JANUARY
1909

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Vol. 32 No. 3

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VOLUME XXXII. No. 3

CONTENTS, JANUARY, 1909

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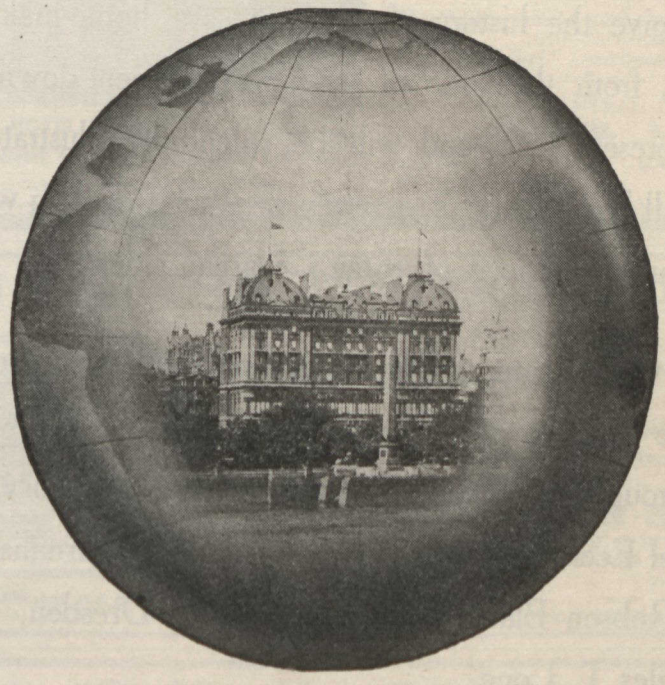

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Other features of the February Number will be:—"The Mystery of Lincoln," by Robert E. Knowles; "Through the Wall," an unusually absorbing story, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; "Canadian Journalism," by Robson Black; "The Beauties of Dresden," by Charles T. Long.

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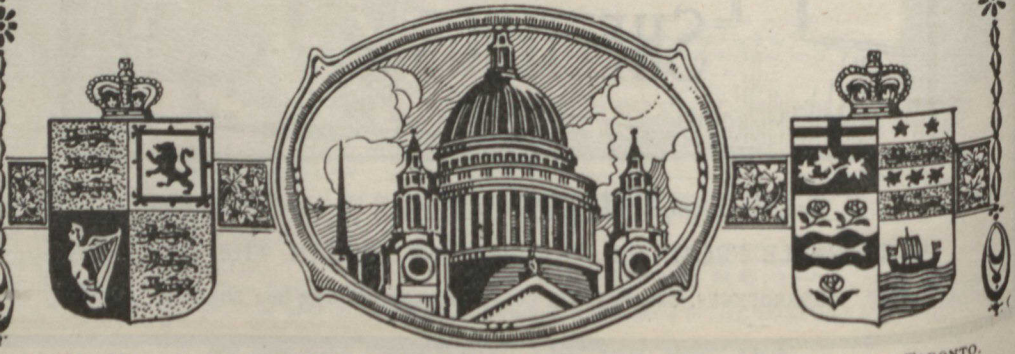

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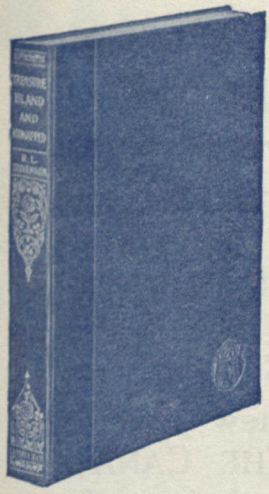

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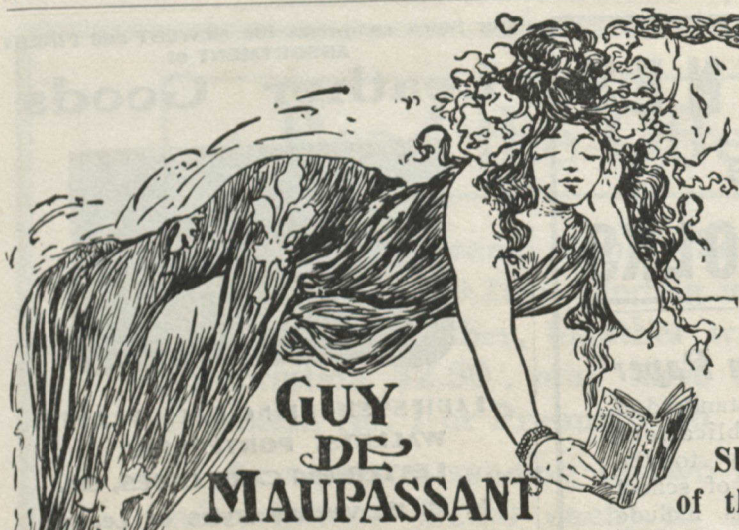

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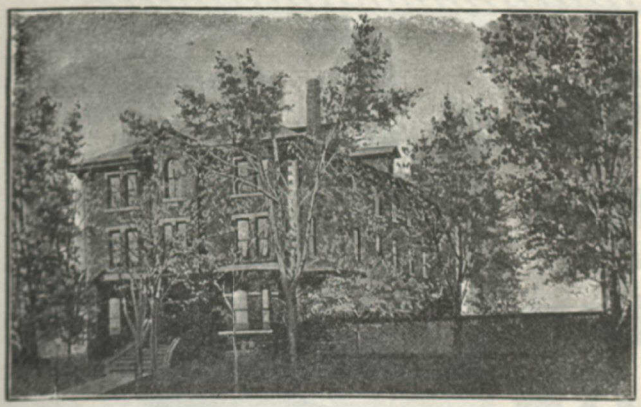

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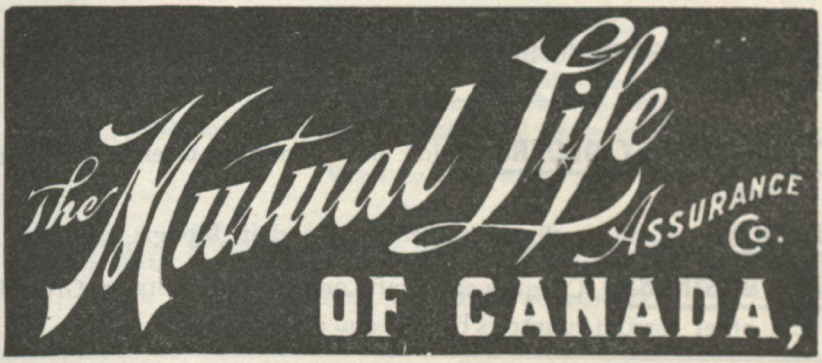

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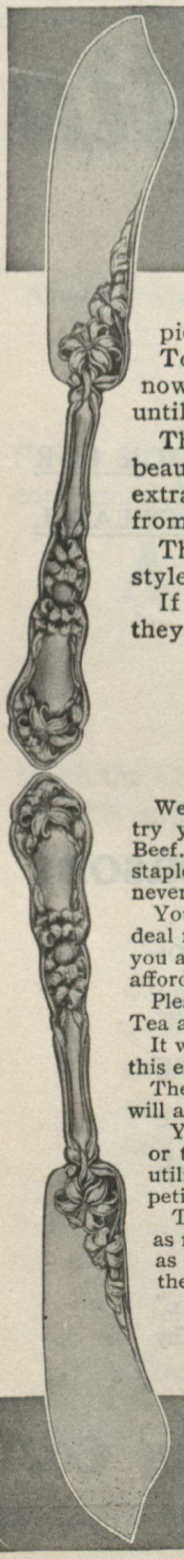

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WINTER

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII TORONTO, JANUARY, 1909 No. 3

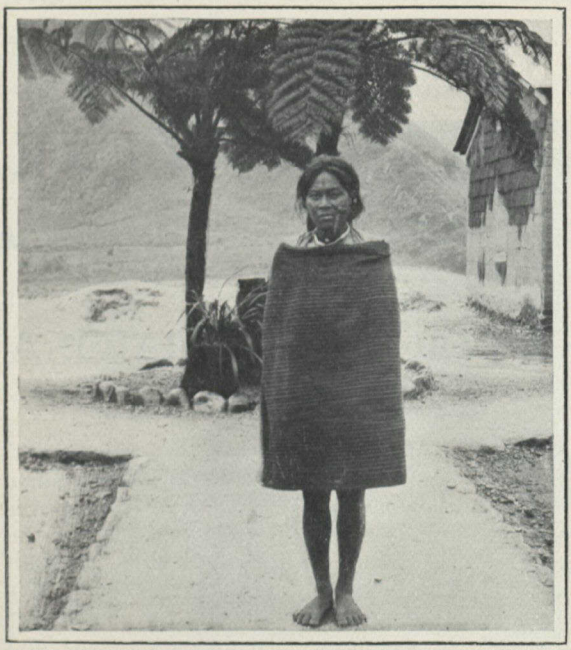
THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA

BY THURLOW FRASER

THE Japanese are learning in Formosa that those who adopt the white man's ideal of civilisation and the white man's thirst for territorial expansion must also take up the white man's burden of pacifying and civilising the warlike and barbarous races of whom the white man is the self-constituted guardian. They are learning, too, what the Americans have learned in the Philippines, the Germans in South-West Africa, and the British in every outlying corner of the Empire, that the wars which require the greatest patience and give the least glory are not the dignified duels with the well-ordered troops of some powerful nation, but guerrilla contests with savage tribes in their native fastnesses. In eight months Japan broke the fighting power of China, and in eighteen that of Russia. But Japan has had possession of Formosa for thirteen years, and yet over one-half of the island her control is little more than nominal. That half is the "Savage Territory," the home of the Head-hunters.

When the Chinese first visited Formosa, just 1,300 years ago, the ancestors of some of the present savage tribes were there; and when the Dutch established their trading-posts on the island in 1624 they found it thickly inhabited. Of its population at that time only about 25,000 were Chinese; the rest were the so-called aborigines. Later settlers came since then, carried in their frail canoes over hundreds of miles of open sea, by the ocean currents which flow through the Malay archipelago, past the Philippines and along the east coast of Formosa. In dress, customs and language, the Formosan savages show their close relationship to the inhabitants of the Philippines, Borneo, and other islands to the south.

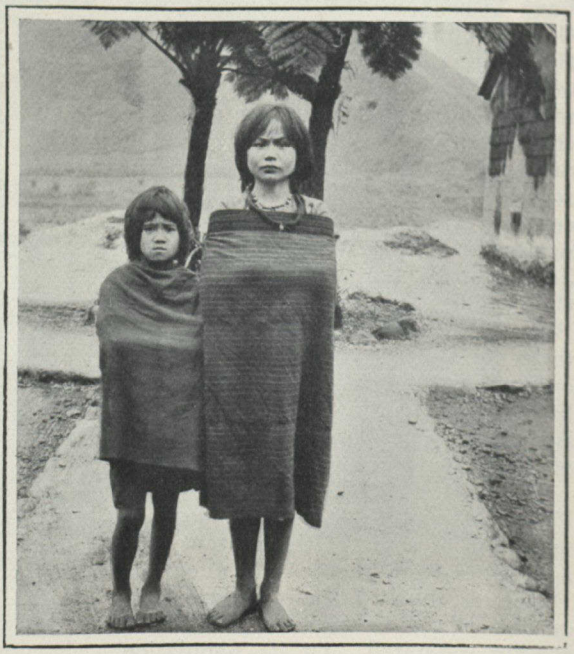
FORMOSAN HEAD-HUNTERS, WITH SCALPING KNIFE AT BELT



A TEMPORARILY PEACEFUL FORMOSAN HEAD-HUNTER

During the Dutch *régime* (1624-1662) these Malays made considerable progress in commerce, learning and western civilisation. Several of their dialects were reduced to writing, schools and churches were established, large numbers learned to read, and, at an early date in the Dutch occupancy, 5,000 had become communicants in the mission churches.

Then came the Chinese invasion. Koxinga, a Chinese pirate chieftain, in the year 1662, crossed to Formosa with a great fleet and army, drove out the Dutch, and established there a kingdom for himself. This was the deathblow to the possibilities of advancement for the Malays. The Dutch missionaries and teachers who failed to escape were either put to death without mercy or held life-long prisoners by the Chinese. Christianity and the learning connected with it were crushed out. Ever-increasing numbers of Chinese swarmed across from the mainland, and the greater part of the Malays in the fertile plains between the mountains and the sea were dispossessed of their lands by force or by fraud. Some submitted, and their descendants still dwell among their conquerors, speaking the Chinese language and observing Chinese customs. These are known in different places as Pe-po-hoan or Sekhoan, "barbarians of the plain" or "ripe barbarians." Others retired to the forest-covered mountain mass which occupies the whole central and eastern portion of the island, joined their wilder kinsmen who doubtless



TEMPORARILY PEACEFUL FORMOSAN SAVAGES—WOMAN AND CHILD

even then sparsely inhabited that almost impenetrable region, resumed the head-hunting habits of their savage ancestors, and for nearly two and a half centuries have waged a merciless warfare against those who took their land from them. These are the Chhi-hoan, or "raw barbarians" of the Chinese. The history of the two races in Formosa has been an almost unvarying tale of fraud and duplicity on the part of the Chinese, and of savage reprisals by the wild Malays. This was part of the heritage into which the Japanese came when Formosa was ceded to them in 1895.

Beginning within thirty miles of the northern extremity of the long, cigar-shaped island, the savage territory extends 200 miles to the extreme south. It includes almost the whole of the east coast and more than half the total width of Formosa. Its area is about 7,500 square miles out of a total area of 13,500 square miles. This large territory has approximately 100,000 savages; while in the remaining 6,000 square miles of the island there is a population of 3,000,000, mostly Chinese. Secure in their forest-clad mountain fastnesses, the few have defied the many, and maintained their wild independence.

A SAVAGE WOMAN OF FORMOSA, SHOWING TATTOOING AND BALLS ON ENDS OF EAR-STICKS

The savages are divided into a great number of little tribes, some of which consist of only a half-dozen small villages. They may be arranged, however, into eight main groups. Of these the most northerly are the Atayals, and to them the following description most closely applies, as they were the tribes whose borders the writer visited, and close to whose territories his work lay. They are at once the most numerous, the most warlike, and the most inveterate head-hunters. Some of the other groups farther south have entirely given up the practice of head-hunting, and are on terms of comparative friendship with the Chinese and Japanese.

While the peaceful Malays of the plains are physically a well-developed race and number among them some very tall men, those of their wild kinsmen of the mountains whom I have seen were under-sized, and the men, at least, slight in build, with marvellously thin limbs. They appeared, however, to be wiry and active. Nowhere else have I seen human beings so animal-like in their movements. I watched a number of men and boys belonging to a little tribe which for the time being was peaceful, passing by a Japanese outpost. They were crossing a piece of open country, by well-trodden paths and in perfect safety. Yet they moved by a short run, then paused, listening and looking around like startled animals, and again would make another short run and another pause. Every movement bespoke the hunted and hunting creatures of the wild.

Where not disfigured by tattooing, the faces of the younger people are often quite attractive. Their brown skins, wide open eyes and more prominent features appeal more to our sense of beauty than the yellow-col-

FORMOSAN HILL-MEN IN A JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO

our, almond eyes and flatter faces of their Chinese neighbours. But the savages, and especially the savage women, age rapidly. At a time of life when their civilised sisters are still in their prime, these over-worked and underfed women of the forests and mountains are already old and withered. And then the wrinkles are accentuated by the tattooing.

The women usually have a short band of tattoo marks drawn vertically on the forehead. A broad band of blue is also drawn from ear to ear, its upper edge coming to a point in the centre of the upper lip, its lower edge curving around the lower lip or chin. This band is composed of nine dotted lines, divided into three equal sets by two rows of diamond-shaped marks. The young men tattoo vertical bands on their foreheads and chins; and on attaining maturity receive the same on their chests.

More offensive to Western eyes than the tattooing are the ear ornaments worn. These consist of pieces of bamboo, one-half or three-quarters of an inch thick, thrust through the lobes of the ears. The men wear these about an inch or two long; but the women prefer them from four to six inches long. On the ends of the ear-sticks are small balls, carved shells or dangling pendants. Fashion rules these denizens of the forests and mountains quite as tyrannically as she does the city dwellers of the West, and not having many clothes on which to practice her arts, she makes their poor persons suffer the more.

The clothing of the men consists of a light sleeveless tunic, which is open in front and protects only the back and shoulders, a loin cloth, and sometimes a square of coarse cloth, woven from China grass, wrapped about the body. The women generally wear a Malay serang, a square piece of coarse cloth, covering the left shoulder and arm, its upper corners knotted on the right shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. These garments and the cloth leggings worn by the women are often ornamented by bright red or blue threads or brass wire obtained in barter. Chiefs and women on gala occasions wear quite elaborate headdresses of beads and shells. But the ordinary hat, if any is worn, is a skull-cap with a brim over the eyes, closely woven of rattan. One of these with a bullet hole in it, showing the fate of the former owner, is, together

with his head-cutting knife, in the possession of the writer.

The houses of the savages, built some of stones, some of slabs, some of earth and thatch, some partially underground and some elevated on posts, differ so much in different localities and tribes that no general description will apply. Their little patches of ground, rudely cultivated with a short-handled hoe, supply them with maize, mountain-rice, taros and sweet potatoes. Berries, plums and small oranges grow wild; while boars, deer, bears and small game form their meat supply. Flesh is eaten half-cooked or entirely raw.

SAVAGE WOMEN IN GALA DRESS PHOTOGRAPHED IN A STUDIO

The outstanding characteristic of the mountain savages of Formosa is the practice of head-hunting. It is the one great passion of their lives. It holds a place of unrivalled importance in the life of the tribe. To be recognized as an adult, a warrior, a member of the tribal council, and to have the privilege of marrying a wife, it is necessary to have taken at least one head. To obtain rank and influence it is necessary to have captured several heads. Heads are also needed to drive away pestilence, and to ensure a prosperous year. Add to these motives the wild passion for revenge for wrongs committed in many a border feud, the lust for blood cultivated by a lifetime of stealthy guerrilla warfare, and there burns in the veins of those animal men of the mountains a ferocious craving for the gory trophies of their valour which is little short of a mania.

The objects of their bitterest hatred have always been the Chinese, who dispossessed them of their lands, and have cheated and defrauded them in numberless ways. But they are just about as ready to kill their own kinsmen, the more civilised Malays of the plains. Nor were some of the tribes at all particular to distinguish between a white sailor landed or shipwrecked on the coast and their traditional enemies the Chinese. A head was a head to them, no matter who the original owner might be.

In some cases the flesh is boiled off the heads and eaten, the skulls being kept. More frequently the heads are put up in the place reserved for them and left there to be polished by insects, wind and weather into grinning skulls. Some tribes keep these trophies in their houses, others under the eaves, some have small roofed

GROUP OF FORMOSAN MOUNTAIN SAVAGES

platforms set up on poles; others build stone walls leaving interstices into which the skulls are thrust, while the Atayals have long narrow platforms set on posts outside their houses, on which the heads are arranged in rows. One old chief taken by the Chinese boasted, ere he was tortured to death, that in his mountain village he had ninety-four Chinese heads, all taken with his own hand.

The Head-hunters are sometimes equipped with guns, sometimes with bows and arrows, but generally with very long, iron-headed, bamboo spears, a heavy curved knife for cutting off the head, and a species of game bag for carrying it home in. Singly or in small companies they hide in the tall grass or bushes, and watch for lonely travellers on the paths leading through or close by their forests. A quick thrust of the long spear, a few strokes of the heavy knife, and the headless body of the wayfarer lies in the road, while the triumphant savage is off to his mountain village to be the hero of frenzied jubilations. For this reason every band of burden-bearing coolies on the roads of the danger zone is guarded by armed men; and the Japanese post-road between Taipeh, the capital of Formosa, and Gilan on the east coast, has sentry-boxes and soldiers placed within rifle-shot of each other where it traverses the mountain district, to protect the mail carriers.

Another favourite method is to steal upon farmers in the fields, as they bend over their hoes and are intent upon their weeding. In the month of March, 1904, the writer visited the seaport town of Saw-o, close to the mountains of the savages. The day before he arrived there, two farmers working in their rice-fields in the very edge of the town, had been speared and their heads carried off.

Sometimes a large band will make a night attack on a village of the Chinese or peaceful Malays. It may be only a half-hour's run from the wooded mountains of the savages to the village on the plain. Scouts have assured themselves that there are no police or soldiers there. When all are asleep, houses on the outskirts of the village are surrounded, the thatched roofs fired, and the inmates speared as they strive to escape. At Christmas, 1903, the village of Ta-khoe was thus attacked, and twenty-four heads carried off.

But the most common victims of the head-hunters are the workers in rattan and camphor. The rattan is a vine which creeps through the forests and over the branches of trees to a length sometimes of 500 feet. The Chinese labourer cuts the vine near the root, and going backward pulls it out of the trees and bushes. It is when he is so engaged that the savage creeps up and strikes him from behind. Similarly the camphor-workers have to labour in the dense forests, chipping the trunks of the fallen camphor trees with a short adze. Bending down and intent on their work, they cannot be always watchful. This is the head-hunter's opportunity, and more of the camphor-workers lose their heads than of any other single class.

Formosa practically supplies the world with camphor. In 1898 the world's supply amounted to 7,500,000 pounds. Of that amount 6,900,000 pounds were produced in Formosa. In that year 635 camphor-workers were killed or wounded by the savages. In a sense in which happily it can be said of few articles of commerce, the camphor we use in our homes is purchased with the life-blood of human beings.

When the Japanese forces landed in Formosa in 1895, the savages welcomed them as allies against their old enemies the Chinese, and some bands of warriors co-operated with the Japanese armies. But the object of the Japanese was the pacification of the Chinese, not their annihilation, and soon they had to put restraint on their savage allies. This the hill-men resented, and before long they were as ready to take a Japanese head as a Chinese.

For years the Japanese pursued a policy of conciliation. Border inspectors and border police were appointed to maintain order, and prevent aggressions on either side. Plantations were established and attempts made to teach the savages agriculture and the habits of a peaceful life. Some of the young people of the tribes were induced to enter Japanese schools, while adults were employed as mail-carriers or trained for military service.

In the south the Malays responded to this, and have remained fairly peaceful. But the Atayals of the north were incorrigible, and there was the usual tale of heads taken by those implacable savages. In July, 1906, a Japanese camphor station was attacked and thirty-seven heads carried off. This was followed by other outrages.

Then General Count Sakuma, the new Viceroy of Formosa, decided that it was not wise to be lenient any longer. A force of Chinese troops, known as Aiyu, numbering with their Japanese officers 5,000 men, was detailed to attack the Atayal savages. The difficulties of the campaign were enomous. The territory in which this force was to operate comprised between 2,000 and 3,000 square miles. It is all mountainous, rising in Mount Sylvia to the height of 11,470 feet. These mountains are covered with dense jungles of large trees, interlaced with prickly rattan and other vines. The climate is extremely wet, and the vegetation rank. The eastern face of the territory is a line of sea-cliffs rising 5,000 to 7,000 feet from the Pacific.

Around this region the Japanese threw a horse-shoe shaped line of troops, and gradually drawing the heels of the horse-shoe together, closed in on the savages. Every device suggested by modern inventiveness for such warfare was employed. Mountain and machine guns, wire entanglements and electric mines were used to off-set the advantage possessed by the savages, who were fighting in their native haunts.

The most serious action was fought June 5th to 9th, 1907, when a Chino-Japanese force of 600 men surrounded a savage stronghold on Chintozan, a mountain over 4,000 feet high. After three days of bush-fighting, the

Japanese commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayakawa, led a charge of 500 men against the topmost heights. The heights were captured, but out of the 500 who made the charge Col. Hayakawa and 130 of his men fell.

This defeat, and the bombardment of some of their coast villages by the cruisers *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*, led the savages to ask for peace. They soon broke out again, and in October captured fourteen of the Japanese outposts and a number of machine guns. A month's campaign recovered these and once more brought the savages to terms. But that they have not remained quiet is shown by the fact that last spring finds the Japanese troops again operating against them. Mr. Oshima, Chief of Police of Formosa, under whose department this work comes, stated in April that it would take five or six years more to reduce the savages to order.

Meanwhile the Japanese have had to face the situation caused by the mutiny of a detachment of their Aiyu or Chinese troops. Sixty Japanese, including twenty-four women and children, were murdered by the mutineers before other troops arrived.

Altogether the Japanese have had their own share of troubles in Formosa. They are learning the lesson which only colonising nations do learn, that the most difficult and vexatious of all campaigns for civilised troops is that necessitated by one of those "little wars" against the guerrilla bands of savage tribes. There can be only one end to the conflict, the final defeat and pacification of the head-hunters. Meanwhile it is costing Japan blood and gold.

ANOTHER YEAR

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Another year has passed away
But, like an endless line of kings,
Another year is born to-day.

Though we cry out in all dismay,
The Ball, unheeding, onward swings—
Another year has passed away.

Its smile, a vanished summer's day;
Its voice, a migrant bird that sings
"Another year is born to-day."

Life's lovely blossoms, fair in May,
Must wither as the season swings,
Another year has passed away.

Friend, through whatever paths we stray
Forever beat Time's tireless wings—
Another year is born to-day.

Come pluck whatever blooms you may
While Life, the lover, plenty brings—
Another year has passed away,
Another year is born to-day.

THE CRISIS IN INDIA

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

WHEN, after the great Mutiny, it was proposed to take over the government of India there were some who demurred to that measure, holding that Oriental Empire was a field apart, one which ought to be administered to some extent on principles of its own, and any intrusion of British politics into which would be dangerous. Such of those who took that view as are still alive will probably now think that their forebodings have proved true. Anything like an incursion of English Radicalism into an Oriental population is startling and may be dangerous to an Empire of which, as of Empires in general properly so called, the soul is loyalty on the side of the ruled with beneficence on the side of the ruler.

The part of the danger, however, which is strictly speaking political, whether it be native or imported, is probably the smallest part. Political discontent and aspiration must be almost entirely confined to that very limited class which, having received a European education, has imbibed European sentiment and learned to aim at place and power. The idea of a political revolution like those of Europe must be foreign to the native mind. In Indian history we have changes of dynasty or master, not a few; but apparently nothing like a popular rising for liberty or for a change of political institutions. A series of mutinies in the native army there has been; but these, including, as it seems to be now ascertained, the last and most terrible of them, have been caused not by political discontent or intrigue, though intrigue may have taken advantage of them, but by supposed aggression on caste. One of them was caused by the substitution of hats for turbans; the turban being, it seems, the external sign of the Sepoy's religion. On the present occasion we hear as yet of no disposition to mutiny. The last conquered and enlisted, the Sikh and Ghoorka, seem to be perfectly faithful. The camp appears to be the Sepoy's country.

It is difficult to see how in the chaos of upstart and marauding tyrannies which followed the fall of the Mogul Empire, political sentiment of any kind could have been formed.

In religion there is a division between the two sections of the native population, Hindoo and Mahometan; a division so sharp as to form apparently a very strong security against any combination for the overthrow of the Imperial power.

The source of danger appears to be separation and antipathy of race between ruler and ruled. This showed itself on the side of the ruling race with terrible force at the time of the great Mutiny. Lord Elgin, on his expedition to China, touched at Calcutta and marked with horror the intensity of the race-feeling there:—

> August 21st, [1857].—"It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man or woman since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the ob-

ject. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course, those who can speak the language are somewhat more en rapport with the natives, but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference the result is frightful; an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of these passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed.

August 22nd.—tells me that yesterday, at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to the dogs to be devoured, etc., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of the Government; could not see that there was any impropriety in torturing men's souls; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well! These are your teachers, O Israel! Imagine what the pupils become under such teaching!"

This, it is true, was the feeling as manifested in its extreme form by the ruling race, then in danger of its life. But to be capable of such extreme manifestation, and in a clergyman, it must always have been strong. It was pretty sure always to appear in the bearing, if not of the gentleman, of the rough soldier, towords the native. It was pretty sure also to be reciprocated, however silently, by the subject race.

The social gulf has probably been somewhat widened by the shortening of the passage between India and England, which enables the Anglo-Indian often to revisit England and keep up his English associations. When his life was spent continuously in India he could not help becoming in some measure identified, socially at least, with the high-class Hindoo. A high-class Englishman who had spent his life in India and had long been the Resident at a native capital, was asked, in connection with the missionary question, whether a Hindoo of the higher class had ever been converted. His answer was, "No gentleman ever changes his politics or his religion." This recognised in a quaint way the social standing of the high-class Hindoo.

Whatever may have been the native feeling there was no native rising of consequence in concert with the great Mutiny, unless it were in Oude, among the partisans of the recently dethroned dynasty. Nor did any one of the native princes revolt. What would have happened if a British army had met with a serious defeat!

England did not originally go to India with any design of conquest. Her object was trade. She had to fight France and Holland for a footing. Conquest was absolutely disclaimed and was interdicted by a resolution of the House of Commons. Bengal, the first acquired territory, was conquered in what was really defensive war, for its ruler was certainly the aggressor. Its acquisition was followed by a period of great abuse, a large field of peculation being thrown open to the poorly paid servants of the Company. Fortunes, dishonestly made, were carried to England, seats in Parliament for rotten boroughs were bought. The Anglo-Indian, for a time, was a political nuisance and Leadenhall Street was a centre of intrigue. But corruption in India had been checked, though not killed, by the strong hand of Clive.

Clive was a great man. Justice has now been done to him. At the time public injustice, arising a good deal from public ignorance of India, then a six-months' voyage off, seems to have combined with disease in driving him to suicide. Justice has also been done to the memory of Hastings, not entirely by Macaulay, who fails to tell us that in the trial of Nuncomar, Impey was not sole judge, but had three colleagues; but by Fitzjames Stephen. That the political morality

of the Rohilla business was Eastern seems really about the worst that can be said of it, and the Rohillas themselves were a marauding tribe. It is not alleged that Hastings was personally the gainer by what he did. Francis, who inspired Burke, was a venomous knave, and Burke, with all his glories of style, was a raving enthusiast who, by his violence, brought down upon himself the censure of his own client, the House of Commons. Was anything more unfair or more mischievous ever written than Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution"?

The rule of the Company in India was a rule of merchants. Dividends were its sole object. It strictly abstained from territorial aggrandisement. It touched no moral or social reforms. It nervously respected native superstitions, even those of the worst kind, such as Suttee and Juggernaut. It discouraged the preaching of Christianity. One of its agents in swearing to a treaty with natives, invoked the native deities. Leadenhall Street seems to have done absolutely nothing in the way of improvement or beneficence.

With a transfer of the supreme power from Leadenhall to Downing Street, with the appointment of a Governor-General, and one so enterprising and energetic as Wellesley, came a marked change from the commercial to the political and social as the object of Government. Political and social the object was, and one of civilisation rather than of territorial aggrandisement. The native powers were half barbarous, intriguing, restless. There was constant liability to aggression on their part, and consequently to desolating war. The last of them which was encountered, that of the Sikhs, was aggressive and unprovoked. The conquest of Scinde by Napier seems to be about the only clear case of the aggressive kind, and in this appeared the spirit of Napier rather than that of British policy. A good deal of territory after all has been left under the rule of native princes, though necessarily controlled by the Empire.

From that time onwards it may truly be said that the rule, alien, and therefore hardly beloved, has been one of beneficent intention. That it should not always have been intelligent and happily inspired was almost inevitable. The land settlement of Cornwallis in Bengal was far from happily inspired and bad was the result. But nothing could have been better meant. In law and its administration there may have been too much of British technicality, but Eastern unveracity has probably also been fully as much in the way of justice. There has been an end of the barbarous punishments of the East. A reform of the Zenana, which has been sought, would probably be perilous. Education has been heartily promoted; though its extension, exciting ambition, was not free from danger, as now appears. The native religions, when free from cruelty or immorality, have been respected. At the same time free course has been given to Christianity, though the fruits of missionary enterprise do not seem to have been very great, the diversity of Churches probably standing in the way.

With Imperial rule in the person of Cornwallis came an end of the extortions and peculations which had disgraced the traders' rule, and though checked by Clive, had not been brought to an end till power passed into the hands of the Crown.

