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VOL. XXXVII

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## Mother's Day

Is when she moulds the habits, health and beauty of her children. Beauty and softness of skin texture are the natural heritage of nearly all infants. Unfortunately, this birth boon is often undervalued and neglected, with the result that the beauty gradually disappears.

The use of common impure soaps is answerable for much of this skin deterioration, and for this there is no excuse, since the best and purest of all skin soaps

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVII.

No. 1

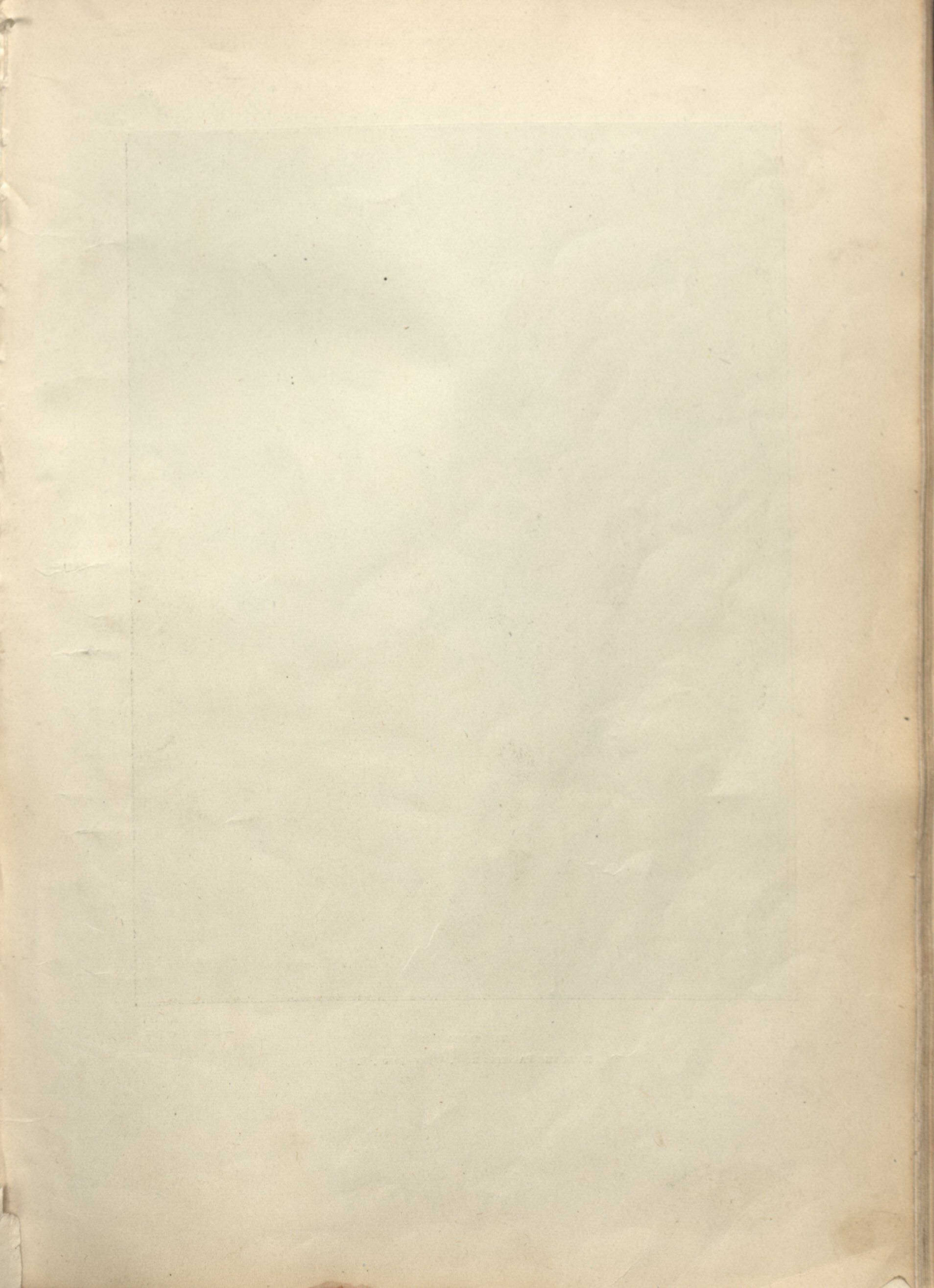
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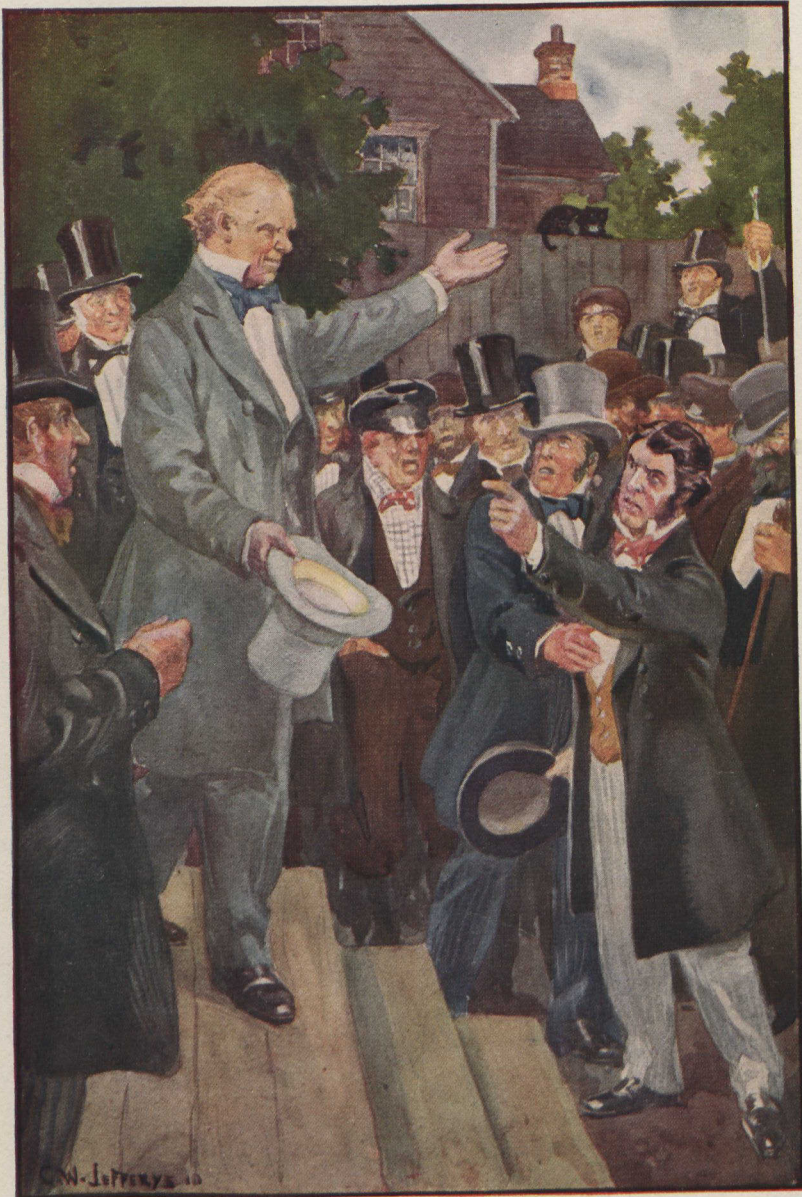
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Painting by C. W. Jefferys

Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher  
FIRST MEETING OF JOSEPH HOWE AND CHARLES TUPPER



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII

TORONTO, MAY, 1911

No. 1

## FORT GEORGE: ITS AWAKENING

BY RUSSELL R. WALKER

*Illustrations from photographs*

IN the picturesque Fraser Valley of Central British Columbia, near where the hurtling waters of the pretty Nechaco River sweep majestically into the Fraser, there stands, and has stood for nearly a century, the trading-post Fort George. Here, for a space of time, the beginning of which antedates the childhood days of the oldest inhabitant of the valley, the *siwash*, with his *kloochman*, has bartered with the shrewd factors of that intrepid body of pioneer merchants The Honourable The Hudson's Bay Company, exchanging the pelts of the beaver, marten, otter, mink and kindred fur-bearing animals for blankets, trade-guns, steel traps, and those staple articles of food, flour, sugar and tea—so essential to the appeasing of the epicurean appetite of the modern Indian.

Here, less than a year prior to the time of writing, I witnessed the birth and development of the embryo town of Fort George—"A city in the making," so say its optimistic builders; and a brief study of existing conditions leads one to agree with them. A keen rivalry between the promoting interests, and an unwillingness to cooperate, have resulted in the placing on the market of two or three town-sites, each possessing the name "Fort

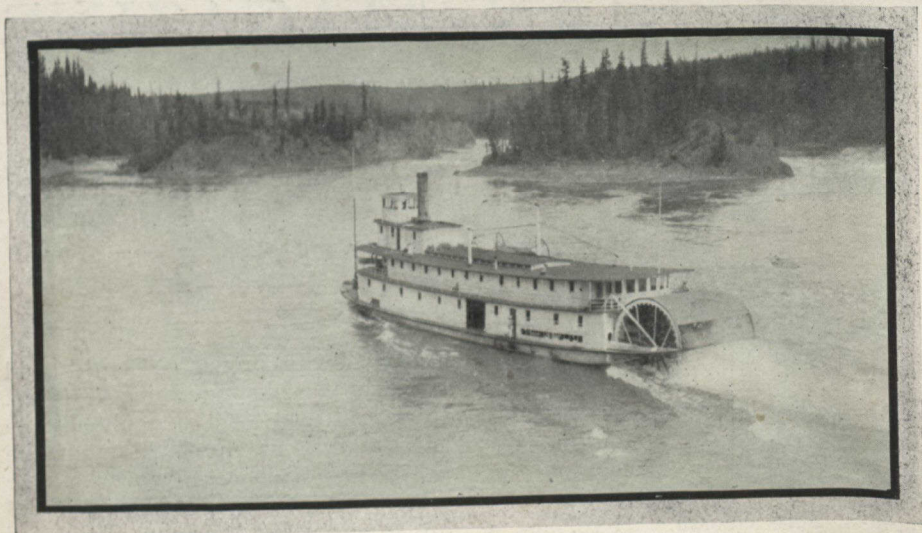
George," with prefixes "South" and "Central" as distinguishing features. However, there will undoubtedly be but one city at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers when the transcontinental railroad, now building, is completed—and that the *united* Fort George. When speaking of Fort George, I therefore have reference to the united city at the confluence of these two beautiful rivers, the city that is rapidly becoming the commercial centre of the interior of Canada's Pacific Province.

"The Call of the Wild" and "The Lure of Gold," two incentives, which, when combined, amount to an almost uncontrollable passion in man, were sufficient reason for finding myself at the close of April leaving the bustling City of Vancouver on the "Limited" for Ashcroft, at which point connections were to be made with the stage for the Interior, accommodation having already been secured by wire. I had anticipated a ride of about two hundred miles in, or on, a typical Western stage, drawn by the customary four-horse team, but was agreeably surprised at being able to secure a seat in a fine new touring car, which was one of several machines being used experimentally to ascertain the possibility of transforming the



nerve-racking ride on the stages into an automobile excursion. The experiment happily proved a success, and the ride from Ashcroft over the famous old Cariboo Road in this modern lux-

pleted during the summer. A snapshot of the first to be placed in commission is here shown, the picture taken as she was entering the rough waters of the Fort George Canyon.



A "STERN-WHEELER" ENTERING FORT GEORGE CANYON

urious manner, to the village of Soda Creek on the Fraser River, was a delightful experience, and one which will long remain a pleasant memory. To the awe-stricken natives the flight of the big car seemed a revelation of the infinite, and it was indeed small wonder that they gazed at us in open-mouthed amazement.

A few scattered dwellings, built mostly of logs, a post-office, store and telegraph-office, with the customary saloon, constitute the village of Soda Creek, at which point we boarded the steamer for our trip up the Fraser. The village derives its name from a small creek running near it, the waters of which contain carbonate of sodium. Here all the steamers operating on the Upper Fraser have been constructed, the materials having been hauled into the country on freight waggons at great expense. There were three new boats under course of construction; all of which were com-

This steamer during the summer revolutionised navigation on the river and maintained a semi-weekly service, affording a comfortable and pleasant mode of travel. The trip up river earlier in the season was hardly so pleasant; in fact the discomforts were its most noticeable features. However, the object of my fellow travelers and myself was to reach the little town in the north, and we were fortunate in finding ourselves on board the *Nechaco*, the "Pathfinder of the Interior."

By great good fortune I secured accommodation for several horses purchased in the Sheep Creek Country to the south. These were to be used for riding and packing purposes. One would travel extensively before beholding such a heterogeneous cargo as that carried on the old *Nechaco* that trip. In addition to horses, pigs, chickens, and farm implements, there were stoves, beds, baled hay, flour and





NEW ARRIVALS AT FORT GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

supplies of all kinds piled promiscuously all over the boat wherever there was a foot of room. The horses were so cramped that they were unable to lie down for three nights and were nearly exhausted upon reaching the Fort; their small quarters and the

excessive heat of the boilers quite close to them not being conducive to comfort. Most of the passengers were little better off. A few secured all the berths which the little craft boasted and the rest stretched out on the upper decks, securing some sleep des-



pite the uncomfortable surroundings. Passengers and crew were truly a cosmopolitan aggregation. The French fireman cursed the Indian deck hand for his laziness and called to the Swede

soon everything was comparatively quiet.

After battling for three days against the mighty current, the heavily laden *Nechaco* finally rounded a



THE FRASER RIVER NEAR FORT GEORGE

“working his way” to “pass that wood a little faster” and, lying on the upper deck with my blanket about me, the guttural jargon of the Chinese cook and flunkey reached my ears.

On my left lay a Scotch laddie, scarce out of his teens, anticipating the founding of home and fortune in the new land; but then, as we lay under the starry sky, methought he longed for the silent handclasp and gentle caress of his waiting lassie, “sae far awa in the guid hame land.” His rich brogue as he told me of her that night was music to the ear, and I trust I may see them together some day in his comfortable little cabin, which has since then sheltered me. “Gott in Himmel, dis iss der limid” exclaimed the sturdy German with whom I was touching shoulders on the right; “We doand haff sooch ships like dis on der Rhine.” I smothered a laugh and expressed the wish that we had better beds on the Fraser. Just then the boat ran her nose into the bank, tied up for the night, and

curve in the river about one mile below South Fort George, and we had our first glimpse of the little settlement. The afternoon sun was shining brightly as the steamer hove to opposite the town, and soon a landing was made. Practically all of the few inhabitants met the boat, some to welcome incoming friends; others idly curious; the arrival of strangers with news from outside being quite an event in the lives of some. The mail was at once taken to the house of the factor at the Post and the letters spread out on the table in the dining-room, each man acting as his own post-master.

Not being able to secure sleeping quarters, I unpacked my outfit and pitched the tent, which, with several pairs of heavy blankets, had been shipped in from a trading-post farther down the river; tents and blankets, owing to the great demand, not being obtainable in the upper country, except at fabulous prices. After a hearty meal consisting of pork and





"OLD MARY"—GRAND-MOTHER



"OLD MARY'S" GRAND-DAUGHTER

beans, bread and canned butter, prunes and tea, served in the little log restaurant just opened for business, I set about putting my tent-home in order and, being somewhat worn out after experiencing the discomforts of the week's travel, turned in for a good night's rest. This, however, was not to be undisturbed. After sleeping for what seemed to be a very short time I suddenly awakened and sat erect, hearing stealthy footsteps close to the tent and a voice, lowered to a whisper, saying "You go to that side and I'll take this corner." I sprang noiselessly out of bed and stood in the centre of the tent, nervously awaiting developments. These came speedily. Someone pushed a mangy cur in under

the tent flap and presently the ridge pole struck me on the head and the tent collapsed about my ears, leaving me struggling—as was my canine companion—to get free. Instead of an interesting, though undesirable hold-up, as first expected, I came to the conclusion that this was my initiation. Standing out there in the cold at midnight in dishabille, with the tent to be erected again before I could crawl into the warm blankets, I failed to see the humorous side of the situation; but, judging by the outbreaks of laughter floating back on the cool night air, and growing fainter in the distance, my late visitors, at least, were enjoying my discomfiture.

