is the worse—or the better. Three years ago the same thing happened in Ontario, where the Liberals had held power for over thirty years. On the whole democracy justifies itself by the calmness with which the minority in such a case accepts the popular verdict. Better forms of government are conceivable, indeed, but none has yet been devised which bears so well the test of practice.

* * *

The accession of Mr. Asquith to the Premiership had been already discounted in the public mind, and will cause little commotion. The change of Premiership does not in this case betoken the disappearance of a great leader. Sir Henry Campbell-Banner-

INCREASE OF TAXES IN JAPAN

It is taking the necessities of the poor, while the rich are unconcerned. —Tokyo *Puck*

man, though a respectable figure always, has never approached the level of Disraeli or Gladstone or Rosebery or Salisbury or Balfour, to mention only the last five or six Premiers of Great Britain. Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Asquith is considerably the superior of his immediate predecessor in the craft of statesmanship, though he has never appealed to the public as a tactician or popular leader. At the time of writing nothing is known of the details of reconstruction. Mr. Winston Churchill is mentioned frequently for promotion. The Colonial Secretaryship is the post most commonly and most reasonably associated with his name, though the late Government's misfortunes in the bye-elections may well influence Mr. Asquith in his choice of men. If Mr. Lloyd-George succeeds to the Chancellorship, as rumor also suggests, he will be one of the most dramatic successes

THE ELEPHASS AND THE JACKAPHANT

THEIR ERSTWHILE KEEPER—"Holy Hanna! What's happened to the animals?" —American *Puck*

in British politics of the present day. Some of the aged members of the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, such as the Marquis of Ripon and Sir Henry Fowler, will no doubt retire, but the more striking names, Grey, Morley, Haldane—the list is a short one—will reappear as the central figures of the new Ministry.

* * *

It is to be regretted that the Irish societies which celebrate St. Patrick's Day cannot content themselves with orators produced in Canada. Sons of the Green Isle and their descendants are not usually supposed to be lacking in the gift of public speaking, and there could have been no necessity for importing a citizen of the United States to speak at the gathering in Toronto and to utter words which must have been offensive to the great mass of Canadians as well as to many Irishmen themselves. There may be no great harm in Irishmen meeting once a year and enjoying themselves by declaring that they are the most unhappy of peoples—which of course they would not allow anybody but themselves to say—but it is distinctly unpleasant to encourage American orators or agitators to come here to outrage the sentiments of a people against whom the Irish race can certainly have no cause of reproach. National societies that keep alive tender recollections of the native or ancestral country are wholly unobjectionable, but when used to propagate national feuds in a new country they are an unmitigated nuisance and mischief.

* * *

Trooper Mulloy's means are not sufficient to take him through Oxford, and he had hoped to receive something from the Patriotic Fund. That not being possible, a number of his friends issued a special appeal for subscriptions to aid the blind scholar, but the ex-trooper, now a student at Oxford, heard of the matter and cabled requesting that the efforts on his behalf should cease, and declaring that he could not allow himself to be the recipient of charity. One must of course respect Mulloy's sensibilities, but it seems a pity that he should feel compelled to refuse aid tendered so generously and spontaneously by his countrymen. It is to be hoped a way will yet be found by which these scruples will be overcome and the brave blind scholar freed from financial worries during his academic course.

* * *

The cartoons of the month reproduced are as follows: From the New York *Puck*, showing the confusion of platforms and parties in the United States, resulting from the radicalism of President Roosevelt, who has almost out-Bryaned Bryan; from the Tokyo *Puck*, showing how the dead weight of taxation is weighing down the people of Japan; from the *Fischietto* of Turin, giving an Italian view of the calm that has followed the assassinations of the King and Crown Prince in Portugal; and from the *Ulk* of Berlin, giving a continental impression of the return of countless thousands of European emigrants to the United States.

An Old Sampler.

In a tarnished frame 'twas mounted
On the dingy attic wall,
With the dust of years uncounted
Lying thickly over all,
And a cobweb shrouding darkly alphabet and numeral!

Whose small fingers chose each color--
Scarlet, orange, yellow, green?
They are faded now, and duller,
And the silk has lost its sheen,
And the canvas hangs in tatters where a moth has crept unseen.

Each design, in patient order,
Wrought the lass in days gone by;
Stitched each scroll and twisted border
With a careful hand and eye—
"A" to "Z" and "1" to "20"—fashioned for Posterity.

And, beneath, inscribed the moral—
"*Time and Tide do Swiftly Run,*"
And her name, entwined with laurel,
"MARY ADAMS—1801":
There it ends; the simple record of a maid whose task is done.

Time has touched it—not too gently;
But, by idle whim possessed,
I have set it, diffidently,
'Mid the things that please me best—
Household gods of bygone ages, gathered in from East and West.

Though their craftsmanship be finer,
And their value thrice as great—
Rockingham and Derby china,
Lustre-ware and Sheffield plate—
Yet my sampler from the attic has a charm more delicate!

—*William Freeman, in the Grand Magazine.*

* * *

According to Kipling.

EVERYONE knew that Mr. Kipling's visit to Canada last autumn meant "copy." The literary result of his flight across the Dominion is now appearing in the London (England) *Morning Post* in the form of *Letters to the Family;* a series descriptive of his varied experiences when visiting the Eldest Daughter, as he describes this prosperous country.

Years ago, when Mr. Kipling was a very young journalist touring the United States, he wrote a somewhat similar series for an Indian paper. In the course of those letters he described the "American" girl in terms which were highly complimentary. In the second of the present epistles he writes of the Canadian woman after this fashion:

"Which reminds me that the other day I saw the Lady herself in the shape of a tall woman of twenty-five or six, waiting for her tram on a street corner. She wore her almost flaxen-gold hair waved, and parted

low on the forehead, beneath a black astrachan toque, with a red enamel maple leaf hat pin in one side of it. This was the one touch of color except the flicker of a buckle on the shoe. The dark tailor-made dress had no trinkets or attachments, but fitted perfectly. She stood for perhaps a minute without any movement, both hands—right bare, left gloved—hanging naturally at her sides, the very fingers still, the weight of the superb body carried evenly on both feet, and the profile, which was that of Gudrun or Aslauga, thrown out against a dark stone column. What struck me most, next to the grave, tranquil eyes, was her slow, unhurried breathing in the hurry about her. She was evidently a regular fare, for when her tram stopped she smiled at the lucky conductor; and the last I saw of her was a flash of the sun on the red maple leaf, the full face still lighted by that smile, and her hair very pale gold against the dead black fur. But the power of the mouth, the wisdom of the brow, the human comprehension of the eyes and the outstriking vitality of the creature remained. That is how I would have *my* country drawn, were I a Canadian—and hung in Ottawa Parliament House, for the discouragement of prevaricators."