When all is said, and whatever may be the estrangement of race, no Empire of race which has ever existed can be compared in mildness and beneficence with British Empire in India; not the Roman Empire even under Augustus, Trajan, or the Antonines. Early in the series of Roman Emperors come Nero and Caligula, with a delirium of tyranny. In the earlier period the provincials enjoyed comparative freedom from war, though by no means from military

imposts, or probably from military insolence. But in the later period the wars between competitors for the Empire were murderous and desolating. The end was universal decay and ultimate ruin. In Pilate we see the Roman Governor with his haughty and contemptuous attitude towards the people, Pliny, under Trajan, looks better, yet is distinctly alien. Herod, delegated by Rome, is a tyrant, and in his last days worse.

The King's Proclamation to the people of India the other day was excellent, and his own spirit was in it. Unfortunately it could hardly reach the masses of the people who were ignorant of the language, but it may have had a very good effect on the world at large.

We seldom hear now in any trustworthy quarter serious complaints of inefficiency in the East Indian service; still more seldom of anything like corruption. Probably no country is more faithfully served. The writerships are no longer private patronage; they are given by public examination. It was feared at first that scholars might be unpractical, but Lawrence, to whom the misgiving was addressed, answered with an offer to exchange his men of the old school for the same number of "competition *wallahs*."

A ruling race bears the responsibility for everything; for the unkindness of nature as well as for the defaults of Government. The ruling race in India is probably by native ignorance held responsible for plague, flood and famine. If the native could reckon how much the ruling power, with its limited agencies, had done in the way of averting or mitigating natural calamities, and compare it with anything done by the rulers of his own race, his feeling might be changed. From the Government have proceeded all attempts at systematic and extensive relief. Therapeutics, scientific therapeutics at all events, are of British introduction. So are railroads, which must have greatly facilitated relief as well as locomotion and production.

Two dark stains, it cannot be denied, there are on the history of British Empire in the East. One is the part which necessity imposed on England of upholding the blighting and polluting empire of Turkey over some of the fairest regions of the earth. The other is the necessity to which financial difficulties drove her of forcing opium upon China. The second stain is perhaps the blacker of the two. Englishmen of the higher moral class protested against the opium trade, and it probably cost such a Minister as Mr. Gladstone a pang to turn a deaf ear to their remonstrance. A costly craze, if nothing worse, was the fancy, cherished, like other fancies of the kind, by Palmerston, and flattered by military men, that Russia had designs on India. This led to the disastrous invasion of Afghanistan, and to a morbid hatred of Russia, which helped to bring about the Crimean war. Russia was an old friend, and the Czar Nicholas personally was a great admirer of England and strongly attached to the British connection.

It is, of course, inevitable that the ruling race should keep in its hand supreme power and the sole control of the army. Of the power less than supreme as large a share as possible seems to have been conceded to the native. Personal liberty of every kind, including liberty of opinion and of the press, seems also to have been freely given. Upon the liberty of the press, under the present circumstances, it becomes necessary to put some restraint. But in doing so it is shown how large the amount of liberty has been.

Whether England herself has gained or lost by her Indian Empire is a very complex and difficult question. Commercially, Nassau Senior, one high among the political economists of his day, always maintained that England had lost by the Indian Empire, and wished she were well rid

of it. He looked perhaps at the matter in a strictly economical light. Apart from the glory and majesty, England has had in India a vast field of employment for her youth, a field always honourable, though not so lucrative as it was in former times.

Some day the end must come. It is impossible that a race should rule forever in a land in which it cannot rear its children. The coming may be hastened by this great movement of the East, of which the initiative may come from Japan. But at present, if military power remains in the hands of the governing race, as it seems likely to do, though there may be, and probably will be, disturbance, it is difficult to see from what quarter revolution can come. Editors of revolutionary journals are not generals, nor will an undrilled and unarmed populace face the cannon. Native Princes have armies more numerous than efficient, but none of them have shown any disposition to revolt or apparently have as much to gain as they have to lose by revolution.

Over the actual crisis at present there is a veil which will presently be raised.

TIR NAN OG

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Tir Nan Og, the land of youth, was the paradise or blessed land of the Ancient Irish. It was situated "in the West." Cuchullin, Finn, Ossian and all the other heroes and poets are still there enjoying perpetual summer and perpetual youth.

The breeze blows out from the land and it seeks the sea,
O and O! that my sail were set and away—
Fast and free on its wings would my sailing be
To the West: to the Tir Nan Og, where the blessed stay!

The darkness stirs, it awakes, it outspreads its arms,
O and O! and the birds in their nests are still,
The red-browed hill bleats low with the lamb's alarms,
And a sound of singing comes from the slipping rill.

My soul is awake, alone, all alone in the earth,
O and O! and around is the lonely night!
As goeth the sun would my soul go forth to its birth—
O'er the darkling sea to the West—to the light, to the light!

Would'st say, "Be content with the land of the Innis Fail,
O and O! there is friendship here, there is song."
But they smile to your face, when you turn they stammer and rail,
And the song of the singer hath tears and is over long!

A call comes out of the West and it calls a name,
O and O! it is soft, it is far, it is low—
Sweet, so sweet that it wrappeth my soul in a flame
That burns the heart from my breast with the wish to go!

INCIDENT OF CONFEDERATION

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER

THE most important event in the history of Canada is the Confederation of British North America, and no one will question the necessity for accuracy in all statements relating to it.

My attention has been called to an article on that subject in the June number of *The Canadian Magazine*, which is of the most misleading character, made by Senator Miller, and which demands some notice at my hands.

At the Quebec Conference it was agreed that the resolutions in favour of Confederation should be submitted to the existing Legislatures.

The Hon. Mr. Tilley, the Premier of New Brunswick, fearing defeat on another question, dissolved the Legislature, and a large majority was returned, pledged to oppose Confederation.

As no union with Canada was practicable without that Province, I postponed taking action on that question until the attitude of New Brunswick was changed, but I strenuously advocated the policy agreed to at Quebec.

During the session of 1866, the Anti-union Government in New Brunswick became discredited, when a dissolution ensued, and it became evident that the Province was about to adopt Confederation.

At this time Mr. Miller, who had been elected as a supporter of our party, but who had continually opposed me, sent his friend, Mr. S. MacDonnell, a member of the Legislature, to inquire how I would treat him if he would announce himself as a supporter of Confederation. I answered that his overtures would be received in the most friendly manner.

Mr. Miller, therefore, made a speech in which he said: "If the Government will publicly abandon the Quebec scheme, and introduce a resolution in favour of a Federal Union of British America, leaving the details of the measure to the arbitrament of the Imperial Government, properly advised by delegates from all the provinces, I promise them my cordial support." In the course of his speech he said: "I will not deny that the extraordinary reaction that has taken place in New Brunswick in regard to Union, and the admitted partiality of a large majority of the people of Nova Scotia for the abstract principle, coupled with the firm but constitutional pressure of the Imperial authorities, affords grounds to apprehend that before very long even the Quebec resolutions may be carried in the Maritime Provinces."

I said in reply that I would consult the Government and the Liberal delegates who had acted with me at the Quebec Conference, before giving an answer.

On April 10th, 1866, a week afterwards, I submitted to the House the following resolution:

"Whereas, in the opinion of this House it is desirable that a confederation of the British North American Provinces should take place; Resolved therefore, that his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor be authorised to appoint delegates to arrange with the

Imperial Government a scheme of union which will effectually assure just provision for the rights and interests of this Province; each of the Provinces coöperating to have an equal voice in such delegation; Upper and Lower Canada being for this purpose considered as separate Provinces."

This resolution was carried by a majority of thirty-one to nineteen.

Mr. Miller may possibly have influenced one vote, that of Mr. S. MacDonnell, but that was all. Yet he is now so anxious to claim the credit of having saved Confederation in a crisis, that, if his statements are correct, he is prepared to violate private confidence and assail the reputation of the man to whom he owes his present position.

The facts respecting the Pictou Railway, as recorded in the debates of the Assembly, are simply as follows: My Government having decided to carry the railway to Pictou, appointed Mr. Sandford Fleming Chief Engineer.

Mr. Fleming had in 1863 been appointed by the Liberal Government of Canada, the Government of Nova Scotia and the Imperial Government as Chief Engineer to survey the railway line from Quebec to Halifax.

After surveying the line to Pictou, he gave an estimate of the cost, and it was let by tender in several sections. On the contractors complaining of difficulty in getting labour, he advised the Government to assist them by importing men from Newfoundland, which we did. The contractors, however, broke down, being unable to pay their men, and the Government was obliged to take the work off their hands.

To relet it under those circumstances would, of course, have enormously increased the cost, and the Government finally agreed to give the contract for the whole line to Mr. Fleming if he would complete the work as designed and settle all claims for work done. A previous estimate had been made by Mr. Laurie, a distinguished engineer, who placed the cost at a larger amount. When the House met, and all the facts were placed before it, Mr. Archibald, the leader of the Opposition, moved a vote of censure to "protest against an act which, whatever the character of the act itself, may be a precedent for the most dangerous abuse of Executive power." The members for Pictou were the only members of the party who took exception to what had been done, and but one of them voted with the Opposition. After full discussion, the Government were supported by a majority of thirty-one to twenty. Mr. Miller, as usual, voted against the Government. This was on Thursday the 29th of March, and on the Tuesday following Mr. Miller made his speech in favour of Confederation.

Senator Miller says that "the Government, which really meant Dr. Tupper in the absence of Mr. McDonald, had taken the work out of the hands of all the stranded contractors, and entered into a new contract with Chief Engineer Fleming on the basis of his own estimate less $100,000. Fleming then ceased "to be Chief Engineer, and McNab, his assistant, was appointed in his stead."

My Government was composed of able and independent men. Mr. Henry, the Attorney-General, who drew the contract, was subsequently appointed by Hon. Alexander MacKenzie a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, and the Solicitor-General who approved it was the Hon. J. W. Ritchie, then leader of the bar of Nova Scotia, and afterwards Judge in Equity, and the Hon. James McDonald, Financial Secretary, was afterwards Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government and later Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. Mr. McNab was never an assistant to Mr. Fleming, having previously declined to take a position under him.

Mr. Miller's statement that "the Conservative M.P.P.'s, who were in

an overwhelming majority in the Assembly, appealed to the Financial Secretary to repudiate Tupper's railway policy and oust him from power" could only be ventured upon after a lapse of thirty-two years, when they were no longer living.

I can readily believe Senator Miller's statement that Sir Adams Archibald expressed a strong opinion "that there was nothing wrong in Sir Charles Tupper's dealing with Sir Sandford Fleming, and that he believed Sir Sandford and Sir Charles had both acted throughout the whole business for the best interests of the Province," but I cannot accept his assertion "that Sir Adams Archibald qualified it by saying, 'except in the high-handed manner in which he ignored his colleagues in the Government'," as he had the best possible evidence that my colleagues in the debate contradicted any such an insinuation by their speeches.

I regret that a due regard to historical accuracy has compelled me to make these corrections.

THE CALL

By VIRNA SHEARD

Across the dusty, foot-worn street
  Unblessed of flower or tree,
Faint and far-off—there ever sounds
  The calling of the sea.

From out the quiet of the hills,
  Where purple shadows lie,
The pine trees murmur, "Come and rest
  And let the world go by."

The west wind whispers all night long
  "Oh, journey forth afar
To the green and pleasant places
  Where little rivers are!"

And the soft and silken rustling
  Of bending yellow wheat
Says, "See the harvest moon—that dims
  The arc-lights of the street."

Though the city holds thee captive
  By trick, and wile, and lure,
Out yonder lies the loveliness
  Of things that shall endure.

The river road is wide and fair,
  The prairie-path is free,
And still the old earth waits to give
  Her strength and joy to thee.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"ARE you sure you have got everything, George?"

"Yes, I think so, mother, and a good load it is, too. We have a pretty fair showing, I think. We surely may hope to carry off a prize or two."

Mrs. Adams stood at the gate with her apron thrown over her head, surveying with satisfied eyes the wagon-load of farm produce which her son, a stalwart young man of twenty-eight, was about to take to the village fair. "If there's any sort of fair dealing we will," she said.

"Well, we'll see to-morrow," answered George from the wagon-seat. "By the way, mother, don't wait tea for me to-night. I may not be home till late."

"Why, what is there to keep you?"

"I intend to call at Williamson's on my way back, and may possibly stay to tea if they ask me."

George paused a moment, then, half-reluctantly, half-defiantly, answered his mother's questioning look: "I am going to ask Viola McKenzie to go with me to the fair to-morrow. She is sewing there for a few days."

"That girl!" There was a world of contempt in the voice that uttered this terse exclamation. The young man's eyes flashed, and he bit his lip with evident vexation. After a moment he said in a tone of forced quietness, "What objection have you to Viola, mother?"

"You know perfectly well, George," Mrs. Adams answered, "that for years it has been your father's wish and mine that you should marry Hannah Duncan. You would go a long way before you could find a better wife than she would make. You might have her for the asking, too, if you set about it in the right way. You know that, and yet you bestow all your favours on that penniless, little nobody, who I don't suppose knows how to cook an egg."

Mrs. Adams paused, and her husband, who had just come up, took up the theme. "Ay, lad; what your mother says is right. Viola may be all right to amuse yourself with for an hour or two, but when it comes to taking a partner for life you can't find the beat of Hannah. The old place, you know, belongs to you after we are dead and gone; but while we're living we don't want any young upstart coming here to turn things upside down!"

George, who had leaped from the wagon to fix the horse's bridle, now stood erect with flushed face and compressed lips. He knew the time had come when he and his parents must come to a mutual understanding on this vexed question, and he must show them once and for all what his feelings were on the subject of his future wife. He was deeply hurt and his anger was kindled; yet he made a desperate effort to speak quietly, respectfully and kindly.

"Father," he said, "and mother, you may as well know first as last

that your wishes in this respect are doomed to disappointment. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. I have nothing against Hannah Duncan. She will make a good wife for someone, I don't doubt for a minute, but not for me. There is one girl in all the world for me, and that girl is Viola McKenzie. If she won't marry me I shall do without a wife."

"Well, well! So you actually mean to marry that child!" exclaimed his father. "Why, she can't be more than sixteen or seventeen, and ought to be in the schoolroom for a year or two yet. I don't know what you see in the girl anyway."

"You don't know her as well as I do," George answered, "or you would understand what I see in her. She is as sweet and good as an angel; and what she lacks in knowledge and experience she will surely acquire in a reasonable time. The very fact of her being poor and dependent on her own brave efforts for a livelihood makes me long all the more for the right to take care of her. Come, now, say that you will give me the right to bring her here; and promise me that you will be good to her and try to love her, at least for my sake. You don't know, mother, what a help she would be to you, and what sunshine she would bring into the house."

George pleaded earnestly, but his parents showed no sign of yielding. "No, I don't know anything of the kind," Mrs. Adams answered in an ungracious tone, "but I do know you have greatly disappointed me."

"You'd better hurry and take that load of truck to town," added his father testily, "or there will be another disappointment.' '

Without a word George sprang into the wagon, whipped up the horses, and in a few minutes was gone.

With feelings and tempers very much ruffled the two old people turned back into the farm house, berating the independence of the youth of the present day in general, and of this one in particular.

Meanwhile George, with feelings no less ruffled, was rattling along over the stony country road with little regard for the welfare of the carefully cherished vegetables that were to make so good a showing in the town hall to-morrow. He felt hurt and angry, and thought that his parents had been unjust and unkind. Yet, after he had cooled down a little and tried to look at the matter from their point of view, he realised what a disappointment his choice had been to them. He determined to be as gentle and considerate of their feelings as he could, though the idea of his complying with their wishes by marrying Hannah was too utterly impossible to be dreamed of. No, he would just try to be patient for the present, hoping that the tangled skein would unravel itself by-and-by. Meanwhile he decided to say nothing to Viola just yet.

The long-looked-for day of the fair dawned, to the disappointment of many, with a cloudy sky. At about eight o'clock it began to rain, and rained fitfully for an hour, after which it showed signs of clearing up. But it was not until nearly noon that the sun finally condescended to show a smiling face. When it did it shone with that beaming softness and pleasant warmth peculiar to September.

George started quite early for Sandy Hill, where the fair was to be held, driving the span of sleek two-year-old colts that he had recently broken in; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams set out much later with the staid and steady team and the double-seated democrat. Jim and Tommy Smith, a neighbour's boys, had asked for a ride to the village, where they were to stay a day or two with their aunt. They put in an appearance quite early, and during the interval of waiting made themselves generally useful.

"I must take my umbrella," said Mrs. Adams shortly before they started. "It doesn't look much like rain now, but the weather isn't to be depended on; it's best to be on the

safe side." But just then she remembered that something had gone wrong with the umbrella; it wouldn't stay open.

"I can fix that in two jiffys!" said Tommy, and as Mrs. Adams took her seat in the democrat he handed her the umbrella wide open, saying triumphantly as he did so, "I'll bet you a ride on the merry-go-round that'll stay open now!" It did, indeed, stay open, but nothing could induce it to shut again. Mrs. Adams tried to push it under the seat, but, being a very large one, it refused to accommodate itself to so small a space. There was nothing for it but to hold it up the whole eight miles to the village, although there was no rain or sun to afford an excuse.

The incessant chatter of the boys drove away all melancholy thoughts from the minds of the old people. The most interesting topic of conversation was the merry-go-round, which was to be a new feature of the sports. The boys had never seen one, and they listened eagerly to all Mr. Adams could tell them about it.

It was rather late when they reached Sandy Hill, and the village presented an unusually lively spectacle. An excursion train had just come into the station, adding its quota of people and interest to the crowd of village and country folks already gathered there. Hearing the toot-toot of the merry-go-round, the boys lost little time in reaching the coveted spot; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams went at once to the fair grounds. They were surprised to find the hall and grounds almost deserted. A few stragglers here and there were all that could be seen. It did not take them long to look at all the exhibits; they were even fewer than usual, and the Sandy Hill exhibitions had never been very famous. They were much pleased, however, to find that they had won several prizes. When they had made the round they went to see what had become of everybody else.

The discovery was soon made. In the centre of the village, under a large awning, was the merry-go-round in full motion and well laden with living freight. Massed around it on all sides were the people, men, women and children, gazing at that central point of interest as if its dizzy revolutions represented the chief joy of life. Everybody was there. In fact, unless one wished to be unsociable and spend the day in comparative solitude, it was necessary to remain there, for in no other place could one's friends be found; although, as the day wore on, there were numerous radiations, the little groups and stragglers invariably returned to this centre of gravitation.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Adams, having enjoyed a quiet hour or two at the home of an old friend, returned to the merry scene. They stood and watched it for some time in silence. The machine, doubtless originated for the amusement of children, was not entirely monopolised by them. There were gay young ladies and gentlemen, staid middle-aged people, and even a scattering of grey heads in that dizzy whirl; and judging from their animated faces as they went spinning around to the tireless air of "Dixie Land," they enjoyed the sensation quite as much as did the juveniles.

There were plenty among the onlookers who held their heads high and scornfully denounced the whole performance as a foolish waste of money. Perhaps they were right. Yet even a few of these were eventually affected by the contagious fascination, and drawn into the maelstrom.

In a little side tent near by was a really good Edison phonograph. There were also on exhibition a number of wonderful phenomena which may have been what they seemed—though we will not risk an affidavit. For the small sum of ten cents anyone might see these marvels and also

hear a large number of phonograph selections. It was not necessary, however, to go inside the tent to hear the phonograph. Through an aperture at the side most of the pieces might be plainly heard by those who stood near, even above the lively strains of "Dixie Land."

Mrs. Adams was in a dream. When she had lived at home in the Old Country it had been her dearest ambition to ride on the merry-go-round, but her mother did not consider this a suitable pastime for well-brought-up little girls. Little Mary Ann's dream had never been realised, and oh! how she had envied the girls whose mothers were less particular than her own. This old childish ambition she had thought dead and buried long ago, but now as she gazed at the gay scene its ghost came back to haunt her. Yes, she was actually envying the jolly young riders on those pracing wooden steeds! Just at this moment there rang out clearly from the phonograph:

"Are you comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?
Now don't say that ye can't, for ye can!
There's a gossoon wants to spoon
Underneath the harvest moon;
And it's me,— don't you see?—Mike McGee."

In an instant the dream changed —as dreams will. The voice was that of her handsome lover. They were roaming together in moonlit harvest fields, gathering dewy crimson poppies, and he was telling her the sweet old story of his love. The voice sang on:

"There's a tale I have to tell Mary Ann.
It's yourself that knows it well, Mary Ann.
There's a kiss goes with it, too;—
Mary Ann, what's keepin' you?
Are ye comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?"

Mrs. Adams was roused out of her dream by a light touch on her shoulder. "Will you come, Mary Ann?"

She looked at her husband with questioning eyes. "Come where?"

"Why, on the merry-go-round. Come and have a ride."

"Why, Michael! Whatever would people say?"

"Say what they like. Who cares?"

Was the childish ideal of happiness to be realised at last? Mrs. Adams' old girlish love of over-riding conventionalities suddenly asserted itself once more, and she answered almost gleefully, "All right, I will."

Mr. Adams darted away to secure a couple of tickets. He was back again in a moment, and they stepped hastily forward as the manager piped out, "All aboard for the next ride!"

"You will take a carriage, I suppose, Mary Ann?"

"Oh, no! a pony, please."

"Can you stick on?"

"I used to be able to stick on a horse."

"I should think you did! and a more lifey one than this by a long shot!" Mr. Adams glanced at his wife with a return of the old admiration he used to feel for her horsemanship.

They were seated and grasping the bridles. The wooden steeds slowly began to move, and "Dixie Land" struck up. Round they went, each moment gaining in speed till the faces in the crowd below became indistinct. Mrs. Adams sat erect with an unwonted light in her eyes. The wind played mad pranks with her soft grey hair, and a pink spot glowed upon each faded cheek. She had become a girl again, and with her lover at her side was galloping over the breezy, heath-clad moorlands of the Old Country. The face of Michael Adams, too, wore a youthful smile He was dreaming the selfsame dream.

They were rudely awakened. There came a sudden gust of wind, with the sound of straining cords and flapping canvas. Then it seemed as if the skies were falling, and they found themselves enveloped in a cloud. The tent-pins had been wrenched from the ground, and the awning had become a whirling cloud of canvas. Still round and round they flew, each moment becoming more

hopelessly entangled. There were confused shoutings, and the sound of hurrying steps, but they were in darkness as to the meaning of it all. Presently Michael's head emerged from a rent in the canvas, and he saw in a moment what had happened. It was a relief to see daylight out of the confusing chaos, but his wife was still invisible. "Are you there, Mary Ann?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I'm here safe enough," she replied in muffled tones, "The question is how to get out."

The machine had by this time come to a standstill, and it was discovered, to the general relief, that no one was seriously hurt.

In a few minutes the entangled passengers were liberated—all but Mrs. Adams. She was enshrouded so completely that some time elapsed before she could be extricated. And still that voice sang out mockingly:

"Are you comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?
Now don't say that ye can't; for ye can."

In spite of those assuring words poor Mary Ann was powerless to help herself just then; but when at last she did emerge from her prison the rejuvenated couple melted away in the crowd, and appeared no more upon the scene.

An hour later, as they were driving homeward under the big umbrella that wouldn't shut, Michael Adams broke a long silence caused by a mutual renewal of that extraordinary interrupted dream:

"Mary Ann, I've just been thinking—when you and I were young it would have been terribly hard for me to marry anyone but you."

A sweet, soft look, the tender afterglow of the light of other days, stole into the eyes of Mary Ann. "And if you had married anyone else but me it would have broken my heart," she said.

"I suppose the young folks love each other now just as we did," he went on; "and he has always been a good boy. You couldn't find the beat of him in the whole county. I'd stake my last dollar on that."

"Yes, that is true, Michael. And she is a sweet little thing after all. Didn't you notice how pretty she looked to-day? He might do worse than marry Viola."

"What do you say, wife? Shall we tell him to bring her home?"

"Yes, and the sooner the better. Let them have all the happiness they can get while they are young."

"All right. So let it be, then. We'll tell him to-night as soon as he comes home."

DAWN ON THE HILLS

By E. M. YEOMAN

Low in the orange east, where buddeth morn,
  The long moon-crescent goes her way serene,
Breathing a fading glory to adorn
  The painted dawn-dusk with her yellow sheen.

Wan as some quiet-grieving queen she rides,
  Gilding the beauty spread before mine eyes,
  Of lofty mountains built into the skies,
Rude monuments of Chaos, from whose sides,
Tinged far away with gloomy amethyst,
  Gush snowy streams, whose foaming liquors roar
  To gaping caverns full of night, and pour
To far green fields that lie in pearly mist.

This is my universe, and my frail heart
  Is centre of it. There, far below,
Where ghostly morn-mists flee away and part,
  Showing a goodly land, my ways I go,
Chartless, pursuing with a childish zest
  Wraiths of reality—ah me! though skilled
In lore that every way is vain, each quest
  A luring void, save as they serve to build
Supernal destiny.

Oh, I do stand
  Upon the edges of eternity;
  And recking not that Doom shall turn to me,
I carve mine own shape with a heedless hand,
  Gifted with master skill.

Now bloometh dawn,
Ripened to vital splendour—lights that spread
  Vapours of violet wreathed in gold upon
The mountain-tops, and flaming fires of red,
  And smokes that gush from them.

But like the sun,
That riseth now upon the world to see
  What all his care of yesterdays hath done,
So shall I rise, when Time hath lifted me,
To view the halls of destiny at dawn,
  And seeking mine own self, with bitter thought
And rueful eyes, look forth, and look upon
  The hapless shape I wrought.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE Devil and Salome threatened for a time to corner public attention in the theatrical offerings of the early season. In coupling the two, however, it ought to be explained that they have nothing in common except their popularity. We make this prompt explanation in justice to the former, "to give the Devil his due," as the phrase goes. Over the *Salomes* was as promptly thrown an eighth and final veil, the veil of oblivion. The exhibitions in her name have no place in the chronicles of the stage or in the thoughts of decent people.

"The Devil" of this wide celebrity is a clever modern comedy by one Franz Molnar, a Hungarian writer hitherto unknown on this side, but now suddenly swept into fame and enjoying the unique distinction of the simultaneous appearance of two versions of his popular play. Of the comparative merits of the rival productions there can be no two opinions, and whatever the legal rights—which do not concern the reviewer—the incontrovertible right of superior performance belongs to the one of which Mr. George Arliss is the interpretative genius.

Miss Billie Burke, starring in "Love Watches"

In this remarkable play the spirit of evil personified, appearing in the lives of certain people at a crucial moment, plays the part of destiny. It is an inversion in a way of the *motif* of "The Servant in the House," where the Christ personified, *(Manson)*, appearing in the vicar's household at a crisis, visibly controls the action through the reformation of the principal characters. Both plays are to this extent symbolic, and both are written on modern realistic lines The original of the Hungarian play is the *Faust* legend, translated into modern terms and fitted to modern methods of thinking. The *Devil* of Herr Molnar has neither cloven foot nor tail, not even the familiar scarlet cloak, but is in all outward aspects, at least, an ordinary, sophisticated gentleman of the world, suave, urbane, humorous, audacious, who for social convenience calls himself *Doctor Nicol.* The symbolic character, however, is quickly suggested, even before the leading question, "Who are you?" is put. The story is concise but purposely ordinary, interest depending on the psychological development of the situation and still

Mr. George Arliss, starring in "The Devil"

more especially on the characterisation of the Mephistophelian figure. Six years before the play opens *Madame Vaross* had foresworn the love of a struggling artist and married wealth. During the years that have intervened a scrupulous silence between the former lovers has been observed. While the artist has struggled on to fame, varying the monotony of work with little affairs, *Madame Vaross* remains a loyal, devoted, though emotionally unsatisfied wife. For reasons of conscience, she has even refused to sit for a portrait, but at the time of the play these scruples have finally given way and she appears at the artist's studio for the first sitting. Propriety in the form of the husband protects her to the threshold. She is still the scrupulous, domestic woman when, unprotected, the artist seeks to awaken the old feeling. It is at this juncture—an embarrassing moment, as it happens in toilet preparations for the sitting—that the *Devil*, with characteristic audacity, appears. He has been sleeping comfortably all the while before the fire, unobserved. An obvious alvantage in dealing with the occult is the little need for invention, and the at first enraged artist soon recognises the intruder as someone he has met before. "Monte Carlo, was it not?" Employing the ordinary sophistries of lovers with true Mephistophelian cunning and art, the visitor soon succeeds in kindling the smouldering flame of passion. With scriptural accuracy, he promises them all the glory of the world in the fulfilment of their hearts' desires. Familiar doctrine, all of it, even to the phrasing, but it is just in the familiarity, its up-to-dateness and triteness that the point of the satire lies. For the author's intent—a satirisation and ironical survey of perfectly recognisable human emotions and sentiments—is soon apparent. And his success to this extent is undeniable. An interruption, the returned husband, closes the scene. With the next act the scene shifts to a ball at the *Vaross* mansion, to which the evil one has contrived to invite himself. Here he employs another familiar weapon, jealousy—and how he tortures the lovers in this devil's rack! The act ends with the angry departure of the artist and the complete emotional capitulation of the wife. In the morning all reappear at the studio, where misunderstanding is cleared up, and, head on shoulder, the lovers withdraw, laughing merrily over

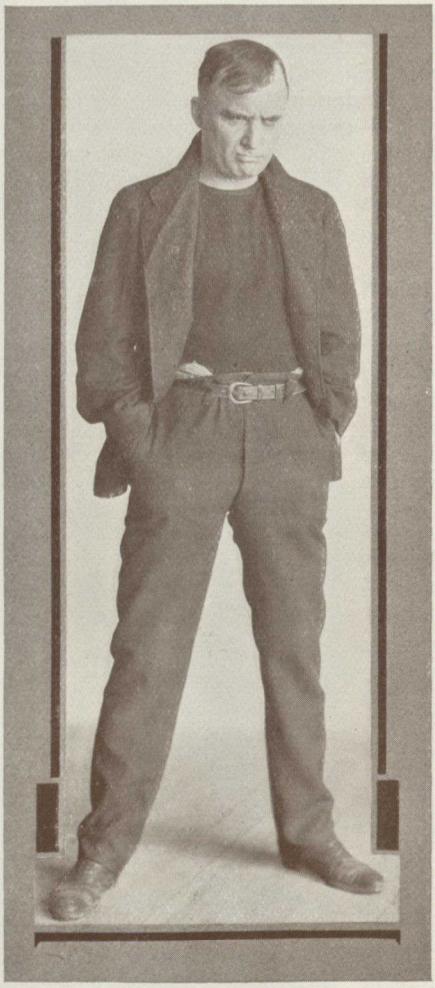
an angry letter which the evil intermediary had conveniently forgotten to deliver earlier.

This harsh and necessarily incomplete outline conveys no impression of the subtle, insinuating character of the piece. Its elusiveness is one of its charms. The plot, if it can be called one, is the merest superstructure, on which the author has built a startlingly clever analysis and *exposé* of certain liberal tendencies in modern thought. So much—one might say everything — depends on the actions aside, the impression and observations by the way, the subtle suggestion of casuistry, the insinuation, often diabolical but always humorous, the clever satirical shafts, the sparkling dialogue and sly reference in which the play abounds.