The next few days were spent in



making my surroundings as comfortable as possible, taking short trips into the neighbouring country, and visiting the Indian village near by. The sound of saw and hammer was heard on all sides and new settlers were arriving daily, some coming in over the trail from the south and others arriving on the steamers. The river was rising rapidly, and navigation of the wild waters of the canyon, twelve miles below, was becoming difficult for the small boats. June is the month of high water on the Fraser and, now that the warm days had come, the snow in the mountains was melting rapidly and the river rising accordingly. Cool days, with rain, cause the river to lower considerably, for the moisture which falls as rain in the lower country falls as snow in the mountains, where the river has its source, and this does not melt until the return of the bright warm days, thus causing the river to rise again.

At last navigation was temporarily closed, and for twenty-seven days we had no communication whatever with the outside world; no mail arrived; no telegraph or telephone system was in operation, and as the days passed by it seemed as if we were indeed cut adrift from the world. The death of King Edward had occurred four days before the news reached the Fort. An Indian who had tramped the entire distance from the telegraph-office, over a hundred miles away, brought the news, saying, "Big King, he dead." The flag at the Fort, flying at half-mast, was the first intimation to many that the great ruler had passed away.

Supplies were running short; butter and fresh meat were luxuries, and the town ate pork and beans for a week, this diet being varied occasionally by the addition of fish. It was with feelings of relief that the welcome whistle of the steamer was finally heard, and she arrived with a small supply of fresh meat and other much

needed provisions. It was not until the new steamers were completed and placed in commission that the shortage in supplies was relieved. The strict game laws forbade the sale of any game, and although there was an abundance of deer, moose and bear meat to be had, very little of it found its way into the town.

Meanwhile the community prospered and, despite the many drawbacks and inconveniences, building progressed rapidly, houses and stores being built in a few days. A man's friendliness was measured by his willingness to lend hammer, saw or square. Axes took the place of hammers; roofing material was at a premium, and when I finally found myself ensconced in a home a little more pretentious than the tent, it was not so comfortable after all, as about as much rain came through the roof as was shed by it.

A small saw-mill attempted to supply the demand for lumber, but its output was wholly inadequate, and it was rather amusing to see men eagerly buying lumber and carrying it away as rapidly as the boards fell from the saw, and, in many instances, if a man added a dozen boards a day to his incomplete dwelling he was fortunate. The people lived mostly under canvas and, as the weather was mild, this was a pleasant and novel experience. The population was composed mainly of men, but, as the months passed by, women, as well as men, arrived and pleasant social evenings were spent. The community boasted a fiddler, and dances were held in the new billiard hall, the dull monotony of the long evenings being thus relieved. Despite the fact that no hotels as yet existed, the inebriating draught was ever present, and several "blind pigs" did a roaring business, disregarding law and order. Gambling for a time became common. Black-jack joints flourishing day and night. Soon, however, the law-abiding element gained the upper hand and



great progress was made in general improvement. Church services were held in a large tent, and although sermons were almost always delivered to a small congregation, the presense of a

tent and blankets, I developed a great deal of respect for the Indian's prowess as a canoeeman.

Life during the summer and fall months in the beautiful valleys and



FORT GEORGE ON JUNE 10, 1910

“sky-pilot” at least was beneficial.

My work necessitated a great deal of tramping through the Fraser and Nechaco River valleys, riding wherever the trails would permit, and working on the rivers and lakes in cottonwood canoes. These canoes are dug out of cottonwood logs by the Indians, who become expert in their use. To see an Indian canoe race is to witness a wonderful exhibition of skill in the handling of these little craft. The waters of the majority of the rivers are so swift that in working upstream it is necessary to hug the banks, stand erect, and propel the canoes by means of poles; and to accomplish this feat, and make good progress, requires some skill and much practice. The careless use of a pole often results in a cold bath and, after capsizing my canoe and precipitating my companion and myself into the icy waters of one of the mountain streams, thereby losing some of our provisions and soaking

among the lofty mountains of this new country is indeed enchanting, and if it were not for the murderous mosquitoes and black-flies it would be well-nigh perfect. During the fly season no comfort can be obtained unless one wears a veil during the day and sleeps in a mosquito tent at night. The most satisfying moments of the day, during this season, for the bushman and camper are when he finally crawls under the cheesecloth walls of his mosquito tent at night and listens, with sighs of relief, to the hum of the myriad wings of these little butchers.

Nevertheless the exhilarating pleasures of the outdoor life more than offset the discomforts. The latter part of August is pleasant, and when the shooting season opens on the first of September, the days have become beautiful; the hot weather has passed, and the first signs of Autumn—the best season of the year—appear.



Trout as gameful as ever rose to a fly are to be found in the many streams throughout the valleys, and several catches of "Rainbow" made by a companion and myself in a small lake a few miles east of Fort George were very fine, as many as fifty being taken in an evening. On the shores of this lake, which is but a few hours' tramp from the town, over a good trail, we came across the home of "Old Mary"—a squaw possessing more activity and business acumen, despite her great age, than a dozen ordinary members of her tribe, who live, or rather exist, in dirty hovels on the Reservation at the Fort.

The lake abounds in trout and whitefish, and the catching of the latter is practically the sole occupation of the old squaw, who lives here the year round with her grand-daughter, drying and smoking the fish caught, making occasional visits to the Indian village to dispose of her catch. Several times have I met the strange couple on the trail, plodding along with huge loads of fish on their backs, several mongrel curs following them, each carrying a goodly sized pack. The accompanying photographs, taken one evening after my companion had gladdened the heart of the old soul by

paying her for the use of her canoe, give a good idea of the habits and dress of these people.

The trout were jumping splendidly, and very eagerly we paddled the cottonwood dug-out into the centre of the lake and commenced fishing. After two hours of exhilarating sport, during which time we secured nearly fifty fine trout, we ceased fishing, made ourselves comfortable in the canoe and rested, well content with our catch. The lake was as placid as a mill-pond and, as the soft shades of evening slowly fell, all nature seemed to rest. The occasional splash of a leaping trout was heard, or the weird cry of a loon floated discordantly across the water. The twittering of the birds on shore was hushed, and when the full moon rose over the eastern hills it shone upon the most peaceful scene I have ever beheld.

The months passed quickly and it was with considerable reluctance that I parted with the friends made there and left the familiar scenes in that new country; and, as I stood on the steamer's deck as she left the landing, I could agree with the enthusiast who the day before exclaimed, "Truly, in this favoured land we have a rich heritage."





# THE FUTURE OF THE FRENCH-CANADIAN RACE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LEMAY

BY W. S. WALLACE

[This article is the translation of the greater part of a paper printed in the *Revue Canadienne* for 1910. How far the sentiments expressed by the writer represent the mind of the French-Canadian people, it would be difficult to say. The *Revue Canadienne* is a journal published by a group of professors in Laval University, and should be fairly representative of educated French-Canadian opinion. With regard to the present article, the editor says in a footnote, "We welcome it with pleasure in the pages of our Review." This would seem to be a sort of endorsement. On the other hand, the editor points out that Mr. Lemay is a young man, and is apt to see things en couleur de rose. "To many some of his statements will appear, from this point of view, very optimistic." Perhaps the youthfulness of the author does not detract from the value of the article so much as the editor of the *Revue Canadienne* would appear to think; since it is among the young men that the strength of the present Nationalist movement in the Province of Quebec is to be found.]

THERE are three alternatives which present themselves to Canadians, three great paths which open before the destinies of Canada: Independence, annexation to the United States, or the continuance of the *status quo*.

No one can doubt that whatever else may happen in the future, the colonial tie will go on, by reason of the natural force of things, growing weaker and weaker until it finally breaks. This movement will probably take place without noise and without shedding of blood, in the same manner as the separation of Norway and Sweden took place in 1905.

To use a familiar metaphor, there will appear some fine day in the heaven of nations a new star of the first

magnitude and of an unprecedented brilliancy — the star of Canada, thrown off by the momentum of liberty from the constellation of which it had hitherto been compelled, by the ever-decreasing force of necessity, to be the satellite.

The imperialistic movement at present seems to be a refutation of the views which I am advancing; but I am confident that the future, and the very near future, will prove me right. If England leans too heavily on the colonial tie, that tie will finally stretch and break.

When will that happen? It is very difficult to say precisely. But it is reasonable to suppose that the men of our generation will be witnesses of it.



Let us suppose first of all that we remain simple colonials, as we are to-day. At the rate of increase in our population, there will be in a century, to judge by the century and a half which has elapsed since the cession of the country to England, 40,000,000 French-Canadians in North America. In 1760, under the old flag of France, our fathers, the true proprietors of this land which they had cleared, and which they had watered with their blood and their sweat, were about 60,000 in number. To-day there are 2,000,000 of us in the confines of Canada, and this number is perhaps equalled by those of our race who live in the shadow of the star-spangled banner. But let us suppose, so that we shall not appear to exaggerate, that North America contains only 3,000,000 French-Canadians. That means that where there was one French-Canadian in 1760, there are fifty French-Canadians to-day. If we continue the calculation, we shall see that if we increase in one hundred and fifty years from one to fifty, we shall easily reach, if we do not pass, in a century, the figure 40,000,000—a figure equal to the present population of France. These are figures sufficient to cause reflection, and above all to point the moral to sluggards and pessimists, to those who have not the courage to believe in themselves and in their race, and who think themselves destined to become engulfed in the rising tide of foreign immigration; to those who do not realise that the victory is never to those too craven to deserve it; to those who would see our dear French tongue perish, rather than make some personal sacrifice to save it; to those who flee before the enemy, because they are afraid to face the field of battle; to those who do not believe themselves able to do what our fathers did, fight and struggle with tongue and pen, since we can no longer fight with the sword, and die if it is necessary, in order to trans-

mit to our children the thrice consecrated heritage which the hands of patriots have confided to us. And these figures are not given off-hand; they are based on our census statistics, on the growth of the French population compared with that of our compatriots of different origin.

The conquests made by the French language in the last fifty years, that is, since confederation, cannot be kept count of. It is true that we have also undergone reverses, and reverses sometimes very great, but the balance has never been on the wrong side, and our successes are sufficiently startling if one thinks of the feeble arms at our disposal, the power of our enemies, and the culpable apathy of some among ourselves.

Among these conquests of the French language, I shall cite, first of all, one which is to me particularly grateful, because it was effected in my own part of the country, the beautiful district of the Eastern Townships. Nowhere else probably has our progress been more rapid; and what is a consoling fact, our successes, instead of abating, continue to increase. Twenty years ago, eleven counties of the Province of Quebec had a majority of English inhabitants: the counties of Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Megantic, Richmond, Wolfe, Compton, Missisquoi, Huntingdon, Shefford, Brome and Argenteuil. To-day, the majority in these counties is French. And it is to me especially pleasant to cite as a special example my native town of Sherbrooke. Twelve years ago, there was there a population of 9,000 inhabitants, with a slight English majority. To-day there are 17,000 citizens, about 11,000 of whom are of French origin.

It is the same in the other counties and towns of the Eastern Townships. In Compton, for example, a county colonised by Scotch farmers, and reputed the most fertile in the Province,



our compatriots from the older parishes—principally from Beauce, where there is a surplus population—may be seen arriving every day, and buying the magnificent farms. This movement is so considerable that in numerous townships where, ten years ago, not a word of French was spoken, you would not be understood to-day if you spoke in English. Our English compatriots understand perfectly the significance of this movement. Witness Mr. Robert Hess, president of the Agricultural Society of the County of Huntingdon, who deplored, at the last meeting of the society, the departure of the English farmers for the West, and the abandonment of the soil of this Province to the French-Canadians.

That is how we have accomplished the conquest of the soil, that is how we have ousted our conquerors from the district of the Eastern Townships which they had reserved as if it were a strong fort, when they could send out the armies which were to subject us to the yoke of Anglicisation.

This conquest of the Eastern Townships is one of the most brilliant conquests of which we could ever dream. It was accomplished without noise; but the train of the Dufresnes, the Racines, and the Chicoynes has done more for our national future than many people whose patriotism is more exuberant than practical. Henceforth, from this citadel, which was formerly English, there will descend numerous battalions of war-like patriots who will not fear to face the combat, since they have already proved themselves victorious. Let all French-Canadians follow the example of those who went to conquer the Eastern Townships, and there will not be in the world a power strong enough to bar the path that we would follow.

What is true of the Eastern Townships, is equally true of several other parts of the Province. What is the

case in the counties of Charlevoix and Gaspé, where an attempt at English colonisation was made in order to bar our progress? There are there whole townships of *habitants* bearing English names, but not knowing how to utter a "yes" or "no" in the tongue of Shakespeare.

What is the situation in Montreal, that great city which is the centre of the industry and commerce of Canada? An observer cannot fail to notice that we have made enormous progress there also in the last half-century. Not only has an attempt been made to Anglicise us by surrounding us by a belt of British population; but when that attempt failed, recourse was had to immigration. By that means, it was hoped to counterbalance the incessantly growing number of the French population. This device did not succeed better than the others. And you will see that for having called in the Jews to their aid, our English compatriots will be the first to suffer. They will lose the control of their schools, as they have almost done already; they will lose here their financial and commercial supremacy, as they have lost it elsewhere. This commercial supremacy is, moreover, no longer so crushing as it was a few years ago. Do the people of our race count for nothing in gigantic enterprises such as the tramway, lighting, railways, navigation, banking, wholesale trade, etc.? I cite no name; I need only say: open your eyes and see. In a few years, with the support of French capital which is commencing to arrive for us, it will no longer be possible to say that business is exclusively in the hands of the English.

What we have gained from the point of view of the spread of our influence over a greater territory, and the diffusion of our language in regions where it had not been spoken before, is connected naturally with another victory, our victory in the Legislature.



Since Confederation, there have been twelve legislatures in the Government of Quebec. Up to the accession to power of Mercier in January, 1887, the cabinet was always formed half of English-speaking and half of French-speaking members. The Ross Cabinet, the two Taillon Cabinets, and the Mousseau Cabinet contained a majority of English-speaking members. The debates took place at Quebec at that time almost as often in English as in French. To-day all that is changed. Three ministers only out of nine are English; and of these one has no portfolio. As for the debates, it is an exception to hear English spoken in our legislature, for apart from the report of the Treasurer, which is made in English, French is almost exclusively used.

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This spread of our race and our language is going on also beyond the bounds of our Province. Witness the great congress which has just been held at Ottawa\*, where the best means were discussed whereby our somewhat scattered forces in the Province of Ontario might be united and made to co-operate in the common work of the national triumph.

The newspapers of Ontario are beginning to be disturbed about our forward march. The question seems to them very grave. So it is, in fact; it will be grave in its consequences as it is in its causes.

It is twenty-five years since the arrival of French-Canadian settlers in the county of Nipissing first began. To-day this great country, divided into two parts, is represented in the Legislature at Toronto by two French-Canadians. The situation is the same in several other counties, such as Prescott, Russell, Glengarry, Renfrew and Essex, this last having as its representative at Toronto, the Honourable Dr. Rhéaume, who is the Minister of

Public Works in the Whitney administration.

We have at present a preponderant voice in about fifteen counties of Ontario. Ottawa, with a total population of 83,000 souls, contains 20,000 French-Canadians.

The Province of Ontario has been invaded at three points simultaneously, in the east, the north, and the southwest. According to the most exact estimates, our compatriots must number at present about 225,000 in the sister province, that is, nearly one-quarter of a million, or double what they numbered twenty years ago. A Toronto newspaper, dealing recently with this question, said that in twenty-five years the French-Canadians would form at least a fifth, if not a quarter, of the total population of Ontario. The newspaper was right. For when we have once penetrated any region in sufficient number to breathe freely, we live and prosper. Following for Ontario the same rate of increase which I have just referred to, that is to say, two to one in twenty years, we find that in a century, this province will be peopled by nearly 6,000,000 inhabitants of French origin; that is to say, that this region, where almost all the movements have originated which aimed at our Anglicisation, will be itself Gallicised by the logic of events.

Let us remark once more that there is here no exaggeration, and that these figures are not merely approximate. They are the result of a serious study of the movement of population among us. And observe that owing to the exceptionally advantageous circumstances in which we find ourselves to-day—since no one can no longer persecute us openly—our march forward is much less difficult than it has been hitherto. We have, so to speak, only to walk in the footsteps of those who have gone before us. . . That which our fathers have done in

\*Congress of the French-Canadian youth, held at Ottawa, June 25-26, 1910.



Quebec, we shall do in Ontario, in the West, and in the Maritime Provinces.