That is really an arresting picture which Mr. Kipling has "splashed on his ten league canvas." There is something reminiscent about the lady, however. In one of his stories of Indian life, the writer of *Plain Tales* has a heroine with wonderful tranquil eyes, like a deep, still lake, who is own sister to this Canadian Aslauga. I have forgotten the name of the lady in India and have mislaid data concerning her charms. But she and her husband lived in one of those wretched, lonely stations where there were only three other English people, and the lady of the tranquil eyes distinguished herself by absolutely refusing to flirt. However, to return to our Kiplingesque Canadian whom we left smiling at the conductor! How the mere man reveals himself in that description of the woman's attire! Did she really wear a tailor-made dress with shoes adorned with buckles which flickered? And did such an admirable creature stand on a street corner with hands hanging at her sides, with the right hand *ungloved?* Wasn't she carrying a purse or a small parcel, or even an umbrella? It really seems as if she must have had a pocket; but everyone knows that a woman with a pocket does not exist in the land.

It is comforting to learn that Mr. Kipling discovered such a composed and restful type in our busy community. Several women were recently discussing the Kipling description and came to the conclusion that the flaxen-haired, deep-eyed dame must have belonged to Ottawa or Montreal. "Toronto women," said one observer, "are too nervous to give him such an impression."

"So are Winnipeg women," remarked a bright little person from Manitoba's capital. "Kipling certainly found that fair-haired wonder in the East."

It is to be remembered that Mr. Kipling likes the unhurried, reposeful air which he found in certain Canadian circles. May it ever be thus! A nervous woman is the most tiresome being on this earth, and the worst of it is that most "nervousness" is merely a lack of self-control. Drumming with the fingers, fidgetting with the feet and twitching the eyebrows are not pleasing habits and can easily be overcome if one will only exert the will. It is curious to have an Englishman complimenting Canadians on their repose—a quality which we have always considered old-world in character.

* * *

THE TEACHER WHO TRAVELS.

"I HAVE noticed," said a prominent business man recently, "how much our Canadian teachers are tra-

velling. I am surprised in my Western trips at the number of Ontario teachers who go out to British Columbia during the summer. They must be better paid than they were in the old days."

It is to be hoped that teachers' salaries will go on climbing. They have been absurdly low in the past and will need to ascend by many dollars yet before they will mean fair payment for the work. In Ontario Mr. James L. Hughes has set an excellent example for public school teachers by his frequent travels and invigorating talks on his return. The more Canadian teachers see of their own land and the Mother Country, the better and broader will be the instruction given youthful Canadians. It is quite true that the imaginative mind may "voyage in an atlas," as Stevenson says; but how much better when that imaginative mind, accompanied by its body, travels in regions remote. Every mile which our teachers can travel on a holiday tour means brighter days in the Canadian schoolroom and a wider outlook for the next generation.

* * *

THE COSTLIEST GOWN.

WE of the Western Hemisphere are in danger of undervaluing the East and its manners. If we ever think of the women of India, China or Korea, it is to pity them for their supposed ignorance, subjection and compressed feet—forgetting that we ourselves suffer in various ways, all because of Dame Fashion. But now comes an item of news from a Berlin journalist, who is too scientific to coquette with the Truth, which declares that the Queen of Siam is the possessor of the most costly dress in the world. It is a silken robe of state in which the fabric is entirely hidden under an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. It is further remarked that a rough estimate of the value of this dazzling robe is five million dollars. Everything possessed by the Czarina, the Sultana, the Empress or the Queen on the continent of Europe pales into insignificance before this gown from Siam.

For the rest of us, who can hardly afford more than one tailor made gown a year, this magnificent garment may prove somewhat consoling. Whenever we are disposed to envy the dress and jewellery which are our neighbor's, the thought of the glory of Siam may alleviate the feeling with the after reflection, "Your gown is very handsome, my dear, but you just *ought* to see that five million dollar dress which belongs to Her Majesty of Siam. It's a perfect dream." I remember Siam as a dim old-rose-colored peninsula tacked on to the south of Asia on the school geography. Henceforth, however, it will be covered brilliantly with the train of that jewelled robe of state. It is to be hoped that no New York multi-millionaires will be allowed to buy this gorgeous garment, to soil its picturesqueness in prosaic North America.

* * *

THE BURBANK BANANA.

MR. LUTHER BURBANK, of California, known in flowery speech as the Wizard of the Garden, is promising us another wonderful development. This is nothing else than a northern banana, one which will not disdain to grow, even north of the forty-ninth parallel. There is a cheerful prospect for Canadian backyards. Hamilton, Toronto and Halifax, not to mention Vancouver, may have bananas growing near the woodshed and decorating the back fence. Fifty years ago, say the fruit dealers, a banana was rarely sold in Canada. Now the banana is even more popular than the orange and seems a necessary "ingredient" of the humblest fruit salad. To appreciate the banana in all phases one must have it served in Jamaica, where it is baked, fried, fricasseed and soufflèd. Canadian housewives, remarks a Winnipeg woman who has

lately visited the West Indies, are just beginning to realize what may be done with this bland, seductive fruit. Wherefore, the news from the Burbank estate is decidedly welcome. We shall wait with interest for the northern banana which we may pluck for ourselves before breakfast on some fine morning in June.

* * *

ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS.