What the play owes to its chief interpreter is everywhere evident, excellent as the play is both in purpose and fulfilment. The first act is well nigh mighty, thoroughly dramatic, tense in situation, luminous with wit and epigram, and charged with deep, underlying symbolism. Had the strength of this first act been maintained we should have had one of the great plays of modern times. The situation, however, is so fully drawn in this, so skilfully projected, that we have the effect of climax. And whatever the intellectual and psychological interest of the succeeding acts, the great moving dramatic interest has subsided. Mr. Arliss has probably no peer on the English-speaking stage. Not since Irving, perhaps, have we had an actor of his keen, subtle intelligence and *finesse* of execution. Such drawings as *Cayley Drummle*, *Lord Steyn*, *Brack*, *Brendel*, and a score of others, are masterpieces in dramatic portraiture. And the present seems an amplification, a fulfilment of the promise of all that has gone before. "Love Watchers," adapted by Gladys Unger from the French

Miss Alexandra Carlisle in "The Mollusc"

of R. de Flers and G. Caillavet, is one of those refreshing studies in Gallic temperament, modelled in delicate relief against a socially conventional background of Parisian life. The comedy is one of considerable cleverness, much daintiness and great charm, and in the presentation these qualities were fortunately preserved. *Jacqueline*, with a simple girlish directness, and an ardour calculated to shock the ordinary Teutonic mind, loves *Count André*, tells him so and weds him out of hand. A rather enviable situation this for the Count, we reflect as the warmth and singleness of her post-nuptial feelings are disclosed; but a very precarious one, too, as experience so often proves. It is all the more precarious where the past cannot be included in the confiscating present. And the Count has a "past," done with, but there are no safeguards against misunderstanding, and the Devil's shadow is soon thrown on their young happiness. The passionately impulsive *Jacqueline* has threatened, too, that at the first sign of unfaithfulness she will within the hour take revenge. True to her word, she dashes into the studious abode of poor *Ernest Augardé*, a bachelor cousin, who loves her dearly, but hitherto without hope. But now she has come to him, and the poor book-worm's heart glows with expectation. For the first time life has tossed him a favour, a smile of recognition. He reaches to clasp his joy, and in her avoidance, a conscious shrinking from the embrace, he learns the truth, learns that she has come to him only to be revenged on her husband. Then follows a scene of tender upbraiding, in which the thoughtless cruelty and pathos of the situation are made clear to her. But good *Augardé* helps along the plot notwithstanding, helps to kindle a spark of jealousy in *André's* heart, and does it so realistically that with true feminine perversity *Jacqueline* soon comes to the rescue of the distracted husband. Everything is explained, of course, on both sides, and the young doves nestle down to a new lease of happiness, less ardent possibly, but more substantial. A balm for poor *Augardé's* heart is found in the secretary, who is devoted to him.



Mr. Arnold Daly, in "The Regeneration"

Miss Billie Burke, the latest Frohman star, is the charming heroine of the piece, and a bright, vivacious, ardent, singularly beautiful *Jacqueline* she makes. Mr. Ernest Rawford plays the ingenuous *Augardé*, and adds another, and possibly the best, to his many delightful characterisations. The

dramatic interest of the piece undoubtedly lies in his artistic handling of the library scene. A note of exquisite human appeal is struck here, and the underlying pathos of the situation is revealed without sacrificing for a moment the spirit of comedy.

Another comedy of unmistakable literary quality is "The Mollusc" by Hubert Henry Davies, in many respects one of the most important and welcome offerings of the early season. Lightness of theme and delicacy of touch are not the conspicuous qualities of English dramatists, and the fact that "The Mollusc," which possesses both qualities to a marked degree, comes from the pen of an Englishman, makes the event all the more noteworthy. This is the play that had a prolonged run in London with Sir Charles Wyndham in the leading rôle. The casting on this side, however, is far from noteworthy and much of the excellent characterisation is in consequence lost. In spite of this serious defect, all the more serious in a play of its light, texture, the quality of the author's work is evident. The piece is essentially dramatic, exhibiting genuine conflict of character, with plenty of humorus insight and a sense of the theatrical value of situation.

Photograph by W. A. Cooper

Mr. Harry Lauder, the eminent Scottish comedian, now touring Canada

The *Mollusc* of the play is a pretty, plump little English woman, *Mrs. Baxter* by name, whose affectations of invalidism have enslaved her entire household, including a complacent husband and an attractive governess. A brother, *Tom Kemp*, just home from Canada, makes vigorous efforts to cure his sister of *molluscry* (his own diagnosis), but soon discovers that neither his good temper nor his resolution can successfully oppose her good-natured, imperturbable indolence and blandishments. Her engaging selfishness goes the length of opposing the brother's marriage to the pretty governess, for no other reason than that she will lose the services of one on whom she has learned to depend. The husband has also learned, he finds, to depend on this valuable member of the household, and the brother uses the knowledge to stir a pang of jealousy in the placid invalid. The move is successful, and the play ends in a prospect of marriage for the lovers and a prospect also of more domestic happiness.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle, an exceedingly attractive English woman and clever actress, plays the name part, and Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, the rôle of the governess. The latter is particularly charming and effective. The male rôles are entrusted to Mr.

Joseph Coyne and Mr. Forrest Robinson, both good actors in their own field, but obviously unsuited to a play of this character.

"Diana of Dobson's," by Cicely Hamilton, did not prove a success on this side, notwithstanding the presence of so thorough an artist as Miss Carlotta Nillson in the title rôle. The failure was all the more remarkable from the fact that in London Miss Lena Ashwell has scored one of her most notable successes in this piece. Miss Ashwell, of course, would be much better suited to the part than Miss Nillson, while the English atmosphere so essential to its interpretation would be ready to hand. Moreover, the cream of the play has already been skimmed for us by Mr. Clyde Fitch in "Girls."

Miss Blanche Bates, in "The Fighting Hope"

"*Think of the foreign noblemen who live on their wives' money.*"

"*I'm not a foreign nobleman, I'm an American citizen.*"

This patriotic scrap is the text of a vivacious comedy by Rupert Hughes which, for some reason not quite clear, met the same fate as the same author's gloomy "Triangle" of a few seasons ago. There was plenty of brightness in "All for a Girl," some excellent characterisation and enough sentiment—patriotic and human—to meet the ordinary demand. The performance of Miss Jane Corcoran in a typical low comedy characterisation, itself made the entertainment worth while. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was the young star of the occasion.

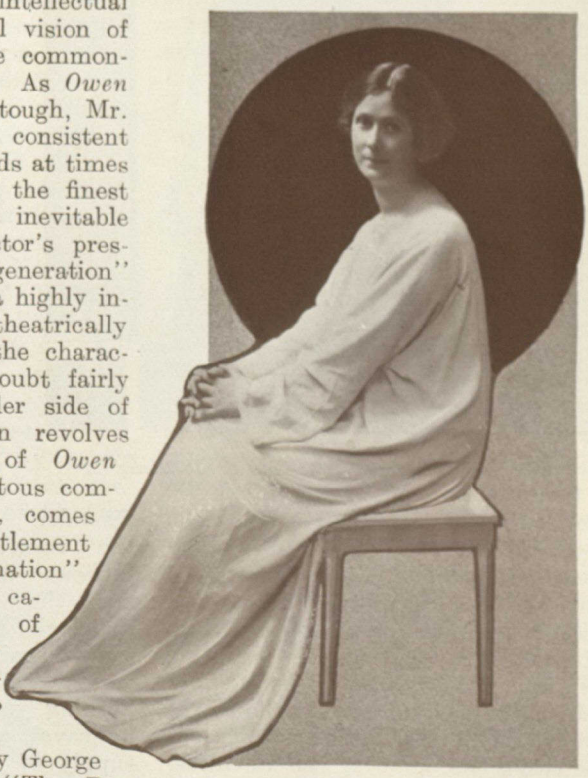
"The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington, was more successful — entirely successful, one should say —in exploiting home-made American sentiment. The play is also a refreshing comedy, full of delightful quips and humorously effective situations. As an answer to the frequent taunt, for instance, that America has no leisure class, the author points to the negroes. This may not be profound, but it is

witty and undeniably to the point.

The prominent part which Mr. Arnold Daly took in the Bernard Shaw movement a couple of seasons ago and his interesting efforts last year to found a "Theatre of Ideas" have been fully recorded in former articles. His appearance this year in a frankly melodramatic offering, "The Regeneration," by Owen Kildare, would suggest that, for the time at least, he has forsaken the "literary" drama for a less exclusive but more profitable domain of endeavour. This, of course, does not infer a less serious attitude or a less artistic individual performance. Mr. Daly is above all things an artist, and the same high standard of excellence shows in this as in "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man," or "The Monkey's Paw." The decline is in the dramatic vehicle, a decline, for instance, from the intellectual breadth and clear spiritual vision of Mr. Bernard Shaw to the commonplaces of a sentimentalist. As *Owen Conway*, a noted Bowery tough, Mr. Daly presents a virile, consistent character study and succeeds at times in creating the illusion of the finest acting art. But for the inevitable comparison which this actor's presence invites, "The Regeneration" would, moreover, pass as a highly interesting melodrama of theatrically effective situation, while the characters portrayed are no doubt fairly representative of the under side of Bowery life. The action revolves around the reformation of *Owen Conway*, who, by a fortuitous combination of circumstances, comes under the influence of a settlement worker. In all "reformation" plays, the evolutionary capacity of the hero is, of course, conceded, and the hero of "The Regeneration" is no exception to this rule of susceptibility.

"His Wife's Family," by George Egerton, which followed "The Regeneration," was an interesting study in Irish character, exceedingly well acted. It presented Mr. Daly in a very agreeable portrait of an exuberant, spendthrift, high-stepping gentleman of that thriftless poetic isle. There was, however, very little character development and less story, and lacking these essentials of drama and of popular stage appeal, the fine work of Mr. Daly, Miss Doris Keane, and Mr. Edward Harrigan was lost.

"The Offenders," by Elmer Blaney Harris, another "reform" play, held the promise of good melodrama at the outset, but soon developed into a more or less sentimental review of the broad sociological problem of child labour and its corollary, juvenile crime. The leading characters are an ex-convict, the benevolent judge of a juvenile court, and a settlement worker who happens also to be the young wife of the State political boss



Miss Isadora Duncan, who has revived the classic dance

Miss Gertie Millar, in "The Girls of Gottenberg"

The ex-convict, reformed as in "The Regeneration," becomes a valuable ally of the juvenile court, thwarts the political boss who has killed the Child Labour Bill, and catches him red-handed in the act of accepting hush money from a notorious offender against the law of serving liquor to minors. This leads to a strong climacteric scene, showing the inevitable clash of characters and conflict of purpose. The issue rests with the wife, whose contemplated desertion of the iniquitous husband will send the young hero back to prison. The hero, being a hero, decides for her and goes down for another term. Up to this point we have stirring melodrama at least, with only occasional lapses. The rest is sentiment, some pretty, some mawkish, but with none of it is the stage especially concerned. The play was exceedingly well presented and cast, and Mr. Robert Edeson's ex-convict proved an excellent character study.

"The Gentleman from Mississippi" is the lawful successor of "The Man of the Hour," in the exposure of corruption in high places, and is also heir to the same entertaining qualities, humorous insight and delightful characterisation that made the earlier play such an emphatic success. "The Man of the Hour," as you know, dealt with civic corruption. The present play deals with corruption in that august body, the United States Senate. Comedy is again the vehicle, and its superior effectiveness, even in a serious undertaking, is again demonstrated. "The Offender" is an object lesson in the contrary view. The simultaneous appearance of the two, and the long list of politico-sociologic, economic plays already extant again suggests, also, that whatever else may result from these burning years of social and political upheaval, an apparently inexhaustible supply of dramatic material has, at least, been furnished.

"The Gentleman from Mississippi"

takes its title from the central character, a quaint, kindly, old-fashioned, newly-elected senator, a child in the game of politics, but a man of old-fashioned honour, and a gentleman in the best Southern sense. An easy mark for the modern politician, it would seem, but on his arrival in Washington, disclosed in the opening act, he has the good fortune to fall into the hands of a bright young newspaper reporter, who becomes his secretary, and, for the time, senator *de facto*. The issue that develops is a naval base in the Gulf, and a location in which certain senators and representatives are financially interested seems to be the choice. Through his son, a ready tool of the schemers, they have even made the new senator a nominal partner in the deal and so tied his hands as they suppose. But they have reckoned without the honour of a Southern gentleman, and when the graft plan is uncovered he makes it a condition of his support of the bill that they repudiate every penny of their interest. Of course, virtue triumphs, and the triumph is all contrived in a splendid vein of humour, even to the final situation. The central character, enacted by Mr. Thomas A. Wise, a part-author also, fairly exudes geniality, kindliness, lovableness and genuine humour. Without his presence it is difficult to say what the piece might be, but with it, "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is one of the best and most entertaining plays of the season.

"The Call of the North," by George Broadhurst, which Mr. Edeson presented earlier, is founded on Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House," which, as those who are familiar with the book know, deals with life in the Hudson Bay country. The alleged Canadian types, familiar enough on the stage, would hardly be recognised, however, as distinctively Canadian, while, if the facts—or factors—are as represented, a Government commission in that country is urgent. As a story, however, "The Call of the North" is thrilling, full of stirring action, romance and love interest. Mr. Edeson, as the romantic hero of this dramatic invasion of Canadian territory, quite realises our ideal of the bold, venturesome, courageous, and resourceful adventurer.

"Glorious Betsy," by Rida Johnson Young, is a laudable attempt to treat dramatically the romantic courtship and marriage of Jerome Napoleon and Miss Elizabeth (Betsy) Patterson, of Baltimore. According to history, the marriage took place a few months before Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, and history further records that on the Emperor's refusal to recognise the match—having arranged for his brother an alliance with the house of Wurtemburg—Mistress Betsy was granted an annuity of 60,000 francs a year, on which she lived to a ripe but not very tractable old age. This, however, is not just the material for a romantic drama, so the dramatist supplies her own. For instance, at the time of the proclamation and Jerome's recall to France, the lovers are in an advanced stage of courtship merely, and, as lovers, both set sail for France to make personal intercession with the Emperor. According to history, Napoleon refused to see Betsy, but according to the dramatist he comes out to meet the frigate, orders Jerome ashore, and the sorrowing Betsy to return without even the satisfaction of landing on French soil. The inconsolable heroine returns home, but she has hardly arrived when the devoted lover re-appears and the scene closes in a prospect of happiness for both. It is a much pleasanter tale than the recorded one and, dramatically, at least, consistent. Interest centred in the performance of Miss Mary Mannering, who proved a captivating *Betsy*, realising in the earlier scenes all the pretty charms of the coquette, with the winsomeness of youth, and in the later scenes a full rich chord of mature womanhood.

"The Fighting Hope," by William

J. Hurlburt, the annual Belasco offering of the season, has revoked a number of Belasco traditions. The cast is very small, there are no changes of scenery, no supplementary stage effects, no dissolving curtains, no rain or realistic gusts of wind—nothing but acting. And the acting does it all, overdoes sometimes, one might say, forcing the theatrical note too much, and making unduly obvious situations that are self-evident. The play deals directly with the existing prejudice against corporate institutions, as a result of the epidemic of investigation. *Robert Grainger*, ex-cashier of the *Gotham Trust Company*, has been sent down for the over-certification of a check. In the existing state of public feeling it is generally supposed that the subordinate has been made the scapegoat for the real criminal, *Burton Temple*, the President of the Trust Company. The convicted man's wife naturally shares this view, and to get at the facts that will free her husband and send the guilty man down in his place, she enters *Temple's* employ as a private stenographer. Instead of finding evidence of her husband's innocence, however, she finds conclusive evidence of his guilt in the form of an incriminating letter which the now indicted president has just obtained. On the spur of an impulse, however, she destroys the letter, and then discovers that to save her guilty husband she has destroyed the only evidence that can save the man she has come to love. The complication that naturally arises in her own feeling is finally straightened out by the killing of her husband in an attempt to escape. Before this happens, however, his weakness and criminality have been sufficiently exposed to alienate any chance sympathy for him.

The acting opportunities of such a piece will be evident. Miss Blanche Bates, as *Mrs. Grainger*, shows herself an actress of quite remarkable emotional range, though one could wish at times that she were more free from certain theatrical mannerisms She has both poise and subtlety, grace and tenderness and some of her best moments are her quietest. In the scene with the husband, however, she realises an abandon and hysterical frenzy with tremendous theatrical effect. Next to Miss Bates the honours of the performance belong to Mr. John W. Cope, in a delightfully realistic portrait of a cynical, abrupt lawyer and confidential adviser of the financier.

This play will have a further interest for Canadians from the fact that the late Mr. Reuben Fax was rehearsing one of the parts when his death occurred.

In presenting "Mater," described as a comedy of American life, by Mr. Percy Mackaye, as a successor to "The Servant in the House," Mr. Henry Miller is maintaining his reputation for the production of plays of solid worth and distinct literary merit. This joyous comedy, too, is full of poetic charm, so wholesome and gracious, so free from the sentimentalism of much that we have reviewed.

Although the scholarly author of "Mater" is still in the early thirties, three of his plays have now been presented on the public stage. Two years ago Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern produced his "Jeanne d'Arc," and a year ago Mr. Fiske presented his poetic tragedy "Sappho and Phaon," with Mme. Bertha Kalich in the rôle of the Lesbian poetess. From these native realms of poetry and romance, to a domestic comedy set in an atmosphere of modern politics, seems a far cry, but Mr. Mackaye has demonstrated that the spirit of "Mater" may even reconcile such apparent incongruities as politics and poetry. For the spirit of "Mater" is the spirit of genial compromise, of wholesome worldly-minded wisdom and winsomeness, the gift of laughter and love. Its form is a comely woman. Poetry, the author charges with a practical mission, as well as with prophecy, while into the coarser strands of poli-

tical intrigue he has woven coquetry of the lightest, daintiest texture, holding the scales of poetic justice so fairly that the extrication is accomplished without a single unnecessary pang. Coquette and politician play their little dissembling game to the end, or until the coquette has accomplished her purpose—the election of her son.

Mater, the charming coquette of the play, is the widow of a United States senator, and the mother of two very serious children, black swans she calls them, feathered like their swan father, in contrast to her own golden, downy fluffiness. She is the mother goose of her metaphor, and with a touch of charming fancy she relates how as a little gosling plaything on the hill-side, with a sky-blue mud puddle for a mirror, she was caught up by a big black swan that came out of a cloud and carried off to the dome of the Capitol. In the shadow of that dome these two black swans were born. *Mater*, you see, can laugh at her children, who, in turn, patronise her for her touch of domesticity and lightness of nature. One of these swans is a daughter, devoted to settlement work—"parlour philanthropy," the mother calls it—and to her brother *Michael*, who in turn is seriously devoted to a political career. Both in time become devoted to their great father's memory. At the time of the play the son is standing for election, and the opening scene discloses the devoted sister reading to her boy admirer from a ponderous volume *Nichael* has just published entitled "Common Sense and the Common Weal." Burdened with his theories and scornfully refusing to contribute the little sum of four thousand to "campaign expenses," the uncompromising idealist has almost succeeded in antagonising the political machine, when the quick-witted mother comes to the rescue. In the skill with which she handles the situation there is a suggestion of the part she had also no doubt played in the dead senator's career. Whether she contributes the required sum or not, we do not learn, but she coquettes, angles, delightfully and gracefully with *Cullen's* susceptibilities, and in the belief, well contrived, that he is engaging the attention of *Miss Dean*, the politician is soon her devoted *Adonis*. "True love," says Balzac, "does not give more joy than graceful treachery," and *Mater's* treachery it not only graceful, but charged with laughter. *Cullen* laughs, too, and the scenes between them are replete with wit and brilliant repartee and, of course, the situation is not without its humorous complications. Miss Isabel Irving plays the title rôle with all necessary charm and delicacy.

A number of musical comedies have made their appearance this season, and one at least has distinct merit—"The Girls of Gottenburg," fresh from the Gaiety Theatre, London. With this has also come in Miss Gertie Millar an English *comedienne* of unmistakable charm and refinement. Buoyant, blithe, bewitching, and a star who can both act and sing, Miss Millar is a distinct acquisition to the comic opera stage on this side.

Of Miss Isadore Duncan's famous classical dances it would be tempting to write at length. Not in any hope of doing her great act justice, but merely to measure out one's personal emotions in retrospect. If the real test of art is the power to communicate joy, Miss Duncan is a supreme artist. One's heart sings with every movement of her graceful body, and when, as in the *Danube* or a *Bacchanale*, she gives expression to the great passionate joy of life, the response is an ecstasy of exquisite feeling, measurable only by a sunset or the flight of a cloud across a June sky.

THE MODERN OLYMPIA

BY H. J. P. GOOD

IT is a dozen years since the first modern Olympian championships were held at Athens. Born of romance, the idea of the revival of the games, the only reward of success at which was an olive leaf, seized an impressionable people, and while the games proper were probably unattended by such scores of thousands as flocked last autumn to the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, the land that captivated a Byron turned out its proportionate multitudes. The English-speaking people took up the idea and did its best to give it impetus. It attracted, if not the competition of many aliens to Greece, at least the national athletic world. There was just a sufficient accession of foreigners to increase the interest; but in the following quadrennial celebration, held at Paris, France, there was a larger attendance of competitors, and, of course, of the public. The third holding of the modern games, at St. Louis in 1904, was a pronounced success. Then we come to the fourth, two instead of four years later, when the ancient course at Athens was the scene. Canada was there and carried off the main event—an event that attracted the attention of the world to the prowess of our footrunners in the same way as Hanlan's success in Great Britain had done well-nigh a quarter of a century before. And now, two years still further on, the fifth celebration has taken place.

To understand what the Olympic games mean, one must bear in mind that their revival was like reincarnation, an invocation of the gods, a living over again to the Greeks of the days when their country led the world in all the things the world held worthy, and a revival of the period when the young men developed brain and body harmoniously; for if there was every stimulation for him who would emulate the intellectually great —encouragement for debate and orations, recitation of poetry and presentation of the drama in historic places and in the presence of the honoured leaders who were yet walking among them—there was corresponding glory for the physically superior; constant practice in bodily exercises, frequent athletic competitions, and, above all, the intense excitement of the Olympic games, which periodically aroused the populace to frenzied enthusiasm.

In those great days when the spirit of the citizens was nurtured by a system of education as much physical as mental, as much emotional as intellectual, a youth could hope to perform no more renowned feat than to win a prize at the Olympic games. Crowned in the temple was he with a wreath of wild olive and he returned in state to his native city, where, that he might not have to enter the city gates as an ordinary citizen, they sometimes breached the walls. Quite often a marble statue was erected to the hero. He might even be pensioned for life, and now and again the nation's poets felt sufficiently inspired to compose odes to his greatness. The pension money is gone and

the statues have crumbled, but the Olympic odes have come down to us in all their lyric beauty, and what else need the soul of man care for?

As in the old days the Olympic victor was of some note in the community, so, the present day people of Greece decided, was he worthy to be again. And here the power of the press was brought into play. For months preceding the games at the first revival, every newspaper in Greece seemed to be drumming on that one note—the glory that was their ancestors'—until at length was born an all-absorbing desire for the recreated Olympic festival. At first there was some discouragement because no structure suitable to the occasion was at hand; but the patriotic Averoff offered to, and did, furnish the funds for a stadium to be built on the banks of the Illissus, above the site of that stadium wherein the sacred festival was last held at Attica. And so, after fifteen hundred years, they dug out the old yellow marble blocks that once were so white, and erected the present superb stadium, and merely to glance at it is worth a year of classical research in any dusty library at home. All white marble from track to upper walls, marble that gleams in the sun like a dream of unsullied snow and of a capacity to seat seventy thousand people; and, above and around the inclosure, encompassing the white walls so closely as to seem a continuation of the serried seats, are the slopes of the same hills whereon the multitude sat in the old days also. Thousands inside, thousands outside; a gathering to set bounding a man's pulses when for the first time he comes out to face it.

In olden times, besides running, leaping, boxing, wrestling and throwing the discus, there were horse-racing, chariot-racing, etc. Sometimes there were contests in eloquence, poetry, reading and so on. The victor's prize, as previously suggested, was always a simple wreath of wild olive. A material of small value was chosen, that the combatants, or rather contestants, might be stimulated by courage and the love of glory more than by the sordid hope of gain. In fact, the glory of the conquerors, who were termed Olympionicæ, was inestimable and immortal. Their statues were erected in Olympia in the sacred wood of Jove. They were conducted home in triumph on a car drawn by four horses; were complimented by painters, poets and orators. Many privileges and immunities were thenceforth conferred on them. Not only all the cities of Greece, but foreign nations also resorted to these games in great numbers, even as they do now, from the extremities of Egypt, from Lydia, Sicily and other countries. The combatants contended naked. At first they were wont to tie scarves round their waists, but his scarf having once thrown down a contestant by entangling his feet, and causing him to lose the victory, even this covering was thenceforth laid aside. The priestesses of Ceres excepted, no females were permitted to be present; and if any woman was found to have passed the River Alpheus during the solemnity, she was ordered to be thrown headlong from a rock. These practices would hardly suit the modern idea, for the glory of the man of to-day is to excel in the sight of his women-folk. The ancient Greeks were made of sterner stuff, and revelled in the sense of their own fitness and in the sense that they were superior to their fellows. Theirs was a devotion to the art of physical culture that is unknown in the present day and in its entirety is hardly ever likely to be revived. Still we rejoice in our strength and in our ability, and therein lies the ideal of athletes and the desire for achievement. We who have passed the days of our boyhood wonder how young men can be devoted to the niceties of athletic sport; how they will try in the heat of the sun to start the fastest off the mark;

how they will perspire and persevere; and yet that is the proof that the manhood that existed in the days of Grecian conquest exists to-day.

Coming to the Olympiad of 1908, which covered several months, it is not altogether easy to say whether such world-wide attractions are of world-wide benefit. On the one side, it is suggested that instead of improving international feeling they embitter it. On the other hand, the argument is advanced, and it would seem with more reason, that even the excess of physical culture and of devotion to the outdoor life is better than none at all. The latter, at least, is not difficult to believe, for, after all, are friends so often estranged by quarrels at play that play should be abandoned altogether? If America and England dispute over athletics as members of the same family, they are entitled to such differences, and it would doubtless be woe to the third party who ventured to interfere. Still, it is to be deplored that angry passions should be fanned into flame by actualities that are intended to make for harmony and peace. But, so it is: we go our way whistling and smiling, content with the whole world, when suddenly some sort of collision occurs, and our cheerfulness is in the air. Tongues and eyes, mind and body are lashed into fury. The United States delegates to Shepherd's Bush had ideas of their own as to how things should be done. The Englishers had theirs; and the two did not agree. That the greed for victory had something to do with the situation is undoubted, but is intense earnestness possible without such seeming greed? It is just as important to be in earnest in competitive play as in other things.

There were, however, incidents that occurred in the athletic games that were not prompted by any differences in rules, or even by keen rivalry, but were the outcome plainly and simply of utter boorishness. We are told that when the athletes were reviewed before the King, while all the other foreign bodies dipped their flag as they passed his Majesty, the Americans alone held theirs aloft and gave no recognition of the royal presence. The man who carried the flag was Ralph Rose, of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, who boasts of prowess as a shot-putter. Had the incident ended there, it might have been put down to absent-mindedness or to utter ignorance Anyway, the one man would have been held guilty of a disgraceful disregard of courtesy, not alone to the King, but to the country which was extending its hospitality to the visitors from across the Atlantic. Unhappily, it is further stated that the man Rose was regarded by his team mates as a hero, and warmly shaken by the hand and patted on the back "for his pluck." The Philadelphia paper that relates this incident ventures the assertion that the games were fairly and even generously conducted, and adds that, after all, the Englishman's reputation as a sportsman is not likely to suffer, even in the United States, because of a few loud-mouthed talkers and boasters from this side of the Atlantic. Other unpleasant and disgraceful incidents are said to have occurred and, sad to relate, even the women who gathered in the little colony, which sat as much as possible by itself, participated in the proceedings. They made insulting remarks, so we are told, while some of their companions made use of language both blasphemous and obscene. And these rowdies were received and honoured by the President, the first man of their country. It is to the credit of the best English papers that they took the more dignified course and declined to comment on or even to report such abominable behaviour. Thus, as I have said, differences are unavoidable but can be generally explained away. There is, however, neither excuse nor explanation for unseemliness such as that with which the American dele-

gates are charged even by their own people.

It is not the object of this article to harp upon the disreputable conduct of the American team of athletes, but reference to it can hardly be avoided. Unfortunately matters were neither amended nor improved by the attitude assumed by the athletes on their return home. They continued to talk about the unfairness with which they had been treated and to say harsh things of the people who were lately their hosts. They were for the most part silent regarding the causes of the unpleasantness, confining themselves mainly to generalities. Their one object appeared to be to perpetuate enmity. To this day, not one of them has had the honesty to acknowledge that Carpenter in the 400-metre race acted with any unfairness or even accidentally traversed the rules. That he deliberately fouled Halswelle, the leading English competitor, facts and photographs only too plainly indicate. The pictures of the footsteps prove the crossing and boring, while two distinct bruises on Halswelle's body prove that he was elbowed and jostled. There is also reason to believe that the whole thing was premeditated and was not the outcome of the excitement of the moment or of temporary eagerness for victory. The English officials were warned the previous night that something was afoot, and they accordingly put on extra officials and employed patrol judges at sections where trouble was likely to occur. Gentlemen who were present from Canada bear out in their entirety these stories, and consequently it is impossible to doubt their truth. 'Tis pity, but the pity of it does not modify the scorn and contempt that must be held for men who can so act and so discredit their country.

Turning to the part played by Canada in these immortal and classic games, while the points scored did not make our representatives rivals in success with those of older and wealthier countries, we have no cause to complain or to feel discredited. Several men secured the right to compete in the finals and figured as runners up, but Robert Kerr of Hamilton alone accomplished the feat that justified a claim to the olive, represented by a piece of Windsor oak, presented by His Majesty the King. Young Kerr's victory was a notable one over the fastest sprinters that all the countries could produce. Others performed well enough to win in good company, but here they were in competition with the best the world knows. It was, in fact, the choice of a few, so far as Canada was concerned, against the pick of many—the best in 200,000,000 against the best of less than 6,000,000. We have neither the wealth nor leisure of other people. Nor do our men of means take that interest in the welfare of the young, who may fairly be termed their charges, that the well-to-do of other countries do. There are no palatial club-houses or well-equipped extensive grounds devoted to athletics in Canada as there are in many cities of the States and of Great Britain and at the various centres of Europe. Our young men are largely thrown upon their own resources, and the wonder is not that they achieve so little in these Olympic tournaments, but that they achieve so much. In rowing we undoubtedly had greater expectations than in athletics, but here the old story of ultimate defeat by the best oarsmen and scullers of the Empire on their own water and in their own climate was told. Once more the Canadians did well, but not quite well enough. Since their performance there has been much criticism of their style and methods. It is possibly justified, but it seems to me that wiser and less hasty men would prefer to see British oarsmen and scullers perform on Canadian waters before denouncing one style as worse or less efficacious than the other.

Running water is different to still water, and streams and rivers, with their tides, currents, eddies, twists and turns, are far from the same as the broad surface of the great inland lakes of America. So, too, do the climates vary. Hanlan accomplished wonders on English waters, but good as they are the Argonauts are not Hanlans, neither have they the time of the professionals, or of the rich leisure class of Britain, to devote to pursuit of the game. In shooting, Canada gained some glory, and in the lacrosse tournament, completed as late as October, her representatives came out easily first. And here let me pay a sincere compliment to the motherland. While the team Canada sent over under Mr. Foran was probably the best Canada has ever sent across the Atlantic, the Englishmen in two instances put up so strong a game that the result to the end was doubtful. But still we won, thus proving that, after all, we have our own measure of excellence and superiority, which in the time to come will of a certainty expand and grow after the fashion of the country.

UNITED STATES OLYMPIC GRIEVANCES
—Racey, in *The Montreal Star*

WHO KILLED HIM?

BY HEADON HILL

IT was, perhaps, to be expected that an elderly King's Counsel, more at home at the Central Criminal Court and on the Western Circuit, should feel like a fish out of water at my old friend Sir Walter Bridgecourt's smart house-party. But, in addition to this sensation of being somewhat out of my element, I was conscious from the very moment of joining it that there was an incongruity in the general composition of the assemblage.

For instance, it was a little disconcerting to find Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, of the American Pulp Trust—to say nothing of his amazing wife—a guest under the roof of our austere and somewhat pompous host. To Miss Maisie Beaumgartner, their lovely and very charming daughter, no one could object but the Senator was hardly the kind of person likely to commend himself to Sir Walter Bridgecourt. The latter had no son to need an alliance with Transatlantic millions, or any other reason that I could guess at for cultivating the society of a creature with old Beaumgartner's table manners.

Moreover, in the train of these wealthy vulgarians there came another American, one Felix Shafter by name, to whom, though personally less objectionable than the pulp magnate, I took an instinctive dislike from the first. I was introduced to Mr. Shafter in the billiard-room on the afternoon of my arrival.

"This," said dear old Walter in his ponderous way as he brought me in, "is my good friend and former school-fellow, Mr. Vincent Jerrold, the eminent King's Counsel. His title to fame consists of having caused more unfortunate wretches to be hanged than any other gentleman of the long robe in the kingdom."