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The last census shows us that the entire population of the Maritime Provinces is remaining almost stationary, so that these Provinces in 1901 lost several seats in the House of Commons. The immigrants from Europe do not stop there, but pass immediately to the West, and like Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have to deplore the departure of a great number of their sons either to the United States, or to other parts of the country. But a remarkable and consoling fact is that if the total figure of the population is not increasing, or hardly increasing, that of the French-Canadian population is growing very rapidly. According to the most exact data, the Maritime Provinces were peopled in 1908 by 940,000 inhabitants. Of this number 140,000 were of French origin, which means that the proportion between the French and English race is still more in our favour there than in Ontario.

In 1901, New Brunswick had a population, one-fifth of which was good Acadian. The census of 1911 will certainly show that this proportion will have increased to one-fourth of the total population. Thus, out of an approximate total of 360,000 inhabitants (the figure was 350,000 in 1908), there will be 90,000 loyal English subjects of French origin. The Acadians have one of their number in the provincial cabinet and the Legislature contains among its members several representatives of French blood. Out of ten Senators, one is an Acadian, out of thirteen representatives in the House of Commons, three are Acadians. The influence of our race in this Province is going on increasing, thanks to their phenomenal birth-rate. It is 42 per 1,000 inhabitants, while it is only 22 per 1,000 among the English-speaking population. So it is easy to see that, since

New Brunswick is receiving almost no immigration, and since the birth-rate of the French-Canadians is double that of the English, the day is not far distant when the two races will be in number equal. From that time forth, no one can doubt that the French will of necessity overcome before long the opposition of their rivals, and New Brunswick will be conquered peacefully, just as the Eastern Townships have been.

In Nova Scotia, our progress, although less noticeable, is not less real. The influence of the Province of Quebec is less felt there, and as the groups of French-Canadians are less numerous their cohesion is more difficult to bring about. That, however, does not prevent our counting about 50,000 French-speaking inhabitants out of a total population of 480,000 inhabitants, or almost a ninth of the whole. Out of ten senators for this Province, one is an Acadian, and several representatives in the Legislature are also of French origin.

The most curious phenomenon is perhaps that which is occurring in Prince Edward Island. In 1901, the population of this Province had suffered a decrease of 5,719 inhabitants since 1891, while the French population had increased by 4,000 in the same time. This meant a gain of 10,000 in ten years, or a gain of about one-tenth of the whole population. Let that continue (and we have no reason to suppose that this movement will not continue), and you can judge whether in a century the French race will not predominate in this Province. Acadia, that is to say the Maritime Provinces, will be as French then as the Province of Quebec is to-day.

Let us stop for an instant to consider the future map of Canada. From Cape Breton to Lake Superior, the whole country will have become a land almost exclusively French. It will be only in the South of Ontario and certain parts of Nova Scotia, that



French will not be generally spoken.

As for the West, the problem is more difficult to solve. The elements which compose to-day the population of the new provinces are so diverse, the material progress which is making itself felt there is so intense, events succeed one another with such rapidity, cities are born so easily, that it would be the height of imprudence to dare to prophesy the fate reserved for this part of the country. But it is easy to foresee that the Canadian West will hardly be a field of French influence . . . That, however, does not mean that the French race is to be considered a negligible quantity in the Prairie Provinces. Thanks to the slight help received every day from our Province, thanks to the stubborn toil of a number of patriotic pioneers, powerful French-Canadian centres have been formed which are prospering marvellously. Certain parts of the country are reserved exclusively for French-Canadian colonisation. At present our compatriots must number 60,000 in the Western Provinces. It is plausible to believe that the birth-rate will maintain itself where it is with us to-day, at 42 per 1,000 inhabitants. According to this rate of increase, and with the aid which will come from Quebec, from France, and from Belgium, the French in the West will be in a century at least three million in number. Our compatriots are to-day represented in the cabinets of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and out of twelve Senators for the three Prairie Provinces, three (that is, one-fourth) are of French origin.

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Whether in a century Canada is independent, or whether it has the patience to leave the car of its destinies attached to that of Great Britain, what rôle will these millions of French in America play? Many believe that our race has not yet seen its best days on American soil, and

that Providence has reserved for it still greater destinies . . .

These designs of Providence are shown clearly at several periods of a history; and we ought not to doubt that, if we are always the good and free people that our fathers were, the great destinies which I have been unfolding to you will be accomplished. The arm of God, has it not always been ready to protect us and to help us to conquer our enemies? This land was moreover consecrated to the Catholic faith by the bold explorers who first set foot on it. Everywhere in fact, beside the fleur-de-lys, those pious mariners planted the cross, that emblem of the celestial land and of the King of Kings. Champlain, while founding Quebec, put the new colony under the ægis of the Most High, and struggled as much to save from paganism the souls of the first inhabitants of the country as to add to the crown of France a new colony. Providence could not fail to bless a settlement founded under such auspices.

Thus our past, our glorious past, is filled with facts which bear witness to the protection of Heaven over us. Our being handed back to France in 1632; the valiant combats of our great heroes Frontenac, Iberville, Dollard, Montcalm, Lévis, and many others; the destruction of the fleet of Admiral Walker; the brilliant victories of Carillon and Montmorency; the tortures of our Canadian martyrs are so many facts written in letters of gold in the grand book of our history. Even our defeats have been changed by the hand of Providence into triumphs. The expulsion of the Acadians, who are to-day arising in their might before their persecutors of yesterday, their adversaries of to-day, their prisoners of war of to-morrow; the capitulation of Quebec, and our passing under the domination of England, which caused us to escape the terrible and sombre days of the Revolution and the Empire in France, and allowed our faith



to continue to develop freely on this soil; our alliance with our conquerors to combat the Americans in 1812, under de Salaberry and other heroes unknown; our glorious fights against the tyranny of the English regime; the triumphs of our language, which has succeeded in getting recognition of part of its rights; the influence of our great French-Canadian parliamentarians—these are facts which it behoves us to set in relief and publish abroad as a confirmation of our providential mission.

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We shall have sometimes to undergo without doubt the reproaches of our English fellow-citizens. They will accuse us of not being loyal to England, of not having the true Canadian spirit, of confining our aspirations within the limits of a narrow provincialism. We shall answer them that our loyalty to the Empire is probably truer and certainly more solid than the eccentric chauvinism of certain great imperialists. As for our aspirations, I think I have just made it clear that they are far from being confined within

the limits of one province, since we hope in a century to see our race dominate all the east of the continent. We wish to be ourselves good Canadians, and in fact we are certainly the most Canadian of the Canadians. So let them leave us to grow and prosper in peace. If each part of a nation is full of vigour and force, that same nation could not do other than enjoy excellent health. If they make it a crime in us that we love too much our French language and our national traditions, very well, let us be criminals, and let us not be afraid to be great criminals. Our fathers were not ashamed to put themselves in the position of rebels; they were not afraid to shed their blood upon the battlefields of St. Denis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache; they were not afraid to mount the scaffold—in order to preserve for us the precious heritage of our language and our faith; and shall we do nothing to transmit that precious legacy to our children, for fear of displeasing our English compatriots? If such were the case, we should not deserve to exist as a distinct national unit.





# NOLAN

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

THEY say that the Bishop does not quite approve of him and for that reason that he is where he is in the church. But then that is only gossip by the people who love big Nolan and who might be inclined to misunderstand the Bishop. And, after all, the Bishop is probably acting wisely. Perhaps he knows what Nolan is best adapted to. It may be that he realises were he to move Nolan away from the Coast there would be Sin itself to pay, and the Coast would cry anathemas upon the Bishop's head and a part of it at least would go to perdition out of mourning for the loss of Nolan. Nolan himself knows it, grimly, but with a patient philosophy, is content to take a few moments with his poets when he has finished his day's work among the people and to leave the great city pulpits to other men, and weaker men you would say—if you knew Nolan.

Nolan is not his name, though in the Irish of it, the two are much the same. But any man up or down the Coast would know at once the man you meant and would direct you to the English church at Port ———. He would warn you, if you were a stranger to the Father, to beware of his handshake. He would tell pau, perhaps in the interludes of a game of poker, that the Father was the first man on the Coast and would stand for no villainy. If he knew it he would boast of the Father's degree in Dublin University, for the whole Coast is

proud of that; and he would assure you that the Father knows the wisdom and unwisdom of all the world, just as he knows the sneaking heart of the whiskey pedlar and the primitive psychology of the *Siwash*. In the end he would probably say that whereas he had, himself, no time for religion he would adopt Father Nolan's brand of it, if any, provided he could live somewhere within fifty miles of the Father, so as to get a bit of sound inspiration once in a while.

Nolan has lived there this thirty-three years and more. Sometimes perhaps he may wish for greater audiences and that the men to whom he preaches could understand everything as he understands it. But he continues in the yoke of the Coast, drumming civilisation and rudimentary morality into the heads of his Indians, where the Bishop thinks he should be planting only the seed of salvation, though Nolan knows that salvation would only be choked down by the weeds. And so with his great voice and his fists he is maintaining, first of all, law and order and decency among his Indians, and then religion.

The Pacific Coast is peopled with big men, but most of them are pygmies beside Nolan, and indeed the time was when he was the giant of British Columbia; they dreaded him. That is to say, the crooked dreaded his closed fist and his friends dreaded his open palm and the warmth of its clasp. Probably he is still the champ-



ion, but he is not called upon to prove it. He must be sixty. His hair is white, and yet he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Through his tight-fitting gray homespun clothes, you can see the great shoulders of him like the foreshoulders of a Buffalo. His limbs are like full-grown firs. His fists are weights, and above everything, above the crowd, he shows his head set back, poised like a senator's. Together with the body, his Irish mother gave him grace of face and keenness of eye. He faces every man in the same way, with dauntlessness and a steadiness of gaze wherein lurks fine humour and impatient understanding. There is nothing of the diffident village preacher about him, nothing of the affected scholar, but just strength and grace of body, fixedness of mind, and a cool courage in his soul.

The Coast is full of stories concerning Nolan, but he is so large that he has no vanity. They tell you how on the Coast, when a river boat broke her ties and the Skeena was carrying her off in triumph, Nolan seized the end of a rope and held the craft for three minutes until help came. It was a work for horses. They tell how the Bishop shifted him from the Parish where he had worked so long to another Parish, weed-grown, neglected and soulless, and how Nolan, after building a rectory for himself, working late in the night to do it, made men of the shiftless Indians and a garden of the untidy Island. Men speak, almost as if they were ashamed of themselves, of his hatred for unclean things and cowardliness, of how he protects weak Indians from vicious Indians and of how when a certain *siwash* tried to lead a certain foolish one astray Nolan found him hiding in a house and gave him a sermon which, it is said, ran in this way:

"Chief Bill, ye're a hound. I don't like the touch of ye. Now I'm not goin' to

hairt ye. Ye needn't be afraid, ye coward, but I war-r-r-n ye! I war-r-r-n ye, that I won't stand it, and if I find ye at it again, I'll break ivery bone in your miserable body."

With that he tossed the Indian aside, not with intended violence, but the force of his contempt was so great that the *siwash* fell and broke an arm, whereupon all Nolan's anger went out. He picked the villain up in his arms and carried him to bed. Then, having set the fracture, he nursed the patient and pounded morality into him, so that thereafter the man walked in the paths prescribed by Moses and married the squaw.

One rainy day, looking out the window, I saw Nolan shrouded in oilskins and an sou'-wester lumbering down the road. It was blowing the fiends' particular kind of weather, and the Pacific was angry.

"Come for a walk," said Nolan solemnly, stepping in at the door: "come till I show ye something."

He led to a jutting rock overlooking the sea and pointed. "D'ye see it?" he demanded.

"Yes, Canadian fishing vessel, isn't it?"

"Canadian! Man, it's a poacher! Can't ye see her lines—Seattle built? Can't ye see, man, she's beatin' away with her ill-gotten gains? And do ye not observe the Canadian Government vessel labourin' up forninst the wind? Oh! Orrah! Arrah! What sort of a country air we, that we let them rob us of our own halibut?"

"Look at her-r-r. She's doin' twenty knots and the Government vessel eight. Will ye tell me, man, why in the name of charity don't they put a real cruiser in these waters, twenty-one knots, wireless, and guns? Every one of the thieves should be shot on sight. I'd blow them aff the face av the Pacific. Sink her, split her in twain. No quarter I'd say. For will annybody tell me for why we should let them be stalin' our fish?"

I could not. It was not then gen-



erally known along the Coast that the matter was involved in the Hague arbitrations. I merely admired Nolan's outbreak, and saved up the brogue that his indignation had let loose as we saw the poacher give the Government ship *Kestrel* the slip.

"You should have been a soldier, Father," remarked his companion after the *Kestrel* had given it up; "I fancy fighting blood is in your veins."

"Och, but ye're right," he returned in a melancholy tone. "I'm stronger on law and order than on fine theological points, I'm afraid."

Afterward I confirmed it — that "war" was his weakness. He loved fights, but for his Cloth's sake he stopped, regretfully even the most promising ones by knocking the heads of the combatants together. When Iord Dundonald, whose name the Father is quick to defend from unfriendly mention, was in Canfine evening did the two gentlemen have together. Nolan for the time forgot his Indians and even perhaps his ministerial calling, as he and the distinguished officer talked of wars and rumours of war, and argued whether rope harness was not better for the artillery than leather. Dundonald afterward sent a set of bagpipes to the mission, the manipulation of which Nolan the Hibernian taught to a *siwash*, to the perpetual pride and glory of the mission.

But the war instinct cropped out in another way. Honourable William Templeman, the Minister of Inland Revenue, visited Prince Rupert and attended a banquet in his honour. Nolan and I went. Nolan was to speak. Templeman had been warned that the Irishman was going to attack the Government for failing to supply more adequate protection to Canadian fishing interests against the poachers. The Minister prepared accordingly to answer the attack before it was made.

Nolan, innocent, was impatient for his turn to speak. Not that he want-

ed to occupy the floor, but he was impatient to declare his war on the Government. There was a long list of speakers even before the Minister, and the Father would turn and whisper, like the fifty years' old boy that he is, "Is't my turn yet? Do I get up now? Poonch me when it's my time."

Of course, he was disappointed. Templeman was called upon and made the long-wanted explanation about the poaching situation. You could read Nolan's chagrin in his eyes. He had declared war in his heart, and here a truce was offered before he could deliver even one charge, but his turn came and he rose.

"Mister Chairman," he said, "Mister Chairman! The Honourable the Minister of Inland Revenue, Mister Templeman, has stolen my thunder. Och, Templeman, but ye did and ye know it. I've been labouring at it and savin' up my wrath for ye all these months and I'm beaten. More shame to ye, Mister Templeman!"

There was a pause. He had been called upon to speak of matters of defense. That was to have been his opening. In some people the pause might have indicated embarrassment, but in Nolan it was merely his ease. The banquetters knew him and understood. His burly, tanned face frowning, made more stern by his close-cropped white hair, his beard trimmed to a short point, his hands clasped behind him, he searched the room with his blue eyes. Suddenly they rested on a British flag, and like a flash he exploded.

"And do ye know what that little bit of buntin' stands for?" he cried. "Do ye know all that it means out here on this coast, or back on the other side of the world where it was first made victorious? Do ye know the glory of it, men? The honour of it? Do ye know the flag ye're under or do ye only think ye do?"

He dropped his right fist on the head of a man who was sitting dangerously near,—the head almost disappeared. By Nolan's face the men knew what was coming.



"Half a league! Half a league! Half a league onward.  
Into the valley of death, rode the Six Hundred—"

Tennyson would have recognised the glories of first inspiration. Not any mediocre oratory, not amateur elocution, was it, but the rhythm-loving soul of Nolan making itself heard. It was not a question of a taste for poetry, whether the men applauded or not; it was a matter of ears, and they all heard. They asked for more, and for more after that again. Before they had finished, he had charged and recharged at Balaclava and a half-dozen other fields. There in that little room, under the swaying cloud of tobacco smoke whole armies lay slain under his feet. Carnage reigned. There was blood everywhere, and dismembered bodies, and we were all rampant militarists and imperialists until after a little while we recovered amid the fragments of a half-dozen armies and found that there was merely Nolan and the British flag and ourselves there, after all.