A CANADIAN woman who has been away for two years in New York and who has recently returned to her native land, thus expressed her views concerning the woman who earns her living in the great Gotham:

"I wouldn't live there again for twice the salary," she declared with energy. "The Canadian girl who reads the cheap magazines has an idea that New York is a paradise with luxurious dinners, Hungarian bands, grand opera and fame waiting for artist, story-writer or musician just around the corner. But all those things are for the favored few, and even then they are not worth one whiff of clean St. Lawrence air." The woman, be it remarked, was born in a town on our lordliest river, and could paddle as soon as she could write.

"Then you're not going back?" I asked tentatively.

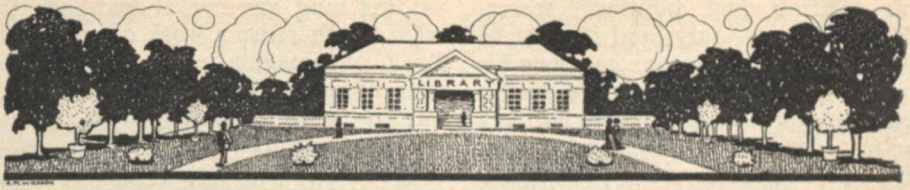
"Back!" she echoed in scorn. "Not while Toronto and a few more Canadian towns are in existence. I have had two years of noise, rush, luncheon in cheap restaurants and all the discomforts of a third-rate New York boarding-house. I can understand why the heroine in *The House of Mirth* committed suicide. The gray horror of a cheap boarding-house in New York — and the cheap ones are dear enough — is sufficient to make anyone turn to carbolic acid by way of relief. I had a much better position than most women there, for the publishing house which employed me pays rather well, but the noise and the vulgarity of the place were utterly hateful to me. Crowds everywhere —and such nervous, restless crowds —not like the good nature of Old London. I tell you, I loathed the life. In fact it wasn't living. It was just existence."

"Wasn't it lovely to go to the theatres?" asked a matinee girl who goes to everything from vaudeville to Forbes-Robertson.

"Yes; but the best things are very expensive and the poor ones worse than a parlor social in a country town. The shops are wonderful, but they also are beyond the purse of most people. New York is a fine place for the multi-millionaires—who take very good care to have country homes. Of course, if you enjoy noise, show, diamonds on ugly women and coarse men, you might like the spectacle of New York. It is all very well for Canadians with a few hundred dollars to spend to go over to New York for several weeks and come home to talk about the luxurious hotels, fine theatres and display of dollars. But for a country where one may earn a decent livelihood and yet have time to realize that there are rivers, trees and books, give me Canada."

She meant every word of it and, as she was born with a love for "God's own outdoors" (that's the tenth time I have quoted Dr. Van Dyke's phrase in this column), it is quite unlikely that she will give chase again to dust, dollars and diamonds. So say several returned Canadians.

Jean Graham.



The WAY of LETTERS

Part of a page from the original draught of a short story entitled "Once at Red Man's River," by Sir Gilbert Parker, with the author's autograph

A Peep Into the Near Future.

The novel that attempts to peep into the future is a frequent addition to fiction nowadays. When not too wildly extravagant it performs a mission in preparing the public mind for change, at least, though the change that comes may be far oftener, possibly far more startling, even, than the novelist suggests. In the present case, "The World's Awakening," by Navarchus, the author deluges the world with blood, and has simultaneous invasions at the four corners of the earth, uprisings everywhere, often Eastern races against the Western civilization, prodigious naval combats, vast movements of troops, battles in the air and battles under water, war in the streets of Cairo, the investment of Manila, the siege of an English country-seat (by Germans, it goes without saying), and sundry other phases and incidents of war—all coming about in the short space of one month or thereabouts, and reaching a swift dramatic conclusion on July 4, 1920, just twelve years off. The premier of the day is John Stanhope Marlborough, who is no other than the Winston Churchill of to-day, hardly disguised, and the national labor party is in power, and a pacificist or peace-at-any-price policy dominates the politics of Great Britain, and it is, finally, the machinations of the Japanese among the yellow and brown peoples and the ambitions of Germany to be mistress of the seas and to have a colonial empire, that bring about the great catastrophe. There is a good deal of pseudo-vivid

war writing and political special pleading in the story, and it must be conceded that the author has done his work well and that he writes with a grasp of politics, naval and military tactics, details of sub-marines and air-ships and other sides of his subject in an entertaining and almost convincing manner. The end of it all is, moreover, a surprise to the reader, though perhaps making too heavy a demand on his credulity — it would be a pity to state it here, and the moral of it all is as the author would have us understand—to follow the terse Cromwellian maxim, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," which he points the more effectively by making the news of the onset of world-wide war reach the pacificist premier as he is in the act of addressing a peace conference June 1, 1920. (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

A Romance of Adventure.

The Channel Islands, particularly Jersey and Guernsey, have long afforded an attractive field for literary workers, but it remained for John Oxenham to take advantage of the splendid opportunities that lay to hand in the primitive and isolated picturesqueness of Sark. This least important of the Channel group presents as a community an interesting anomaly, an anomaly that is paralleled to a degree at least by the Province of Quebec. In Sark the common language is French, and yet the people are loyally British. The same can be said of the people of Quebec. In illustrating Mr. Oxenham's novel, which is entitled "Carette of Sark," a departure has been made from the usual practice: instead of reproducing drawings, reproductions have been made of photographs taken of various parts of the island. Of course, the illustrations are purely scenic, and no attempt has been made to present a "snap-shot" of the hero or heroine. It is a question whether illustrations of this kind are not a drawback to what is otherwise a work of art or at least of imagination. Apart from that, however, the story is a good one, but the author has depended much on the peculiarities of the setting to hold the interest of the reader. The time is one hundred years ago, just when Napoleon was at the height of his power. On the Island of Sark there was much privateering and smuggling in those days, and naturally there was chance for intrigue and cunning and daring and heroism. The author has taken full advantage of the opportunities, with the result that he has produced a tale that is not too melodramatic, but a tale nevertheless that is full of action and well supplied with thrilling adventure and wholesome romance. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

Trying to Locate the Soul.