Shafter looked me up and down with an impudent stare as he shook hands. "First-class legal luminary, eh?" he said, using with unwarranted familiarity a term I abominate. "Pleased to meet you, sir; though sorry I can't put any business in your way."

I saw Sir Walter Bridgecourt wince, and, wondering why he had asked such cattle to his ancestral home, I asked him at the first opportunity.

"My dear fellow, the fact is I couldn't very well help myself," he replied nervously. "I had to ask the Beaumgartners, and Shafter is travelling in England with them. He's the sort of individual who would push in anywhere; wouldn't be shaken off."

It did not sound very satisfactory, and I left the question of why he had invited the Beaumgartners untouched. That, however, was a point on which I felt that it would be a breach of privilege to press my friend, and I contented myself with unobtrusively studying the American visitors. I had no reason to modify my opinion that the old couple were ostentatious plebeians, that their daughter Maisie was a sparkling and attractive damsel of no great depth of character, and that Mr. Felix Shafter was an insolent intruder into surroundings with which he was quite unaccustomed.

My habit of observation led me also

to the conclusion that he had matrimonial designs on Miss Maisie, though I could not detect any signs of encouragement in her treatment of him.

There were, of course, some other members of the house-party—people of high position in the social and political world—to whom the extension of hospitality by Sir Walter to these "undesirable aliens," as some wag dubbed them, was as much an enigma as to myself. Had not most of them been similarly bound to Walter Bridgecourt by ties of long-standing friendship the resentment might have found more open vent.

As it was, we could only wonder why a gentleman of such acknowledged tact and taste as our host should have endeavoured to make oil and water mix in this unpleasant fashion, and wait for developments to enlighten us.

But we were no nearer a solution, when, four days after the arrival of the majority of the guests at the Abbey, it was sprung upon us that the climax of the singular mix-up had not been reached. The surprise came at the breakfast-table, after the opening of the post-bag, when everyone was reading letters. Sir Walter Bridgecourt, with old-fashioned courtesy, had put aside most of his own correspondence for perusal afterwards, but he had broken the seal of one letter, and from this he presently looked up, clearing his throat as though to make an announcement.

"We—er—shall have—er—an addition to our pleasant company to-night," he began haltingly. "I have here a note from the Duke of St. Ives, accepting an invitation which I sent him to run down and spend the week-end. He will be here in time for dinner. I shall motor to the station and fetch his Grace myself."

Now the Duke of St. Ives was, next to his Majesty the King, one of the most important personages in the realm. A nobleman of ancient lineage and enormous possessions, he was at the head of one of the great parties in the State, and, though not at present in office, had been several times Prime Minister, with every prospect of returning to power after the next general election. He was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, not personally popular by reason of his haughty aloofness. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been a condescension for him to stay with a mere baronet like Sir Walter, but that he should have been asked to join a gathering which included the egregious Beaumgartners and their parasite Shafter was a supreme paradox passing all understanding.

An awed silence followed the announcement, broken at length by Senator Beaumgartner with the remark—

"Lor sakes alive! Maisie, gal, you'll have to put on your best bib and tucker to captivate this top-sawyer."

Glancing at the girl, I was astonished to see that she was looking down at her plate, bridling and blushing, and that for once in her life she was without a pert reply. I thought I caught a furtive twist of her fine eyes in the direction of Mr. Felix Shafter, and to his I transferred my attention. His face was a mask of insolent unconcern, which he almost immediately emphasised by saying—

"Well, I guess I ain't taking any dukes. I've just had a letter calling me to go up to-day and see a man in the City of London about a block of shares in our little combine. I reckon I sha'n't get through with him in time to return before Monday."

An audible sigh of relief fluttered round the table. The number of the "undesirables" would at any rate be reduced by one, and with good luck the Beaumgartners might be overawed by the presence of the great statesman into comparative obscurity The Senator's "Lor' sakes alive" showed that he was duly impressed by the fact of the forthcoming arrival of such an towering personality.

Strolling about the grounds after breakfast, the English guests gave

free rein to discussion of the situation. Some of them clustered round me, as an intimate friend of our host, and tried to pump me as to the meaning of it all. I think that they hardly believed me when I professed myself as much in the dark as themselves, and they turned with avidity to Roger Dalrymple, the young rising member for a northern borough, when he professed to have solved the mystery of the Duke's acceptance of the invitation.

"I didn't say he had been asked to meet the Beaumgartners," Mr. Dalrymple protested to his eager questioners; "I said I could guess at the reason for his Grace joining this —shall we call it, menagerie."

"They are going to rope him in as a director of the Pulp Trust?" hazarded a flippant youth in the Guards.

"I repeat," insisted Mr. Dalrymple, with the severity of the new-fledged Parliamentarian, "that in my judgment our American guests have nothing whatever to do with the matter. You, Mr. Jerrold, who observe everything and everybody, must have observed that nice-looking young fellow who dined with us last night—Rayne Linscott, the son of the vicar of the parish?"

I admitted that I had noticed Mr Rayne Linscott, and, pointing across the lawn, I drew the attention of those around me to a clean-built man in white flannels, carrying a tennis racquet, who had just joined a tall and strikingly pretty girl armed with a like implement.

"There he is, with Evelyn Carthew," I said. "He has just come into the grounds probably as the result of an overnight appointment."

Dalrymple nodded. "Probably," he assented. "Rayne Linscott is amusing himself just now, but he has his serious moments—very serious moments indeed. I, as you know, am on the same side in politics as the Duke of St. Ives, and I can tell you that that young gentleman is a thorn in our flesh. Though not more than a year down from Oxford, he is to be labelled distinctly dangerous—owing to the hold he has got on the masses of the unemployed. Mild-mannered youngster as he looks in private life, he is popularly supposed to be an eloquent champion of the doctrine of physical force."

"And you think that St. Ives is coming down here, by collusion with our host, to try to extinguish the firebrand?" I said rather incredulously; for it seemed preposterous that a statesman of the Duke's calibre should attach importance to the vapourings of the nice-looking boy in the immaculate flannels. The only thing that lent colour to the theory was the well-known proneness of the Duke to Machiavellian ways, and to a certain sardonic humour. His Grace, if I had diagnosed him truly, was just the man to suspect that juvenile precocity, such as that attributed to Rayne Linscott, would bow the knee when face to face with prestige, however loudly he might have barked from a distance.

But the Member of Parliament stuck to his guns, and in doing so delivered himself of a pronouncement which was to bear fruit later in the day.

"That is exactly what I do think," he replied gravely. "Mr. Rayne Linscott was reported as having said at a Hyde Park meeting that he did not regard a political assassination as a crime. Very likely he didn't mean it, but our revered chief does not spare himself, and the silencing of such noxious propaganda is the very thing to appeal to him. If His Grace does not succeed it is possible that you may have to deal with young Linscott profesionally before long, Mr. Jerrold."

I never encourage references to my practice at the bar, and, changing the subject somewhat curtly, I walked away to reflect on what I had heard. In crossing the carriage-drive to the shrubbery I had to draw back while

one of Bridgecourt's motor-cars whirled past. The only occupant besides the chauffeur was Mr. Felix Shafter, presumably on his way to the railway station to keep his business appointment in London. Arrived in the seclusion of the shrubbery walk, I tried to adapt Dalrymple's suggested motive to the Duke's week-end visit—not with entire success.

It had been no news to me that young Linscott had embarked on the stormy sea of agitation, but after a careful study of him on the previous night I had formed the opinion that his Hyde Park escapades were the mere blowing off of youthful steam. To take him too seriously, I felt sure, would be a mistake which the Duke of St. Ives was far too astute to commit. And, if I myself did not greatly err, he was in a fair way to have his comb cut far more effectually than by flattering him with a tribute to his own importance. Evelyn Carthew, the tall girl with the tennis racquet, who was staying at the Abbey, was the sister of an old Oxford chum of Linscott's, and they were evidently renewing an existing intimacy with zest. They had looked at each other with lovers' eyes, and Rayne Linscott could hardly be such a fool as to aspire to the Honourable Evelyn Carthew, daughter of Lord Bessfield, if he meant to go on as he had begun.

For, otherwise, a match between the pair would be quite in the order of things, Rayne's father, the vicar, being a clergyman of good family and very large private means.

So, on the whole, I was inclined to discard the young gentleman as a factor in the situation, and to revert to the presence of the Beaumgartner's as the underlying cause. It is, of course, an axiom in my profession that when two abnormal incidents occur in the same sphere a connection between them should be suspected. That the American plutocrats should be received at Bridgecourt Abbey was quite an abnormal incident; that the Duke of St. Ives should be invited there simultaneously was almost incredibly abnormal. Therefore, I argued, the explanation of the one marvel would be found to be contained in that of the other.

So I decided to leave it at that, and for the remainder of the autumn day I gave myself up to the enjoyment of Bridgecourt's princely hospitality. I did not see Sir Walter alone; even if I had had the opportunity I should not have returned to a subject which was clearly embarrassing to him. A lifelong friendship, to say nothing of the duties of a guest, forbade anything of the kind.

I happened to be in the great entrance-hall when he passed through to go to the forty horse-power car which was waiting to take him to the station to fetch the Duke. The twilight was only relieved by the flickering wood fires in the huge open hearths, but I thought that my old friend looked depressed and pre-occupied, as though his errand were distasteful to him.

From the Abbey to Stenwade station was nearly four miles—a distance not worth thinking of in connection with the great automobile, which, if the train was punctual, might be expected back in something under the half-hour. As the time approached the electric light was switched on, and most of the house-party gathered in the hall, eager to witness the great man's arrival. The Beaumgartners —father, mother, and daughter— with studied carelessness took up a position near the front door, and conversed in loud tones about the numerous titles of the Duke, his decorations, his many castles and estates, and the acreage of the latter. It was obvious that they had been very diligent students of every possible work of reference on the subject.

"I'll bet you a sovereign the fair Maisie means to have a shy for His Grace," the frivolous guardsman whispered in my ear. "The old boy

is a bachelor, and they're simply gorged with Debrett as to him."

I made no reply, for the hum of the car was heard as it rushed up the drive, and a moment later it snorted to a standstaill, like a fiery dragon, under the portico. Sir Walter Bridgecourt's high-pitched, well-bred voice reached us, saying—

"Take my hand, Your Grace, and let me help you out. You are not familiar with the step."

There followed hushed expectancy in the hall and an intense sience outside. The courteous reply we were all listening for did not come, but after a wondering pause we heard an exclamation of alarm, and then our host stood framed in the doorway—a trembling and pathetic figure.

"I fear the Duke is ill," he faltered. "I cannot induce him to alight, and he does not speak. Ah! you are there, Cleaves. Perhaps you will—"

The eminent Harley street specialist, who was one of the guests, hastened through the wide portals before the sentence was finished; and then, by one of those swift, subtle gradations through which great disasters are made known, we learned, all in the space of twenty seconds, first that the Duke of St. Ives was dead in the car, then that he had died from a bullet wound, and lastly that he had undoubtedly not died by his own hand.

I chanced to be standing near Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, and a sound in his throat like the crackle of a rattlesnake drew my eyes to him. He was mouthing and gibbering inaudibly at his ineffable wife, while Miss Maisie was changed to a living statue white as marble.

Then, with the privilege of Walter Bridgecourt's oldest friend, I dropped a hint or two, with the result that the hall was quicky cleared of the horror-struck throng, so that the august remains might be borne in.

*

Three hours afterwards, in the seclusion of his splendid library, Sir Walter Bridgecourt was repeating the narrative with which he had already puzzled my not inexperienced ears. He had as audience, besides myself, Roger Dalrymple by virtue of his position as a member of Parliament, Sir George Cleaves the eminent surgeon, the local sergeant of police, and Inspector Willard, who had been brought quickly as possible by telephone from Scotland Yard. The inspector and I were old acquaintances at the Central Criminal Court, sometimes as opponents and sometimes as allies, but always with a regard for each other's capabilities.

The story which Sir Walter Bridgecourt had to tell was simple as to facts but absolutely baffling as to cause. He had met the Duke of St. Ives at Stenwade station, and with his illustrious guest had entered the *tonneau* of the motor-car, the front seat being occupied only by the chaffeur. The Duke had been in the best of spirits at first, chatting affably with his host, and expressing delight at the prospect of the visit. But after the car had been running five or six minutes, while it was climbing a steepish hill at about ten miles an hour, it commenced a series of "miss-fires," the sharp reports precluding further conversation. They very soon ceased, but on Sir Walter again addressing the Duke he met with no reply, and, thinking that his Grace was annoyed by the interruption, he himself remained silent for the rest of the short run. On reaching the Abbey the terrible discovery had been made that for the last two miles he had been sitting beside a dead man.

Inspector Willard shot a glance of inquiry at Sir George Cleaves, who nodded. "Yes," said the great surgeon. "The Duke had not been killed more than a few minutes when I saw him. The bullet was fired from behind, and at fairly close quarters."

"Not near enough for any smoke-discolouration or singeing?" I asked with intent, for my friend's nervous

condition warned me that the question was necessary if he was to be saved from collapse.

"Oh, dear, no!" Cleaves answered, catching my drift as such a man would. "The shot must have been fired from six or seven yards off—at least."

"Then that absolves me from having murdered my guest," Sir Walter was beginning with pitiable emotion, when the inspector stopped him with a peremptory: "Come, sir, control yourself! You have been through a nasty ordeal, but nobody blames you."

The reproof acted like a douche of cold water flung in the face of an hysterical woman, and for half a minute there was silence. I knew Willard so well that I was content to leave to him the next move, wondering whether he would agree with the theory which I had formed as to how the shot was fired. When he spoke it appeared that he did.

"The Duke of St. Ives must have been shot from another car," he said quietly. "It must have crept up behind close enough for the murderer to make sure of his victim. A very silent and very fast car must have been selected for the purpose. May I ask, Sir Walter, if the car you were in is in the habit of miss-firing?"

"Yes, it frequently does when going uphill," was the reply.

"Then probably the assassin was aware of that fault and chose the scene of his crime accordingly," the inspector proceeded. "He must have relied on your confusing the report of his pistol was the similar sounds your car was making. Can any of you gentlemen staying in the house make a suggestion as to some person having the requisite knowledge, combined with a motive?"

Before I could stop him Roger Dalrymple was pouring forth his suspicions of Rayne Linscott, mentioning the hot-headed young fellow's public utterances, with which Willard was already familiar. Sir Walter feebly protested that he was certain that Rayne's speeches were all froth, and that he was innocent, but Willard shut his note-book with a snap and moved towards the door.

"I'll go over to the vacarage at once and get Mr. Linscott to account for his movements this evening," he said briskly. "And you, sergeant, had better take some of your men and see if you can trace the second car. It must have backed and turned after the shot was fired, and the roads are dusty enough to show wheel tracks."

I followed the police officers out into the hall and laid a detaining hand on Willard's arm.

"You'll do no harm in questioning young Linscott, so long as you don't arrest him on suspicion," I whispered. "Mr. Dalrymple is a well-meaning young ass and has put you on a wrong scent. I don't know the right one yet, but I shall—if you come back in an hour."

The inspector regarded me with a countenance that was grim at first, but which broadened into a friendly smile. "I'd rather take a hint from you than anyone, Mr. Jerrold," he said. "But why, if he isn't the pea under the thimble, should I worry this young gentleman at all?"

"Because it will be a lesson to him, and also because it will keep you out of the way while I pursue certain inquiries here," I replied. "See here, Willard," I dropped my voice lower still, "I have been living in the heart of the mystery that culminated tonight for four days, and I think I can solve it."

"That's good enough for me, sir," the inspector replied. "How about the sergeant tracing the second car?"

"By all means let him go on," I said. "It will be most important when you come to follow the clue I hope to hand over to you."

They went their way, and I retired into the library, where Dalrymple was holding Cleaves in animated discussion, but at a sign from me the

surgeon took the voluble M.P. out of the room and left me alone with Sir Walter. My old friend seemed overwhelmed, not to say dazed, by the tragedy.

"Look here, Bridgecourt," I began sternly. "You know as well as I do that St. Ives wasn't killed by that rash boy, though unless you speak up it may go hard with him. Your duty is to the living, and not to the dead. Just answer me a few questions. The Duke really invited himself to stay with you, didn't he?"

"He asked me to send him an invitation," came the admission.

"On your own initiative?" I snapped out in my best New Bailey manner. In my desire, for his own good, to force my kindly but foolish friend to full confession, I was only sorry that I could not use the stereotyped formula: "On your oath, sir!"

The touch of professional bluster bore instant fruit. Bridgecourt passed his hand across his eyes, then glanced up at me and caved in.

"No," he replied. "Not on my own initiative, thank God! You carry too many guns for me, Jerrold, and you may as well have it first as last. St. Ives persuaded me to ask the Beaumgartners as well as himself. Goodness knows what mid-summer madness had got the poor fellow, but he was just crazy to meet Miss Beaumgartner and offer her marriage. He had seen her at the opera, and couldn't get introduced any other way."

Having got what I wanted, I relaxed my professional manner. "My dear old Walter, you are suffering the fate of all go-betweens," I said, "though you will come out of this with cleaner hands than most who lend themselves to such perilous busines. Only one more question. Was the Beaumgartner gang aware of all this?"

"Yes, I had to tell the Senator, to induce to him to come to what he was pleased to term a 'dull hole' like the Abbey," was the reply which I was glad to note was flung out with indignation. "I daresay you have observed that they were as cock-a-hoop as a pack of monkeys in a nut grove?"

"That and more has come under my observation," I answered drily; and I urged my friend to go straight to bed and leave the matter to me, unless he felt equal to joining his guests in the drawing-room. It had been too late for them to leave that night, though, of course, after what had happened, there would be a general exodus in the morning. To my satisfaction he elected to retire to his own room, so that I had Inspector Willard to myself when he returned. The detective had assured himself that Rayne Linscott had been more pleasantly engaged than in murdering a distinguished statesman.

"I found him spooning in the vicarage garden with a young lady named Carthew—the Honourable Evelyn Carthew ,"said the detective. "A bit of a caution, that girl. She properly rated him for laying himself open to suspicion by his fool-talk, and then she proceeded to whitewash him with a complete *alibi* which I have no reason to doubt. At half-past six, she unblushingly avowed, they had been doing precisely what I caught them at four hours later—spooning in the vicarage garden. And what luck came your way, sir?"

"First tell me, is there any news from the sergeant?" I asked.

There was news of the soundest, it appeared. The local men had found the marks of the second car, con clusively proving Willard's theory. But, over and beyond this, a smart constable on a bicycle had tracked the car to the "Angel" at Guildford, where it had stopped ten minutes after the commission of the crime. The solitary occupant had gone in for a drink, and though he had worn a mask and goggles, the waiter could swear by his accent that he was an American. The Hostler, too, who minded the car while the driver was in the hotel, had noticed the private

mark on it of a well-known garage in Pimlico, and further he believed that he had had the same car through his hands before. It was of great power, and had the appearance of being let out on hire.

"Now, Mr. Jerrold," concluded the inspector, "it remains for you to put a name to the man who drove it?"

"I can do that with confidence," I replied. "I will eat my wig and gown if he doesn't turn out to be a Mr. Felix Shafter, who has been staying at the Abbey, but who went up to London this morning. He should be found at the Hotel Colossus in Piccadilly."

Willard cocked his eye at me. "The joker won't be found at the Colossus," he rejoined naïvely. "Shafter isn't the name he gave, but I'll lay odds you haven't made a mistake, Mr. Jerrold, any more than we have."

"What! You've pinched him?" I cried.

"Safe as houses. I got on to the telephone at the 'Bridgecourt Arms' just as an off chance of heading him off when he returned the car to the garage, and sure as eggs the fellow had played the fool on the road, stopping for drinks here and there, and our people were waiting for him when he brought the car in."

"Smart work," said I; "but you might have a difficulty in fitting him with a motive. It's a case of jealousy, Willard—not so much on account of the charms of his fair enslaver as of her father's money-bags."

And so it was proved at the trial which sent Felix Shafter to a righteous doom. Hanger-on and jackal of the pulp magnate, he had conceived the ambition of marrying Maisie, and, finding the rich prize likely to elude his grasp owing to the intervention of the Duke, he had plotted to remove his rival. Not for nothing had he, while staying at the Abbey, made himself familiar with Rayne Linscott's revolutionary proclivities. When his conviction was beyond doubt he cynically admitted that he had intended his crime to be attributed to that loose-tongued orator.

It required a little *finesse* to keep Sir Walter Bridgecourt's name out of the business as the intermediary of St. Ives; but fortunately Shafter had not been enlightened by Hotchkiss Beaumgartner as to the part played by my weak old friend. And with equal good fortune Beaumgartner's pride of wealth kept him silent in the witness-box about the reason—I had almost said the excuse—tendered by Sir Walter for inviting him and his pack, on the strength of the slenderest acquaintance, to stay at the Abbey.

I have not seen Rayne Linscott again, but I see by the papers that he and his wife are shining lights of the Primrose League.

GOOD OLD YEAR!

By JEAN BLEWETT

You took some light and laughter from my life, old year,
You took the friend I trusted, love I called my own,
Took toll of glad companionship—old year; bold year!
You brought me what I longed for, strength to walk alone.

THE
LOVELIE LADYE OF HOLYROOD

BY JEAN BLEWETT

Elizabeth—
"What think ye of the Stuart woman?
Is she fair?
Prithee, good Lennox, picture her to me."

Lennox—
"You set me far too great a task, your Majesty.
This Mary hath a beauty indescribable,
The softest, whitest, warmest thing God ever made;
With eyes which draw the mightiest man against his will.
Ay, draw and hold — a subtle lure is there, and——"

Elizabeth—
"God's death; and do you, sirrah, mock me to my face
With raphsodies which would befit some love-sick youth?
This 'softest, whitest thing,' this Saint of Holyrood,
Look you, Lord Lennox, is sworn foe to England's QUEEN."

—Old Play.

GREAT actors have trodden this stage, named Holyrood—the king (no make-belief king in a tinsel crown, but the real thing), wearing that massive gold circlet set with jewels which an adoring people fashioned for Robert the Bruce; the king's fool, though he knew not the part he played; the queen, with small hands grasping the sceptre firmly; the maid of honour proud and fair; princes, prelates, soldiers, lovers, statesmen—a galaxy of stars, each playing his or her part to the bitter, or blissful, end.

And the plays! the gruesome tragedies relieved by the tenderest love scenes ever depicted; the dramas with the wonderful heart throb of jealousy and passion running through; the comedies, too human to keep the sob from mingling with the mirth! Oh, the mad, reckless plays, the royal highhandedness, the scheming, the plotting, the loving, the hating!

When Margaret, the fair Saint Margaret, niece of Edward the Confessor, came over to wed Scotland's king, she brought, so say the Records of her House, "a piece of the Holy Cross or Holy Rood, to which our Lord was nailed, enshrined in a cross of solid gold." On this relic King David founded the Abbey and Castle of Holyrood early in the twelfth century.

The history of Holyrood is the history of a nation. Every stone in this old abbey has a story. Here Scotland's rulers were crowned, married and buried; here was held the Court of Rejoicing over the freeing of Scotland from the vassalage in the days of William the Lion; here Robert Bruce called his first Parliament; here, with the great bells ringing joyously and every candle aglow in the mammoth crown of hammered brass which served as candlestick, the Papal Legate, in the name of Pope Julius II, presented James IV. with the purple headpiece adorned with golden flowers, and the sword with hilt of gold studded with gems

From the painting by Furino

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

which has its place among the crown jewels of Scotland, now guarded jealously in Edinburgh Castle.

Here the first Stuart held court; Bonnie Prince Charlie, the idol of Jacobite hearts, rode from these gates to grim Culloden Moor—and disaster.

Yet to the throng it is but the palace of Mary Stuart, who at nineteen turned her back on

"The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance,
The land where her dead husband slept, the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the glories of a throne."

and came to Holyrood as leading lady in a play of absorbing interest entitled: "The Queen and the Woman."

There were many men in the cast —with Mary Stuart the heroine it could not be otherwise.

"The softest, whitest, warmest thing God ever made."

But the hero was not Darnley, the King; nor Moray the Regent; nor silver-voiced Rizzio; nor Bothwell, free-booter and hot-headed lover; the hero was that gaunt impassioned man of power, barren of chivalry, sympathy, and courtliness, John Knox, Reformer.

From the painting in Holyrood Castle

"AIDED BY SOME TRUSTY FOLLOWERS, MARY ESCAPES FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE"

Take one scene. Knox has just published his scathing work, "The First Blast Against the Monstrous Regimen of Women," and also preached, from the pulpit of St. Giles, a sermon which has offended all classes with the strength of its denunciation. The Queen summons him to her audience chamber—this turret room with the tattered silk hangings, marks it well.

Knox is at a disadvantage, any man is who wars with a woman, and when the woman is a Queen, and so "faire that menne may not look on her unmoved," the odds are proportionately greater.

During the interview Mary takes on different roles. First she is Mary the woman, hurt by his harshness, yet ready to forgive and forget. Her slender hand is reached to clasp his, her eyes are wells of pure friendliness, her voice, tremulous, pleading, urges her right to the faith of her fathers. Will he not cease to be her enemy? Will he not use more charity in judging?

Then we have Mary the Queen, grand in outraged dignity, and friendship repulsed. Her eyes flash fire, her slight figure seems to tower. In all her pride and power she faces him with the question: "Who are you that dare affront me? What are ye in this commonwealth?"

He answers sternly: "A subject of the same madame, and albeit I be neither Earl, Lord, nor Baron, yet a profitable member of the same." "Your mission?" she demands. "To teach the nobility their duty to that commonwealth."

Then we have the most fascinating Mary of all, with bosom rising and falling stormily, face aflame, passionate protest, and, under it all, a certain belief in her own power, a hopefulness of victory. Surely he will yield. Mary sees in him a man, and therefore to be won over; he sees in himself a mission, and remains unmoved by her wrath as by her beauty.

"My youth, my position, claim your chivalry,' she cries thrillingly,

From a photograph

ON CARBERRY HILL, WHERE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS SURRENDERED HERSELF PRISONER

"yet you treat me as no prince was ever treated. Do you forget that I am a woman and a Queen?"

No, he does not forget, but the woman is a Jesuit, the Queen a Stuart, and he has no faith in either. The face might be carved from stone, so inflexible is it as he answers: "When it shall please God to deliver you from the error in which ye have been nourished, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive."

"Go, churl!"

The curtain falls on a gasping hysterical Mary. Gone self-control, gone womanly vanity, gone belief in her own power; a Mary weeping passionately over defeat, shaking like a reed with wrath and self-pity, and perchance regret that this one man, of all men, should be against her.

After it falls we get a last glimpse of Knox standing in the ante-room preaching against the pride of the eye and lust of the flesh with a fierce zeal which sends the Queen's four Maries, and other ladies-in-waiting, cowering against the tapestries.

O, there have been stirring scenes enacted here, and in that grim reformer "who never feared the face of man" ye found a foeman worthy of your steel, fair Mary Stuart!

The Holyrood of to-day is a quadrangular building fronting west. At either extremity is a square tower four storeys in height, with three circular turrets at its exterior angles, rising to the battlements of the main tower. In the centre is the grand entrance, with four Roman Doric columns, over which are blazoned the royal arms of Scotland. The Court is surrounded by a piazza having nine arches on each side. The east, north and south sides of the quadrangle are three storeys high, and between the windows of these storeys are pilasters, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian.

Here in the north-east quadrangle are the ruins of the chapel where Mary, standing under the great east window with its crown of fleur-de-lis, plighted troth with Darnley; before this altar knelt the ill-mated pair while John Sinclair, Bishop of Brechin, read the marriage service.

In this same chapel she made a proclamation to the effect that she desired her loyal subjects to call her husband "King," a thing her loyal

subjects refused to do. They hated Henry Darnley in the beginning, and, as Scotch folks are nothing if not consistent, they hated him to the end.

"For the ceremony," says the Court Chronicle, "the Queen had the whim to wear the mourning gowne of blacke, with wide mourning hoode, worne at the funeral of her first husband, and looked sorrowful, but of an exceeding fairenesse."

We find her wearing this "mourning gowne" in the last scene of all. At Fotheringay Castle, on the February morning when she came forth into God's sunlight after nineteen years imprisonment, never fairer, never more the Queen in looks and bearing, she wears it. It trails behind her as without support from any arm she walks forward to the block, and bends her proud head to the executioner's stroke.

To the left of the grand entrance is the picture gallery, a hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-four broad, in which hang the portraits of a hundred Scottish kings, beginning with Fergus I. and ending with Prince Charlie, the bonniest of all.

Next come Lord Darnley's suite of rooms reached by a crooked stairs, lighted by narrow windows. A private stair runs to the apartments of the Queen, which consist of an audience-chamber, twenty-four feet by twenty-two; her bedroom, twenty-two by eighteen; her dressing room, and the famous chamber known as the Queen's supping-room. The place looks bare and mean now, but the records of the jewel house go to show that Mary had an eye for magnificence and effect. These rooms were decked with a splendor which made them "the grand rooms of Holyrudhous." We find that she had eleven tapestries of gilded leather; eight of "The Judgment of Paris"; five of "Triumph of Virtue"; eight of green velvet brocaded with armorial shields and branches; ten of cloth of gold, and satin figuring; thirty of massive cloth of gold, some bearing the story of Court de Foix; eight the Ducal arms of Longueville; five the history of a great king; one the tale of Tobit; and one "The Hunt of the Unicorn." There were, also "sixteen carpets from Turkey to cover the oaken floors, and menny cushions of brocade and damaske with tassellinge and gold cordinges."

No lack of luxury in the days when the lovely Lady of Holyrood queened it here. The supping-room is the scene of Rizzio's murder. Down the private stairs from Darnley's rooms came the conspirators, and burst in on Mary sitting at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Lord Beton, Captain Arthur Erskine, and the object of Darnley's hatred, Rizzio the lame musician. Darnley, Ruthven, Douglas, and half a dozen others, a gallant band seeking the life of one poor singer of love songs. The table is dashed to the floor. As Mary stands up to demand an explanation Rizzio flings himself at her feet crying out, "Save me, save me!" and even as she spreads an arm above him Douglas gives him a dagger thrust. He is then seized on by the others, dragged through the bedroom and antechamber, and left at the head of the crooked stairs pierced by no less than fifty-six desperate wounds. The damp old place smells of blood to this day, and from the tattered hangings a cupid stares in stony horror as if ever seeing a woman, soon to become a mother, striving to succor a weakling, and striving in vain.

"It shall be dear blude to some of you," rings out the vibrant voice of the Queen, and the curtain falls on the scene of violence.

It was from this narrow window set deeply in the stone wall that Mary leaned the summer day when handsome, reckless Bothwell launched his horse down Castle Hill and won what he desired, a glance of admiration from her dark eyes.

From an Engraving

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

From the painting by De Witte

RIZZIO, LOVE-SICK AND LOVE-LORN

Up these stairs she came on her return from visiting Darnley at Kirk o' Field, her train of torch-bearers setting the whole place aglow. Before the shrine in the chapel she kneeled when news of the murder was brought to her a few hours later.

Through the bedroom and antechamber Rizzio was dragged by his assassins. Along the same course Darnley's poor bruised body was carried to lie in state in the Audience Chamber previous to being deposited in the vault of Chapel-Royal.

On an April morning Mary rode from the gates of Holyrood, and took the road to Stirling where her son was lodged. On her return Bothwell at the head of eight hundred men seized her, carried her to his castle, and there kept her till such time as he could procure a divorce from his wife. He was lawless, reckless, and a free booter, and have this "softest, whitest, warmest thing," he would in spite of church or state. He brought her back to Holyrood, she mounted on his great charger, he walking and leading it by the head to show his humility. And in the chapel at four o'clock of a gray morning, they were married.

Then the saddest scene of all, sadder than Langside, or Loch Leven, more tragic than Fotheringay, the saying a last farewell to this storied pile, the home of her fathers, the pride of her race, this ancient palace of Holyrood, and going out a "Queen Uncrowned."

Hers was perhaps the most difficult role ever essayed by a woman. The times were troublous, dissension was rife; religious animosity, than which nothing is fiercer, raged at home; chivalry was at low ebb, power was gained and held by intrigue and conspiracy. Had Mary possessed more judgment and less emotion, more head and less heart—but then we would not have had "the Lovelie Ladye of Holyroodhous."