Next morning I went to Nolan's church, little bit of wooden place that it was—draughty, dried out and not very cheerful. The altar was a trifle bare. Somebody tried to cough without precipitating the whole weight of stillness upon himself, but failed. I heard a child whispering in a back seat and clumsy boots at the door trying to walk unheard. And presently an Indian acolyte slipped in and did lit-

tle mysterious errands among the choir seats, and then I heard the snore of the bell-rope, the squeak of the bell resisting on its pivot, and the bell rang out, over the Island and over the sea. The little Indian choir, a queer little body, droned in, to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." With his surplice hanging from his shoulders, like bells around the neck of a lion, Nolan appeared. His eyes searched the congregation. The congregation answered in stillness like soldiers to a general.

And in a great voice he opened the service. "Dearly beloved Brethern, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places . . ." As he stood there, I wished that the Bishop had been there to hear, and with an open mind. As he thundered forth upon his flock of Indians all the meaning of the Law and the Prophets as it affected them in their daily lives, with an intimation that with his own hands and at the same time with the sympathy of his own heart, he would see to it that the Law and the Prophets were accorded all that mortal man can accord them; and as he stood there and talked, to the end that those Indians might be made men, real men, capable of self-control, and worthy of self-respect and worthy of offering worship to a real God. One felt like saying as young MacPherson, the chain-man, said when he was ticking off his last minutes in Nolan's arms, "God must be proud of you, sir."





# CISSIE'S STRATEGY

BY T. HARCOURT LLEWELLYN

"SIR," said General Fullerton, "you forget yourself, in my opinion. Admiral Weston bowed thoughtfully.

"I am obliged to you for your opinion," he said with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I do endeavour, to the best of my poor ability, to be unselfish. Now, in your branch of the service——"

"I wish you good-day, sir!" exclaimed the General with fresh flame about the eyes, as he snatched up his hat.

"The same to you, and a healthful constitutional into the bargain," said the Admiral, in his most urbane manner.

"It will be none the less healthful, as you call it, and none the less pleasurable, either, that I take it alone, sir."

"I agree with you. When one has one's temper up, as the saying is——"

General Fullerton stamped hard on the pile carpet, and immediately afterward let loose an expressive monosyllable.

"Quite so. When one has the gout one ought to be careful. Now, if you will do me the honour to take my advise——"

Admiral Weston's smile was like gunpowder on the fire of the General's wrath. "Confound it, sir!" he cried.

A waiter hurried into the smoking-room which these two had to themselves.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen; did you call?" he asked, with a look of sur-

prise. The attitude of the two old friends was for once not at all friendly.

"Bring some ice," said the Admiral.

The General limped to the door, purple as to his cheeks. Half-way, he turned and shook his right forefinger at the Admiral. "If your son," he said, "presumes to accost my daughter in public again I'll horsewhip him, sir, horsewhip him, on the parade or off it, and tell him what I think of him."

"Gad!" said the Admiral, as if he had heard a very good joke, "what a capital show you'd make, the two of you, at that game! 'Pon my word, I'll arrange to be there with my camera. I suppose you know Harold is one of the champion light-weight boxers?"

General Fullerton put his hand to his forehead.

"Come, old chap," murmured the Admiral, moving on his part towards the door, "let's be sensible. At our time of life——"

Down dropped the General's hand. He was an excellently preserved old soldier, barring his gout, which was intermittent. He dyed his hair, wore a corset, drank brandies and sodas, and rode a bicycle.

"I—I'll give him a week to apologise," he said tensely, "and if in that time I get no apology, I'll give him his lesson."

"I'll tell him what you say. Any more to give him?"

"No, sir," roared General Fullerton, "our—our friendship is at an end



—spoiled by that iniquitous young puppy. And I'm glad of it, sir—glad from my heart."

"Wish I could say the same, old chap."

The General seemed to relent, but only for a moment. "There, sir," he said, "I've given you my last word. Good-day." He turned to the door and smote the carpet with his stick.

Admiral Weston's mouthed twitched mirthfully.

"Well," he said calmly, "you've given me a good deal in the course of the last fifteen minutes. Suppose now you give me my hat."

The General started as if he had been kicked, and glanced at the hat in his hand.

Just then the waiter appeared with the ice.

"Take that hat to the gentleman yonder," said the General.

The waiter seemed more perplexed than before. He said, "Certainly, General," yet stared.

The Admiral took his hat, smiled with the utmost sweetness, considering what a bronzed and wrinkled old fellow he was, and observed: "The ice is not for me. General Fullerton is rather warm. Take it to him."

But the General hurried from the room with growls that would have done credit to a small menagerie.

"All right, John," then said Admiral Weston, "I'll have it, and some whiskey and a cigar."

He flung himself into the easy chair nearest the window and became grave. He grew more grave as he watched his old friend totter down the club steps and across the lawn to the gardens, shaking his head as if he were somewhat palsied.

"Poor old Fullerton!" he said, with real tenderness. "He's certainly not the man he was a year ago."

He was still musing, not altogether gaily—for he, too, was in the sixties—when the door opened and a handsome young fellow entered.

"Thought I'd find you here," he began; but he broke off with a—"Hello! what's the matter?"

Admiral Weston had jumped to his feet, and there was neither sweetness nor light in his eyes now. He faced his son with squared chest and clenched hands.

"Now, then, sir," he cried, "I've a tough bone to pick with you. What the dickens do you mean by kissing Cissie Fullerton in a public place? Do you know what you've done, sir? You've——"

But Harold Weston's face arrested the further flow of his father's rhetoric. He was laughing in the coolest imaginable manner. Not a particle of shame on it either.

"Why, hang it all, Dad," he said blandly, "she asked me to."

"Asked you to?"

"Point blank. You know what a jolly girl she is, and I confess I'm awfully——"

"I know nothing about her except what I see of her. But you must be out of your mind."

"I thought she was—at first," said Harold, still smiling.

"Tell me the circumstances. Was she drunk, and were you too?"

"Neither of us, I'll swear. Cissie drunk! My hat, Dad! You're awfully rude."

"The circumstances, sir?" cried the Admiral, as if he were again on the *Monarch*, yelling to a subordinate in a storm.

"The circumstances? Oh, we were just together by chance, you know, on one of the benches at the pump-room end of the gardens, and she was saying how she loathed that beast, Sir Benjamin——"

"The man she's going to marry! A nice little thing—hang me!"

"Well, yes, sir, if you put it that way. He showed up—white waistcoat, strut, eyeglass, red nose, and all the ugly rest of him. He was quite a hundred paces off, you know.



We'd been talking common-places till then but she changed her manner all at once. 'I want you to do me a favour,' she said suddenly. 'I'll do it,' said I, as any fellow would. Then she went awfully red, and whispered, 'Kiss me.—just once—on the cheek.' There wasn't a soul in sight except that brute. It knocked me silly. 'Will you, or will you not?' she went on. 'I'd no idea she could be so fierce. 'It is a matter of life or death.' Well, I couldn't stand that, of course, and so—I—did it.'

Admiral Weston rubbed his nose tip. "She asked you?" he murmured, as if bewildered. "I thought—that is—you're not yarning, my boy?"

"My word, no! Only, you know, this is between ourselves, Dad."

"Between ourselves? Why, certainly. Bless my soul!" He seized his hat. "I'm—I'm going to the pump-room. Don't come with me. Bless my soul. What next!"

Admiral Weston came upon General Fullerton in the neighbourhood of that little temple near the pump-room. There was a woman's statue under a stone canopy in the temple. The woman's name was Hygeia. The General was still exceedingly irate, and there were latent feelings of remorse in him, which increased his anger.

"What the deuce has that to do with it, if we have been friends for five-and-thirty years?" he was asking himself, while he wiped his forehead with a large, sulphur-coloured silk handkerchief. Then he turned, for Admiral Weston had addressed him as General Fullerton.

"It's my go now," said the Admiral.

"I have done with you, sir!" exclaimed the General pettishly. "I wish to hold no further communication with you, even by letter."

"Daresay," said the Admiral. "You brought an accusation against my boy, just now. Well, you've got to apologise."

"I'll see all the Weston family in Jerusalem first, sir."

"Unfortunately, we have no estates there. Allow me to tell you that your daughter is a——"

"A what, sir? Out with it! After that you'll say I'm one, I suppose. There's Sir Benjamin, also; perhaps he's one as well. Robert Weston, I'd never have thought you, of all men, would have gone out of your way to call me a liar."

"No, nor I. But I've come here expressly to tell you something else. You're a silly old fool, George Fullerton, that's what you are, and I don't mind telling you."

"A silly old fool! Old fool! Thank you. And now perhaps you will give me the great advantage of your absence."

"By no means. Where is the minx? That daughter of yours isn't fit to pick up my Harold's tennis balls for him. How dared she do such a thing? You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, my friend; and by Harry! I'll warm you up before I've done with you!"

General Fullerton sat down on one of the temple steps. "Give me patience!" he whispered.

"Precisely. You'll want all you can get anyhow. Who told you my boy had kissed your enchanting daughter—who, sir?"

"Who, sir? The best witness in the world—Sir Benjamin Harrison, the gentleman who is about to become my son-in-law. I want no more credible witness, sir."

"Poor chap," exclaimed the Admiral; "he has my sincerest sympathy. And yet, no; on consideration, he is well rid of her. The young woman who would deliberately sacrifice her own character and compromise that of one young man in order to insult her fiancé, can be no great catch for anyone."

The General's hands began to shake; also his head. There was a



lack-lustre look in his eyes as he fastened them upon Admiral Weston, and his breathing was very rapid.

"Well, what does he say, this fellow, Harrison? What's he going to do?" proceeded the Admiral.

"Do, sir? He says he has half a mind not to have anything more to say to her!" The General shot out these words as if they were his ultimate degradation.

"Bravo, Harrison! I'm really sorry for you. If you feel like yourself again and will take me on at chess to-night, as usual, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll keep it as dark as——"

There was a weird cracking sound. The General had drawn one of the deepest breaths in his experience.

"My dear fellow, what happened to you? Was it a rib?" asked the Admiral, with real concern.

The General winked fast and looked very angry indeed. But distraction was in sight in the shape of his daughter. The girl was coming along the pine walk with her little dog held by a string. She looked positively charming, and her pale pink dress was everything that could be wished.

"There she is! Now we'll get at the truth!" said the General. "That is," he added pompously, "my statements will receive the corroboration which I for one do not require."

The Admiral hastily took snuff.

"She's a neat little craft," he murmured; "but I'm afraid she doesn't steer true. However——"

The two veterans stumped towards Cissie Fullerton, whose face lit up with smiles. They did not see Harold in the background. The smiles were largely for him, though her greeting of the Admiral was warm enough to astonish that old man.

"I—I beg to be excused, Miss Fullerton," said Admiral Weston. "Your father——"

"Merely desires a plain answer to an insulting question, my dear," put in the General testily.

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl. But her astonishment was lost upon the General, for Harold Weston was now at hand with a telegram.

"I thought I'd bring it on," he said. "My father said you were here. It came the moment you left, Dad."

The General snatched the envelope from Harold, giving him a look that would have been alarming if it had not been grotesque. The message was from Sir Benjamin Harrison.

"This note to you to say good-bye. Under the circumstances, don't expect to be in England again for a year or two. Hope you understand. Sorry."

Admiral Weston's face relaxed into a comfortable smile as he viewed Cissie Fullerton. He forgot his grievance against her.

"The impudent rascal! The lying, knock-kneed little upstart!" cried the General.

"Father, dear!" protested his daughter.

"I'll be 'deared' by no one, miss," continued the irascible old man.

"'Pon my word, I'll not be answerable for my senses! Here's one fellow charging you with making that young man kiss you in public, and——"

"It is true, papa," said Cissie in a whisper. Her cheeks were as pink as her dress, but her mouth and eyes were steady.

"True! You did, did you?"

"Take him to a seat," said Admiral Weston quietly.

The old warrior had collapsed, and was held up apparently by his daughter at one side and Harold Weston at the other.

He allowed them to guide him to a bench, where he breathed in heavy gasps.

"Papa, dear!" lamented his daughter, "what is it? Is it your heart?"

The General raised his eyes toward the Admiral. "Heart be hanged!" he said faintly, and then with yielding in his gaze, "read that, Weston."



"Well! Well! Well! Well!" said the Admiral when he had read the telegram; then he looked at his son and the General's daughter and smiled.

"We're well rid of him, sir!" exclaimed General Fullerton suddenly.

"That may be," said the Admiral pensively, "but my boy's character has to be considered now. When a young man is to all intents and purposes kissed in public——"

Cissie blushed divinely.

"Shut up, Dad," said Harold Weston.

"Once for all, let's settle it," interrupted the General sternly. "Was there anything between you two, here or hereabouts, yesterday afternoon?"

Harold Weston said not a word, but Cissie Fullerton spoke out like a heroine.

"It was Harold's birthday, papa," she exclaimed, "and I — I said he might kiss me."

"You said—do you mean that he asked if he might——"

But the Admiral intervened with a boisterous laugh that cleared the air like a thunderstorm.

"My dear Fullerton," he said afterwards, "that settles everything. Fate's stronger than a couple of old hulks like you and me. And, by Harry! I'm not sorry. There's no

one's daughter I'd sooner see Harold married to. He's not a pauper, either. Get's all his poor mother's money, you know."

The General was beaten completely. His astonished eyes wandered from one to another of the three. But the mention of Harold Weston's pecuniary circumstances recalled him to himself.

"She's in the same case," he murmured, nodding at Cissie. "My wife's property was entailed, you know."

At these words, Admiral Weston stooped and linked his arm into that of his friend. "Come along, old chap; we'll just leave them together. A nice cigar and a chat will do us good," he said.

"The titled nonentity!" muttered the General, yielding to the Admiral's movement.

"Aye, he's all that," said the Admiral. Then turning to the girl. "Aye, aye, my dear! But you've made us all happy!"

"Come, Weston," exclaimed General Fullerton impatiently, "I'm quite ready for a refresher, and, if you feel in the humour, I—I'll challenge you to a game of billiards this very minute."

An together they sauntered out of the room, leaving the happy young couple alone.





# SEPTEMBER IN ALGONQUIN PARK

BY J. HARRY SMITH

THIS is the uneventful tale of a canoeing jaunt through a few of the lakes that lie toward the south-western corner of Algonquin Park.

There were two of us. Friends and acquaintances were divided in opinion as to how we should enjoy it. There were those who frankly said it was no trip for a woman. Others dissembled their surprise to their own satisfaction and said "how nice." One or two were enthusiastic and we were much encouraged thereat particularly as these latter were well acquainted with the country through which we were to travel. In any case, my wife had made up her mind, and we went.

They call it a "park." As a slowly moving train drags you across its border from the west, you are surprised to find it a wilderness. When, after an hour's eastward travelling through a country of granite, astonishingly varied lakes as to size and shape, and impenetrable bush, you realise you are not nearly half way across this "park," you begin to feel that the word used to describe it is one to which some latitude must be allowed. It is a country; there have been kingdoms no larger, and it belongs to the people of Ontario, even though they use it less frequently than do nature-loving citizens of the United States.

Joe Lake was the place we had chosen as the point from which, leaving behind the railway and last traces

of civilisation, we were to push into the great patchwork of blue lakes and dark green hills. A station and an extremely summery hotel comprised the settlement. The latter we found useful, as it rained unceasingly for twenty-four hours from the moment of our arrival.

By two o'clock the next afternoon the September sun shone warm and bright. In an hour the light soil had dried as if the rain had been but dew, and a rollicking wind shook the last heavy drops from the trees. The first loading of a canoe is a delicate matter. It must ride evenly or its journeyings will partake of the nature of a series of tacks. In half an hour the job was finished and the lady-like Joe bore tent, blankets, provisions and two wearied city dwellers out upon the bosom of the lake of her own name.

In ten minutes the park had claimed us for its own. A bend in the lake had shut out the little station, and into the blue distance (and no distances are so blue as those of the Canadian North), stretched a sweep of wind-swept water that danced in the sun for the very joy of being. A narrow channel at its end led to a smaller lake, around which the cedars and pines crowded to the very edge. Across this little lake lay our first camping spot.

If in this world there is a man to whom the reek of a camp fire in the





"THE CEDARS AND THE PINES CROWDED TO THE VERY EDGE."

woods is not a thing of extravagant delight, mark him as one whose soul is sodden with the ease of ready-made existence, a product of over-civilisation. When the tent was up, the brush bed made and covered with a good supply of blankets; when provisions were transferred from wooden boxes to easier carrying bags and the evening meal prepared, eaten and cleared away, the camp fire became the third living, sociable thing in all

that broad, dark land. For an hour it lit the tree trunks standing near, their billowy tops lost in the black night, and then, it flickered low as if to sleep.