Whether one believes in the existence hereafter of whatever there might be of mortals that is distinct from the mere body, it must be admitted that many apparently supernatural things have happened and are happening without satisfactory explanation. According to H. Addington Bruce, author of "The Riddle of Personality," the Society of Psychic Research in England have gone practically as far as they can go in their attempts to solve the greatest problem that man has ever faced, the problem of the mortality or immortality of the soul. Of course, to many persons it is not a problem at all, for they are quite convinced and satisfied that they shall live again in another condition. But there are some who are not convinced, and it is to them that the researches of the English society would undoubtedly be of most interest. While most of the spirit-rapping, slate-writing and flower-producing—the practices most adopted by spiritualists—are regarded by scientists as being generally unreliable, there are certain

"spiritualistic" phenomena or phases of spiritism, if the expression might be used, that are accepted as unexplainable so far. For instance, certain persons, acting as mediums, make a practice of receiving messages from spirits and delivering them to relatives or friends here on earth. These phenomena are accepted by science as genuine, but are the messages really from the dead? Why are they invariably of so little consequence? Mr. Bruce lays the whole mystery at the door of mental telepathy, and to mental telepathy he looks for the solution. Undoubtedly he makes a reasonable deduction. His book is extremely interesting, and may be regarded as an intelligent contribution to the very important discussion of psychic phenomena. (New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Socialistic Blood-Curdler.

All who have followed Jack London's departures from the conventional school of fiction will not be shocked by reading his latest volume, which he has named "The Iron Heel." The book is a novel based on a highly imaginative anticipation of the socialistic struggle, the title signifying the oligarchy, those who represent capital—the few, as compared with the great mass of the people. Readers who are not familiar with Mr. London's imaginative powers might think that he really means what he has written, that he is some enthusiast who has been carried to impossible heights in his depiction of what a real clash between the masses and the classes might actually be. As a matter of fact, the account of his struggle is not more terrifying than accounts we have of communistic outbursts during the great French Revolution, but his struggle takes place more than a century later, with the stage set on the Western Hemisphere, between the years 1912 and 1930. Chicago becomes the centre of the stage, and in the streets of that city the author describes a battle between the friends and foes of socialism. Gatling guns, operated from upper windows, with balloons, flying machines and infernal machines playing an important part. The mob, or the "Reds," is described in words that make it seem inhuman and beastial. While the book is entirely problematical and conjectural, it contains nevertheless food for contemplation by those who have any interest at all in the widening gulf between the very wealthy on one hand and the very poor on another hand, and at the same time it is written with the author's undoubted skill and daring. (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Motor Story.

A very brief outline of G. Sidney Paternoster's new book, "The Lady of the Blue Motor," is all that prospective readers should obtain in a review, if they desire to be most interested when reading the book. In it an automobile enthusiast tells how he became involved in adventures full of dramatic incident. At the outset, an unknown lady, for an unknown purpose, other than that she might require immediate assistance, in a peculiar way influences the narrator to follow the *Blue Car*. Then she sets a pace with her automobile that is certainly not unfraught with danger. The mystery surrounding the actions of the young lady breeds desire for its solution. This opens the way to a series of complications, in which the hero displays much ardor and daring, and in which the *Lady of the Blue Motor* is always an incentive. The concluding chapter describes a thrilling automobile race wherein the narrator and an unprincipled enemy participate. The latter, through frenzied recklessness loses his life. In this way a gloomy shadow which enveloped the lives of several persons

is cleared. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Dashing Story.

A story of the chivalrous sort with "a scent of old-world roses" is "Vayenne," by Percy James Brebner. Just where Vayenne is, just when all these stirring events take place, the reader cannot say; but he is entertained right royally, from the moment Roger Herrick enters the Hotel de la Croix Verte to the hour in which Christine and Herrick—but it is not fair to tell the end of the tale. Here you will find no problems, save such as Cupid, or a good swordsman can solve. It is true that there is an echo of Zenda in the halls of Vayenne, but it falls so melodiously that one can but smile in joyous recognition. But the story is far from being a mere imitation and is infinitely better than such stuff as Messrs. Magrath and McCutcheon inflict upon the public. Curiously, the music of the carillon seems to ring through the story, until at the close it comes faintly on the breeze: "Time passeth into Eternity and Time is a small matter." It is a troubled territory, this Vayenne, but it is well worth a visit, to hear the tale of bold Roger Herrick and chivalrous Jean. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

The Charm of Henry Van Dyke.

There is a charm about Henry Van Dyke's writing that makes it nice to read, even though the subject be not attractive. But when Dr. Van Dyke happens on an attractive theme, the combination of style and subject is particularly pleasing. Good evidence of this is shown in "Days Off" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $1.50), which is made up of a series of summer sketches that are mostly full of the things that lure the average man away from the heat and turmoil of the city. But Dr. Van Dyke sees so much more in a canoe trip or an afternoon among wild flowers and out-of-the-way places, and gets more out of it, that it is a treat to read what he has to say. His sketches contain, besides description, some homely philosophy and acceptable humor. In the opening sketch he repeats an explanation he had received of the difference between a hobby and a fad. A visitor to an asylum was walking in one of the corridors when he saw a man sitting on an overturned chair, holding on to the ends of a handkerchief that had been tied to one of the chair's legs, and raising up and down with much of the movement and expression of a rider on horseback.

"Are you enjoying your ride?" the visitor inquired.

"Oh, yes, very much," answered the lunatic, "I have an excellent mount," and he moved as if about to stick a spur into the animal's ribs.

"Is it a hobby, my good fellow?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I can get off whenever I wish," and, so saying, he stepped on to the floor and leisurely walked away.