Nature meant her to be noble. The face which smiles down from Furino's canvas in the Castle room tells us this. The broad brow, the eyes, clear, tender, expressive, the firm set mouth—the pride, the courage, the recklessness of her race show there—but not one trace of littleness or meanness. It is the face of a Queen.

The play is too full of human interest to be forgotten.

The accessories of the stage, tapestries behind which villain lurked, and lovers thought themselves shut safely from the world, scenery which shifted, curtains which rose and fell as fate saw fit to pull the strings—dust, all dust; velvet, and ermine, and cloth of gold, broidered gown and buckled shoon—dust, all dust. So with the players, king, queen, jester, prelate, soldier, lover, statesman—dust, all dust.

Yet the grey pile which has stood at the foot of Castle Hill for eight hundred years remains one of the show-places of the world. Time has filched much of its magnificence, but it is still alive with memories of the "Lovelie Ladye of Holyrood."

HER HEART BREAKS SILENCE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Because that thou art pale and cold and still,
I feel thy spirit, Winter, one with mine;
All times are sunlit saving only thine,
And all but thee the joys of life fulfil:
Sweet madcap Spring skips free from hill to hill,
And Summer's golden sap swells every vine,
The wine-dark eyes of Autumn brood benign
Through purpling ways upon the whippoorwill.

His note is silenced, gray and lonely ghost,
By thee alone; from thee the birds and streams
Shudder away for shelter, love thee not;
And the great Glory thou dost worship most
Withdraws his being, and averts his beams,
And leaves thee to thy melancholy lot.

He does not know the secret in thy heart,
And why thy face is pale he does not dream,
Nor yet how excellent thy sight would seem
If he approaching saw thee what thou art:
In his smile smiling, of his presence part,
By his warm radiance made to glow and gleam;—
Thy fruitful beauty straight becomes his theme,
And love his challenge is, and love his chart.

So, Winter, is it with the soul of me
My hero scorns so slight and frail to find—
And ever slighter while it waits unblest;—
O turn he but a moment, he should see
His own light in these eyes, to all else blind,
His holiest honour in this faithful breast!

THE NEW CZAR OF BULGARIA AND HIS CONSORT IN FRONT OF THEIR PALACE AT SOFIA

BULGARIA: A STUDY IN HISTORY

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS

AS a nation and a people, the Bulgars are of the distant past; as a factor in Eastern history, they hold a long record of turmoil and trouble, pride and power, strength and weakness. Of all the subject races which have endured the dominance of the Turk, none have suffered more bitterly and continuously than they. With the exception of the Armenian, none have been the victims of so much oppression, degradation and outrage. Yet they have managed to stand together in a more or loss compact nationality and for the past decade they have held a position of prosperity and increasing power which has been only marred, and hampered in its progress, by characteristics developed under centuries of cruel misgovernment, and accentuated by the ever-present evils of Russian intrigue.

In all the historic storms of war and barbarous strife which have swept over the Balkan Peninsula they have had a share. Originally, the Bulgars were only a wandering portion of some race of uncertain extraction located on the lower banks of the Volga. They came across the Danube in the fifth century and settled amongst the Slavs by whom the eastern portion of the peninsula was populated. Through intermixture with this race, and the adoption of its manners and customs, while maintaining some strong characteristics of their own, they have practically become one of the branches of the great Slavonic family, which includes Russia, Servia and parts of other countries in European Turkey. For centuries they were a warlike, aggressive people, and the record of the Bulgarian Kingdom, from its foundation in A.D. 674 to its conquest by the Turks in 1396, is a story of almost continuous conflict between its rulers and the Greek emperors at

Constantinople—or Byzantium, as it was then called. Even before the kingdom was really established, the antagonism of races showed itself in a Bulgarian siege of the Christian capital, which was only saved from capture by the skill of Belisarius. Afterwards, under the leadership of Czar Kroum, Adrianople was occupied, Byzantium forced to pay tribute, and a treaty of alliance entered into with Charlemagne of France. One of Kroum's successors, Michael Boris, was converted to Christianity in 864, and he constituted a church which, with some exceptions, maintained its autonomy during several centuries, distinct from the Churches of Rome, Constantinople and Russia. It was in the tenth century, after successful wars with the Magyars of Hungary and with the Greeks, or rival Christian power to the south, that Bulgaria reached the summit of its ancient national strength.

Its ruler of that day, Simeon, assumed the title of "Emperor of the Bulgarians and of the Wallachians, Despot of the Greeks," took possession of the very suburbs of Byzantium, and reigned over the whole peninsula. The ruins of his capital, Preslau, illustrate the passing power of kingdoms and attest the Eastern splendour of his palaces, the beauty of his churches and the magnificence of his court. Another, and previous, King of Bulgaria, Johannes, actuated, no doubt, by national hostility to the head of Eastern Christendom at Byzantium, had acknowledged absolutely the spiritual supremacy of the Pope at Rome, and upon one occasion defended himself in a most remarkable letter from the Pontiff's reproaches concerning a defeat he had inflicted upon the Byzantines. "I have received my crown," he wrote, "from rhe Supreme Pontiff; they have violently seized and invested themselves with that of the Eastern Empire: the Empire which belongs to me rather than to them. I am fighting under the banner consecrated by St. Peter; they with the Cross on their shoulders which they have falsely assumed. I have been defied; have fought in self-defence; have won a glorious victory which I ascribe to the intercession of the Prince of the Apostles."

But this connection with the Church of Rome was only a transitory one, and, upon the whole, the Bulgarian Church up to the Turkish conquest was an independent unit. Some centuries later began those peculiar expressions of Russian religious sympathy and practices of Russian intrigue and intervention which lie at the root of so much of the Eastern Question. Meanwhile, in 1396, the country had fallen completely into the hands of the expanding Mahometan power, and its church came under the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, who had been allowed by the Turks to retain his spiritual position and such authority as he might still be able to wield. The military conquest was a thorough one and the Bulgarian Empire absolutely disappeared from view. Nothing but some ruined fortresses and a few popular songs were left to mark the power won and long retained amid torrents of blood, in days when fighting seems to have been a normal condition and peace something strange, if not absolutely remarkable.

To make matters worse, their Slavonic neighbours hardly looked upon the Bulgarians as Slavs, or felt that racial sympathy which, later on, brought them the help of Russia in fighting the Turks and the hindrance of Russia in the building up of their own national position. Isolated, ignored, and debarred from all communication with the civilised and Christianised world, they lapsed into a position only slightly affected by their nominal Christian profession, but very strongly controlled by a character of inherent morality and kindliness. No doubt, amid the toil and hardship of a life in which there

was little of brightness or hope, the faith of their fathers found much individual expression, despite the ceremonial abuses and corruptions of their Church and the oppressive cruelty of the Moslem. And, as time passed, the people became divided into two distinctive sections. The poor, who had remained, at least nominally, true to their Church and national feeling, gradually deepened in their faith and patriotism as the Ottoman yoke became more and more unbearable. The richer classes, on the other hand, adopted Islam in order to save their property and obtain immunity from persecution.

But as the faith of many became more real, the expression of it became less and less possible and the sufferings of the people greater. Their moral and intellectual qualities could not avoid being affected in some degree. Their dress was even made a mark of servility to the governing Turk. Their means of livelihood became the subject of every species of exaction and illegal tax. Their families were made liable every five years to the terrible blood tax by which the ranks of the Janizaries were forcibly recruited from the finest children of the Province. No Bulgarian woman was safe from seizure or outrage at the hands of Turkish pashas, officials, or so-called police. Even the most ordinary, wretched, insignificant Turk was infinitely superior to any Christian in the eye of the Moslem law, and his will and word were sufficient against a multitude of miserable Bulgarians.

Such a condition of affairs could not but produce some measure of disastrous effect upon the character of a race which is still a splendid one physically. It gradually but surely undermined, in many parts of the country, the national spirit, cowed the bravery which had once made its people conquerors; weakened imperceptibly, but none the less surely, the popular ideas of right and wrong; taught the peasant to cringe before the overmastering and vindictuve Turk. What else could be expected from an unarmed people—utterly defenceless in law and fact—in the face of Turkish troops and irregulars, Turkish police and civic rulers and private masters, all armed to the teeth? Prior to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 and its preliminary—the ghastly Bulgarian massacres—the appearance of a solitary Turk coming towards e village would be the sign for all women to either hide themselves or flee into the country, while the men concealed any little valuables they might have and prepared to give the terrible visitor the best the place could offer in the way of food or supplies. Against the unarmed and helpless villagers any crime was possible and horrible were those sometimes committed. The slightest opposition to a Turk's will, or the least sign of violence or reprisal, meant a probable massacre in the ensuing week or totrure and death in the case of individual revenge.

Naturally, such conditions developed an intense, though suppressed, hatred of the Turk which overcame even the peace-loving disposition of a people only too anxious for the right of indulgence in quiet farm-work and the enjoyment of their domestic life. And, before the dawning of 1876, with all its inconceivable horrors of torture, outrage, impalement and massacre, other troubles had come upon them. In 1864 the conquest of Circassia by the Russians had caused a migration of some 20,000 Circassians from their mountainous districts into Turkey. The Sultan, with great liberality and hospitality, welcomed this influx of foreigners and calmly "placed" them in armed thousands throughout Bulgaria. This meant that a wild, semi-barbarous body of men, strong in physique, unaccustomed to labour, but quite accustomed to take what they required or desired by force, was planted amongst an unarmed and helpless peasantry with power which added a fresh terror to

THE ALTERED MAP OF THE BALKANS

the ever-present oppressions of the Turk.

Meanwhile, a determined effort was being made by the many Greeks who held official positions under the Porte, and influenced the people in a religious and educational sense through their fealty to the Greek Church, to Hellenise the race. The Greek language was taught everywhere to the exclusion of the Bulgarian tongue, and all that could be done to suppress national feeling and memory was done. Oppressed by the Turks, harried by the Circassians, educated by the Greeks, and deceived by the Russians, it is really a marvel that this people was able to rise out of its troubles and to assume even the halting national position which they have occupied in recent years. But before the attainment of that partial independence there came a baptism of blood such as few other nations have had to face, and such as the nineteenth century had seen under no other government than that of the Turk. The Bulgarian Horrors are pretty well known by name; their details can be guessed at but hardly described; their result very nearly wrecked the Turkish Empire and, incidentally, helped at the polls to defeat a great British party leader.

At the beginning of 1876, the Ottoman Porte was in a very difficult position. The Herzegovinians were in revolt. Bosnia and Montenegro were known to be in readiness to join them. Moldavia and Wallachia were about to declare their independence under the name of Roumania, and knowledge of the condition of things in Bulgaria naturally made the Turkish authorities anticipate a rebellion there. Russia was also known to have numerous emissaries all through these countries stirring up the people to aid in the greater war which seemed imminent. These circumstances afford

some explanation—they can offer no excuse—for what followed in Bulgaria. Undoubtedly the Sultan gave strong orders concerning the instant and stern suppression of any attempted revolt and, in the existing state of affairs, this was sufficient ground for pillage and massacre without any further direct orders from Constantinople. But it is also certain that the commanders of the Bashi-Bazouks, or irregular Turkish cavalry, the chief of the armed Circassian bands, and the officers of the regular troops sent in to "preserve order," were all aware that the murder of Bulgarian Christians would be an aid to promotion, as their plunder was a sure path to wealth. And, as it turned out, the greater the massacre, the higher were the honours bestowed.

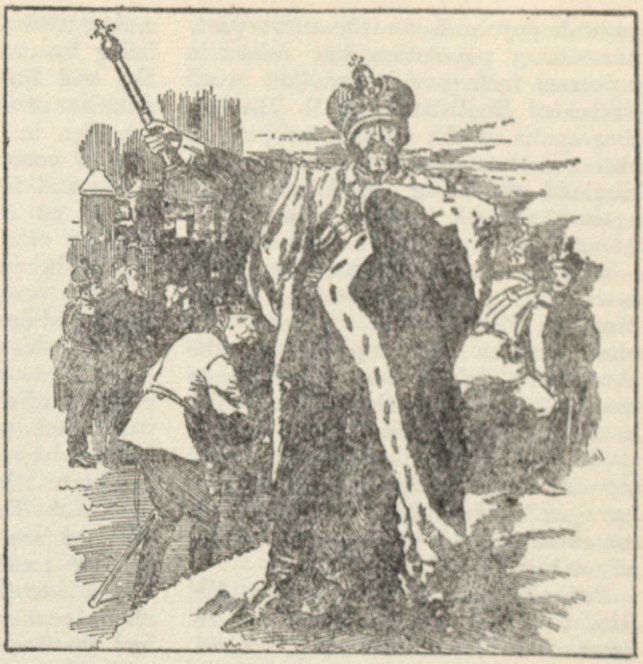
Exactly how the troubles commenced can only be guessed at. Early in May, 1876, it seems probable that there were two or three small bands of insurgents in the country, mostly recruited from men whose homes had been harried by the Turks or Circassians, and in whose breasts the ruin and loss of everything they cherished had produced an active hatred, instead of the too common condition of dumb despair. But small and unimportant as these bands were, they furnished ample excuse to the Turkish forces, regular and irrgular. The massacres promptly commenced, and were at first as carefully concealed as those in Armenia a quarter of a century later. Gradually however, news filtered through the Ottoman lines, and despite the utmost precautions of the authorities and threats against all who spread rumours of the kind, horrifying details reached the ears of ambassadors and finally filled the columns of English papers. Investigation brought to light the whole dreadful record. It appeared that regular troops under the direct orders of the Sultan had been on the scene of the operations during the entire series of massacres; that they had watched and, in many cases assisted, in the wholesale murder of helpless local populations by Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians; that Chefket Pasha, the "hero" of the terrible scenes at Boyadjik, had been immediately afterwards given a high place in the Sultan's palace; and that Achmet Agha, the author of similar events at Batak, had been rewarded with the Order of the Medjidie. So much for the question of responsibility.

The Batak massacre was a peculiarly awful one. A large number of helpless Bulgarians, men and women and children—about 1,200 in all—took refuge in the local church, which happened to be a very solid building and capable of resisting the efforts of the soldiery to burn it from the outside. They therefore fired in through the windows, and ultimately got upon the roof, tore off the tiles, and poured blazing oil and burning cloths upon the wretched victims within. Finally the door was forced in, and the massacre completed amid scenes which absolutely beggar description. But Batak was only part of the district or sandjak of Philippopolis, in which the total number of persons massacred was estimated by Mr. Schuyler, the American Consul-General at Constantinople, as 15,000, and by Mr. Baring of the British Embassy as 12,000. Perhaps the worst of all, in a series where degrees of horror were almost imperceptible, was that of Boyadjik. It was committed by regular troops assisted by the Bashi-Bazouks. The villagers in this case came out in a body to the commander, Chefket Pasha, stated that they had gathered together for protection against the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, urged their claims to protection and offered to surrender their arms. He promised mercy to the suppliants at his feet and then, as soon as they had returned to the village, the order was given to take it by storm and massacre the inhabitants with the usual accompaniments of outrage and torture. Of this scene Mr. Baring wrote, under all the limi-

tations of a knowledge that his ambassadorial chief. Sir Henry Elliot, was desirous of avoiding grounds of rupture with the Porte, that:

> What makes the act of Chefket so abominable is that there was not a semblance of revolt. The inhabitants were perfectly peaceful, and the attack on them was as cruel and wanton a deed as could well have been committed. Nana Sahib alone, I should say, has rivalled their (Achmet Agha's and Chefket Pasha's) deeds.

Sir Henry Elliot, of course, protested and urged punishment, while the Sultan denied or minimised the massacres, and conferred honours upon the perpetrators. Outside the district already referred to the proceedings were as atrocious as those faintly indicated, and fully as many more helpless Bulgarians were murdered; the children being slaughtered or sold as slaves, and the women who were not killed reserved for Turkish harems. Altogether some 20,000 Bulgarians were massacred, while the generals—Achmet Agha, Raschid Pasha and Chefket—defiantly and publicly declared that they had in their pockets the definite official order to slay, burn and terrorise. Needless to say, the "insurrection" was suppressed and the leaders returned to receive their rewards and divide their booty in Constantinople. What plunder the troops obtained is incalculable, but it was as easy to take under the circumstances as was the the slaughtering process described to Consul Reade by one of the Turks with true Moslem callousness: "When I tell you that even our schoolboys killed their five or six Bulgarians what can you imagine that I did?"



THE TSARVENU

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA—"THREE CHEERS FOR ME!"
AUSTRIA *(tentatively)*—"HIP! HIP! HIP!"
THE OTHER GREAT POWERS *(after long and careful deliberation)*—"Hooray!"

—*Punch* (London)

The reception of the news in England was varied. At first there were grave doubts, and Lord Beaconsfield, in view of the crisis created by Russia's avowed determination to this time break up the Turkish Empire, endeavoured to soothe the public alarm and to prevent a wild and panicky policy of surrender to that power. To prevent Russia obtaining Constantinople was, he pointed out, the true British policy—in the interests of England, not in the defence of Turkey. But Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, was finally authorised to write Sir Henry Elliot that "any sympathy which was previously felt here toward that country (Turkey) had been completely destroyed by the recent lamentable events in Bulgaria. The accounts of outrages and excesses committed by the Turkish troops upon

an unhappy and, for the most part, unresisting population has raised a universal feeling of indignation in all classes of English society." He further spoke of the almost insuperable obstacle thus placed in the way of England defending Turkish territory against possible Russian aggression About the same time Lord Salisbury —then Secretary of State for India —wrote to a stormy meeting at the Mansion House that: "Every one must concur in reprobating the abominable crimes which have been committed in Bulgaria; and a desire to relieve the Christian populations of those regious from a renewal of the atrocious oppression under which they have suffered is felt as strongly by members of the Government as by any other Englishman."

But this was not enough for Mr. Gladstone. He came out of his retirement of the moment and demanded instant action. No matter if the Bosphorus became a Russian channel, the Turkish pensinsula a Russian stamping- ground, or the Mediterranean a Russian lake, justice must be done, the Turks must be cleared out of Bulgaria and, if possible, out of Europe. This "loathsome tyranny" must be checked at any cost. "Never again," declared the eloquent leader, "while the years roll on in their course, so far as it is in our power to determine, never again shall the hand of violence be raised by you; never again shall the dire refinements of cruelty be devised by you for the sake of making mankind miserable in Bulgaria." His burning pamphlet entitled "Bulgarian Horrors" created a sensation in Europe and, although not at the moment leader of his party, his tremendous campaign of the next six months against Turkey, against Lord Beaconsfield, and against the whole foreign policy of the Government, practically placed him at the head of the Liberals once more and contributed largely to his electoral triumph in 1880.

Meanwhile Russia had declared war and settled the question for the time being by over-running the Principalities and Bulgaria, and accepting the alliance of Servia and the aid of a rebellion in Bosnia. Eventually her armies came in sight of Constantinople and forced from the Porte the Treaty of San Stefano. With the signing of this compact, by which Turkey became practically a shorn and helpless vassal of the Czar, there developed one of the most acute stages of the historic Eastern Question. Lord Beaconsfield had to face the problem of either sacrificing Britain's traditional policy and Imperial interests, by letting Constantinople fall into the hands of the great rival of England, or else interfere and face Russia in the teeth of the popular passion aroused at home by Mr. Gladstone against the Turk and all his concerns. He chose the latter, and the Treaty of Berlin and "Peace with Honour" was the result.

By this arrangement Bulgaria was created an autonomous province, tributary to the Sultan, but independent so far as concerned its internal government and affairs. Roumelia, however, which naturally pertained to it by the nationality, language and customs of the majority of its people, was still left under Turkish rule and its acquisition or annexation became henceforth a chief object of Bulgarian policy. At first the country fell completely under Russian influence, and its infant Parliament was opened at Tirnova by a Russian—Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff—in the presence of Russian soldiers and amid the booming of Russian guns. Shortly afterwards the new constitution was promulgated and found to be fairly liberal in its terms, while Prince Alexander of Hesse was elected Prince of Bulgaria on April 29, 1879, under the title of Alexander I., and with the approval of the Russian Czar. Before settling down to the duties and difficulties of his position, the Prince made a tour of the European Courts and paid a visit to Queen Victoria.

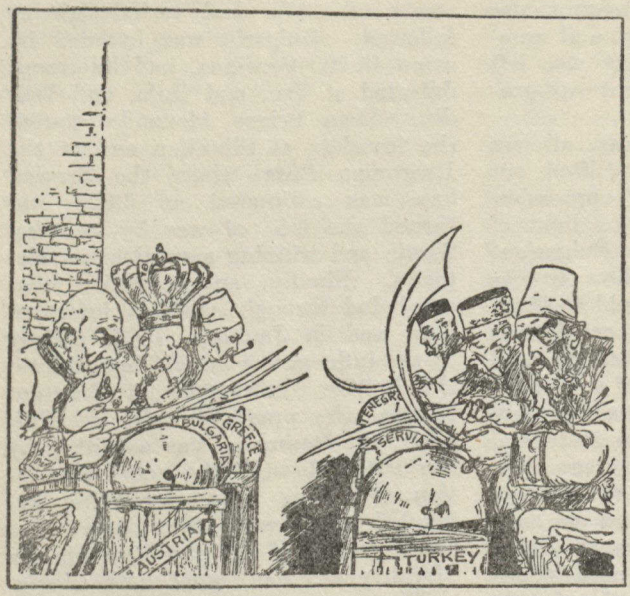
Upon his return, the Russian troops evacuated the Principality, and nominally at least, the country was left to experiment with its new self-government.

During the next five years all was confusion and disorder. Lifted out of centuries of despotic oppression by an alien power into the light of constitutional liberty, the Bulgarians naturally did not know how to use their privileges while, to add to these complications, came the continuous intrigues of Russian emissaries and officers and the pressure of a Russian Government bent upon making Bulgaria a dependent Russian state and its people a part of the great Pan-Slavic movement. Hence the distinct formation of a Russian and an anti-Russian party. In numbers the latter was, of course, the chief, and indeed the national party, but the former was backed by Russian prestige and Russian gold. Prince Alexander, assisted by Karaveloff, placed himself at the head of the national aspirations, struggled agains foreign interference and, by the necessary exercise of almost autocratic power, tried to temper the system of government to the requirements and capabilities of his people.

In 1885, he boldly proclaimed the reunion of Roumelia—or South Bulgaria, as it is now termed—with the Principality, and amid great national enthusiasm the people armed for a Turkish struggle which seemed imminent. But the Porte only protested, and the expected war broke out in another quarter. For some years the Servians—who also obtained their freedom in 1878—had been upon bad terms with the Bulgarians. Despite the folly of quarrelling in the face of their mutual foe, the Turk, and in spite of some measure of blood relationship between the races, their rivalries and jealousies had been growing in strength until the annexation of Roumelia aroused still further the passions of the Serbs and induced King Milan to declare war. A few weeks of active and varied fighting followed. Bulgaria was invaded by some 40,000 Servians, and its troops defeated at Tru, and Kula, and Wildin. Then Prince Alexander routed the invaders at Slivnitza and at the Dragoman Pass—where the Servian loss was estimated at 6,000—and turned the tide of war by entering Servia and winning several other victories. Finally, an armistice was concluded through Austrian intervention, and in January, 1886, mainly by the influence of Sir William White, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, the practical union of Bulgaria and Roumelia was admitted by the Porte through the courteous fiction of Prince Alexander being appointed to represent the Sultan in the latter portion of the new Bulgaria. In March peace was signed with Servia

Then came a tragic result of Russian intrigues. Alexander had shown himself altogether too virile and able a ruler, too representative of the national aims of the people, too desirous of strengthening the national independence, too anxious to extend the national territory. So, one day in the August following his return from the war, a conspiracy was organised by Russian sympathisers and purchased officers, and the Prince surprised, kidnapped, and carried off a prisoner; while Zankoff, a former pro-Russian premier, formed a constitutional government at Sofia. This, however, was promptly repudiated by the army and the people, and a loyalist government was temporarily established at Tirnova, under the strong and determined leadership of Stambuloff. Within a few months the pro-Russian conspirators were prisoners and Prince Alexander, who had in the meantime escaped, or been allowed to escape, returned to his capital in triumph.

Realising, however, the almost impossible difficulties of governing the country against the will of the Czar, he soon afterwards abdicated and left the state for which he had done so much and in which he had won such



THE ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE HYMN OF PEACE

Explanation of that grinding sound that comes from Southeastern Europe. —*Fischietto* (Turin)

deserved popularity. For a time after this the situation in Bulgaria was a grave one, and the Eastern Question seemed to have assumed a new phase. General Kaulbars was sent to Sofia with the generally accepted aim of making the country a Russian dependency, while Russian warships were despatched to Varna. The General found, however, that the mass of the population was opposed to his policy and that whatever was done must be done under cover.

Eventually Russia was side-tracked, in a diplomatic sense, and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Cobourg was in 1887 chosen ruler by the Sobranje or parliament over the head of the Russian nominee, Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia. Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Alexander, himself, had previously refused the perilous honour. The years which followed have been, upon the whole, a period of substantial progress amongst the people, hampered by inevitable Russian intrigues and occasional small revolts. But the strong hand of Stambuloff, more perhaps than any special qualities in Prince Ferdinand, held the country together and guided it along the path of development and independence. The brutal murder of the great Premier in 1895 was only one more of the sins which must be laid at the door of Russian schemers playing upon the still brutalised instincts of a portion of the population, and making the weaker character of Bulgarian politicians a cover for frightful crime. Time, and education, and progress are curing this evil and promising to suppress the barbarism which has here and there been developed amongst the people. The baptism of little Prince Boris into the Greek Church some years ago, while it may or may not have meant a fraternisation with Russia, will give to the people—if he lives—a native ruler with a national name, and inspired in all probability with the national ambition of "on to Constantinople." The present declaration of complete independence and the assumption by Ferdinand of the historic Bulgarian title of Czar emphasises the national evolution and development. To succeed in this great policy, however, the Bulgarians have to grow in strength and wisdom, to keep free of Russian complications, to retain the good-will of England, and defeat the rivalry of Greece and Servia. From the Turk they have probably little to fear at the present moment of political evolution and general disruption.

FIVE FAMOUS EMPTY CHAIRS

BY FRANK YEIGH

STRATFORD — Abbottsford — Ayr — Gad's Hill — Sunnyside!

Shakespeare — Scott — Burns — Dickens — Irving!

Five famous literary shrines with five empty chairs; five famous names enshrined in the guild of English literature.

It is an unimpressive old house that stands in Stratford-on-Avon as the reputed home of Shakespeare, and yet this little old timber house is one of England's most valued possessions. Three hundred years after its occupant lived, thirty thousand pilgrims annually make their way thereto, representing all nationalities and all quarters of the globe, to see only a house, with quaint casements and odd gables and great crossbeams between the plaster, but a home in which the greatest of all the world's writers lived.

Carlyle asked: "Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen would we rather not give up than this Stratford peasant?" On the walls of the ancient residence are written the names of companion geniuses of the pen—Scott and Bryon, Tennyson and Thackeray and Dickens, Tom Moore and Washington Irving—all pilgrims to the shrine of the Master.

The leading object of curiosity in the Shakespeare house is the poet's chair, standing in the chimney nook of a small room just behind what is claimed to have been his father's shop. Here he may have sat many a time when a boy, here he may have dreamed dreams that were later transmuted into words.

It is the custom for every visitor to sit in the celebrated seat, whether with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard one dare not conjecture. Irving relates that the hostess of his day privately assured him that, though built on solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that the chair had to be re-bottomed at least once in three years. But the sight of the chair and the desk, of the fireplace and niches, of the timbered ceiling and the deeply recessed window help to make real the otherwise shadowy figure of Shakespeare.

*

Unlike the Stratford cottage, the home of Sir Walter Scott was a palace. Like Stratford, Abbotsford is a place of pilgrimage, with seven

DICKENS' CHAIR

THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

thousand as its yearly record of visitors. The capacious chair of the Scottish wizard is as much an object of interest if not of reverence as the more ancient piece of furniture in the home by the Avon. In the plain and substantial seat in the castle by the Tweed sat the great romancer, at the desk he spent many a toilsome hour, and facing chair and desk are the shelves of books that constituted his working reference library, with his main library in an adjoining room.

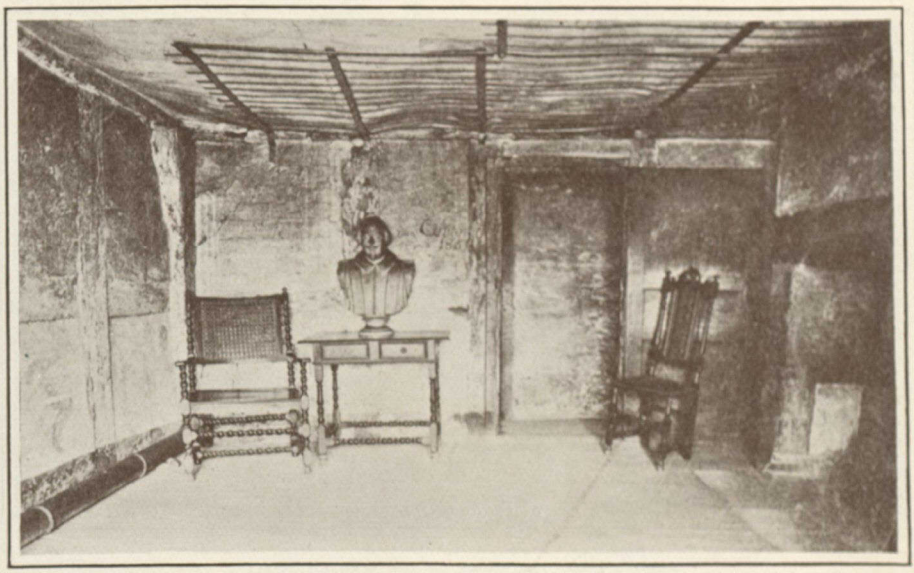
Abbotsford was planned and built by Sir Walter at tremendous cost and struggle, and yet he lived to enjoy it but little. One of his ambitions was to live in the true castle style of the Border nobles he so effectively portrayed; he dreamed, too, of founding a family rich in both wealth and fame that he would leave them as a heritage. But his castle turned out to be but a house of cards. His fortune dwindled away. As an old man he started in to overtake his financial distress, "with his quill digging a mountain of debt away."

The owner of Abbotsford was, however, permitted to spend his last days in the castellated home he loved so well, but a heart-break is after all in his life. He was called upon to wage a war against debt such as had never entered into his early plans.

What was first in his mind for a home was a cottage or villa, but the idea steadily grew into a veritable castle whose weight was destined to crush him and his fortunes. We have the picture of his last days. It has been drawn by Lockhart in a chapter that has been termed the perfection of pathos.

"Lockhart," said the dying baronet, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

And this master in the realm of literature was able to pen, toward the close of his life, "I am drawing near the end of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous writer of the day, and it is a comfort for me now to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith and to cor-



SHAKESPEARE'S ARM CHAIR

rupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

Worthy indeed is this last will and testament of the occupant of the Abbotsford chair.

*

There is another famous chair to see before we leave Scotland. On the banks of the River Doon stands the town of Ayr.

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a toon surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

And hard by it is the auld clay biggin, a lowly cottage by the country wayside, containing some of the treasures and mementoes of Bobbie Burns. A little solitary window opens out on the street, so small a window indeed that Bobbie's youthful face must have filled its frame. The heavy thatch of the roof, often renewed since the poet's childhood days, slopes down to the top of the low entrance way. In the wee living room stands an ancient bed press, an old-fashioned cupboard with shelves of rare dishes, and a rarer row of mugs. There is too a deeply recessed fireplace and a solemn old clock ticking off the relentless years with never a skip of a second.

The chair and the desk are in keeping with the other furniture inmates of the home—a desk that has been made to carry the carvings of many a worshipper of the ploughman's poet.

Burns' feet trod the flagstones of the homely apartment, his eyes rested on the low ceiling and the tiny windows, and his boyhood days were spent under the shelter of this Ayrshire home. Soon after Bobbie was born, a high wind shook down the gable of the frail old structure and the little lad was carried through the storm to a neighbouring farmhouse. Years after, Burns dreamed of this early home:

"All in this mottie, misty clime
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthful prime
An' done nae thing—
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing!"