Brush beds can be made comfortable, and northern air means heavy sleeping to the unaccustomed. From high above the tree-clad hills the sun next morning sent a golden gleam through the over-hanging branches to our tent. We awoke hungry, and eager for the day's travel. In no time at all the gin-pole held the customary three pots over the camp fire, and breakfast was soon ready. By the time it was finished and the utensils and food were re-packed and the blankets had been aired, the sun had dried the last trace of dew from the tent.

*Joe* again received her load and gallantly she nosed around a point in the lake and into a creek whose several miles of length she was to explore. A creek in that country is often an open ribbon of water winding through a swamp. Some time ago, before the streams lower down had been damned up by lumbermen, this particular swamp had been dry land, bearing the usual thick growth of trees. Water now covers the land, and a thick forest of grisly spectres of trees that once were green, stands on either side of the creek. Ghostly enough is the scene on the brightest of days, but in the moonlight, how awesomely weird are the motionless skeletons hanging between the sky and its brilliant reflection far, far below.

Amid those dead trees the great blue heron spends his days, and as the sound of paddles breaks in upon his watching he lazily flaps his wings and soars away. The creeks are much given to winding. They say that in some you may paddle an hour and arrive but twenty feet from where you start. Occasionally the high banks come to the very edge of the waterway and fresh, green trees over-



hang it on every side. Such pleasant variety we found farther up, and now and then, as we turned a sharp bend, we saw before us an astonished deer intent upon our advance. In a moment or two we heard its snort of resentment, and

brought us beyond two small lakes, and we were at the south end of Island Lake, one of the largest in the Park. For miles it stretched before us, an occasional island or great point standing out against its blue-black waters. Half-way up we made our camp upon



"A SWEEP OF WIND-SWEPT WATER DANCED IN THE SUN FOR THE VERY JOY OF BEING."

away it bounded, its white tail speedily disappearing through the trees and shrubs.

At the foot of a little waterfall, so beautiful that had it been nearer civilisation its fame would have spread far, we had to unload and make a portage. A little farther on a great beaver dam, five or six feet high and holding back a good-sized pond, barred our way, and again the load and canoe were carried. Here were traces of the builders, spending the early autumn days in preparation for the coming winter. Felled trees, bereft of twigs and bark, told of succulent stores beneath the domes of twigs that, with very careful looking, one might see near by.

Two more portages, one quite long,

an island. The sole guardian of the little rock and clump of trees appeared in the form of a red squirrel. He complained mightily, and later made a close inspection of our outfit. After upsetting a cup of milk over his head his remarks from a near-by tree top were positively insulting.

Unwonted exercise made night-fall welcome, and at the hour when city life is just beginning to awaken we blew out our candles and slept.

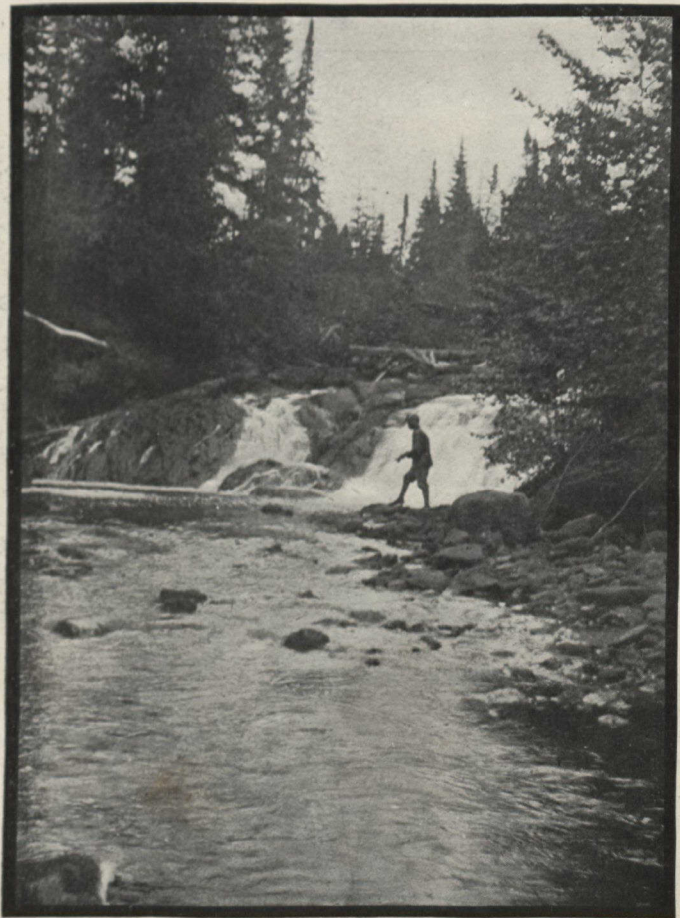
There is, in the air of that north country an invigorating quality one does not find in lower altitudes, even by the sea. But it is in the early morning, reeking with the smell of the forest and the soaking dew, that its invigoration is almost intoxicating. It was a glorious thing to stand



on the rocky point of that little island shortly after the break of the next day. Over great banks of snowy clouds the sun shone out of a clear, cold sky. The far

ows of mist, as if the bay beneath were a seething cauldron.

The Canadian North is a country of strong colour and rugged line. Deep blues of the waters and the distances,



"A LITTLE WATERFALL SO BEAUTIFUL THAT HAD IT BEEN NEAR CIVILISATION ITS FAME WOULD HAVE SPREAD FAR."

end of the lake was lost in a sea of white mist, which against the dark green shores on either side swirled upwards in great wisps. To the right and farther up the lake a deep bay had its narrow entrance. One could not see it, shut in by the hills of pines and cedars, but out of it and over the wooded hills floated bill-

and deep greens of the unending forests take their variations solely from the lights and shadows thrown on them from above. In rainy weather the blue-gray clouds hang heavy just over the tops of the hills, and in colour they are no softer, no more delicate than the tones of brightest noon. On fine days the luminant sky is dotted



with well-defined clouds of snowy brilliancy. There is no fading of brilliancy into the blue; to the very edge they stand out solid blocks of billowy shining whiteness, and so they pass across the sun one sees their shadow move over the country like that of a moving figure across the floor of a room.

that stood, some as high as sixty feet, against the sky. Weirdly desolate and yet majestic was the scene, all colour and no sound. Seemingly, from the heart of this rose the moon, a glowing ball of orange fire against which stood the dead trees, ghostlier than ever. And when the moon had risen high and



"A BEAVER-DAM, HOLDING BACK A GOOD-SIZED POND, BARRED OUR WAY"

At evening there are gorgeous sunsets; no gentle mixtures of tones, but vibrant reds and yellows that flash out against clouds now purple, and distant black forests. The lakes reflect the glares, and all is still.

So was it one night when we camped at the top of a hill from which we saw for miles on every side, and felt that we were at the very apex of the world. Years ago a forest fire had ravaged that country, and all about were gaunt ghosts of the past in great charred stumps and bare trunks

paled to silver, her gentle light fell over the desolate scene, and dimly we still could see the hills that stood beneath us several miles in the distance beyond.

Standing on that hill, we felt the stillness and the solitude of all that wonderful country. We knew that here and there throughout the great Park, little parties, such as our own, sat about their camp fires or slept in their tents, but the loneliness of the land was all about us. For a time no sound was heard, and then from





"A THICK FOREST OF GRISLY SPECTRES OF TREES THAT ONCE WERE GREEN"

different points around there floated on the air the male-alto howl of the wolf, and we pictured him, sitting on his haunches with his muzzle pointed to the moon, pouring out his soul just as does the homely collie in the backyard of his city home.

For two weeks we travelled on, enjoying to the full such days and nights as these. Now and then a little rain, but never enough for real discomfort, and when at last the lady-like *Joe* bore us back over the lake of her own name to the point from which we had started, a golden treasury of memories we had of those halcyon days

spent in the Algonquin wilds.

By that time the September nights were cold, so cold that hot stones in the blankets at night were more than welcome, and the maples and birches had gone bright crimson amongst the evergreens. We saw no gradual change, no greens softening to yellows, but knew there had been a sudden turn to brightest scarlet. So does the northern verdure, in its changes, consistently follow the rule of strong direct colour set forth day and night in that land all too little known by the Canadian men and women whose property it is.





# CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE\*

BY JOHN S. EWART

WHAT did the Canadian House of Commons mean when, the other day (22nd February) it unanimously and "emphatically" affirmed "its determination to preserve intact the bonds which unite Canada to the British Empire"?

Are there any such bonds? What is the British Empire?

Some years ago, ready and simple answer could have been made to such questions. Canada was then rather a part of the British Empire than related to it; and the bonds—the legal and constitutional bonds—were those of political domination on the part of the United Kingdom and political subjection on the part of Canada. The British Empire (let us use the phrase correctly) consists, and always has consisted, of two parts: the dominant and the subordinate parts—in other words, the United Kingdom which rules, and such parts of the world as are ruled. So long as Canada was governed legislatively at Westminster, and executively at Downing Street, Canada was a part of the British Empire—she was a British possession. Now she is not. She is no longer subordinate. She is an independent state. The British Empire still, of course, remains. It consists, as formerly, of the United Kingdom and those parts of the world which it rules—India, parts of Africa, etc., etc. But it does not rule Canada. Canada is not part of the British Empire, any more than the United

Kingdom is part of the Canadian Empire.

The House of Commons seems, in its resolutions, to have had some consciousness of the fact that Canada is not a part of the British Empire, for it refers to the bonds which "unite" the one to the other. Probably that is not exactly what most of the members meant. What did they mean? To what "bonds" did they refer? Speaking politically, there is only one such bond, namely, the King. The relationship of Canada to the United Kingdom is that of two nations with the same sovereign. Neither has jurisdiction or authority over the other. There is no organism of which they are both parts. Each is quite independent of the other. Each is a little diffident even about offering advice to the other. The relation is precisely the same as that which existed between England and Scotland from 1603 to 1706, and between Great Britain and Hanover from 1714 to 1837—two kingdoms and one King. Such would be still the relations between Great Britain and Hanover had not the Hanoverian Salic law prohibited a female sovereign. The separation took place when Victoria became Queen of England. And it must be observed that two countries, related in this way, cannot be spoken of as constituting an Empire. No one would be understood if he spoke of England and Scotland, and of Great Britain and Hanover, during the years just mentioned as an Empire.

\*The substance of this article was delivered as a lecture in February, 1911, to the Canadian Clubs at London, Brantford, Hamilton, and Kingston; to the Woman's Club at Kingston; and to the Political Economy Class at Queen's College.



They were separate kingdoms.

What I have said has been based upon the reality of things, and not upon the form of them. Theoretically, Canada is not independent. Practically she is. An analysis of the subject will make this indisputable.

In the first place, we are fiscally independent: we make our own tariffs; we frame them as we wish; we tax British, and other goods as we please; and neither the Colonial Office nor the British Parliament has any right whatever to interfere. That, of course, was not always the case. Until the middle of the first century our tariffs were made for us, and they were made, not in our interest but in the interest of the United Kingdom—as is the Indian tariff to-day. Our trade was a British monopoly from which other nations were excluded. Our raw material went to but one market. Our purchases of manufactures were made in Britain, and nowhere else—no matter what the difference in cost. No ships but British ships entered our ports.

The advent of free trade in the United Kingdom ended the prohibitions, and we commenced (1859) the regulation of our own tariffs. Naturally enough the British manufacturer did not like our methods, and the Colonial Office intervened and contemplated disallowing our statute. The threat brought plucky reply from the Canadian Government:

“Self-government would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present government (of Canada) distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants.” (Can. Sess. Papers, 1860. No. 38.)

Again in 1879, when Sir John A. Macdonald's “National Policy” was

adopted and additional duties were placed upon British manufactures, came suggestions of intervention. But all assumptions of right to interfere with the Canadian tariff have completely disappeared, and Canada is to-day, admittedly, and undoubtedly, fiscally independent.

Canada is also legislatively independent. In former times her statutes were freely disallowed by the Colonial Office. Interference gradually became less frequent, but it was not until within the last twelve months that we succeeded in obtaining the removal of the embargo upon our legislation respecting copyright. That was the last of our very many struggles for legislative independence. We now have it in unquestioned plenitude. No one disputes it.

We have fiscal independence, and legislative independence; and we have also executive independence. Originally our Governors were active executive agents of the Colonial Office. Now our Governors stand in the same relation to Sir Wilfrid as the King stands to Mr. Asquith. As late as 1875, our Governor-General asserted a right to exercise his discretion as to the disallowance of provincial legislation, and also as to the pardoning of prisoners. Still more recently, Lord Minto claimed certain personal authority in connection with our militia, and provoked a controversy which led to the recall of General Hutton. That was, and will probably remain, the last of the pretences of our Governors to regulate Canadian affairs.

Canada then is independent fiscally, legislatively, and executive. What is her position with reference to foreign countries — first, during peace, and, secondly, as to war?

Formerly all our communications with foreign countries were conducted by the British Foreign Office, and treaties binding upon us were made without consultation with us. It was not until 1878 that we obtained a declaration that we were not to be bound without our assent. In 1884, Sir Charles Tupper succeeded not



only in having himself associated with Sir Robert Morier in negotiating a treaty with Spain, but in having delegated to him the actual work. Again, in 1893, he was associated with Lord Dufferin in negotiations with France, and did the work. Notwithstanding these facts, the Foreign Office afterwards, in 1895 (28th June), declared that

"To give the colonies the power of negotiating treaties for themselves without reference to Her Majesty's Government would be to give them an international status as separate and sovereign states, and would be equivalent to breaking up the Empire into a number of independent States"; that "the negotiation must be conducted by Her Majesty's representative at the Court of the Foreign Power, who would keep Her Majesty's Government informed of the progress of the discussions and seek instructions from them as necessity arose"; but that "it would be desirable generally . . . that he should have the assistance, either as a second plenipotentiary or in a subordinate capacity, as Her Majesty's Government might think the circumstances require, of a delegate appointed by the Colonial Government."

"Breaking up the Empire" by releasing Canada from subordination, however, never had any terrors for Canada, and now, we negotiate treaties as we like. In 1907, the Foreign Office, in connection with the French negotiations, practically acknowledged the situation.

The great advance in 1907, from the position won for us by Sir Charles Tupper in 1893, was referred to by Mr. Balfour in the British House of Commons on the 21st July last (1910). He quoted the despatch of 1895, and added:

"That was the Radical policy in 1895. It was not the Radical policy, and in my opinion it was rightly not the Radical policy, in 1907, twelve years later. The Dominion of Canada, technically, I suppose, it may be said, carried on their negotiations with the knowledge of His Majesty's representative, but it was a purely technical knowledge. I do not believe that His Majesty's Government was ever consulted at a single stage of those negotiations. I do not believe they ever informed themselves, or offered any opinion, as to what was the best policy for Canada under the circumstances. I think they were well advised. But how great is the change and how inevitable? It is a

matter of common knowledge—and, may I add, not a matter of regret but a matter of pride or rejoicing—that the great Dominions beyond the seas are becoming great nations in themselves. Integral parts, they are, of the British Empire—but, nevertheless, claiming and rightly claiming to have reached the adult stage in the process of social growth, and requiring no longer to lean in the same way upon other parts of the Empire as was fitting and proper in the earlier days of their existence."

In late years, Canada has carried on negotiations with France, Germany, Italy and the United States quite independently of either the Colonial or the Foreign Office; and our Government does not see any reason for keeping either office informed as to what it does. Messrs. Fielding and Brodeur acted quite independently of the British Foreign Office in the negotiations which preceded the French treaty of 1907; and quite recently, Mr. James Bryce (who delights to speak of himself as the Canadian, as well as the British Ambassador at Washington) assisted the Canadian delegates, without having received any instructions to do so from London. (Canadian Hansard, 1911, pp. 4109, 4222, 3; and see 4298.)

Two incidents of recent occurrence strongly emphasise the fact of our diplomatic independence. The first is the order by King George that, at the Coronation, the representatives of the Dominions are to be accorded rank with the representatives of foreign nations. The other incident is the invitation extended by President Taft to the Canadian delegates at Washington to be present as guests at the diplomatic dinner in the White House.

"The effect," as the *Toronto Globe* very aptly said, "is to proclaim to the assembled ambassadors of foreign nations that the Dominion of Canada is sufficiently a 'nation' to be regarded as not out of place among the real ones."