* * *

Fresh Quotations

Writers and speakers frequently feel the need of a reference that would enable them to quote from really modern authors, that is, from authors who are still living, and whose sayings have not become generally familiar. It is an easy matter to make a selection from any of the so-called standard authors, simply by consulting any one of the standard books of quotations, but it has not been so easy when it is desired to use a quotation from a later author. "Stokes' Encyclopedia of Familiar Quotations," compiled by Elford Evleigh Treffry (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Cloth, $2.25 net), goes a long way towards supplying the need in this respect. The volume is nevertheless comprehensive, and the purpose of the compiler seems to have

been to omit material that has become over-used and to include much that is new. There are more than five thousand quotations, and the authors represented number six hundred. The index, arranged by subjects, is a great help when a desired quotation cannot be recalled in any other way.

* * *

A Volume of Short Stories.

"The Necklace of Pandura" is the title of a volume of short stories by Reginald Gourlay. Mr. Gourlay is a resident of Picton, Ont. The little volume just published contains some of his best work as a writer. The first story gives title to the book, and it might perhaps appeal to persons who enjoy tales of inanimate things possessed of talismanic powers. In this instance the charmed object is a necklace that was used as a medium for revenge by an Oriental Princess, who, having been abandoned by her lover, gives the necklace as a bridal gift to her rival, and thereby brings about the destruction of the bride. Most of the stories in this collection have mysterious themes, and they deal in supernatural phenomena, but if they possessed more art and fewer phenomena they might be much better literary products. (New York: The Broadway Publishing Company. Cloth, $1.)

* * *

Notes.

—"The House in the Water," by Charles G. D. Roberts, will be an interesting publication this spring.

—"Captain Lone" is the title of a new story by Theodore Roberts, soon to be reviewed.

—One of the most interesting Canadian historical works to be published soon is a volume entitled "A Canadian Manoir and Its Seigneurs." The author is Prof. George M. Wrong, whose name is already well known as the author of a biography of Lord Elgin. The period treated is from 1762 to 1815.

—Novels are promised this year by Ralph Connor, R. E. Knowles and Esther Miller, who writes in the name of Marian Keith.

—Another interesting addition to the literature of the Ancient capital is promised. Mr. Byron Nicholson, author of "Resourceful Canada," "Across the Continent," and "The French-Canadian," will publish this month a volume entitled "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to various parts of Canada, and will be well illustrated. (Quebec: The Commercial Publishing Company.)

—"The Under Groove" is the title of a novel by Arthur Stringer, which is soon to be published in Canada by the Musson Book Company.

—"Songs and Sonnets" is the title of a small volume of verse by Lawrence McDonald, displaying much feeling and as well poetic appreciation. (Pittsburg: J. R. Weldin & Company.)

—George Summerss, a Canadian, has written a volume of verse, entitled "Bird of the Bush," which contains also the author's autobiography. The volume contains much that is interesting, but it would be unfair to say that it is written in a lofty style or that there is much in it that could be called real poetry. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company.)

—That chief of "moral and spiritual" writers, Sylvanus Stall, D.D., has produced another volume for children. The title is "Five-minute Object Sermons." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1 net.)

A CONSIDERATION of the importance and significance of art and of art in its various aspects becomes *apropos,* a result of a recent gathering of gentlemen in Toronto. The occasion is noteworthy, inasmuch as it marks the beginning of a movement that ought in fair time to have a refining influence on the culture and dignity of the people of Canada. Its object was to bring together in an informal way gentlemen who are engaged in the pursuit of art and whose desire is to see estheticism flourish amidst the everyday affairs of mankind. Philistinism is always most apparent in communities where the accumulation of wealth or of competence is uppermost in the minds of the people, and therefore it naturally follows that in young countries and in districts newly organized the sway of the Philistine is most felt. In this fact there is a peculiar paradox, for the newer a place is to what we regard as civilization, the greater is the opportunity for the application of art. Nevertheless it is in such places that art is almost entirely ignored. Streets are opened, unattractive houses are built, sidewalks are laid, trees are cut down, and poles are set up—and thus vandalism and philistinism go hand in hand. The spirit of art is tolerated usually when it is too late, when vested interest has too much at stake, when the demands of utility have been too long respected. That is the case in its public aspect. Unfortunately, it is too often the case in the home. Carpets are laid, curtains draped, furniture arranged, and pictures hung, while there is still little more than a primitive idea of the purposes that these things might serve. But as time goes on the desire for wealth gives way in some measure to the desire for beauty, for those things that indulge an esthetic taste rather than a vulgar taste.

So we find a number of gentlemen meeting in Toronto to weigh the advantages that might result from frequent association of ideas, motives, temperaments and aspirations, all, of course, tracing their sources to at least one of the higher arts—painting, literature, architecture, sculpture, music. In large centres of artistic endeavor, like Paris, London and New York, each art has its own distinct association. And indeed in Toronto there are already a number of associations whose members are engaged in art of some kind as a profession; for instance, the Ontario Society of Artists, the Canadian Art Club, the Authors' Club, the Association of Architects, the Toronto Press Club, and one or more clubs of musicians. These are distinct from the numerous clubs of amateurs, and it is from them that the new association of the arts will select its membership.

The subject of membership is perhaps the most serious that is confronting those who are promoting the

scheme. Who shall be eligible? Could the man qualify who draws or paints on Sundays or holidays and keeps the wolf from the door by keeping books on other days? Could he even fulfill the demands by publishing an occasional book or story or essay, while being mostly engaged in the legal profession? Could he hope to be admitted to membership in a club of artists on the strength of songs sung for hire, notwithstanding the fact that most of his interests centre in mining stocks? What place could be given to one who moulds clay at night, just for the "fun of it," and then sells dry goods during the day? Could no recognition be taken of the good-will that prompts some men to become outstanding patrons of native art? In short, is the membership to be exclusive or cosmopolitan? The answer to the last question, and, in fact, to all the questions, should be governed by the chief object. If the promoters purpose to organize solely for the benefit or enjoyment of *artists,* the membership should be confined to those whose art is at least a vocation; but if the chief purpose is to propagate an appreciation of art, then there should be admittance to those who have artistic tastes and inclinations. But whether the object is directly selfish or indirectly unselfish, the propaganda will nevertheless continue, for from persons who meet together in any cause influence naturally radiates. One thing sure: it will be some time before the qualification of actors for membership in a club of the arts in Toronto will have to be considered, for so far the persons who are engaged at the various theatres there are merely transients.