Alloway Kirk adjoins Burns' birthplace, and in its graveyard are the tombs of his father, mother and sister. The old church is roofless and

ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

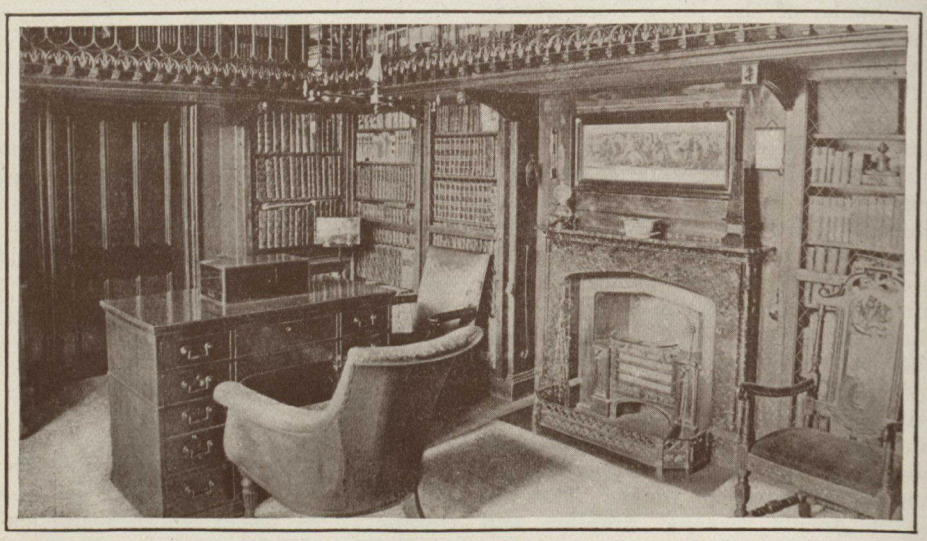
its walls are bare, but peering through one of the window spaces you can see the spot immortalised by the dance of the witches on the night when even the children knew the *deil* was abroad, as Tam O'Shanter did.

And as the lover of Burns visits these haunts of his early days, as one drinks in the spell that he wove over Scotland, it is borne in on the mind that Highland Mary's lover

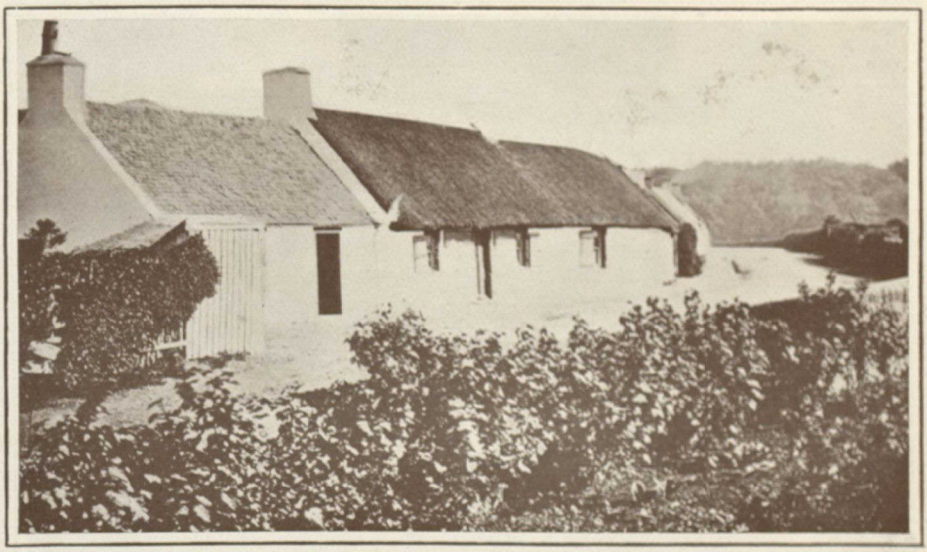
"Still haunts his native land as an immortal youth.
His hand guides every plow,
He sits beside each ingle nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook, each rustling bough."

*

March the fourteenth, 1856, was



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHAIR

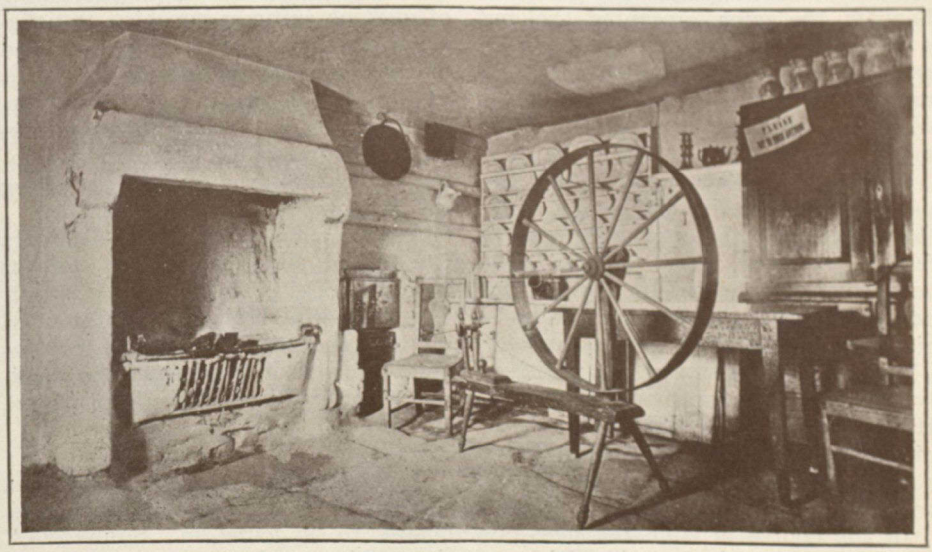


BURNS' COTTAGE

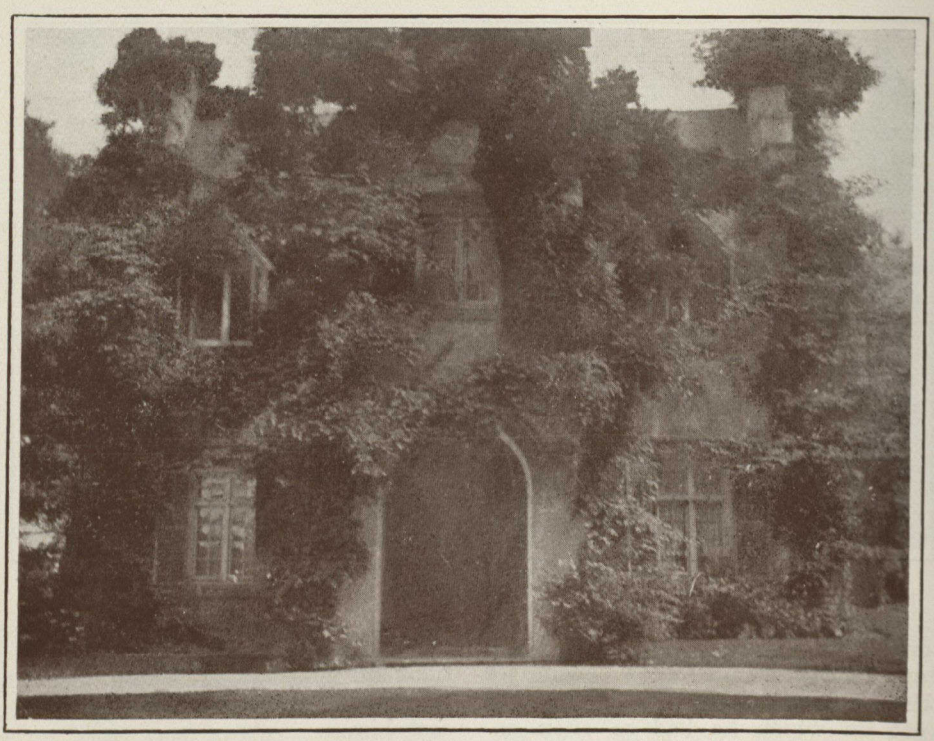
termed by Charles Dickens his lucky day, for he then wrote a cheque for the purchase of Gad's Hill Place, the spot on which he had so often enviously gazed when a poor boy living at Chatham.

At first his purchase was intended chiefly as an investment, intending to spend only a part of his time there, and lease it for the other portions of the year to recoup him for the interest on the $8,500 it originally cost him.

But the speculation speedily merged into a hobby. As Dickens grew older, he grew fonder and fonder of his home, as Irving did of Sunnyside. As the years went by,



INTERIOR OF BOBBY BURNS' COTTAGE, WITH HIS CHAIR



ENTRANCE TO "SUNNYSIDE," WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME AT TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Gad's Hill Place was beautified by the addition of many rooms and the improvement of the garden and grounds. Fechter, the actor, presented Dickens with the Swiss *chalêt* in the adjoining park, and this quaint structure the recipient often used as a workshop when he desired complete retirement.

Dickens indulged in so many expensive vagaries in connection with this home that the matter became a family joke and when, on the Sabbath before his death, he showed the new conservatory with much pride to his youngest daughter, and remarked, "Well, Katey, now you see positively the last improvement at Gad's Hill," there was a general laugh at his expense. The word came true nevertheless, but only by the intervention of the Grim Angel.

In the course of time the last day came, and on this last day Dickens penned, sitting at his Gad's Hill desk and in his swinging chair, the last words of Edwin Drood—words telling of glorious summer sunshine transfiguring the city of his imagination, and of the changing lights and the songs of birds, and the incense from garden and meadow "that penetrate into the Cathedral of Cloisterham, subduing life's earthy odour and preaching the Resurrection and the life."

A few hours later the end suddenly came and the chair was forever emptied of its illustrious occupant. The wonderful brain that had created its two thousand characters was at rest, the pen dropped from the hand, and Charles Dickens' work was over.

*

There are famous chairs in America as well as in Britain's sea-girt isles One is to be found in "Sunnyside," the architectural creation of Washing-

ton Irving. After buying the original stone cottage—the "Wolfert's Roost" of Diedrich Knickerbocker's immortal history—Irving described the place as "full of angles and corners as a cocked hat; indeed, it is said to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter Stuyvesant—Peter the Headstrong—as the Escurial in Spain was patterned after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence."

Irving grew to love more and more his home by the Hudson, and as the pilgrim of the twentieth century approaches "Sunnyside" through a lane of mighty oaks and elms and catches his first glimpse of the structure, with its narrow windows like half-shut eyes looking out on the velvety lawn, the historic home casts a spell over the passing visitor. Fair to look upon are the grounds and forest giants and the gardens of "Sunnyside," fairer yet the broad sweep of the Hudson as it spreads away in a filmy mist to the stern Palisades of the western shore.

Rechristening "Wolfert's Roost" as "Sunnyside," Irving here set up his rest, thanking God he was born and permitted to live on the banks of the river that lapped its base, and wherever the author might roam in lands home or foreign, to "Sunnyside" he returned as to a haven and a refuge.

It was on a delicious summer day that I made my way to the many-gabled pile and sought admission to the library. The interior is in harmony with the exterior. Entering by the eastern porch, a glance showed a vista of apartments connected by archways, dining-room and parlour opening from the entrance hallway. While the apartments are small in size, there is an air of roominess combined with cosiness that makes an attractive picture.

The library is the smallest of all

WASHINGTON IRVING'S CHAIR, AT "SUNNYSIDE"

the rooms, and in it is to be found the chair of the master. On the walls and mantels are mementoes of the author's European travels, with Darley's etching of Knickerbocker characters looking down upon one. A quaint little workshop it is, and yet with an atmosphere that must have marked the Gladstone Temple of Peace at Hawarden.

The spacious elbow chair stands empty at the empty desk. Here the "Life of Washington" was written; here Washington Irving lived his happiest days, and here, in picturesque old "Sunnyside," he passed away after serving his three-score years and more of life.

Thus we have visited five famous chairs in five famous literary homes; thus we have had recalled five of the honoured names on the world's roll of fame.

JOWWOWX

BY CARL AHRENS

"QUEER people, mighty queer people," said Peters, reminiscently.

"That's the truth," said Henderson, stabbing a coal for a pipe-light.

"What about 'queer people'?" asked Beatty, a rich New Yorker, the money end of the hunting expedition.

"Jowwowx Indians," said Peters.

"Jowwowx be hanged," said Beatty, "what kind of a pipe dream ——?"

"Say, Beatty, you came down on us with your eighty-five-storey skylifters, and we didn't say a word back—just kept mum and took it all in."

"Like sucking eggs," said Hendersno.

"Now, I'm going to present you with some facts which will be a gain to science, and add to your store of knowledge."

"Gawd!" said Henderson.

"I purpose telling you about the Jowwowx, but I don't want any interruptions; they are disconcerting to my lay of dates. So keep quiet. Light your fires and get the fog going, and I'll tell you about the queer people, and Hen will vouch for everything I say."

"That's right," said Hen, "went through the whole business, and say ——"

"You see, in the early days when Hen and me first took to the woods we were unsophisticated and timid. We hadn't any experience in society to speak of. We were members of the church and had to be mighty careful and keep clear of anything that sounded like fiction, and we didn't want to be accused of taking too much red-eye—we wouldn't think of such a thing."

"That's right, Petey," said Sen. "You see, we carry five or six gallons for colic and such like, but as for drinking—"

"That's the reason Hen and me are taking you in on the ground floor. The first time we ran into the Jowwowx, say, Hen, ever forget that night?"

"Never will, never will."

"And how his Jows made ringers all through the woods. It was spring, somewhat late, A.D. 1895, and Hen and me were making to the nearest post to trade in the winter's catch and lay in a fresh supply of provisions and such."

"Don't forget the pain-killer, Petey."

"The sun was getting well down among the tree boles, when we sighted a good camping spot, with a big hill, well-timbered,, running up at the back. We landed, stuck up the tent and had just got supper over and things kind of fixed up for the night, when, sufferin' cats! we heard the dangdest strange noise you ever heard."

"Sounded like a calliope running short of steam," said Hen.

"Then a thrashing about the bush. 'Hen,' said I, 'there's a baby elephant loose in the tangle, if there ain't. I'm a liar.' So Hen took a club, and I my gun, and we walked around towards the noise.' "

"Gawd, wasn't it hell, Petey?" said Hen.

"It wasn't too dark to see some, and it ain't policy to carry a headlight when you're looking for trouble. It was a clear case of plain lurk. So we all-foured and mauled our way into a patch of clearing. We were just working around a big spruce, when something that looked like a man-monkey, Chinese cross, with Tolstoi spinach, fell upon Hen and me, and say, if you ever saw a six-handed ballet, it was right there on that bald spot with the big hill as a background, and the calliope piping to beat four of a kind."

"Gawd, but didn't it?" said Hen.

"Talk about your Wagnerian dissonance with locomotive attachment!"

"There wasn't any tim eto how-do or kow-tow, just grab, scratch, pull hair and bite. I could hear Hen spitting out whiskers. 'I've got a half-Nelson on its chimese, Petey. Tie it up and sit on its shouter, so I get a chance to think,' yelled Hen. Well, we made it understand that we were mighty bad men to fool with. We explained that we would cut it off at the pockets and smear it over the bush, if it didn't act nice and polite. So we pried it back to camp, took its photograph and introduced ourselves. Ever forget how it looked, Hen?"

"Never will, so help me. It looked like a cigarette edition of a mission saint."

"Well, we patched up a little with court plaster. It had bitten out the ring-hole of Henny's ear—"

"That's right," said Hen, "you can search me. I'm shy the goods."

"And clawed a few red lines through my stubble. 'It's a beauty,' said Hen. 'Say, Spinach, who's your mother?' And if it didn't say 'Skidoo' I'll eat olives and swear off golf forever. 'Let's give it something to eat,' said I. And while Hen fed it I made an inventory and figured on its bring-up. It was as handsome and decorative as a Chinese god, somewhat *décolletté* to the waist. It wore a belt of plaited hair and below that a petticoat made of woven peacock feathers, with a peacock tail spread up from its waist-band like a fan-tailed pigeon. On its legs it had nothing."

"The shameless thing," said Hen.

"And on its feet it had raw-hide sandals tied from the toes back to the ankles. And talk about hair and whiskers! Say, every time the wind blowed you had to duck to keep out of the mesh. 'Now, look here, young man,' said I, 'it appears to me you've been walking in your sleep, and papa will be looking for you. Hadn't you better run home?' 'Leave the poor boy to me,' said Hen, 'and let me gyrate our beautiful language into signs.' 'Long about morning, after an all-night session of free masonry, we found that His Whiskers was one of a tribe of Indians living on the hill back of the camp. 'Jowwowx,' he said, 'Jowwowx.' That was the name of his people."

"The hairy son-of-a-gun," said Hen.

" 'Hen,' said I, 'we'll have to see his Jowwowx home. It stands to reason his maw will be pining for him, besides he might miss his piano lesson.' So, after feeding up and taking on plenty of cartridge ballast and our guns, we gave his Jows the word to move, and he did. He started. did a complete turn around the fire, butted into Hen, grabbed and hung to his neck a sif afraid he'd fall. 'Say, Hen,' said I, 'his Billy-goat is short six inches on one leg. Oh, Sweet Annie, didn't we have a time getting him to the foot of the hill, a good mile away! Whenever we let him go he'd do a ring-a-rosy 'round a tree and butt one of loose from something. He had a chest like the bow of a river tug. He was perfectly harmless, mind you, didn't mean to be naughty; good-natured as a Salvation happy. 'Gawd,' said Hen, 'I wonder if the family's large, and whether we'll run across any more strays.'

We felt like two busted peapods before we reached the hill foot, but when we did we found our troubles almost over. His Jows was built for hills. He was a ramakabo on two legs."

"Remember the ramakaboo we tamed, Petey? Say, he was 'most the cutest animal you ever saw. We caught him on a hill one day and took him on to the level. But he wasn't built for the level gait, and 'most drove Petey and me giddy-headed watching his chase his tail. So we had a Vet dock his two off legs, and he was that pleased—say, he'd—"

"I never saw anything so grateful as his Jows when he was on the hill again," continued Petey. "He embraced us both to beat the band 'Stick in your tongue, Hen,' said I, it ain't polite.' 'Look me over,' said Hen, 'get my strawberry mark located. My family won't know me when I get home, and it's up to you, Petey, to swear to a lost father.' We got our wind after a little and began to work up. We'd gone about twenty feet when we ran into a trail built like a step going around the hill. As soon as his Jows struck it, you should have seen him perk up. He waved his arms, cracked his joints, drew in great gulps of air, puffed out his chest and pounded out a sound like a staccato on the big string of the bull-fiddle. Then we started to move toward the top. We'd work along the trail a-ways, and about every fifty yards we'd run into a row of notches leading up to the next trail, and so on. When we were about half way up we began to hear sounds of life, like dawg and bag-pipes mixed with baa-baa and Chinese theatre."

"Just hell," said Hen, "a regular whooup-up."

"It only took a few minutes to reach the top, and say, weren't we glad to see papa come home! Mrs. Jows and Kid Jows, as thick as love and just as mushy. And dawgs, all kind of dawgs, long dawgs, short dawgs, lean and fat dawgs, and pigs that looked like sun-fish on legs. Nan-nans and billy-baas and peacocks."

"Peacocks be——"

"Now, hold on, Beatty. They were, as you will find, unusual people; so don't let the note of suspicion dam a choice narative. Cheer up, truth will always show the way."

"Cost you a dollar," said Hen.

"Yes, they were peacock and nan-nan breeders, and all over the hill side they were thick as brush, and made the landscape look like the crazy quilts mother used to make And the Jow ladies! They were the joy of Jow-town, and came from a tribe living on the flat-lands below. They had normal anatomy, and so had the kiddies; their legs were all right."

"Oh, how crude of you, Petey," said Hen.

"But the pa Jows were all the same—looked the same—dressed the same."

"Their father must have been a Mormon," said Hen, "and the whole bunch twins. We had to keep track of our Jow by the hole I bit in his whiskers, and after that evened up we had to put a string on him."

"I never could make out where they came from," went on Petey, "but they were a sweet and joyful bunch, and would burn the fuzz all off a day before it got fairly started. It took Hen and me a few days to find out we hadn't died an accidental death and gone to a sort of a peacock heaven. But when we did, we began to take in the sights. Their houses were well made, built of mud-brick, running in a row all around the hill top, with a wide flat patch left in the centre, and each house backing up to it. The patch of flat land was hard as stone pavement, and sunk two feet down, making a shallow pit in which they danced the husks off a queer bean-shaped grain which grew on the table-lands of the hills near by."

"It made mighty good flour, and

danged fine buns," said Hen, "but the yeast they used, to give it the bloat, smelled to heaven. I went looking for a Dutch saloon the first sniff I got."

"But the thing that caught Hen and me," said Petey, "was the dance. It was a thrashing-bee to music. Whenever the flour bin got low, the pit was filled with grain heads, all ready to be shuffled out. Then the pa Jows sat on a semi-circular seat above the pit. Each one had a square drum with sides and bottom of thin wood. The top was goat-skin. Across the right hand side of each drum was an octave of strings made from kid skin. They plucked the strings with one hand and beat the clear space with a stick and the cushion of the other. The lady and kid Jows all wore sandals with cleats of raw hide across the bottoms, and the way they hit the tan, four-four time, allegro, was fierce. But to get onto the subject of dope: they made a mush, coloured with blueberries, a sort of nocturne in purple and brown. Then we had peacock stuffed with butternut meats; roast and boiled baa-baa and baked pig garnished with wild leeks."

"And all kinds of giblets," said Hen. "I tell you, nothing with giblets, from muskrats to babies, is safe about me now. Petey and me went to Jowburg looking like taffy-pulls, and in six weeks we were roly-poly at the ankles, same as an English slavey, and looked like twin Tafts."

"After we'd been in Jowtown for some time," resumed Petey, "Hen began to get restless, and I could see that something was weighing heavily on his bosom. I began to figure that maybe he was in love, when he ponied up and threw his discard right into my lap. 'Say, Petey,' said he, 'I've been thinking. I believe I can fix the male persuasion of Jowburg so they'll be able to walk on the flat and straight path. Been figuring on it for some time. Now, it's like this: you can't dock the guys, they'd look out of drawing ,but you can add to the shortage. Then we'll have a Jow that will be safe to turn loose on the level and he can travel the flat land without bumping into himself. My idea is to build an attachment like a small cradle-rocker, as wide as thre foot and the same length, with side straps running from the foot to the knee, a strap over the toes and instep, and two around the leg.' 'All right, Hen,' said I, 'go ahead, but for the sake of my large family, work it on our Jow first, and put him on a picket line while he makes the try. My liver's been floating ever since we played ring-a-rosy on the flats.' Well, Hen made a peach of a job the first crack. We fitted our Jow into it, and got on each side of him to give him a fair start, but he took to it like a duck to water. Glad! I should say so!"

"Gawd, wasn't he?" said Hen, "I had to rub the glad spots he left on me with hoof oil for two weeks."

"Well," said Petey, "he teetered some, at first, but in half an hour he had it mostly his own way. Then we started him onto a bit of shelf-land and had Jowtown turn out to see Willy perform. Say, it was great! In fifteen minutes the whole burg was ours; and all the Jows were on their elbows. For two weeks we worked overtime; we were peg-leg makers to the Kingdom of Jow. All the time we'd been evening up with the Jows, the Obhikes—the tribe on the flat lands—were making ready for the yearly feast. One week each year was set aside for celebrating and cultivating the glad hand. The feasts and merry-making were always held on the level; and the Jows had to be skidded to the scene of action. But this year they sure had a surprise for the maws-in-law. About three days before time to drop in on the relations down hill, Jowtown was turning out cookies, baked peacock, goat and pig. Early in the morning of the beginning of the *fête* week, the chow was taken down on a sort

of hill-scow. Talk about good grub! Ambrosia was like the fourth course in a cheap restaurant 'side of that feed layout, and when the dinner horn rang out, 'come-a-running, come-a-running, make your shirt-tails crack,' Great Kybosh! you should have seen the speed of us! Talk about your Ben Hur chariot race —it was tame fish alongside of our swoop on the Obhikes. We all had wooden scoops with goose-neck handles. You sat on them, grabbed the goose-neck between your legs, and trusted to luck to come to, when you reached bottom. When we started, it was just a fright."

"Dangdest row I ever heard," said Hen. "Chicago board-of-trade, hell and camp-meeting all mixed together."

"Our Jow gave the word," said Petey, "'Skidoo,' said he, and we skid. When the baa-baas saw us coming, they yelled for help and stampeded all over the hill. The peacocks screamed, pigs squealed and Jows and Jowlets howled like Apaches. We whopped her up some plenty on the start, but after we got properly going, and the trees began looking like a fine tooth comb, we put in our moments reaching for breath. We tore like blue blazes down the smooth patches. Scratching over gravel, dropping and bumping off short ledges. I never in all my life—"

"That's right, Petey, it was a fright. Like getting into line bargain Friday."

"When we landed and examined conditions, we found that Hen would have to walk with his back to the fence, until draped with a peacock tail."

"Yes, and wasn't I just too cute?"

"But it was all in a day, and we made a day of the week. Then we told the Jows we'd have to hinch along. We were getting wheezy and needed a course in physical culture. They didn't want to lose us, but we were pining for society and the boiled shirt. So we kissed all the nice Jow ladies good-bye, and shook the camp. Two years ago we went back, or thought we did. We either didn't strike the right hill, or Jows and Jowtown had been blown off the earth. Nothing doing; nothing in sight. We found some flat-footed Crees on the low land, and they intimated that Hen and me were buggy in the works. I've always said to Hen, it's a clear case of inborn bashfulness and procrastination putting a clog in the wheel of science."

"Munchausen was a liar," said Beatty, "but you two——!"

"Rise," said Hen, "rise, Petey, and bow to the gentleman, you funny old son-of-a-gun."

RECOGNITION

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

From out my arms Love strayed in long gone years,
A slender, weakly child, all doubts and fears.
To-day there met me in Life's market-place
A love with sturdy limb and ruddy face;
Entranced with all his charm, I stood, and lo!
It was my little Love of long ago.

By

F. A. ACLAND

THE appointment of Mr. W. L Mackenzie King, M.P., as one of the British delegates to the International Opium Conference opening at Shanghai on February 1st is not only a marked compliment for the gentleman named, but is an illustration of the continual development of Canada in matters having an inter-Imperial or international bearing. One precedent after another, suggesting community of interest and looking to unity of action within the Empire, is being swiftly established in these days, and in this way the pathway to an imperial unity of some sort is being roughly blazed, though often it may be without any definite consciousness on the part of those concerned of doing pioneer work of this kind. The nature of this particular conference is an example, too, of genuine advancement in the attitude of the great nations to a question of general morality, since it marks a serious and concerted effort on the part of the powers concerned to assist China in the herculean task of extirpating the opium habit from among her people.

* * *

If one may judge from the recommendations on the subject contained in a report to the Chinese Government from its own officials charged with an investigation of the matter, the most drastic measures will not be too severe to fall within the sphere of possible reforms, the suggestions including not only a proposition for the sale of opium only by a system of permits both as regards sellers and buyers, subject to heavy penalties for infringement of the law, but also a recommendation for the establishment of a list of opium smokers with names and place of residence, to whom all honours should be closed and who should be treated as pariahs, while, so far as the official classes are concerned, those who persist in the habit are to be deprived of their rank. This is reform with a vengeance, indeed, and represents an interference with individual liberty which would perhaps be impossible under any system of Government other than an autocracy. It shows, however, the earnestness with which Chinese statesmen are considering the subject and is suggestive of the magnitude of the evil for which a remedy is sought. The international aspect of the matter develops in connection with the immense foreign traffic in opium, in which, of course, Great Britain, through India, is vitally interested. It is gratifying to know that the Anglo-Saxon nations are taking the lead in coöperating with China to reduce the production of opium, and Canada does honour to herself in participating actively in the counsels relating to so vast and beneficent a scheme of reform. There will be representation at the conference also from all the

great nations of Europe and from the leading countries of the East.

* * *

The cable despatches lately told us a somewhat mystifying story of certain other despatches that had been received, so it was alleged, from the land of spirits or dreams. Through the medium of a Mrs. Piper, a Boston spiritualist long resident in England, communication was said to have been established with the spirit of the late F. W. H. Myers, a scholarly gentleman who died five or six years ago and who was much given in his day to psychical research; and Mr. Myers was alleged to have forwarded from the spirit realm several messages of curiously vague import and even some lines of verse, the latter of a character not at all likely to improve the excellent literary reputation he had earned while on the earth. Not much attention would probably have been given to the matter by the general public but for the fact that the name of Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the foremost scientists of the age and an intimate friend of the deceased scholar, was quoted as an authority for the genuiness of the whole story. Sir Oliver being known to have a *penchant* for speculative theories in the direction of psychical matters and to be a leading member of the Society for Psychical Research of Great Britain, the use of his name seemed to give serious weight to what would have passed otherwise for idle gossip, if not, indeed, for a foolish hoax. The cable has said no more on the subject, but it is interesting to notice a tiny letter of eight lines in a recent copy of the London *Times* in which the widow of the late Mr. Myers, referring to the alleged spirit-messages states explicitly: "My son and I wish to state, in reply to the many inquiries we have received, that after a very careful study of all the messages we have found nothing which we can consider of the smallest evidential value." We may take it for granted that the use of Sir Oliver Lodge's name in connection with the matter was not authorised and may hope that the preposterous story has received its quietus. But it is astonishing how little the cable troubles to set the public right on matters when it has for the sake of a sensation set it all wrong.

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Perhaps things will be better in this respect when we get the penny-a-word cable rate, a condition which appears at last to have passed within the region of practical politics. Possibly the drop from the present high rates to the low figure suggested is too much to expect all at once, although the change would be hardly greater than that effected in the original achievement of penny postage. It is very certain, however, that if the Empire secures its own cable system, making of it what the Hon. Mr Lemieux felicitously described during his recent visit to England in connection with the project, as "an all-Red Cable," the rates will be greatly cheapened. Cheap cable communication between the various parts of the Empire, but more particularly between the mother country and the overseas communities, will mean the forging of a new imperial link of tremendous strength. As Mr. Lemieux himself has pointed out, it is inconceivable that serious friction or difficulty could exist under its influence. Such a system, too, would enable many of our leading newspapers to maintain their own special correspondents in London, a luxury they have never yet been able to afford, or from which, in the rare instances where the effort has been made, the high cable rates have prohibited an adequate return in the way of usefulness.

* * *

Speaking of newspapers, that interview with the German Emperor which appeared in the London *Daily Telegraph* was certainly a brilliant

journalistic feat—"scoop" it used to be termed in newspaper parlance. There has been, of course, a world of criticism of the action of the Emperor in giving such an interview to the representative of a foreign country, but there has been no suggestion that the newspaper took other than a perfectly natural course in publishing what the impulsive sovereign had said. From a newspaper point of view the interview was perhaps the finest piece of copy since the London *Daily Mail* published the exclusive story of the massacre of the foreign legations in Pekin, with the difference that the interview was founded on fact and the massacre on fiction. The interview caused in Germany probably the severest crisis through which the Emperor has passed, and perhaps his personal popularity, which cannot be doubted, alone averted a serious weakening of his authority. As it is, the Emperor has been given to understand in the plainest of terms that if he is not more circumspect in his utterances his imperial wings will have to be trimmed, and the Emperor, who, when he stops to think, can no doubt read the signs of the times as well as his neighbour, has definitely promised in future to keep tongue and pen under better control. He has, indeed, but to look across to the neighbouring isles of Britain to find in his uncle, our own Edward VII., the best of examples of a constitutional monarch, whose example he could not do better than follow. We cannot well imagine King Edward giving out an interview to a Berlin newspaper; yet the British sovereign is not without influence in Europe.

* * *

The times are not in fact propitious to autocracy in any form, save in that of a more or less graceful fiction. Real autocracies are toppling over at a rate that is almost alarming. Japan is an old story, of course, yet it set the great precedent of modern times, and in its wake are travelling Russia, Persia, Turkey, China, each one with a brand new parliament established or about to be established, and each manifesting aspirations for free and enlightened government that will not be gainsaid. We need not imagine that the demand will be limited to these. A wave of enthusiasm for progressive and well-ordered government of the type evolved in Britain is sweeping over the whole world, and in every land the forces that make for the higher life that comes from intelligent effort and strenuous toil are being strengthened and advanced. Just where it will all end it is impossible to say, and we may depend upon it that long before the end comes there will be painful and bitter moments for every nation as for every individual, but we may at least be sure that these old nations who have rusted so long in their fetters are the better already for the glimpses they are getting of human freedom and will enjoy a larger and higher measure of happiness as their shackles are one by one struck off.