Canada is also independent with reference to that most important subject, war. In the old days, our Governors controlled our militia, appointed the officers, and issued the marching orders. Lord Minto imagined that the Governor-General



still retained certain authority, and would have lost his place had he not been willing to accept the contrary view. Canada has plainly asserted her independence with reference to British wars. (You will observe that I am not at all referring to the action which Canada would take in the event of a British war. I am proving merely that Canada may do as she pleases. Any credit that she got in connection with the Boer war was rightfully hers, only because her action was purely voluntary.) At the Colonial Conference of 1902, Mr. Chamberlain put directly to the Colonial Prime Ministers the question: What contingents will the colonies send in case of a European war? Canada and Australia replied that the matter would be considered, as it should be, "when the need arose."

Since that date, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared in the House of Commons that Canada may, or may not, take part in British wars. And in 1910 he said:

"Does it follow that because we are exposed to attack we are going to take part in all the wars of the Empire? No. We shall take part if we think proper; we shall certainly take part if our territory is attacked."

There are two other points to be noticed in this connection. In the first place, can we declare war? Of course we can. We can commit an act of war to-morrow, if we so wish. There is very little likelihood of our doing it. We have the power to do it—that is my point. But what is our position in case the United Kingdom is at war? With reference to a situation of that sort, are we independent? Can we do as we wish? To this extent we can: we may decline to take part. It would then be optional with Britain's enemy whether to attack us, or to treat us as a neutral. If we were attacked we should have to fight. But the enemy (unless it were the United States) would most probably be only too glad to leave us neutral. Practically, therefore, the decision as to our participation in any war (except with the United States) would

rest with us. And in no case, need we fight unless we are attacked. No country in the world is any more independent than that.

I have now touched upon the various classes of our national activities. Practically we are independent as to our fiscal relations, as to legislation, as to government, as to treaties, and as to war. Theoretically, we have no independent power. Practically, we are independent, and may do as we please.

And now let me point out that not only is this true, but that all British statesmen acknowledge it as an existing fact. Fortunately the situation is not, as with the United States in 1776, one of assertion on our part and denial by the Imperial Parliament. Upon the contrary, British statesmen quite freely, and frankly, apply the word "independent" to us, whereas, curiously enough, it is some of our own people that rather shy at it. Let me give you some quotations in proof of what I say:—

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has said:

"How are we to bring these separate interests together—these states which have voluntarily accepted one Crown and one Flag, and which, in all else are *absolutely independent of one another*?"

"The time has gone by when we could treat them with indifference, when we could speak of them as though they were subject to our dictation. *They are self-governing nations. They are sister-states. They are our equals in everything except population and wealth; and very quickly you will find that they will equal and surprise us in these respects.*"

Mr. Arthur Balfour has said:

"There was a time when the relations between the mother country and the offspring of the mother country were those of parent and child. No politician to-day holds that view. Everybody, as far as I know, recognises that the parental stage is past. We have now arrived at the stage of formal equality and no one wishes to disturb it."

Lord Curzon has said:

"In the economy of the Imperial household we were dealing not with children, but with grown men. At our tables were seated, not dependents or menials, but partners as free as ourselves, and with aspirations not less ample or keen."



These were unofficial utterances. At the Colonial Conference in 1907, the British Prime Minister (Campbell-Bannerman), officially addressing the Colonial Premiers, said:

"We found ourselves, gentlemen, upon freedom and independence — that is the essence of the Imperial connection. Freedom of action in their relations with one another, and with the mother country."

And Mr. Asquith (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) said:

"The special feature of the British Empire has been that it has combined, and succeeded in combining in a degree unknown in any other combination in history, a loyal and affectionate attachment between the centre and parts of the Empire, and between the various parts themselves, with complete practical independence"

Perhaps the statements above made as to Canada being part of the Empire will be more readily accepted if some authority for them is supplied. Lord Milner (probably now the chief of Imperialists), writing in the principal Imperialist publication, the *Standard of Empire*, said:

"The word 'Empire' has in some respects an unfortunate effect. It, no doubt, fairly describes the position as between the United Kingdom and subject countries such as India or our Central Africa possessions. But for the relations existing between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies, it is a *misnomer*, and with the idea of ascendancy, of domination inevitably associated with it, a *very unfortunate misnomer*."

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has frequently made use of similar language. On 17th May, 1905, he said:

"Ours is an Empire—an anomalous Empire. It really is a collection of States which are not bound together by anything more than mere sentiment."

Sir Frederick Pollock, one of the leading English jurists, said (part of it has since become untrue):

"Leave the conventions alone and look at the facts, and we find that the 'self-governing colonies' are, in fact, separate kingdoms having the same King as the parent group, but choosing to abrogate that part of their full autonomy which relates to foreign affairs."

Listen to the language of the *Standard of Empire* itself (4th June, 1909):

"Leaving theory and legal figment alone,

an Oversea State of the British Empire is an autonomous nation. Of its own internal affairs, its people are masters precisely in the same sense as the people of Great Britain in regard to their affairs. The King is King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominions beyond the Sea. That is to say, that in Australia he is King of Australia, and in Canada he is King of Canada. In each of these Dominions, he acts by, and with, the advice of His Privy Council—that is to say, his Cabinet, appointed by the local electorate and legislature. In dealing with a local Act, the King, or his Vice-Regent, is advised by his local Prime Minister—not by his Ministers in Downing Street."

After referring to the anomalous state of the relation between mother-country and colony, and the fact that the British instinct of government "does not occupy itself over much with exact logic," the *Standard of Empire* proceeded:

"Still we are not sure that there is any particular advantage in carrying illogicality and informality to the altitude it has reached under our present Imperial system. In fact, all the articles we have recently published on Empire governance are an argument in favour of more precise methods. If the Empire is to be properly organised, it must be on something like a scientific basis, in which terms and phrases do correspond with some closeness to the reality."

This language is not very familiar in Canada. Our newspapers are, however, commencing to learn it, and the *Montreal Star*, which is enthusiastically Imperialistic, in a recent issue (24th February) has adopted it.

"Canada cannot be regarded to-day as a Colony in the old Roman sense. No one in Britain thinks of so looking upon us. We are a 'free and equal' member of the British community, with just as much right to hold our heads up as England, Ireland or Scotland. The word 'Empire' is, indeed, a misnomer. The British world is rather a league of free nations."

Canada and Australia have declined to say what they will do in case the United Kingdom is engaged in a European war. And, on the other hand, we have no assurance that the United Kingdom would take our view of any difficulty that may arise between us and, say, the United States or Japan. Twice only has the British navy in-



tervened in colonial quarrels in British North America, and on both occasions it took part against and not upon the side of the colonials.

Official declaration of our independence-declaration, it will be observed, of an already existing fact—would entail many advantages, but probably the chief of them would be the substitution of certainty for uncertainty with reference to this subject of mutual support in case of war.

I was much struck with a remark recently made by Mr. R. L. Borden to the effect that our first act after declaration of independence would be to enter into a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the United Kingdom. In that case, both parties would acquire the immense advantage of knowing what was going to happen. At present neither of us knows, and neither of us will say. That is not only unsatisfactory and stupid, but unnecessarily dangerous. Independence will end all that; and if Mr. Borden is right, the result will be that far from independence meaning wider separation, it will mean closer union.

In other ways, too, a frank acknowledgment of the situation will be of the greatest possible benefit. Apart altogether from the extremely important advantage of enhanced self-respect, it will give us a unity, a cohesion, and a solidarity which we have not now. At present we are English, Scotch, Irish, French, American, etc. We ought to be Canadian. Eight hundred miles of rock and water separate our east from our west. We want a bond of union. We shall never make our west Imperialistic. We can make it Canadian *now*. In a few years? I am not so sure of it.

And our establishment as a nation would have the very important effect, that it would forever end the constantly recurring question as to our destiny. There have always been people who have prophesied that when Canada came to adopt her permanent form of Government, she would declare for union with the United States; and as long as the question

remains unsettled by accomplished fact there will always be debate and possible uncertainty, as to what is to be the answer. At the present day there is probably less reason for apprehension of annexation than ever before, but nevertheless some of our best men have it still in mind, and are actually timid about increasing our trade with the United States because it might result in political incorporation.

I cannot agree that there is any ground for apprehension. If there is, we ought at once to stop the stream of American immigration into our Northwest; to forbid the introduction of American capital, and industry and enterprise; and to prohibit American ownership of our resources. These influences are stronger than lower tariff walls. If, however, my confidence in Canadians is not well founded, the reason for apprehension is to be found solely in the fact that our political position is not upon a permanent basis. Some change has to be made. And the question is inevitable, What shall its nature be?

Other countries are not afraid of better trade relations with their neighbours or of immigration, because their constitutions have been finally adopted and definitely fixed. Our choice has yet to be made. You and I to-day are perhaps not agreed as to our political future.

At the present time very few would vote for incorporation with the United States. Not many years ago a great many were ready to accept it with equanimity. In a few years more? I do not know. But what I do know is that I should like to see the matter settled once and for all, while opinion is as unanimous as it is to-day. To leave it open, is to leave it to uncertainty. To leave it open, is to produce the suggestion that to conserve our political freedom, we must refuse to increase our commerce with our largest business-relation; that we must turn back the stream of immigration; that we must exclude American capital and enterprise.



Disastrous action of that sort is wholly unnecessary. Our political future is perfectly safe as soon as we ourselves have declared what it is to be. National sentiment is the only secure bulwark of national existence. We shall never have it so long as we remain a colony.

Let our independence, then, be acknowledged. Let us learn to regard ourselves as a nation. Let us claim the place, and the rank, and the respect to which we are entitled. Let us be no longer a "colony" even in name, nor yet one of the "Dominions beyond the seas." We are, I beg to say, on this side of the seas. We have the most magnificent and most richly endowed country on the face of the globe. We have eight millions of the sanest, the strongest, and the most intelligent people in the world. We are acquiring a just pride in our material position and in our unprecedented progress. And, if we shall only rise to the height of our national manhood, we shall, I most firmly believe, very soon be a homogeneous and united people, well able to hold our own, whether in the peaceful pursuits of industry and commerce, or in the direst engagements of most strenuous war; and whether in defence of our own land, or of the land from which most of us have sprung, and which yet retains (may it always retain) our sympathies and our affections.

Before closing, I should like to mention the names of some of the men by whom Canada has been led from squalid and ignoble colonialism to the very verge of splendid nationalism.

And first I must give you the names of Louis Joseph Papineau and William Lyon Mackenzie. Not that I would have you understand that I approve of all that those men did, for I do not; but I do say that but for their protests against government by such governors as Sir Francis Bond Head, and but for their assertions of our right to govern ourselves, the introduction of responsible government

would almost certainly have been indefinitely postponed.

The next name that I shall give you is that of Lord Durham. I do not ascribe unqualified praise, as is somewhat usual, to his famous report. On the contrary I regard some of its recommendations as mistaken. But so far as he referred to the constant state of quarrel between the Assemblies and the Governors, and to the necessity for the introduction of responsible government, he was undoubtedly right. He said:

"The powers for which the Assembly contended appear in both instances to be such as it was perfectly justified in demanding. . . . It is difficult to understand how any English statesman could have imagined that representative, and irresponsible government could be successfully combined."

Next I mention Lemuel A. Wilmot, of New Brunswick, and with stronger emphasis the great Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, whose magnificent championship of responsible government will always give him an honoured and important place among the builders of Canadian nationality.

Then I cite Robert Baldwin, who forced the hand of Lord Sydenham, and who, in conjunction with Sir Louis Lafontaine, won a most important victory over Sir Charles Metcalfe in connection with the right of our government to appoint its own officials.

And next Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, and Sir A. T. Galt, who, in 1859, told the Colonial Office that it would have to take charge of the whole government of Canada if our tariff bill was disallowed. Afterwards, in 1866, Sir John attempted a splendid *coup* when he proposed that our constitutional title should be "The Kingdom of Canada" instead of "The Dominion of Canada," a proposal that was rejected by Lord Derby for fear of affecting the supposed susceptibilities of the United States. And Sir John did well when he inserted in the Speech from the Throne delivered to the first Federal Parliament (1867) congratulatory



lations upon the passage of the Federation Act,

"under the provisions of which we are now constituted, and which has laid the foundation of a new nationality."

And next, Sir Charles Tupper, to whom we are indebted for various things:—leadership in the refusal to subscribe to the British Navy; the institution of a Canadian flag; the right to negotiate our own commercial treaties, etc.

And next, Edward Blake, who withstood the claim of the Governor-General to exercise the prerogative of pardon, and to disallow provincial legislation.

And next, Messrs. Fielding and Brodeur, who carried our right to negotiate our commercial treaties to completion; and Mr. Sidney Fisher, who terminated our legislative disability in connection with copyright.

And next, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Few know the full extent of our debt to Sir Wilfrid. I shall not attempt a statement of it. His work at the Colonial Conference, where our political relations were often under discussion and our independence sometimes in danger, could have been accomplished only by one of the most remarkable men of our time.

These men, besides many others, are those who have built up Canada's political independence, and who have finally reduced Canadian political connection with the British Empire to allegiance to the same King. And these men were right. We would not undo one of their acts. We would not give up one of the powers which they secured for us. Let us acknowledge our indebtedness to them. And let us evince our appreciation of what they did by completing their work.

## TO YOU

BY MARGARET O'GRADY

WHY do I dream of you to-night?  
 Is it the dim scent of a lonely rose,  
 Or wistful gleam of hushed and watchful stars?  
 Perhaps some vagrant melody, which flows  
 From wizard strings, while memory still scars  
 A heart too deeply seared with voiceless pain.  
 Once more I see the light in your dear eyes,  
 And faintly feel your trembling lips again,  
 Oh, tender piteous dream that never dies!  
 My fighting soul with recollection stirs,  
 As haunting breaths of breeze through cypress sigh,  
 Sobbing like wounded love, which, tearful, blurs  
 That other deathless night, that last good-bye.  
 When Love is done, you said, we must forget,  
 Remembrance is but madness, sweet, and yet—  
 Why do I dream of you to-night?



# THE MAHARAJAH OF PARTALA

BY LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

"I admit it is devilish hard on the beggar," said Geoffrey Ward, flicking his cigarette ash into his saucer, "but it is the only practical thing for him to do."

A short silence followed as the subject under discussion affected the last speaker more nearly than anyone else in the mess-room; in fact, he was the only one directly affected, although Oasga Tufnell was known to them all and was so soon to be admitted into the Regimental circle. The Adjutant muttered something about systems being wrong.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "the system is wrong. A native is a native, and you can't make him anything else." The last subaltern lispingly remarked that he was awfully popular at Eton.

"Oh, of course," said the Colonel, "the fellow has had every advantage, and Eton and Oxford have left their mark on him, but he's a nigger just the same, and a nigger can't have feelings like a white man."

Ward took some port and passed the decanter.

"I think you are wrong there, sir," he said, addressing the Colonel. "In a case like Partala you are wrong. I was born in India and have soldiered here nine years altogether, and I have studied the natives more than most men."

"I daresay," the Colonel admitted. "I don't know much about the beggars. Of course, I have only been five months in the country, but from what I know and see, it is only a question

of caste and degrees of shade. Black blood is black, and it's a damnable colour."

He rose.

"Come, who's for a game of whist?"

He stalked into the anteroom, followed by several others.

"That," said the Adjutant, as the door closed, "that is the popular idea at home. A man like the Colonel will never understand the natives, because he doesn't want to. He is a good fellow, and I think a good soldier, but, as he said himself, the system is wrong. I don't mean the system he meant, though. I mean the system of transferring a man from another regiment, particularly one at home, to take command of a regiment like this. Here we have been for a number of years, and most of us thorough Anglo-Indians, some of us, like Ward there, heart and soul in the country, and all our prejudices and acquired knowledge subordinated by a man who regards India as a sort of purgatory, incidental to his retirement three years hence, when he can bask in a heaven of his own making, in the shape of a detached villa at Norwood or somewhere, or a club window in Pall Mall."

He sighed.

"I tell you it often makes it hard for me in the orderly-room," Ward laughed. "Poor old Brooks," he said. "An Adjutant's life is not a happy one; but," he added, "think of the extra two rupees a day."

"Oh, damn the rupees," said



Brooks. "But, to return to our mut-  
tons, what is Partala going to do?"

Ward struck a match, and poisoning  
the lump of sugar (soaked with  
brandy) on his coffee-spoon, set fire  
to it, ere he replied: "Only one thing  
for him to do; marry the native, and  
keep a sort of harem, I suppose. All  
the same, as I said before, it is devil-  
ish hard on the beggar."