While the highest attainment in art is undoubtedly reached in acting, it seems peculiar that in some clubs whose members practise art of some kind actors are purposely barred out. That is the case, for instance, at St. Ives, and yet membership in the art club there is not confined to painters. But why the prejudice against actors? Are the people of the stage too vulgarly Bohemian and unreliable? Whether they are or not, if their art as individuals is to be perpetuated it must be high enough and subtle enough and convincing enough to make an enduring impression on the minds of those who witness it. Unlike the painter, the sculptor or the writer, the actor's hope of reaching posterity is purely psychological. If he can impress a writer sufficiently to induce him to leave an enduring record of that impression, then his art may live, but only after it has thus forced another art into subjection. To posterity the writer can leave his books, the painter his pictures, the sculptor his marble, but the actor can leave nothing but the impression he has made on the minds of others. And yet many persons who have never entered a metropolitan playhouse have a vivid appreciation of the thunderings of Forrest in *Matamora,* the pathos of Booth as *Hamlet,* the deviltry of Barret as *Iago,* the craftiness of Irving as *Richelieu*—even of the dignity of the Kembles and the grace and the polish of David Garrick. In order to live, therefore, the actor's art must come close to perfection.

The time has come when a spread of estheticism in Canada would be a distinct advantage. We have as yet in this country not even a respectable national gallery of art, but that situation is changing, and it is to be hoped that the new gallery at Ottawa will contain a collection of paintings and sculptures that will be at least representative of the best work of our best artists. Necessarily, perhaps, it will be a long time before Canadian sculpture will be represented in any large way in a gallery, because as yet there are but few outstanding Canadian sculptors. However, the national aspect of estheticism is not likely to become very marked, and nothing of real artistic importance from that

standpoint is likely to be effected until at least the middle and upper classes are stirred to the pleasure that can be derived from good art in the home and until our governments begin to realize the great place that art might take in history.

If a club of the arts such as is being discussed in Toronto can hope to have a good influence on national culture, it should not be entirely social in character, and it should avoid the ultra-Bohemianism of *Le Quartier Latin*. It could hope to establish a centre of culture that would be for Canada what Boston, or more particularly Concord and Cambridge, have been for the United States, and Oxford and Cambridge for England. But it would not be the work of one generation, or of men who are not, above all other things, sincere. As yet there are in Canada but few distinct centres of influence; still it is obvious that Quebec is the historical centre, Montreal the commercial centre, Ottawa the political and social centre, and Toronto the educational and literary centre. Toronto is almost sure to become also the centre of art. As time goes on these points of influence will become more pronounced, and their effect will be more widely felt, but that also in longer time will come again to the point of diffusion. Notwithstanding the fact that the Boston culture is now more reflective than original, it nevertheless exists, and it would take the passing of several generations to rob it of its reputation. And while the culture of Oxford and Cambridge may not be so supreme as it was in the time of Ruskin on the one hand and of Tennyson on the other hand, it still seems to strike the highest note of all. It is a rather curious thing, the centering of an influence of that kind. While for a time the literary greatness of the United States seemed to depend on New England, there has been a marked division of the honors by the appearance here and there of such men as Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller and Sidney Lanier. That brings about a diffusing process. Had it not been for the nearness to Canada of so great a country as the United States, with language and temperament the same as our own, the literary centre of the Dominion would undoubtedly have been somewhere in the Maritime Provinces. But the course of events has changed that, and Toronto seems destined to have the honor. But even in Toronto, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has well observed, there is as yet a noticeable isolation from the great literary centres of the world.

Nevertheless the opportunity for real influence, and perhaps for the establishing of a centre of national culture, has come to those who have attempted the organization of a club of the arts in Toronto. Even if it failed to reach national significance, the members of a club of that kind should be of immense advantage to one another. Not only could they help one another with friendly suggestions and kindly criticism, but the club-room could become a place where they could meet on neutral ground. Unfortunately for art in Ontario, particularly the art of painting, there has been a good deal of indulgence in quibblings and petty animosities amongst painters, with a result that has caused a marked division of interest. The new club would have a tendency to set aside even long-standing grievances. It would bring the men together for a common purpose, but most of all it would afford an opportunity for the formation between persons engaged in different arts of that rare sympathy which is so signally illustrated in the experience of the poet Keats with the artist Severn, in that of the philosopher Ruskin with the painter Turner, and again in that of the artist Cipriani with the engraver Bartolozzi.

The Editor

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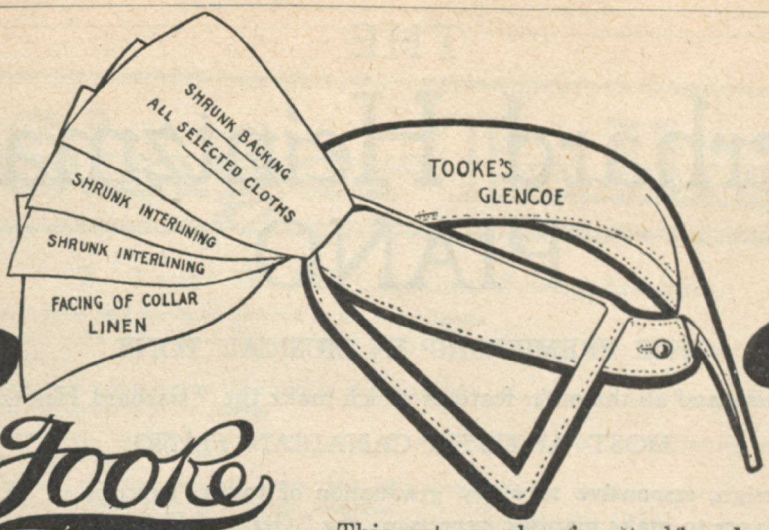