* * *

Canadians cannot but feel a deep and even pathetic interest in the troubled condition of India. Week by week the situation appears, judged by the press reports, to grow darker and more ominous and is declared to resemble all too closely the period immediately preceding the great mutiny of half a century ago. There are two points in the outlook that furnish ground for hope. The British people, the rulers of India, are at once infinitely more powerful, more sympathetic and more prepared than they were in 1857. Facilities for communication and transportation have immeasurably improved, and the clouds that hang over India are being observed and studied in London as closely as in Calcutta; if wise statesmanship and high intellectual effort can avail to do so, the clouds will be dissolved.

* * *

Probably no more striking tribute

has been paid to Lord Morley at any time during his long career in literature and politics than that which reaches him now from every corner of Britain and of Greater Britain in connection with the giant task that occupies him in India. It is generally conceded that his retirement to the House of Lords would never have taken place but for his desire to be able to devote his great powers solely to the problems of his department. Lord Morley has a reputation that has never been surpassed for earnestness of purpose and sincerity of conviction, and as his essays on "compromise" show, no one realises more clearly the necessity of proceeding a step at a time in the achievement of real progress. No matter how deeply his sympathies may be stirred by the unhappiness and unsatisfied ambitions of large masses of the people of India, he lays theories aside in a great crisis and becomes a man of action. He is ruling India firmly and will not have untimely concessions forced by murder and conspiracy. When the clouds have passed—if pass they shall—Lord Morley will be the first to concede all that India can safely accept to-day.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, who finds a speedy solution to most problems that come to him, has settled what shall be done with ex-Presidents of the United States. He at least is going to be an editor, if report speaks truly. First, indeed, he is going to take a holiday, and naturally his holiday will take the form of hunting. Big game in Central Africa, then the delivery of a Romanes lecture at old Oxford, where, needless to say, he will receive an LL.D., and then, somewhere about the fall of 1910, the editorial chair. *The Outlook* is the lucky journal, always one of the sanest, best edited and most influential among the weekly journals of the United States. From his editorial chair Mr. Roosevelt will exert a healthy and beneficial influence on the public life of the day. His absence for eighteen months or so will perhaps prevent that influence being in any way embarrassing to his successor at the White House.

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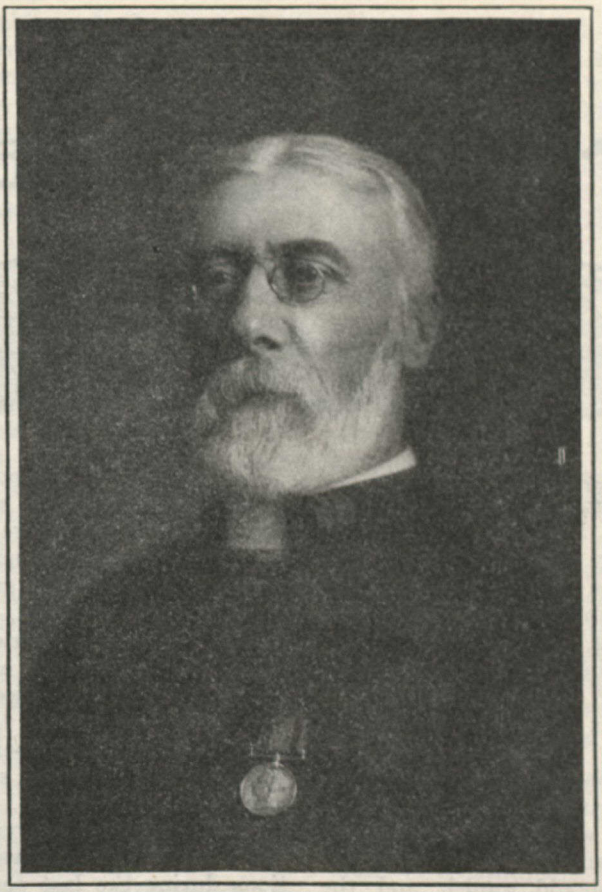
It is curious to reflect by the way that at the moment of writing there is no ex-President of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt will be alone in his class when he enters it. American statesmen in these later days have not been long-lived, not counting, of course, those whose lives have been unnaturally shortened by the hand of the assassin, a class which unhappily includes a large percentage of those who have filled the highest office in the Republic. Perhaps Canadian politics are less strenuous than those across the border. Sir John Macdonald lived to a good old age and died in harness; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after twelve years of arduous premiership, finds himself at 67 in better health than before he took office, and despite the long term of office Sir Wilfrid has enjoyed, Canada is still able to present in Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper two hale octogenarians who preceded the present Premier in the leadership of the Government.

* * *

Few pastors celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their charge under circumstances so happy as those that awaited the Rev. Dr. Barclay of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal. His congregation had arranged the testimonials and addresses which an able and popular pastor might under such circumstances expect, but an incident which gave the anniversary an interest and importance almost sensational was the announcement of the munificence of Lord Mountstephen, a former member of the congregation, in placing to the credit of Dr. Barclay, in honour of the occasion, no less than $75,000, or, to be exact, $75,325. The sentences in which Lord Mountstephen expressed his intentions were Nelsonic in their



REV. DR. BARCLAY, OF MONTREAL, WHO RECENTLY RECEIVED A GIFT OF $75,000 FROM LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN

terseness and brevity: "I do not wish to interfere in any way with what the congregation may wish to do in regard to a testimonial but would like to do something personally. Will you see Dr. Barclay, and, if he does not object, use the authority I enclose and transfer to Dr. Barclay securities for $75,325." The kind thoughtfulness of the Canadian peer is as pleasant to hear of as the princeliness of the gift itself. The congregation of which Dr. Barclay is pastor ranks among the wealthiest in the Dominion, and it was as a body not unmindful of the pastor's celebration. Although the members did not make so magnificent a gift as Lord Mountstephen made, they nevertheless manifested their appreciation in a very tangible form. Let us hope Dr. Barclay will live long to enjoy a good fortune more frequently deserved than reaped in pastoral work.

To Shakespeare's Mother.

Did he, madonna, on thy bosom turning,
Look in thy woman-eyes and see soft fires
Glowing and melting, passioning and yearning,
Lit with the mother-light of far desires?
Oh, did he fix his still regard upon them,
Learning their meanings manifold and strange,
Climbing with wonder up to count and con them
Ere they should vanish and the moment change?

The visions that thy soul revealed him then,
Though thou hast died, madonna, may never die;
They dwell eternal in pure Imogen,
Cordelia's truth and Desdemona's sigh,
Rosalind's Arden, Miranda's island wave,
Girlish Ophelia's love, and Juliet's grave.

—George Herbert Clarke, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

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The Temperance Question.

A READER of *The Canadian Magazine* has addressed a letter to this department, asking why the "Temperance Question," as the interested writer calls it, is not discussed more frequently in these columns, since the whole matter is one of grave importance to the household. There is no doubt that the restriction of the manufacture and sale of liquor must be creating public discussion to a remarkable extent. On this continent, there is hardly a magazine which has not an article on the subject in the twelve months' *menu*. The articles on feminine intoxication, which have appeared so freely in various publications during the last year, have been commented upon in this department, but the general matter of what is called temperance legislation is too large a subject for anything but lengthy discussion.

Frankly, I believe in prohibitory laws if they will prohibit. Some excellent citizens, entirely in favour of temperance, have grave doubts as to the efficacy of such enactments, stating that, where prohibition is tried, the last state of that community is worse than the first. However, the fact that liquor dealers almost invariably throw the weight of their influence against prohibition may indicate that such legislation *does* diminish the sale of intoxicating drinks. One would prefer to see humanity rise to such heights of dignity and self-control as to avoid drug

and drink habits out of mere respect for whatsoever things are decent. However, humanity, in this matter, appears to be lamentably weak and in need of re-enforcement.

Woman is playing a more quiet and, perhaps, a more effectual part in the modern movement against liquor than she played in its earlier stages. With the exception of the hysterical Carrie Nation, the feminine upholders of the temperance cause are more intelligent and broad-minded than the pioneers in the movement. Their views are stated with firmness, but with moderation, and their efforts to protect the home against the greatest curse of modern times are carried on with a unity which means strength. The evils, attendant upon the liquor traffic, are so great, the abuses in connection with its manipulation are so vile, that it is difficult for a sensitive woman to enter upon temperance work without becoming, for a time at least, extreme in her views.

"What I cannot understand," said a young worker among the distressed of a Canadian city, "is how a Government can allow this traffic to go on and actually license it."

The ways of any Government are, indeed, wonderful, but there are many indications that the men in civilised states are rousing to the drink danger and are insisting on its diminution. The drink evil appears to be especially rampant in Anglo-Saxon countries, Latin Communities preferring light wines in moderation to a disgusting excess in strong drink. There are readers of modern fiction who find Miss Corelli's tracts too violent for the dictates of literary judgment. But there is little doubt that her recent novel, "Holy Orders," is doing a great work in the fight against the British brewers. Her depiction of a besotted village is in most vivid colouring and her assertion that the workingman's beer is poisoned, has aroused the public conscience to an extent hardly hoped for. However, the would-be clerical reformer of the story cannot hope to do much for the labourer unless the wine is banished from the vicar's table. The inconsistency of a clergyman, who indulges in French wines, preaching total abstinence to a hard-fisted toiler is almost ludicrous. There must be some sacrifice on the part of the enlightened before the degraded elements of society can be reached.

The charge that many women are drinking to excess has been made, again and again—sometimes, it is to be feared, with a view to sensational effect by the speaker or paragrapher. The dames who drink were dealt with severely last year by the yellow journals, the magazines and the novelists. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the latest to write on the subject in an article "Bridge-Whist and Drink" in the Christmas number of the *Red Book Magazine*. Mrs. Atherton expresses this arresting opinion:

"I have known many men of brilliant parts with a weakness for alcohol, but I have never known a woman drinker who was not more or less a fool. Women of strong brains do not take to drink to drown their woes or to stimulate their brain cells . . . I think that when a woman of mature years takes to drink she is not worth bothering about . . . The world is well rid of her like. No doubt it is one of Nature's plans to determine the survival of the fittest, for some women have enough provocation in their daily lives to drown their woes. But the ninety-nine find strength, and if the hundredth cannot, she were best out of the way."

This seems the last word, if a hard one, on the subject of the inebriate "lady." She is an unedifying object and has tottered long enough through the columns of newspapers and magazines. Let us despatch her quietly to the gold cure, or decently inter her, with the hope that the evil she has done may not live after her. She is offensive to eyes, ears and nose, being ugly, noisy and malodorous, and

her disappearance from the planet and the press would fill a long-felt want.

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THE OLD FIRMS.

IT is curious how the well-known labels on jars, bales or boxes become so familiar that they finally seem like old friends. An English writer on "An Art in its Infancy," referring to the gentle ways of the modern advertiser, says that the returning Briton may soon be able to discern on the "white cliffs of Albion" the familiar sign of a sauce, preserves or pickle, familiar to his childhood. We object decidedly to this fashion of spoiling the landscape, but are by no means averse to the old friends' faces in the Christmas magazines. I remember once, when more than a thousand miles away from Canada, being seized with an attack of something resembling homesickness, at the sight of a familiar label on a marmalade jar. The astonished merchant did not seem to understand why I clamoured for that particular jar nor why I insisted on carrying it myself.

The names, "Pears," "Eno's" and "Horrockses," are almost as much household words as that of Queen Victoria herself. The last is assuredly British. "Horrockses" must flourish beneath the Union Jack, and it has a comfortable, substantial sound which belongs to dainty nainsooks, enduring long-cloths and flannelettes that are the stuff of which the best morning-gowns and blouses are manufactured. There is, in fact, a permanence about these standard British goods which is not always to be found in modern material; and the quaint eighteenth-century picture, going back to our great-grandmother's days makes us feel that the business houses of the "seventeen-hundred-and-ninety-one" have an interesting history on their shelves and counters.

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A BOOK WORTH READING.

IT is pleasant to read that "Anne of Green Gables," the delightful Prince Edward Island story by Miss Lucy Montgomery, is making friends everywhere. I have deplored, on several occasions, the scarcity of bright, wholesome books for girls. Wherefore, although that sparkling chronicle has been reviewed elsewhere, in an autumn issue of this magazine, it may not be out of place to refer once more to a story that is full of quaint and sprightly charm. The novel is by no means a story for juveniles only, but every unspoiled girl will surely take it to her heart. The chapter which tells of the story-telling club, in which the members composed such "thrillers" about Geraldines and Gwendolyns will appeal to every imaginative school girl. *Anne*, fortunate girl that she was, had no access to the city matinee and, consequently, had all the flowers, birds and trees of that island home to talk to and befriend. She is a captivating, if somewhat voluble young person, and we are going to Prince Edward Island next summer to become acquainted with *Anne* and Green Gables.

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BREAKFASTS THAT HAVE BEEN.

THE Lord Chancellor of England recently gave a breakfast to three hundred guests in the House of Lords, thereby reviving a social entertainment which once was a brilliant event. The *Argonaut*, commenting on the recent affair, remarks:

"A great array of every kind of sandwich loaded the table, but the dish most in evidence was chicken and ham. Champagne, hock and claret cup were available, though it was noted that the beverage most favoured by the legal world was iced coffee. The Lord Chancellor's breakfast, which is eaten standing, is an institution which goes back to the days of the versatile Brougham. For the last forty years it has been held in the House of Lords, but at an earlier date it was given in the Lord Chancellor's residence. It is a relic of the times when breakfast was a great social function. In the early years of the Nineteenth Century, the

breakfasts of the poet Rogers were famous as the *rendez-vous* of wits and literary personalities.

"Many other great men of that period had what may be termed the breakfast habit. Thus Mr. Gladsone was a regular giver of breakfasts and a constant attendant at them when given by others. . . To our ancestors the meal was a solid one, of many dishes of meat, qualified by sack possets or small beer, the ancient equivalent of soda water. Tea was not invented and coffee was only to be found in the mediæval analogue of the modern museum."

Breakfast has not entirely vanished as a social occasion. Even on this prosaic continent, there are certain old homesteads in the Southern States where there is an occasional "gathering" for breakfast, to which invitations are formally issued, the usual hour for assembly being ten o'clock.

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A Musical Maid.

THERE is an ambitious St. Thomas girl, Miss Gertrude Huntley, who has already realised part of her aspirations, in the form of several years piano study under Moszkowski and violin under Geloso in the city of Paris. Miss Huntley graduated from the Barron Conservatory, London, Ontario, took a post-graduate course under Alberto Jonas and a Chatauqua season with Sherwood before going abroad. On her return to St. Thomas this autumn, she was greeted by such an audience, as proved that the gifted young musician is honoured in her own country. Last March, the great Moszkowski himself, who had not played in public for nearly ten years, took part in this Canadian girl's *début* concert in Paris, playing his own concerto with his pupil. Miss Huntley is naturally enthusiastic over the master and believes the piano is her real work, although she has spent much time and energy in violin study as well. We shall probably hear her in Montreal, Toronto and, perhaps, away out to the Coast.

Miss Gertrude Huntley, an ambitious young Canadian musician

Jean Graham.

The WAY of LETTERS

Mr. Robert E. Knowles, of Galt, may now be regarded as firmly established as a novelist of more than ordinary ability. He is the author of four volumes of fiction, and, what should be very gratifying to a young author, his readers will regard his latest production as being superior to his other efforts in symmetry, technique and general excellence. "St. Cuthberts" and "The Undertow" earned for their author a wide circle of readers, while "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" was not so pretentious in volume or important as a piece of literature; but "The Web of Time" will give Mr. Knowles a standing among writers that is not easily attained nowadays. While dealing with some of the great passions and weaknesses of humanity, "The Web of Time" is not sensational, and it therefore will scarcely appear among the few "best sellers." Its appeal will be made mostly to thoughtful persons, and among such its influence should be pronounced and enduring. Hereditary susceptibility to the stimulating influence of alcohol is something on which all opinions do not agree, but all do agree that some persons are susceptible to such influence. Mr. Knowles takes the case of a father and son who, during the son's childhood and early manhood, are estranged owing to the father's weakness for strong drink. To that weakness the son in turn falls victim, and the novelist, with deft and convincing narration, baffles all the good offices of human love, sympathy and solicitation; and finally, after repeated failures to overcome the desire, conquest is gained through divine instrumentality. The reader is left to take for granted that a complete mastery has been bestowed from Above. In every other instance, the father and son (it is the son's, and therefore the hereditary, case that has been most seriously considered) have been unable to overcome the craving, and the reader reads for himself failure after failure, but he is not permitted to raise the veil and test the endurance of the spiritual deliverance. But perhaps that circumstance merely throws some light on the author's astuteness; and, if it does, a sequel must be forthcoming. If it does not, then the reader is at liberty to challenge the author and to say that in the efficacy and permanence of divine assistance in cases of human weakness such as the book so well describes this lesson is not finished. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, $1.25.)

*

Another Canadian writer, one whose purpose is perhaps more pronounced than usual is "Marion Keith", or Miss Esther Miller, of Orillia. Her latest novel is entitled "Treasure Val-

ley." Other earlier volumes by the same author are "Duncan Polite" and "The Silver Maple." The work of this young woman is marked with grace, wholesomeness, a decidedly Canadian flavour, while she might quite properly be credited with a keen appreciation of a humorous situation. Her humour, however, inclines towards caricature, and, instead of making her characters appear funny at times, she makes them appear a little ridiculous. She seems to pay rather too much attention to the niceties rather than to the subtleties of her art, but that is a detail that might easily be overcome. She develops situations that afford opportunity for the display of manly and unselfish traits of character and the redeeming virtues of human sympathy and compassion. "Treasure Valley" can scarcely be regarded as anything but a caricature of an out-of-the-way community in rural Ontario, but while a touch of caricature is in many instances a necessity from an artistic standpoint, it is scarcely so when the subject is in itself far removed from the commonplace. Some of the characters are well depicted. The theme of the novel is the redemption through childish intervention of a man who has lost his self-esteem and sense of moral responsibility. Throughout, there is an engaging love story. (Toronto: The Westminster Publishing Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

Robert E. Knowles, whose latest novel, "The Web of Time," is reviewed in this number

*

A Story of the Sea.

In "The Gentleman," by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, we have one of the best novels published in 1908. This writer's first work, "Bob, Son of Battle," was proof of a vigorous and original spirit in the ranks of English fiction writers. This latest novel by Mr. Ollivant is more brilliant and forceful than even the readers of his early work might have expected. It is a story of 1805, the summer of Trafalgar year, and it is such a tale of naval warfare as few have achieved. Napoleon and Nelson are felt, as moving behind the scenes in which the little *Tremendous* fights and sinks. It is a wonderful story of slaughter and strife, and yet told with a grace which never falls into mere gory chronicle. It belongs in fiction to the class assigned to Tennyson's "The Revenge" among ballads of the fleet. Indeed, the reader will, more than once, link the narrative of Ollivant with those lines from the poem:—

"And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three."

One of the most delightful features about the story is the italicised line after the conclusion: "*I will answer no questions about this book.*" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

"Fate's a Fiddler."

The question of title has often been mooted, but most of us will agree that "Fate's a Fiddler," from one of W. E. Henley's brave poems, is such as to invite the reader's attention. In this book, Mr. Edwin George Pinkham tells a delightful tale of a young hero's adventures, beginning with his earliest experiences in a wonderful old Boston book-shop. The hero's name, *Sumner Bibbue*, is reminiscent of Dickens and, in fact, the characters have a decided flavour of "David Copperfield," the hero's father being a modern *Micawber*, with all that worthy's gift of unfailing optimism. There is a villain of the old-fashioned sort who commits horrible deeds with a masterly finish, and there is a charming girl called "Starbright," who is well worth a hero's devotion. The story is told with an easy-going friendly touch which is rare in these days of hurry. By all means, the modern reader should become acquainted with the *Bibbue* family. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

*

A Novel Indeed.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has announced that "The Wild Geese" is his last work of fiction. It is to be hoped that this author will change his mind and, like the singers and actors of the fare-well tours, give us several more "last" novels. Mr. Weyman is an artist above most who are in the fiction field to-day, and even his host of imitators do not seem to have injured his reputation. He is preëminently a story-teller, leaving theology, science (Christian or otherwise), and frenzied finance to take care of themselves. A troubled corner of Ireland in the turbulent days of the First George is the scene of many a thrilling adventure. When one learns that the heroine's name is "Flavia," there is doubt of the author's wisdom, for the classic syllables recall at once the Princess who made Anthony Hope's Zenda a memorable kingdom. However, this later Flavia is worthy of the name and of the race from which she has descended. "The Wild Geese" is one of the best novels of the year. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

*

William Wye Smith's Selected Poems.

All who know the sympathetic and beneficent character of Rev. William Wye Smith, of St. Catharines, will be pleased to know that a volume of his selected poems has been recently published. While the author has never claimed to be a great poet, he has had many admirers of his simple and unaffected style. In some of his poems he strikes a delightfully quaint note, especially some that are written in the Scotch dialect. The selections cover a wide range of subjects, and are notable for their simplicity and kindliness. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.)

*

Tales of Unconventional Life.

Bohemia is a word that covers a multitude of human weaknesses. Its location is indefinite, and yet it is world-embracing, and may be found anywhere. For some persons a very small amount of unconventionality at once transforms the environment into Bohemia, while for others the transformation cannot be accomplished without a good deal of beer and song and loose society. "Tales from Bohemia" is the title of a volume of short stories by the late Robert Neilson Stephens, whose most widely-known accomplishment was the play called "An Enemy to the King." These stories have been collected and

edited in a most sympathetic manner by "J.O.G.D.," who gives a retrospect of the author and tells something about the circumstances in which he worked. The stories themselves are only fair. Some are much better than others, immeasurably better, and most of the best ones are reprinted from magazines wherein they first appeared. They deal with persons who live or lived in what is popularly regarded as a Bohemian way—actors, actresses, musicians, etc. While not being the work of a keen and artistic pen, some of them (to mention one, "The Triumph of Mogley") are well worth reading. They are illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith, and are excellently well presented by the publishers. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

*

AN INFERIOR NOVEL.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays created unusual interest some years ago with the novel, "He That Eateth Bread With Me," which treated of the "divorce question" in a more dignified style than that usually adopted by the novelist dealing with social problems. "The Road to Damascus," a later publication, showed a decided improvement in literary grace; but Mrs. Keay's latest attempt in fiction, "I and My True Love," is emphatically retrogressive, both in story and style. The authoress' "heroine" is a woman who cruelly forsook husband and child, because she found domestic life irksome, and lived for many years with a man who was fairly typical of the modern voluptuary. After his death, she suddenly became desirous to return to her husband, who had amassed fame and fortune as a popular playwright, and this obliging person displayed a magnanimity that was somewhat invertebrate. The characters are unwholesome in their cheap cynicism and unprincipled grasp of the material good of life, and there is no

Miss Esther Miller, of Orillia, who in the pen-name of "Marian Keith" is the author of several novels, among them her latest, "Treasure Valley"

distinction whatever in treatment of the subject. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.)

*

QUAINT CHARACTERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

To all who are tired of society and problem novels "Cy Whittaker's Place," by Joseph C. Lincoln, is recommended. This is a refreshing and humorous story of life in New Enggland, full of clean, wholesome, quaint dialogue an damusing situations. The humour begins even on the first page: "Keturah Bangs, who keeps 'the perfect boarding-house,' says it was Tuesday, because she remembers they had fried cod cheeks and cabbage that day—as they have every Tuesday. . . . Keturah says she is certain it was Tuesday, because she remembers smelling the boiled cabbage as she stood at the side door looking up the road. . . ." There are about thirty excellent illustrations

by Wallace Morgan (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25.)

*

NOTES.

—A book of recent date, entitled "Corrie Who?", by Maximilian Foster, may attract the reading public both by its cover design and by its name. The narrative deals with what is many a novelist's pet theme, namely, love and mystery. As may be imagined from the title page, uncertainty surrounds the life of the heroine, inasmuch as her identity or legitimate name is unknown both to herself and to her lover, till the concluding chapters are reached, when the barrier to their marriage is removed. The attempts at humour are by no means a pronounced feature. The description of the most outstanding character, *Mrs Pinchin*, who is the bane of the heroine's life, impresses one as being quite strongly drawn. This woman guards the secret attached to *Corrie's* life, to gratify selfish desires, and possessses a most unyielding, unattractive nature. The narrative is dealt with in a manner not unlike the make-up of what might be intended for a play. (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

—Artists will find much to interest them in the November number of *The Studio*, which contains several reproductions in colours of drawings by Edmund Dulac, a young illustrator who has within the last couple of years made a tremendous impression in British art circles, particularly with his illustrations of "The Arabian Nights." Although only twenty-eight years old, Mr. Dulac has displayed uncommon powers as a draughtsman, as well as a phenomenal imagination and great decorative skill. In delicacy of colour and technique his work is masterful. Besides these colour plates and an article on the artist, there are plates and articles on Auguste Lepère, painter and engraver; William Mouncey, of Kirkcudbright; the Scottish Modern Arts Association, recent designs in domestic architecture, and much other material of more than passing interest. (London, W.C.: The Studio Publishing Company. Is. net.)

—"Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road" is the title of a small volume of short stories, with a thread of connection running from one to another. The author is R. Henry Mainer. *Nancy McVeigh* is the mistress of a roadside tavern, and the purpose of the book is to show that the influence for good of a person in her position may outweigh the infiuence for bad that so often attends the selling of alcohol. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.)

—"Letters to the Family," a series of articles on Canada by Rudyard Kipling, are now available in book form. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Paper, 25 cents.)

—Messrs. Cassell and Company (London and Toronto) issue every year an excellent volume of reproductions of the Royal Academy pictures and sculpture, and the volume for 1908 is a most valuable one to all students and lovers of art. It contains more than two hundred reproductions, some of which are six by nine inches in size. The frontispiece is a splendid sepia photogravure of "The Boy and the Man," by George Clausen. More than 125 painters are represented, among them such well-known names as Sir Alma-Tadema, Frank Brangwyn, Annesly Brown, George Clausen, the late David Farquharson, Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, J. J. Shannon, S. J. Soloman and Arthur Hacker.

—"Talks to the King's Children" is a volume of short object talks for little folks by Sylvanus Stall, D.D. (Toronto: William Briggs. $1.00.)

Within The Sanctum

THE beginning of a new year seems to commingle in a most perplexing manner the opposing emotions of joy and sadness. Sadness(or is it seriousness ?) comes first and does not usually last long. With those who are awake, it begins about five minutes before midnight on December the thirty-first, and ends a few minutes after the new year has been formally ushered in. There is a peculiar psychological phenomenon that seems to bewitch the last few moments of the dying year, and it grows in intensity until the climax is reached during the atom of time that immediately precedes the tolling of the bells. Of course, to all who go indifferently to bed on New Year's Eve, just the same as on any other eve, and take no heed of the morrow, these words have no meaning, but many persons all over the world have experienced strange sensations, the holding of breath, the tension of nerves, that invariably come to those who cultivate the proper spirit for appreciating the passing of one more year. Looking at the circumstances from a purely emotional standpoint, one would almost feel that there were actually between the end of the old year and the beginning of the new a few moments of enchantment, moments that are not accounted for on the calendar and which are quite different from all the other moments of the year. As a matter of fact, we all know that there are no such moments, and, as we think about it, it is a natural and human thing to wish that the Gregorian mathematicians, instead of devising the leap-year balance, had set aside six hours every year, six hours during which there would be no legal responsibility; that is, that for six hours one might do whatever one might wish to do, and no person could rightly call it an offence against organised society. Such a state of affairs would for a brief time take us back to pre-civilisation days, and perhaps we would experience in a very trifling way something of the feelings of our early ancestors. It would be a real test of civilisation, because it would prove whether man, should he not have to, would act in a civilised way. But, most of all, it would test the seriousness of the spell that comes over us with the swinging out of the old year. If the psychological phenomenon, the witchery, or whatever it is that renders so potent the three-hundredth and sixty-fifth midnight would so enthrall us that during the six hours of uncalendared time we would not break out into barbarisms, but rather contemplate the seriousness of the passing years, then we could really feel convinced that there is, after all, some charm, something that works upon the emotions, in the surcharged moments that speed out the old and usher in the new.

At first sight, it might look as if the absence of leap year would place unmarried women at a disadvantage; but, with six hours of freedom from law or convention, there is reason in

believing that more would be attained than during the much longer time of 366 days. It is well known that, even during leap year, women propose matrimony in a very timid, half-hearted manner. In the first place, they have too much time, and they naturally feel that if failure meets them in the first instance they can still try again. But with only six hours in which to operate they would undertake the task with super-induced determination and enthusiasm, and, coming on the unsuspecting quarry with every sense attuned to the purpose of conquest, victory would be almost assured. There would be no holding back, no reliance on a more convenient season, no thought of the morrow. So man, thus approached on the spur of the moment, would fall a ready victim, and there would then be little talk of woman's rights.

*

The proposal to build the Georgian Bay ship canal, which would make navigable the stretch of country between the Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River, is being continuously brought up, and, in view of the keen competition of the United States in the grain-carrying business, men who realise the necessity for cheap transportation from the West are urging the advisability of building such a canal. Speaking recently before the Canadian Club at Fort William, Mr. F. W. Thompson, of Montreal, said:

"Has it occurred to you what it means to Canada when a bushel of export grain finds its way, say, at Emerson, into the United States? A bushel of wheat shipped from Winnipeg east pays a freight of six cents to the Canadian railways between Winnipeg and Fort William or Port Arthur. Further, on its journey towards Britain it pays toll, if kept within Canada, to Canadian shipping, and assits in affording employment to our working people at our seaports. The same bushel of wheat finding its way east *via* the United States would pay to our Canadian railways a freight of probably one cent, instead of six. The difference, if kept in Canada, that is, if our commodities be shipped on our own railways and over our own waterways, means that this freight, which we keep from American transportation companies, is largely circulated in Canada, is available for the construction and maintenance of our own railways, for the employment of our citizens, and for the preservation of capital, as well as the creation and building up of a vast inland marine. It is this motive, selfish if you will, that impels me to advocate that Canadians, irrespective of political opinions, should stand shoulder to shoulder for the upbuilding of transportation facilities within our borders, which can compete on a sound financial basis with any which can be offered by our cousins to the south

"As you well know, gentlemen, the United States, recognising the necessity of improving her facilities for transportation, is to-day engaged in the construction—at an expenditure considerably in excess of one hundred million dollars—of what is practically a new Erie Canal between Buffalo and New York. With this completed, as it will be within the next few years, grain can be shipped in larger bulk from Buffalo to New York, permitting a reduction of rates and increasing competition, which our transportation facilities must meet.

"As I have said, gentlemen, our statesmen past and present have done much towards our railway development, but there is at least one task which is still before us. Nature has endowed Canada with what is probably one of the finest systems of inland water transportation in the world, but nature in this, as in everything else, to be perfect, needs assistance, and what we want—what the people of this district want, what the commercial requirements of Canada demand—is that our Government

should immediately take up with all seriousness the construction of a ship canal connecting the waters of Georgian Bay with those of the Ottawa—a canal of sufficient capacity to make the cities of our great lakes, the lake cities, not only of Canada, but those of the United States as well—not what they are to-day, but for all purposes seaport towns, having direct connection by ocean-going steamers with the salt-water ports of the world. That this is economically and financially possible is my firm belief, a belief founded on investigation which I have made, and consideration which I have been able to personally give the matter. I believe, too, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, forseeing the necessity of this work, has obtained statistics and engineering reports which go far to verify my belief as to the possibility of the construction of this canal upon a cost basis which will make it without question profitable to Canada."