The senior Major yawned.

"Oh, well," he said, "I daresay  
he'll simmer down. Come on, it's  
stuff in here."

He rose, and the others followed,  
with the exception of Ward, who sat  
thoughtfully stirring his coffee. At  
the door the adjutant turned.

"Coming, Ward?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Ward gulped down his coffee and  
rose too, and as he ducked his head  
slightly in passing through the door,  
Brooks laughed.

"What a big brute you are," he  
said. "I'm always waiting to see you  
bump your head."

Ward muttered something about  
wishing he was a decent size.

"Oh, go on," said Brooks, "the  
women like it. I heard Mrs. Charteris  
describe you the other day as "the  
maiden's dream."

Ward frowned.

"Oh, rot," he said. "I wish they  
would leave me alone."

Brooks chuckled.

"Well, they will — after the wed-  
ding."

"You'll dig your own grave."

Ward looked annoyed, and Brooks  
added.

"Of course, the grave is always a  
prelude to Heaven. Thank goodness.  
women don't bother me. They call  
me "The Snipe.""

"Yes, but you can ride," Ward ob-  
served.

The adjutant surveyed his own thin  
legs and small, but well-knit figure  
with satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "I can ride and

I'm going to win the Poonah Cup.  
That beats all the women going."

"You're a lucky chap," said Ward,  
"I'd give anything to scale ten stone."

Brooks opened the anteroom door.

"We can't all win the same race.  
You are entered for the "Nursery  
Stakes."

He laughed and joined the group  
round the card-table before the other  
could find a fitting retort. The latter  
certainly presented a fine picture of  
perfect manhood, as he stood framed  
in the doorway, in all the splendour  
of mess uniform. He was over six  
feet, five inches, regulation measure,  
and built in proportion, but with not  
an ounce of superfluous flesh. He  
was a typical Saxon, his hair curly and  
almost golden. In manners he was  
particularly gentle, but in no way ef-  
feminate, and though probably the  
strongest man in all India, he never  
abused his strength or exerted it to  
the disadvantage of others. He was  
the youngest son of the Earl of Dor-  
chester, from whom he received a  
small allowance, which, with his pay  
as Captain in the 3rd Bombay  
Cavalry, was, if not large, amply  
sufficient. At this moment he was  
the centre of interest in that part of  
military India, and, with the excep-  
tion of perhaps one, the most talked  
of man in Poonah. The other was  
the Maharajah of Partala, an Indian  
Prince of immense wealth, who had  
lately completed his education in  
Europe. On the advice of the Resi-  
dent, backed up by the Viceroy, he  
had been sent when a mere lad to  
England, where he had received the  
educational advantages of Eton and  
Oxford, and had distinguished himself  
academically and in field sports. He  
was thoroughly Anglicised in every  
way, and had been received into the  
best society of London; lionised, in  
fact. As was but natural, having had  
every opportunity to do so, he had  
fallen in love, and, cutting the roman-  
tic figure that he did, it is no great



wonder that his wooing found a ready response.

The object of his affections was the daughter of the Bishop of Morehampton, a worldly prelate, who, though regretting the unorthodox religion of the Maharajah, yet viewed with favour a prospective son-in-law of so enormous wealth. He had travelled but little, and his knowledge of the East and Indian affairs was limited. He naturally thought that the Prince, practically an Englishman in all but name, was on an equal footing with the white rulers in India, and that his daughter would be received into the best official and military society.

Some six months earlier the Maharajah had been recalled to India, to assume the responsibilities and management of his province, under, of course, the guidance of the Resident. Colonel Pope was going out a month later, accompanied by his wife, to take over the command of the Poonah Horse, and the Bishop had seized the opportunity of asking them to chaperone his daughter. The Maharajah had begged that the marriage might take place in India, with all the pomp and splendour incidental to Oriental functions of the sort. The Bishop was not averse, as splendour and pomp was part of his daily creed, and he felt that perhaps the brilliant wedding would be a fitting send-off and help to launch his daughter in her accepted sphere.

Bishop Tufnell was not a man who invited confidence, nor who brooked advice, and though there were some who tried to interfere in a kindly way and warn him against the serious mistake he was making, their interference he attributed to jealousy and their warnings to insular prejudice.

Colonel Pope, though assigned to the command of an Indian native regiment, had no knowledge of the country to which he was going, nor its customs, having served all his time at home. The lure of the extra pay

in the Indian service had drawn him, and, having some influence at the War Office, he had manoeuvred the transfer. He had only three more years to serve, and the Indian Government pension was not to be sneezed at. He and his wife were glad of an opportunity to do a favour to the Bishop, for whom they had a great respect, and Casga Tufnell was a girl whom anyone would be only too proud to chaperone. She was just turned twenty, of a romantic nature, such as usually accompanies an olive skin. Her features were perfect, and her figure slightly inclined to fullness. She had lost her mother in infancy, and her upbringing had been entirely in her father's hands. She had passed some years at the best boarding-schools in London and France, and since her *début*, two years before, had undertaken the management of the Bishop's palace. She had met the Maharajah at the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match at Lord's, where he had greatly distinguished himself, and their mutual admiration was simultaneous or, in other words, a clear case of love at first sight.

They had been engaged but a few weeks when the Maharajah received his recall to India, and he was loth to go, but the Government, in whose hands he was, urged him to assume his responsibilities forthwith, as his people were clamouring for their titular ruler. The Bishop had insisted on his going at once, as he feared he might weaken his position there in some way, and promised that his daughter should follow him at the earliest opportunity.

Now the Maharajah of Partala, in England, as Captain of the Oxford cricket eleven, all round sportman and club man, and H.S.H. the Maharajah of Partala, in British India, as ruler of the Poonah Province, were two very distinctive men. One was a young prince, olive complexioned, it is true, but no darker than the princes



of Southern Europe, conventionally well dressed, a college man of excellent manners and received on an equal footing with the best Englishmen. The other was a native prince, the puppet ruler of a tribe under the Indian Government; on state occasions dressed in picturesque but outlandish attire, forced to conform to the rules of his caste, admitted certainly to the best clubs and regimental mess tables, conceded a place of honour at social functions—but only as a diplomatic concession on the part of the white race. He was *with* them, but not of them. He was a native. If he presumed too far, he was a nigger.

The change in his relations came as a horrible shock to Partala. He was English to the core, and all the natives were simply *natives* to him. His own relatives, who were numerous, were as aliens to him, and their mode of living and ideas in general were ridiculous. His native garb, which he was constrained to adopt on occasions, was distasteful to a degree, and his miniature Court savoured in his eyes strongly of the comic opera.

The obligations incidental to his position were constantly dinned into his ears by his aged relatives and members of his suite, his early marriage and propagation of his race broadly hinted at, as he was informed that in his infancy he had been betrothed to a native princess, some two years his junior, with a certain amount of personal charm, and powerful native connections. Diplomatically, the union would be advantageous. But he naturally scoffed at the idea, and made light of it, thereby creating disruption in the native circles.

The facts of the case were placed before the Resident, who incidentally undertook the unpleasant task of informing the Maharajah of the true position in which he stood. The Prince's rage, on being told that his marriage with Casga Tufnell was im-

possible, may be imagined. He could not believe it. Was she not now on her way to fulfil the engagement, with her father's full consent? He was head over ears in love with her, and the love of the educated Oriental is deep and jealous. In five short days she was expected to arrive. He sought advice in the clubs and mess-rooms, and though he met with ready sympathy from all, the verdict was unanimous. He was a good fellow, one of the best on earth, but—he was a native. He was well-nigh distracted. He could not realise it. That he who had been sought after in the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and house parties in the best English society should be tabooed from marrying an English girl, why, the idea was preposterous! He was certain that she would think so too, and, anyway, it was *their* affair, and he would do nothing until she arrived.

Poor Casga had no intimation of what was happening, and it was with unmixed feelings of delight that she greeted the Maharajah. The night following her arrival there was a ball at the Residency, which Partala attended, in his full state costume, accompanied by the members of his suite, and the brave showing he made filled Casga with pride and stirred her romantic nature to the depths. She danced with him several times in succession, and all tongues were set wagging. The story of the engagement was known, and Casga was being pitied on all sides.

The Colonel's wife was, of course, questioned, and everyone evinced surprise at her lack of knowledge of Indian affairs and customs, and her distress at the upsetting of things to which she was an innocent party was pitiable. She had gained Casga's full confidences on board ship and knew the romantic girl loved the Prince. She was responsible to the Bishop for his daughter, and must act in the matter as if she were her own. Her dis-



tree was so great that the Colonel was for then and there accosting the Maharajah and demanding that he should leave the ball-room and cease in his attentions to Casga; but wiser counsels prevailed, and the Resident's wife, Lady Hughes, a practical woman of the world, undertook to straighten matters out.

"Let us," she said, "break hearts and smash the furniture, but don't let's have a scene."

She was a diplomat to the finger tips, and it was largely owing to her personality that her husband occupied the position he did. She made the opportunity by boldly seizing Casga at the end of a dance, apologising to Partala with the plea that she wanted news of England and mutual acquaintances. She soon discovered that they had some in common, and making the warm night the excuse, she steered the unsuspecting girl to a sequestered seat in the garden, where the darkness would prove a good shield to the emotions she would no doubt display. Having discussed various acquaintances, she cleverly brought the conversation round to the paramount issue.

"We have had quite an excitement here," she said. "The Maharajah, you know, has been away all his life, so that the Residency seemed more familiar without one. You know him, I see?"

"Oh, yes," said Casga eagerly.

Fearing an outpouring of confidence, Lady Hughes quickly continued:

"He's a nice fellow, and so handsome, I think, but what a pity he is a nigger."

She paused. She had said a brutal thing, but she had meant to do so. This was no case for gentle methods. Casga must be disillusioned, and at once. The latter sprang as if she had been shot.

"Nigger!" she gasped.

Her Ladyship laughed lightly.

"Oh, well, that is rather unkind,

perhaps, but I didn't mean it as such, only all the natives are niggers to us, you know."

"But the Maharajah!" gasped Casga.

"Yes, of course," said Lady Hughes—"of course, Partala is a little different, he looks almost English, you know, but, then, this is India, and in India, of course, all Indians are natives, and that spells n-i-g-g-e-r."

The girl half rose from her seat.

"But, Lady Hughes," she said, "surely you have heard."

The Resident's wife interrupted her.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I know what you were going to say, but we won't discuss it seriously. I had heard that you had a mild flirtation with him, or something of the sort, in England and, you naughty girl, perhaps you gave him more encouragement than was good for him; but here, of course, dear, you must be more circumspect."

Casga rose trembling.

"Lady Hughes," she said, "you don't know what you are saying; you don't know anything about it. The Maharajah has asked me to be his wife."

Lady Hughes took her hand, and patted it playfully.

"Oh, my dear, lots of men will do that," she said, laughingly. "You are a very pretty girl, but you must not treat them all seriously."

"Yes," Casga exclaimed, "but I have accepted him."

Her Ladyship feigned astonishment.

"You did what?" she gasped.

"I have accepted him," repeated Casga. "Why—I—I—came out here on purpose to marry him."

Her ladyship drew her gently back to the seat.

"You poor child," she said, "did you have no one to advise you? Oh, I forgot, dear, you have no mother. It is too bad, too utterly bad."

She stroked the girl's hand and



appeared to be deeply affected.

"But—but I love him," stammered Casga.

"Oh," said the diplomat, "we all love him, he is so handsome, and such a dear, quite superior to most of the nig—natives. I mean; but er—there is the "but," you see."

"Oh, but you don't seem to realise," said the girl. "We are engaged, properly engaged."

Lady Hughes placed her arm around her.

"I know dear," she said, "I suppose you did engage yourself to him, and all that sort of thing, but then you didn't know, and I hope he didn't know, that to marry him is impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated Casga.

"Yes, dear," reiterated her Ladyship, "impossible! No English girl could, and live in India. Then, besides, he was betrothed when a mere child, to a native maharanee, a princess, you know, and his people want him to marry her at once."

"Marry her at once!" repeated Casga, dazed. "Marry her at once! Why, only to-night he spoke to me about our wedding."

Lady Hughes stiffened.

"Well, he had no right to do so. He knows very well that he cannot marry you. He even consulted my husband about it, and some of the English officers, and they all told him the same thing, that no white woman can marry a native, no matter what his rank, and be received in society."

"But," said Casga plaintively, "I know he loves me."

"Oh, I daresay," said her ladyship, "in his wild, Oriental way he thinks he does. But he can't truly and unselfishly love you or he would not dream of subjecting you to ridicule."

"Ridicule!" gasped Casga.

"Of course," said Lady Hughes. "Everyone would think you ridiculous or crazy, and then, besides, it isn't even respectable."

"I don't know what you mean," said Casga.

"You wouldn't live like other men's wives. You would be, oh, well, a sort of a queen of the lot."

"Queen of what?" said Casga.

"Oh, you know what I mean," said her ladyship. "I hate having to explain, but every Maharajah has his—to put it plainly, his harem."

"Oh," groaned Casga.

"So you see," continued her tormentor, "that it is utterly impossible."

Casga shivered.

"But I know he is not like the rest," she said. "He is so English."

In England, yes," replied her ladyship, "but not here. He can't help himself. It is expected of him. Of course, I am sure, dear, that he would treat you just as an English wife should be treated, at first, but later on you would just be—well—er—a favourite—if that. It would all depend on him."

Casga groaned.

"Or perhaps on you," continued Lady Hughes. "You see, it is part of his religion. His father had over forty wives, I believe. Of course, only one real one, but then—" She shrugged her shoulders, and the girl hid her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. She felt humiliated, and the change from the thoughts of love and pride in her great conquest of Partala to the disgusting prospect just laid before her was more than she could bear. Only an hour ago, there in the ball-room, she had felt so proud, so happy, as she swung round in his arms, and now she realised that she must have been the cynosure of all eyes and that everyone there was pitying and laughing at her.

"Oh," she wailed, "take me away, take me away."

"You poor child," said Lady Hughes, genuinely affected, "I'm so sorry, dear, but I couldn't help it. I



had to tell you: it was necessary."

Casga shivered again, as if with cold.

"What can I do?" she cried, "what can I do?"

Her ladyship tried to comfort her.

"Do?" she said, "do nothing. It is a mistake that might have happened to anyone who didn't know India; a horrible one, I admit, but it is not your fault. You must break with the Maharajah — nicely, of course, but firmly. He will understand. Come let us go back."

She rose, but Casga drew back affrighted.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I couldn't face them. I want to go away."

"Nonsense," said her ladyship, "that will never do. You must not let them suspect that anything has happened. Be a brave girl, dear, and try and forget all about Partala. You will find it was just infatuation on both sides, and you will think of him differently when you see him amongst all the nig— natives, I mean."

She waited a few moments for Casga to compose herself, and led the way back to the ball-room. Near the door she stopped.

"Now, dear," she said, "be brave. And you must dance as if nothing had happened, but not with Partala."

She espied Geoffrey Ward lounging in the doorway.

"Ah! here is Captain Ward," she cried. "He is the nicest man I know, and will take proper care of you."

She laid a hand on his arm.

"Geoffrey," she said, "I want you to be very kind to Miss Tufnell here, she is a stranger in a strange land."

That was the beginning of it. Captain the Honourable Geoffrey Ward was completely knocked off his feet, and catching Casga on the rebound, as it were, in her helpless and friendless condition, in less than two weeks they were engaged. The Maharajah, after Casga had disappeared with Lady Hughes, mooned about, and the

next time he saw her she was whirling round in the arms of another.

At the close of the dance he tried to approach her, but she was so well hemmed in on all sides and claimed by so many partners (Ward had seen to that), that all his efforts were in vain. She deliberately cut him out of two dances, and went down to supper with Ward, and was driven away by the Colonel's wife without giving him an opportunity of saying good-night. He realised that a league had formed against him, and he was consumed with rage. He called on his fiancée the following day, and was informed that she was suffering from a headache and was not to be disturbed, but that Colonel Pope would be glad to receive him. He found that gentleman lying in a camp chair, battling with the heat and swearing vehemently at his *punkahwallah*. He greeted the Maharajah as courteously as he could under the circumstances.

"I'm swearing at your damnable climate," he said, "but I hope to get used to it in time."

The prince frowned.

"I assure you, Colonel, that it is just as disagreeable to me. I am as much a stranger here as you are."

"Yes, I know," said the Colonel, "but it is your native land, you know."