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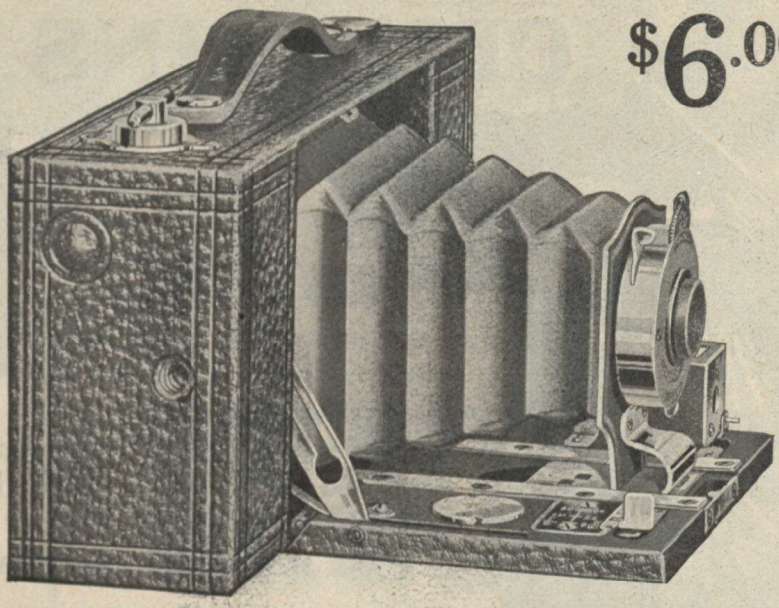

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The Kodak simplicity and the Kodak daylight loading features are all embodied in the Pocket Brownies. Made in the same factory and by the same skilled workmen who manufacture the Kodaks they have in them a quality that would not be possible under any other conditions. They are not made of the most expensive material but they *are* carefully made by perfect machinery in large quantities and each one must undergo the regular Kodak inspection. They are not expensive but they stand the one and all important test, *they work* Their equipment is such that they are perfectly adapted to snap-shots or time exposures and the amateur may, by providing a Dollar Brownie Developing box, do his own developing without a dark-room; or may leave it to another—just as he chooses.

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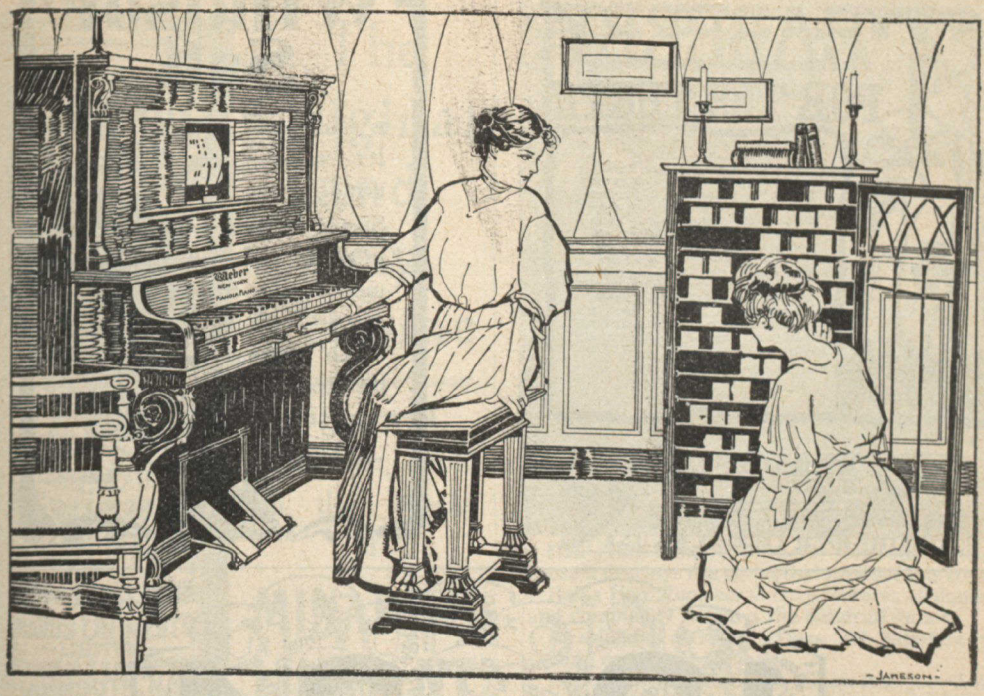

The Piano Everyone Wants to Hear

The PIANOLA PIANO

YOUR friends don't ask you to play through mere courtesy if your piano is a PIANOLA PIANO.

You can give them *real pleasure* with this instrument. You can play *what they like to hear*, whether it be a Chopin Nocturne, a MacDowell sketch or the "Waltz" from "The Merry Widow."

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It is this UNLIMITED CAPACITY FOR GIVING PLEASURE possessed by the Pianola Piano which has carried it to *greater popularity than has ever been achieved by any other instrument.*

No one of the many imitators of the Pianola Piano possesses its important features.

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Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

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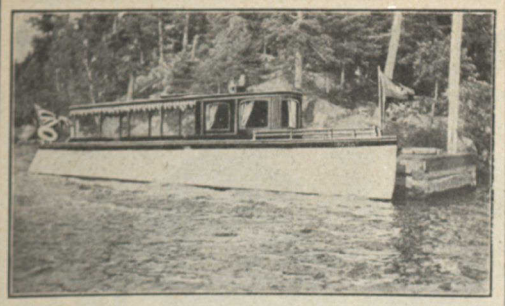

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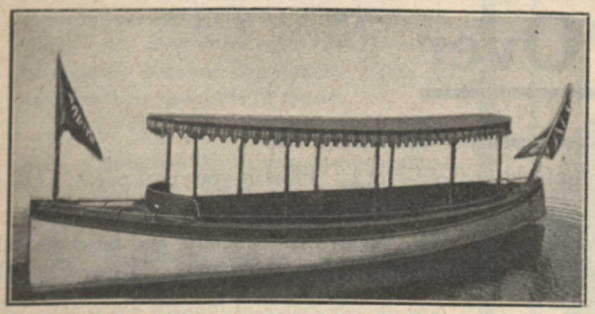

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—it is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine — just above the fuel door.