*

In the death of Mr. William Cooke, of Toronto, Canada has lost one of the fine type of Englishmen who were working fifty years ago in the upbuilding of the country's growing nationhood. Mr. Cooke came to Canada in 1852 at the age of twenty-five, and entered the service of the Bank of British North America at Dundas. Thence he was moved to Hamilton and to Galt. Finally, in 1877, he was appointed manager of the Merchants Bank of Toronto, which position he held until his retirement in 1889. Forty years of business life in responsible positions, where the financial ferment of the country was most actively felt, gave Mr. Cooke a keen sense of and a remarkable insight into Canadian affairs. The year 1857 was one of great financial disasters, and Mr. Cooke underwent much anxiety in endeavouring to guide his clients safely through the difficulties of the time, and in this and other ways his earlier life was not without exciting experiences. He was fond, for instance, when in a reminiscent mood, of telling how he frequently carried large sums of money in gold and specie on horseback between Dundas and Hamilton, when the road was not free from highwaymen and risk of other adventure. Mr. Cooke came of good English family, his grandfather having held the rank of admiral in the British Navy. Mr. Cooke's philanthropy was broad and deep; he rarely spoke of giving, but gave continually, and as a life member of the St. George's Society and the Home for Incurables, did splendid and lasting work. His last years were spent in a pleasant and well-earned repose.

The Editor

What Others are Laughing at

A Little Savage.

Little Nephew—"Auntie, did you marry an Indian?"

Aunt—"Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie?"

Little Nephew—"Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing-table."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

The Earth

The earth touches life at a number of important points. It is, to be sure, the Lord's and the fullness thereof, but by an amicable arrangement it is farmed out to the coal barons in such a way as not to hurt business.

The salt of the earth is one of the eleven primordial jokes.

By being of the earth earthy, we avoid becoming dotty over the good, the beautiful and the true.

The earth stops people when they fall out of their airships, and is a convenient contrivance for them to return to when they die. It gets itself wanted by the many and adds the envy of these to the joys of the few who obtain it. And finally it bestows merited distinction on the meek, by whom the earth, after being eaten up in the costs of administration, is inherited.—Ramsey Benson, in *Life*.

*

His Ailment.

Medical Student—"What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."

Medical Student—"I mean, what did he have?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."—*The Christian Register.*

*

A Modern Miracle

Charitable Man (to former blind beggar)—"What! have you recovered your sight?"

Beggar—"Well, you see, it's this way. I've lost my dog; and as I can no longer be blind, I have become a deaf-mute."—*Puck.*

*

Why?

One of the Friends—"Pardon me, sire, but why do they call you Satan?"

His Diabolical Majesty—"Oh, that's just an Old Nick name."—Cleveland *Leader.*

The New Curate (inquiring for parishioner) "Pardon me, is this No. 15?"

Lady of the House: "Lor' bless you, no, sir! This is only my sixth!"

SOLICITOR: ". . . . And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the first course to adopt—in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire."

CLIENT: "Yes, I see, Mr. Jones—if I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands." —*Punch*

DIARY OF A HUMOURIST.

Jan. 1st. Wife's mother arrived this morning for a three weeks' visit. Worked all day on a batch of "mother-in-law jokes."

Jan. 2nd. Cook got mad and left in a rage this forenoon. Spent the day turning out jokes about cooks in general and ours in particular. Sent them off this evening.

Jan. 3rd. Still without a cook. Wife tried to get dinner and made an awful botch of it. But the incident gave me an excuse to write some funny paragraphs on the subject, incidentally ringing in something about the things mother used to cook.

Jan. 4th. Just received a bill from the plumber. Charged me ten dollars for two hours' work. Bet I'll get even with the scoundrel. Witticisms at the expense of the plumber are always salable.

Jan. 6th. Received my spring poem back to-day. This makes the tenth time. I'm not discouraged, however; turned out a number of jokes during the day on the hard luck of a poet. Ultimately I shall probably receive more for the jokes than the poem would have brought.

Jan. 7th. The piano down below has just started up again. It's up to me to write some new musical funnyisms.

Jan. 28th. Just received an acceptance of the last of my jokes on the "bargain sale habit" to-day. I lay away a special fund with which to pay my wife's bills on bargain day. And this is no joke, either.

—*The Kazooster.*

*

HE GOT THE DAY OFF.

Employer.—"Whose funeral do you want to go to?"

Office Boy—"The umpire's."—New York *Sun.*

*

CRUEL.

Leading Tragic Man—"Did you see how I paralysed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house!"

Stage Manager—"Yes, they knew you weren't really dead."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE MERRY MUSE

GOODNESS, AGNES!

By EDITH FLORENCE ROBSON

The china falls from shelves and walls,—
My rare hand-painted, old in story!
When Haviland breaks and Worcester quakes,
Our Mary Agnes yells in glory.
Smash, Agnes, smash! Send the wild fragments flying!
Smash, Agnes! Let me do the buying, buying, buying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! They're drinking beer,
The foam from cut-glass tumblers blowing.
Oh, shock! Oh, jar! How near, how far!
Will that policeman ne'er be going?
Cram, Agnes, cram down the viands; they're drying;
Have friends—but cook! I'll do the buying, buying.

Oh, hear her sing ere birds on wing;
Her weird crescendo breaks my slumber.
Her whist-clubs meet on every street;
She flaunts admirers, without number.
Sing, Agnes, sing! Set the cart-horses shying;
Have your way, but stay! Cooks are flying, flying, flying.

*

THE THUNDER

By DONALD A. FRASER

When de win' is wild an' roarin'
An' de rain comes down a-pourin'
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'y toof;
Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin',
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's de troof;
For I feel de house a-shakin',
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,
When I'm big, I'll make him stop it,
An' he'll have to show de quickness of his hoofs;
For, if he don't skedaddle,
I will show him dere's a lad'll
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls down people's roofs.

*

HER POCKET

(His View.)

She was a dainty, tiny thing,
With curly hair and dreamy eyes,
I watched her furtively, and wished
That I could draw as dear a prize.

When, suddenly, she seemed alarmed,
Began to act a trifle queer,
Poke anxiously around her waist
And in her gloves to wildly peer.

I looked at her in true alarm.
Alas! that all my scattered wits
Could not recall a thing to do
For pretty maidens having fits!

I watched her grab each arm in turn,
And pinch it firmly every place,
Until I saw a tiny lump
Appear amid the filmy lace.

She clutched it. Were it made of gold
She could not wear a look more pleased.
A handkerchief—size two by twice—
She drew—and then, at last, she sneezed!

—New York *Herald*.

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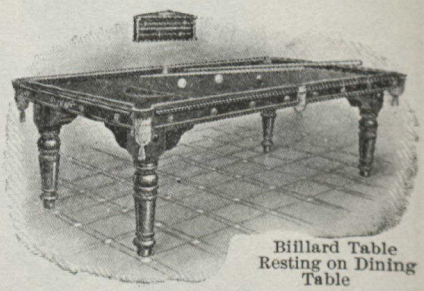

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CANADIAN AGENT: JAMES BRODIE, 226 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL

From Whom Catalogues and Full Particulars can be obtained.

Three-Thousand a Year

On a Stock of $1,500

A Young Montrealer Who Is Succeeding in Turning Over His Clothing Stock Fourteen Times a Year

Working all day in a retail store. "Riley" Hern of Montreal managed to make $900 a year as a salesman. He was engaged in a Semi-ready tailoring store in that city. He was a good salesman, and understood his business.

Mr. Hern's right name is William Milton Hern, but everybody calls him "Riley"—just because.

Probably the best hockey player in Canada, "Riley" Hern has piloted six teams to championship honors in eight years. He has energy with some to spare.

A year ago Mr. Hern decided that the time had come to launch his own business craft, and for a time he looked about him for a location. He had the promise of an exclusive Semi-ready agency at any point where the company was not already represented.

He selected an unoccupied shopping district in the city of Montreal, and rented a neat store which was fully a block away from any store. It was, in fact, off the business streets altogether.

The store was fitted up with six Semi-ready wardrobes in quartered oak, and the cost of wardrobes, carpets, window fixtures and the tailor shop for finishing and altering just took half his capital.

He had an available capital of $1,500 cash to begin with, and of this amount $750 was expended in fixtures and store equipment.

He opened his store early in the month of May, 1908, with a stock of $1,500 in his wardrobe, for which he had paid half cash.

Before the end of May he had transacted a business of $1,000, and his gross profits were about $275.

Every month showed an increase, until he has now reached an average of $1,800 sales each month, or an estimated total business of $21,600 yearly.

The store rental is very reasonable because of its location, which is on Dorchester Street, near the St. James Club.

Taking the rent of $300 a year, clerical expense of $900 a year, and incidental expenses of $300, there is a total expense of $1,500 to be deducted from gross profits of about $6,000.

Practically, Mr. Hern is turning over a stock of high-class clothes for men fourteen times each year. On a capital investment of $1,500 he is making a net profit of over $3,000 a year.

How does he do it?

The old-time clothier or custom tailor would be pleased if he "turned over" his stock three times a year. Very few of them do it. Naturally their expenses are higher in proportion, and they must charge larger profits.

Mr. Hern adopted a system outlined by the Semi-ready Company for another city. He equipped his store on the plans submitted. He supplemented his stock of semi-ready clothes by an active presentation of the Semi-ready Special Order samples. The company gave him a "complete tailor shop" in their Special Order outfit. They finish up all his orders in four days, as they do for all their agencies in Canada.

Is this an isolated case of Success?

Norman Brooke, who was with the Sun Life Insurance Company, started a business on the same lines at Point St. Charles. His stock in eight wardrobes did not cost him more than $700, and his fixture account was about $400. His first month's business was $1,080. His second month totalled $1,200. He believes that his net profit for the year will be just double his former salary as an insurance agent.

At the head offices of Semi-ready, Ltd., Montreal, they say that they can relate many similar instances of merchants who have started in business with their line and made money. A larger capital affords a larger measure of success, but big capital is not imperative. Mr. Hern's success is due in great part to the service and correctly tailored garments which he is able to offer his customers. "Semi-ready" clothes are highly thought of in the cities where correct dress is studie

SEMI-READY, LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

To Resist the Cold

You need something more than clothes merely—they can never supply that inner bodily warmth that defies all external cold, and which is a matter of healthy tissue, good blood and good circulation.

"CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP" supplies the essential elements which generate this priceless inner warmth.

It supplies it more quickly and in greater abundance than anything else—because it contains all the fat and tissue making qualities of ripe corn—ready for immediate assimilation into your blood and tissues.

See that you and your children partake plentifully of it. Commence to eat it now. Simply delicious with bread, crackers, pancakes, porridge or made up with pastry and in puddings. For cleanliness, purity and your convenience your dealer has it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.

Established 1858

Offices: Montreal and Toronto

Works: Cardinal, Ont.

Avoid Caustic & Acids

Old-fashioned cleaners, with their surface-destroying caustic and acids, are rapidly giving way to Old Dutch Cleanser because this natural, mechanical Cleanser does all their work—

CLEANS
SCRUBS
SCOURS
POLISHES

and does not harm surfaces in the least. It is entirely free from acid, caustic or alkali. Sold in large, sifting top cans.

Cudahy—Omaha—Maker

10¢ At all Grocers

"Why the mail was late"

Mr. Edison made all sound-reproducing instruments possible but he perfected the Edison Phonograph.

AMBEROL RECORDS *for* EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

are Mr. Edison's newest and greatest invention. They are no larger than the regular Records, but hold twice as much music and play twice as long.

Every Edison Phonograph in existence, except the Gem, can be equipped with an attachment to play these new Records as well as the old Records.

There are new Records fresh every month for the Amberol Records as well as for the old Records. All new machines are equipped to play both. Any old machine can be easily equipped to play both by consulting a dealer. A full line of Edison Phonographs can be heard and both kinds of Records can be enjoyed at the store of any dealer anywhere in the United States.

There is no excuse for anyone to be without the pleasure that is furnished by an Edison Phonograph.

One of the greatest pleasures which the Edison Phonograph affords is making Records at home. The Edison is the only type of machine with which this can be done.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere and to everyone. Prices range from $12.50 to $125.00

Edison Amberol Records, 50c. Regular Edison Records, 35c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison

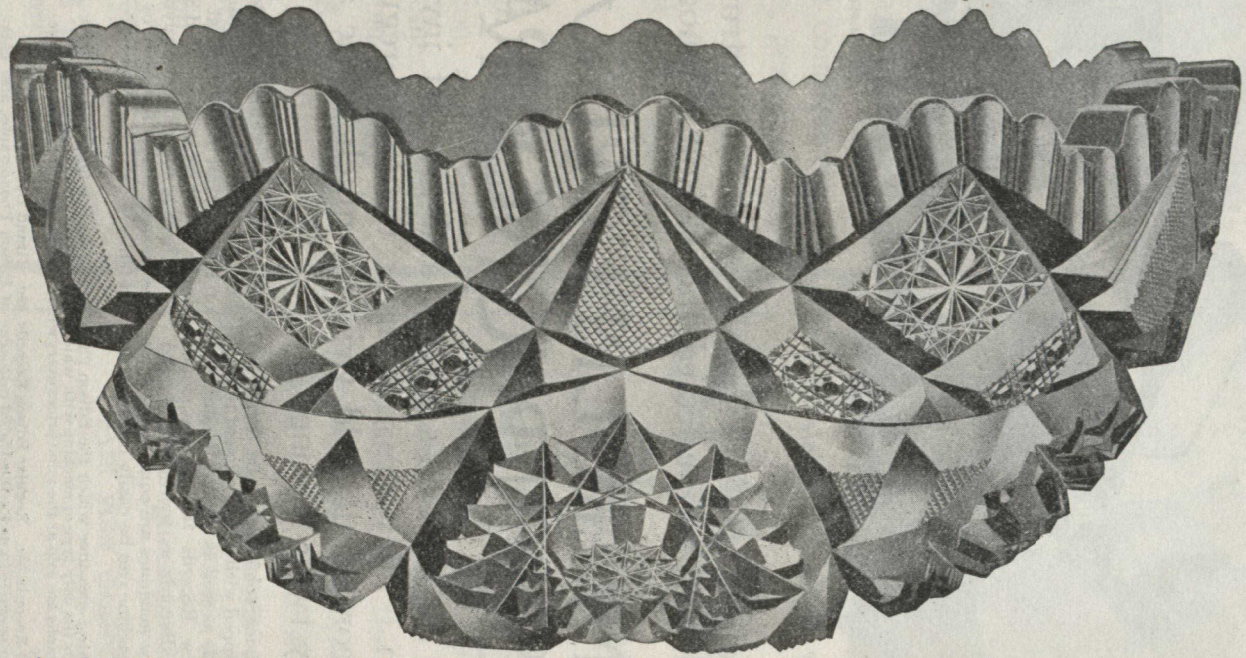
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J.

New York, 10 Fifth Ave.; London, Victoria Road, Willesden; Sydney, N.S.W., 340 Kent St.; Mexico City, Avenida Oriente No. 117; Buenos Aires, Viamonte 515; Berlin, Sud-Ufer, 24-25; Paris, 42 Rue de Paradis.

THE EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH means shorter hours for the business man

This Handsome Cut Glass Bowl only $4.90

Few things add as much elegance to a room as a piece of rich cut glass on table or buffet—always in perfect taste and as brilliant as a diamond. This store was the first in Canada to be satisfied with a modest profit on fine cut glass, and to sell it at prices that are within the reach of all. Our cut glass prices are quoted all over Toronto as rock-bottom. The following offer will set a new low-price record:



Here is a rich, eight-inch Cut Glass Berry Bowl, cut in combinations of star, pillar and hobnail cuttings, with deep, bold, free lines—one of the most artistic cuttings ever conceived. This bowl is cut in large quantities for us alone, and for that reason we are able to get the price of it down to **$4.90**

Bowls of this quality are regularly sold elsewhere for $10

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

What is the Mark

On Your Silver?

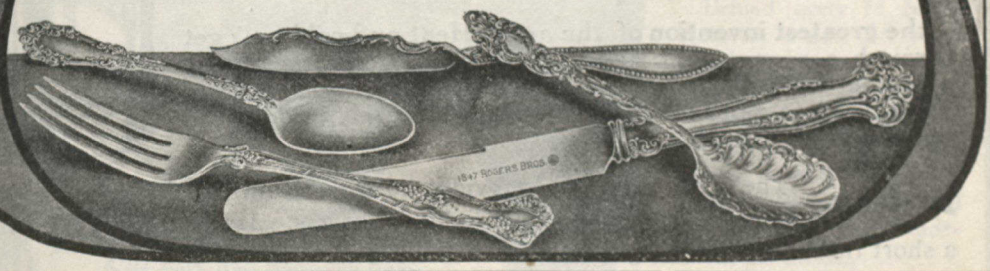
TEA SETS, CANDELABRA, TRAYS, ETC. SHOULD BE STAMPED:
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
MERIDEN B. COMPANY
...ROGERS BROS.

SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC. SHOULD BE STAMPED:
"1847 ROGERS BROS"

If your spoons, knives, forks, etc., bear the "1847 ROGERS BROS." trade mark, and your Tea Sets, Candelabra, Trays, etc., the MERIDEN B. COMPANY mark, as here shown, you have the assurance that they are the best made—*"Silver Plate that Wears."* These marks stand for the highest quality in silver plate.

Additional pieces to match any design in these goods can always be supplied by local dealers at any time. Write for our **New Catalogue " 41 "** showing all new and leading patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, HAMILTON, CAN.



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

A DRUG-LESS CURE FOR ANY DISEASE!

Hercules Sanche

No need to drug yourself. Let **Oxygen** cure you.

Oxygen is Nature's great purifier. It literally burns up disease.

Oxdonor applied at home while you sleep—creates in the whole body a powerful affinity for **Oxygen,** so that it is absorbed freely from the air. This abundance of **Oxygen,** in blood and tissues, immediately attacks whatever disease may exist, and if no vital organ is destroyed it quickly restores perfect health.

Rev. L. Richmond Smith, Petite Riviere, N.S., writes: "I have used **Oxydonor No. 2** since last December for Bladder Trouble of four years standing. I can say that at the present time I have scarcely a symptom of it left. Am using **Oxydonor** for Catarrhal Deafness. The Catarrh tself has troubled me for the past fifteen years, and since using **Oxydonor** I am improving in my hearing every week. I feel very much invigorated in body and mind, and have worked harder this winter than any winter for at least ten years. Can sincerely recommend **Oxydonor** to anyone troubled as I have been."

Write to-day for our free booklet telling about **Oxydonor** and its remarkable cures.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.
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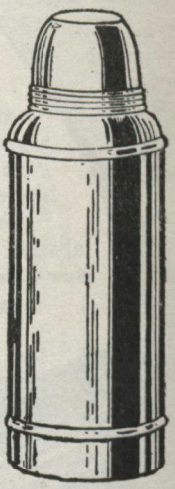
Useful Every Day Everywhere

Here is what you have been needing and wanting for years—a bottle that will keep liquids *boiling hot* for *24 hours* in the *coldest weather* or *ice cold* for *72 hours* in the *hottest* weather—



THE

THERMOS BOTTLE

—the greatest invention of the age. Heat and cold *can't* get through a *vacuum*, and the Thermos Bottle consists of one glass bottle inside a larger one *with a vacuum between them.* The Thermos Bottle is *always ready*—you merely pour in the liquid and cork it up..

At Home The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold drinks for light meals without building a fire or lighting the gas. It will save its price in a short time, besides saving bother and work.

At Office Everybody, from the head of the firm to the clerks and stenographers, finds the Thermos Bottle a convenience and an economy. Have the bottle filled with hot coffee or any hot or cold drink and you have it when you want it.

At Shop The Thermos Bottle provides every workman with hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noonday meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating. If you buy coffee at noon, the Thermos Bottle will also save money for you.

The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold refreshments on MOTOR TRIPS—on RAILROAD JOURNEYS—on any kind of OUTING TRIP.

Thermos Bottles are sold in the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes.

Prices from $3.50 up. ■ *Send for free booklet.*

ALWAYS READY. NEVER REQUIRES ANY PREPARATION.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LIMITED, Montreal

203

Turnbull's Knitted

M Bands

Mean Comfort for Baby

The above picture shows how the tapes are carried from over the shoulders to the tab to which diaper is attached, absolutely preventing sagging or stretching or tearing of the garment.

The wool used is made from the Australian Merino Sheep, noted for its beautiful softness.

Sold by all first-class dealers and made by

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Ltd.

GALT, ONTARIO

Established, 1859

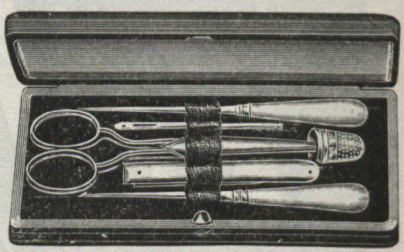
1318

RODGERS CUTLERY

is unequalled for economy and durability. The above trade mark guarantees the high quality that ensures durability and economy, and distinguishes RODGERS' CUTLERY from all others.

Ask for 'RODGERS' and look for the trade mark'

Used in the Royal Households.



JOSEPH ROGERS & SONS Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD ENG.

If you should play ten different pieces every day, it would take five years to run through the compositions already available for

The GOURLAY ANGELUS

In the meantime, thousands of new pieces would have been added from year to year. So that, practically, you could never reach the end.

This merely goes to show the inexhaustible mine of pleasure in

The Gourlay-Angelus

The Piano anyone can play Artistically

YOU need not wait the convenience of some one else who can play; some one else, whose mood may not be the same as yours, whose repertoire is most likely limited. With a Gourlay-Angelus you can play for yourself *whenever* and *whatever* you like. With its repertoire of many thousand compositions, you can satisfy any mood of the moment. You can become intimately familiar with the loved classics of the masters; you can keep abreast of the times by playing the popular music of the day, light operas, musical comedies, dances, what you will.

The fascinating fact is that you can play any of this music yourself, whenever you wish, in exactly the way you feel it ought to be played.

This is made possible the wonderful Phrasing Lever, the Melody Buttons, the Melodant, the Diaphragm Pneumatics. These vital features are exclusive with the Angelus and to be had in no other instruments.

The remarkable, new "Artostyle" Music-Rolls make it possible to render, *at first sight*, any music with all those delicate shadings of time and tone that go to make truly artistic playing.

You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in to-day and play it yourself. No obligation.

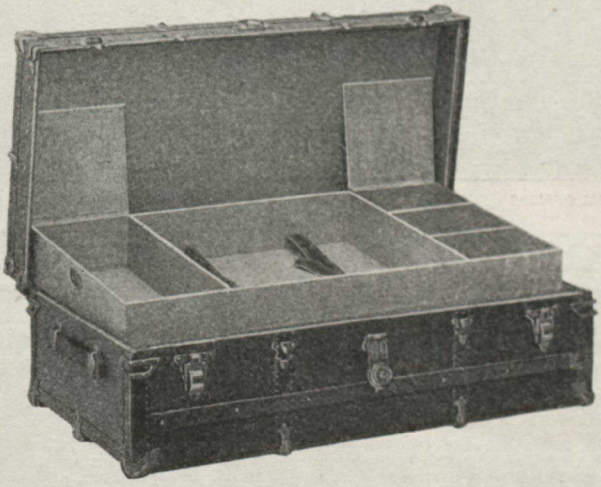
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming 188 Yonge Street **Toronto**

We pay Special Attention in Outfitting for Foreign Travel

STEAMER RUGS
$5.00 to $10.00

Waterproof Canvas Carryalls
$3.50 to $6.00

Steamer Trunks



No. 848. A new Steamer Trunk and the finest finished we have ever made. A new feature is the light wood slats we use in place of the heavy usual kind. This Trunk is bound with hard fibre and has all brass corners and locks.

32-inch $14.00 34-inch $16.00 36-inch $18.00

Before going away for the winter you should get our new catalogue. It illustrates all the newest in Traveling Goods and Leather Goods. We pay express in Ontario.

The JULIAN SALE
LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited
105 King Street West, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK GENERAL OFFICES CANADIAN EXPRESS OFFICES

The Grand Trunk Railway System

ITS RAIL AND WATER LINES TOGETHER WILL TOTAL 15,134 MILES

IN 1907 IT CARRIED 20,305,275 TONS OF FREIGHT AND 13,854,883 PASSENGERS

MANY people fail to appreciate the commanding position that the Grand Trunk Railway System occupies among the great Railway Systems of the North American Continent. It is the Pioneer railway of Canada and one of the earliest built and operated on this side of the Atlantic.

From a financial standpoint, the Grand Trunk Railway System is the largest organization in Canada, and one of the greatest in the British Empire—the total capitalization of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiary lines being $353,268,487. Including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the total capital at June 30th, 1908, was the enormous sum of $447,898,932 for the entire Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific System of Railways.

The present total mileage of the Grand Trunk, including its subsidiary lines, is 5,300 miles, with a double track mileage of 1,035, which makes it not only the longest double track railway in Canada, but the longest continuous double track railway under one management in the world.

Great Rail and Water System.

Including the mileage of the Grand Trunk Pacific main line now under construction and contemplated—3,560 miles, of which 2,240 miles are under contract, also 5,000 miles of branch lines—the total length of the entire System of Railways will eventually amount to 13,895 miles.

In addition to the rail mileage the Grand Trunk operates steamer lines on the Great Lakes, between Midland, Depot Harbor, and Fort William, Milwaukee and Chicago. It also owns and operates large car ferry steamers on Lake Ontario, between Cobourg and Charlotte (60 miles) and on Lake Michigan between Milwaukee and Grand Haven (distance 80 miles), the total mileage of lake lines being 1,239 miles. Adding the lake line mileage to the rail mileage above, gives a grand total of 15,134 miles of rail and water lines.

Grand Trunk's Enormous Business.

With regard to the amount of business handled: The Grand Trunk also stands in the forefront. During the year 1907, on the entire Grand Trunk System, the number of tons of freight handled amounted to 20,305,275 tons, while the number of passengers handled was 13,854,883. According to the official reports for 1907, the Grand Trunk takes rank among the ten largest Systems on the North American Continent, based on the business handled (freight tonnage and passengers), while on its lines in Canada only it handled 2,000,000 tons of freight and 2,100,000 passengers more than the railway doing the next largest business; also, according to the Government reports, it handled 27 per cent. of the total freight hauled, and 33 per cent. of all the passengers carried by all the railways in Canada.

"Forest, Stream and Seashore"

A Book of Over 200 Pages

Illustrated in colors and in half-tone, giving well written description of the country contiguous to the line of railway, replete with historic incident, legend and folk lore, worthy a place in any library.

Send ten cents in stamps to

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
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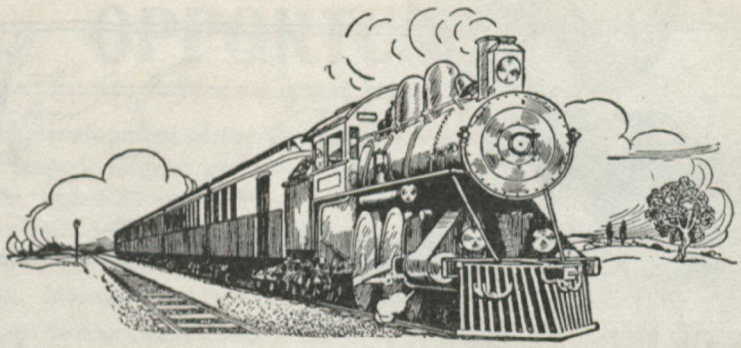

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Bright and com ortable coaches of the most modern design ; sleeping, dining and parlor cars unequalled in beauty and excellence of service. Wider, higher and longer berths a noteworthy feature of Canadian Pacific sleepers. Courteous employees on all lines.

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You can afford a

New Scale Williams Piano

By our system of easy purchase

WE make it a very easy matter for you to buy the finest piano in Canada—the "New Scale Williams." We arrange the payments—so much each month, and you have the use of the piano all the time you are paying for it.

It is the ideal way to acquire a piano. And the "New Scale Williams" is the ideal piano—beautiful in finish—glorious tone and volume—sensitive touch—and absolutely guaranteed as to materials and workmanship.

We will send you—free of charge—beautifully illustrated booklet describing the New Scale Williams Pianos—and also explain our purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail us to-day.

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Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan.

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Beware of cheap colors if you want a lasting, durable picture. Your time is valuable. Use it only with standard colors for Canvas and Paper.

Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors are the only standard and they are cheaper than cheap colors because they go farther and are more beautiful.

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IF I WERE A QUEEN

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

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

A Man May Eat Any Meal

And Digest It Easily If He Will But Try.

FREE DIGESTIVE TABLETS.

Don't be afraid of your meals. The reason you have dyspepsia is that something is lacking in your digestive apparatus necessary to the stomach's work.

A perfect stomach loves to work. Perfect digestion is not afraid of any meal and benefits by its consumption of food the whole machine of man.

Stuart's Dpspepsia Tablets make easy the work of digestion, because they combine active fruit and vegetable essences which are needed by the stomach.

These essences are so powerful they digest food without aid from the stomach- They have done this with a meal encased in a glass tube.

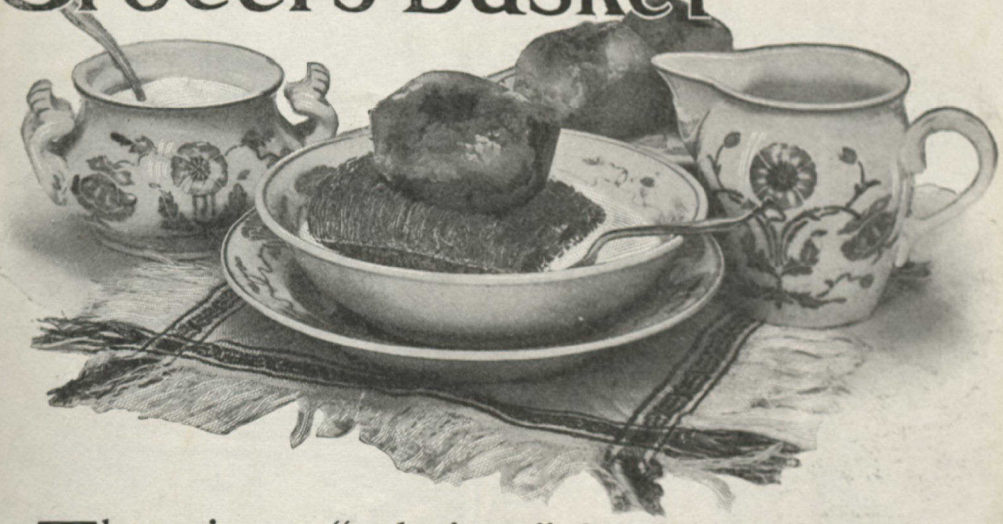
We will send a trial package to any one free for his name and address.

Eat what you will or when you will, then take a Stuart Dyspepsia Tablet and see how you will digest that meal. In a short time your stomach will have a natural supply of gastric juices and your whole system will be able to take care of digestion easily.

Ask any druggist about Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. His answer will tell more than we can say. Ask him how they sell. If you want to buy them give him 50c. But if you want to test them write us and you will receive a trial package by mail without cost. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.


The best Manitoba wheat, the cleanest and most modern mills, the most skilled millers combine to give
Royal Household Flour
those baking qualities which make up the choice of discriminating housewives everywhere. If your grocer does not carry
Royal Household Flour
he will get it for you.
The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
Montreal, Winnipeg, Ft. William

Watch the Grocer's Basket



There is no "substitute" for Shredded Wheat Biscuit, but it is just as well to watch the grocer's basket when it comes. When you order Shredded Wheat you want

SHREDDED WHEAT

After once tasting the crisp, delicious shreds of baked wheat, you will not be satisfied with mushy porridges. Food fads may come and go, but Shredded Wheat goes on forever. Always pure, always clean, always nutritious, always the same. Fresh from our two-million-dollar sunlit bakery—a million and a quarter Biscuits every day in the year.

Shredded Wheat is made in only two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT—the Biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with baked apples or other fresh or preserved fruits. Triscuit (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) used as a TOAST for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and twice baked. The process is protected by forty-one patents in the United States, Canada and Europe. Both the Biscuit and Triscuit should be heated in the oven (to restore crispness) before using. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST FOOD" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.

1321

ROYAL SOUVENIR

Heavy Steel Plate Range

THE AVERAGE MAN—when buying a new Range is influenced a great deal by the appearance. In this respect the "Royal Souvenir" fills the eye, as it is symmetrical in outline and very handsomely nickelled.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN—after the new Range has been installed in the kitchen, takes over the duty of making a test of the baking qualities. This is where the "Royal Souvenir" shows to best advantage, as she will find it is easy to operate, and responds instantly to dampers and checks.

What more is there to add?

The Best Dealers Sell "Souvenirs"

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