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Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

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If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

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The Gourlay Piano as compared with other Canadian pianos is in a class by itself. The new grand scale of the Gourlay piano in which the Angelus is installed, is the identical scale that has already won a success unprecedented in the history of Canadian piano-building and evoked a voluntary recognition of its superlative merit from musicians in all parts of Canada.

The Angelus is the pioneer piano player. It is manufactured by Messrs. Wilcox & White, of Meriden, Conn., and installed inside the piano case in our factory.

Messrs. Wilcox & White are its inventors and hold the patents covering those vital means of musical expression which are exclusive with the Angelus and maintain its supremacy, viz., The Melodant, the Phrasing Lever and The Diaphragm Pneumatics.

If you have listened to other player pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

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Price 25c. and 50c.

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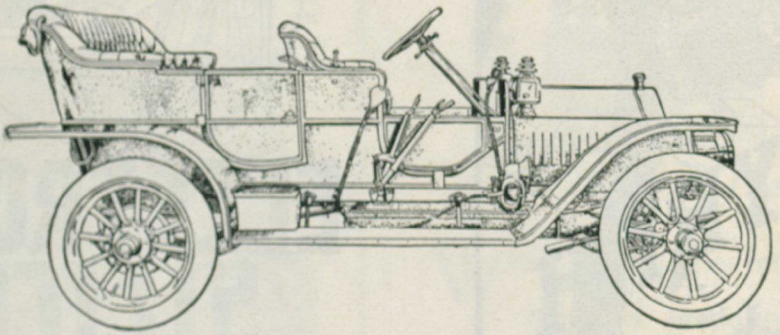

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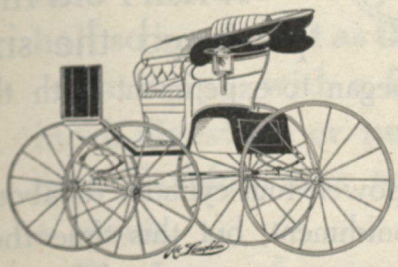

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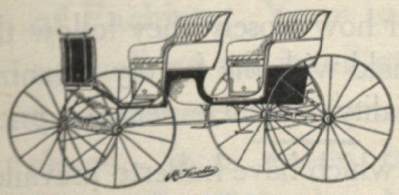

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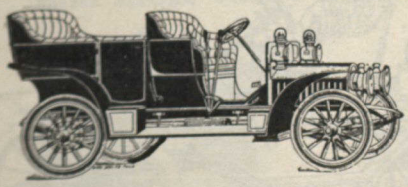

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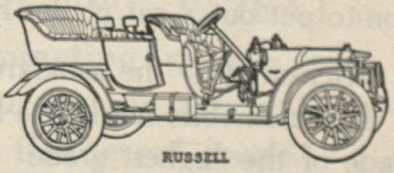
¶ The powerful, smooth-running motors are correctly designed along engineering lines, built of the best material and thoroughly tested by skilled experts; selective type of sliding gear transmission; all gears and shafts of special nickel steel; metal-to-metal clutch; double brakes, positive in action and easy to disengage; shaft drive; the axles are strong and serviceable; the long wheel-base and thirty-six inch wheels, together with the artistic and graceful body, create what has been termed a Motor Car Thoroughbred.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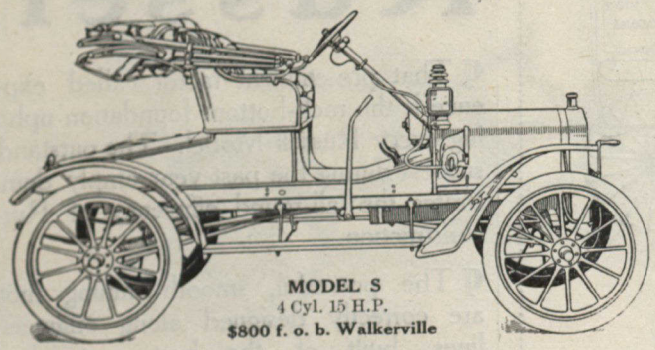
FORD CARS



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4 Cyl. 15 H.P.
$800 f. o. b. Walkerville

Every season Ford blazes the way for other manufacturers. They follow as best they can.

When Ford first produced the six-cylinder idea they scoffed, but later began to experiment with the six-cylinder themselves.

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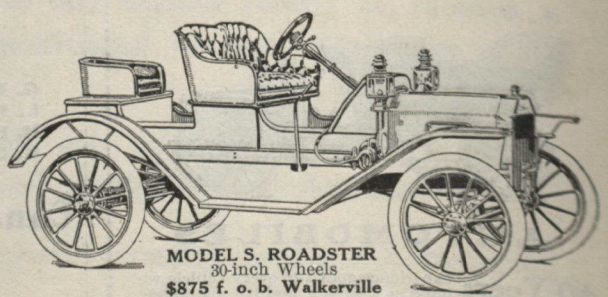
Measured by the standards of value which have hitherto prevailed in the automobile markets a four cylinder car of fifteen horse power, made of the highest grade materials throughout, machined with absolute accuracy and perfectly adjusted and tested, would cost about twice as much as the Ford $800 Runabout.



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Eating pie with a fork does not make the pie any more digestible or nutritious. Twenty years from now Fashion may ask you to eat everything with a spoon.

The laws of nature are higher than the decrees of Fashion. Your table will reflect good breeding as well as an intelligent regard for the health and happiness of the family if SHREDDED WHEAT is there. It is eaten by discriminating people who know that it is the cleanest, purest, most nutritious and most easily digested of all the cereal foods.

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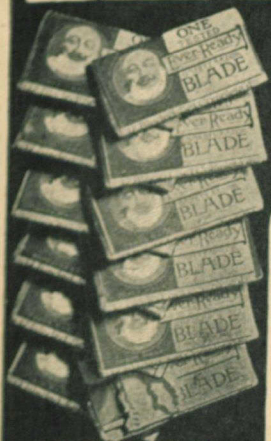
Photo of dollar outfit when opened. Count the 12 blades. Avoid bad imitations.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1



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