The Maharajah acknowledged that, and inquired after his fiancée.

"She is lying down," said the Colonel; "bad headache or something; danced too much, I expect. Young spirits and all that sort of thing, you know. Hate dancing myself."

"When can I see her?" the Prince inquired.

"Oh," said the Colonel, as indifferently as he could, "I don't know. Better call again some time."

"Colonel Pope," he said sternly, "I suppose you know that Miss Tufnell is my affianced wife."

"Wife?" echoed the Colonel. "Bosh! You know jolly well she can't



be anything of the sort, don't you?"

Partala gritted his teeth.

"What is the good of fencing with me, Colonel Pope?" he said. "You brought Casga over here on purpose to marry me."

The Colonel mumbled something about the whole thing being a foolish mistake, and added that there was no use in making a fuss about nothing.

"Nothing!" retorted the Prince. "Don't you know that it means everything to me?"

"Oh, rot," cried the Colonel. "You have your Court and Palace here, and all that sort of thing, and you must do like the others."

"How do you mean?" demanded the Prince.

"Oh, you know. You are a native, my dear sire, and when you are in Rome—but then, you know jolly well what I mean. Don't be foolish about it."

Partala inwardly boiled with rage.

"Do you mean me to understand," he said, "that my engagement with Miss Tufnell is at an end?"

The Colonel rose and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Now be a good fellow," he advised, "and don't make it hard for her. She didn't know—er, we didn't know anything about how things stood here; but we know now, and so do you, that the whole thing is impossible."

The Prince brushed his hand away.

"I don't know anything of the sort," he retorted. "I only know that Casga is engaged to me, and you can't keep her from me."

The Colonel changed his tone.

"Oh, can't we?" he cried. "Well, we'll see about that." He clapped his hands. "Maharajah, I do not like to make a fuss." He pointed to the door, at which a servant had appeared in answer to his master's summons. "I wish you good afternoon."

Partala could hardly contain himself.

"You wouldn't speak to me like that in England," he cried. "You wouldn't behave like a cad there, and that is what you are doing now. Because you are in India, behaving like an old, bald-headed cad."

"Then the Colonel lost *his* temper. He took a step forward.

"Get out of this, get out of my house, you—you nigger!"

He stalked into an inner room, slamming the door behind him.

"Nigger," muttered the Prince, as one dazed. "Nigger!" he repeated. "By Allah, he shall pay for that."

He gazed at the slammed door for a moment, spat three times in native contempt, and passed out, slapping the *syce* across the face with his riding-whip. He mounted, and was soon lost in a cloud of dust.

Things went along quietly for several days, and everyone wondered what would happen, but the Maharajah made no sign. He devoted most of his time to the affairs of his Court, and the clubs or public places saw nothing of him. The Colonel gave out some vague statement about having had it out with him, but did not enter into details, and Casga, acting on Lady Hughes's advice, went everywhere, and under that lady's wing danced and attended garden-parties nights and afternoons.

The god of dreams claimed her mornings. And then came the announcement of her engagement to Geoffrey Ward. Everyone expected something to happen, but then everyone is always expecting something to happen in India. Expectancy is in the air you breathe.

The wedding was set for an early date, as Lady Hughes urged that Casga's position was so unfixed, and there was really no need for delay. The Resident had sought to learn something of the Maharajah's intentions regarding the marriage arranged for him, but the young Prince had begged to be left alone, and looked so



morose, that he had not urged the matter. The Maharajah shunned all intercourse outside his Palace until a week before the date set for Casga's wedding, and then the unexpected happened. He made known to the Resident that he was desirous of giving a garden-party on the eve of the marriage, and that no expense might be spared. He admitted to the Resident that he was disappointed at the turn of affairs, of which he had no conception when he left England; but that he realised he must abide by the ruling of fate. He was anxious to do his part towards the wedding festivities, and to act in a magnanimous spirit, so the garden-party had struck him as a fitting entertainment. Everyone sympathised with him, and by the ready acceptance of his invitation and presence at the Palace on the auspicious occasion, strove to do him honour.

Casga's meeting with him, the first since that night of the ball, was eagerly watched; but she bore herself so well, and Partala was so courtly and smiling, that the spectators could hardly restrain their applause. Colonel Pope magnanimously pocketed his insult, the allusion to his bald head still rankling, and had insisted on the Regiment turning out *en masse*. He and Ward greeted the Prince together, and the latter's smiling face was cordiality itself, though the pupils of his eyes, contracted to two pin points, might have argued a feeling the reverse. But one is not studying the pupils of the eyes of one's host at a garden-party; such little things are so trifling, and there is so much to see in the Palace of Partala. The grounds were magnificent, and nothing was left undone to show off the splendour and wealth of the Palace. The state jewels, valued at several million rupees, were on exhibition; a Nautch dance had been provided, and all the bands in garrison were massed so as to form an orchestra several hundred strong. Snake

charmners, conjurers and fakers were exhorted to perform their wonderful tricks, and tennis, croquet and archery all had their votaries. White-robed servants were flitting everywhere, bearing tea and all things in season, and the popping of champagne corks kept up a fitting accompaniment to the music and gay laughter.

The Maharajah's havildar, a man of immense physique, had command of the army of fakers and snake charmners, and reprimanded them with no gentle cuffs if they appeared too presumptuous. One in particular he singled out, and made him perform some of those wonderful tricks to be seen in no place but India. The mango seed he caused to grow to a tree in five minutes; the rope ladder to disappear to—where? And then the boy in the basket. The boy's cries, in the basket, as the faker drove his sword through and through it again and again attracted a large crowd. It was so realistic and almost horrible. The boy's cries ceased. He must surely be dead, but lo! the faker opened the basket; it was empty, and from the rear of the crowd came the boy, laughing as only a native can laugh—when being paid for it. This trick, on request, he repeated several times, until the Maharajah taunted him with being clumsy, and threatened to expose it. The faker laughingly defied him to do so. The basket was an unusually large one, and the Prince, to the surprise and horror of all, stepped in and despite all entreaties, invited the faker to use him in place of the boy. The faker readily consented and closed the lid. Amidst a suppressed silence he pierced it again and again, and the Prince's cries could be heard above the music of the massed bands. All were horror stricken, but the smiling faker laughed loudly and said, "Wait Sahibs, wait!" The cries ceased. He opened the lid, and the basket was empty. The Maharajah came laugh-



ingly through the crowd. A sigh of relief went up, and everybody cheered. The Prince offered to repeat the performance, and assured them that it was harmless, a mere optical illusion, and invited Colonel Pope to take the faker's place and to pass the sword through the basket as he had done. The Colonel, of course, demurred, but Partala insisted, assuring him that there was absolutely no danger, so after some pressure the Colonel complied, and the illusion was successfully repeated. The havildar then offered to perform the trick, and did so, twice, the sword on his invitation being handled first by the Colonel, and then by Captain Ward. After his second successful performance he approached Ward.

"Sahib Captain," he said, "you are a man as big as I am. You show the mem Sahibs and the Sahibs how it is done." Ward hastened to assure him that he didn't know anything about it.

The havildar whispered in his ear, and Goeffrey laughed.

"Is that all?" he said.

"Why, certainly."

Casga and the others did their best to dissuade him, and begged the Maharajah to stop him.

"Yes," said Partala, "it is foolish to do it any more, as it makes the ladies nervous, but there is really nothing to be afraid of."

He laid stress on the word "afraid," which appeared like a challenge to Ward, who there-upon insisted on getting into the basket, and invited the Prince to wield the sword. The latter laughingly declined, saying that he objected to striking an unarmed man, and handed the sword to Colonel Pope.

"Go on, Colonel," said Ward, as the havildar closed down the lid, "stick me as hard as you like. It is all right. I know the trick."

The excitement and curiosity was

intense as the Colonel did as he was bid, and the cries and groans issuing from the basket were as realistic as in the preceding performance. The groans ceased, and there was silence. Everyone looked round for the faker to open the basket, but he did not appear.

"Go on, open the basket," cried Casga, who was apprehensive.

No one immediately responding, she seized the Colonel's arm.

"Colonel, Colonel," she cried, "open it at once, please. I'm afraid something is wrong."

The Colonel hastily did so, assisted by several willing hands, and started back in horror, for *this* time the basket was *not* empty. A search was made for the faker, but he was gone, and furious eyes were turned on the Maharajah, who stood the picture of grieved concern, surrounded by a strong body-guard composed of members of his suite.

"What has happened, havildar?" he called.

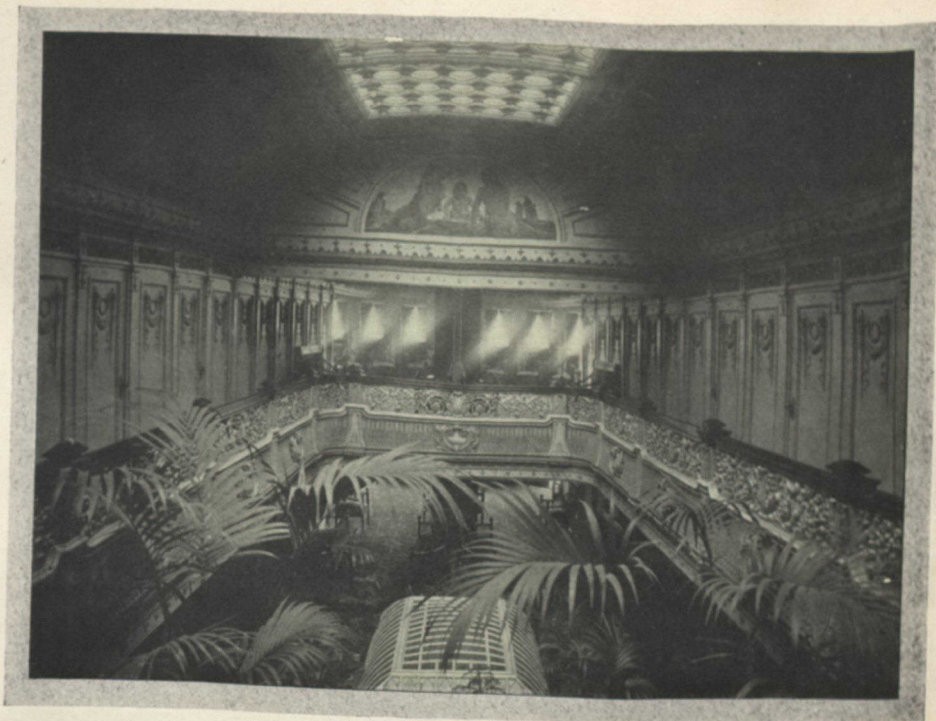
That worthy, kneeling by the basket and examining it, shook his head.

"It was his own fault, O Lord of Partala, as he knew the trick. The Sahib Captain was too large for the basket, that is all. He did not escape in time."

The Resident promised that proper measures would be taken, and the faker searched for and punished. But India is a big country, and holds its own mysteries.

The grief of the Colonel at his participation in the affair can be imagined, and the Maharajah of Partala placed his Court in mourning, and did all in his power to make the funeral an impressive one. Casga returned to England, broken-hearted, and the Colonel immediately gave up his command. In his detached villa in Upper Tooting he is often heard to mutter: "Black is black, and it's a damnable colour."





SALOON OF THE STEAMSHIP "KINGSTON"

## FLEETS OF PEACE

BY CHARLES A. BOWMAN

AT the widest part of the American Continent there extends from ocean to ocean an imaginary line known as the international boundary. It is about thirty-five hundred miles long — the longest stretch of imagination between any two nations. For one hundred years the greatest republic and the greatest British dominion have fraternised as peace-loving neighbours along this border. Part of the line runs along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, dividing a wheat belt of unsurpassed fertility between the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington, and the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Al-

berta and British Columbia. For fifteen hundred miles it cuts through the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence River—across an expanse of navigable water of unrivalled magnitude and magnificence.

A voyage from the head of the Great Lakes to a point where the fresh water intermingles with the salt of the Atlantic presents to the observer a glorious panorama of peace triumphant — a triumph largely brought about by the introduction of common sense into a council between nations.

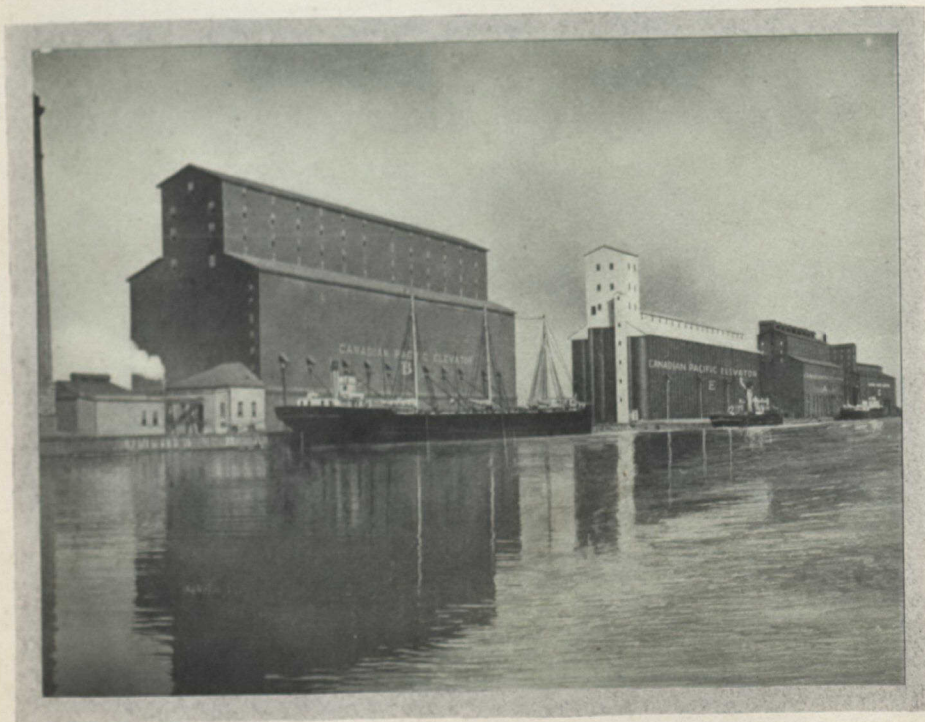
The year 1818 witnessed the drafting of an international boundary treaty



whereby it became unlawful to build or maintain fleets of war on any part of the navigable waters between Canada and the United States. For nearly a century this treaty has been

great companies vie with one another in perfection of equipment and luxury unknown on most ocean steamers.

Ocean travellers are apt to consider the two days voyage from the Gulf of



SHIPPING SCENE AT CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ELEVATORS, FORT WILLIAM

rigidly upheld, with a result that in the year of our Lord 1912 the two nations will unite in an unparalleled celebration—the celebration of a century of peace.

During this epoch of fraternity many splendid fleets have been launched upon the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, but in no case have they been fleets of war. Fleets of commerce and fleets of pleasure are here in noble profusion; competing in the great industrial campaign and winning bloodless victories in sport and enterprise. Unburdened from the warship tax, commerce has forged ahead at an astounding pace, and ever seeking for new fields to conquer the

St. Lawrence to Montreal as the major portion of inland navigation. It is really only the threshold of a system of shipping extending over an area of one hundred thousand square miles.

Merchant vessels of every description, carrying grain, fruit, wheat, dairy produce, coal, oil, lumber, iron ore, copper ore, steel and every variety of general cargo, voyage from port to port, exchanging the products of one hive of industry for those of another, or delivering at some great distributing centre for transshipment to distant parts of the world. Some of the largest ships have a carrying capacity of nearly fourteen thousand



tons, and measure six hundred feet from stem to stern. It is not a question of one or two vessels of this type, but several big fleets with crowded harbours and locks, and a constant

Built in the remarkable style adopted by most inland freighters, with engines at the extreme after part, the cargo is loaded into one continuous hold without partitions of any kind.



UPPER LAKES STEAMSHIP "ALBERTA" OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

procession up and down the lakes. For instance, the Pittsburg Steamship Company have a fleet of seventy-nine steamers and twenty-two barges. Many of the barges are nearly five hundred feet long, and carry as much as eight thousand tons. This line is known on the lakes as "Tinstacks," because of their aluminum-coloured stacks. They carry ore from ports at the head of Lake Superior to ports in Lake Erie; and wonderful records are made in loading and discharging. The record for loading is about thirty minutes and three hours for unloading. It is not considered anything unusual to clean out eight thousand tons of ore in four hours.

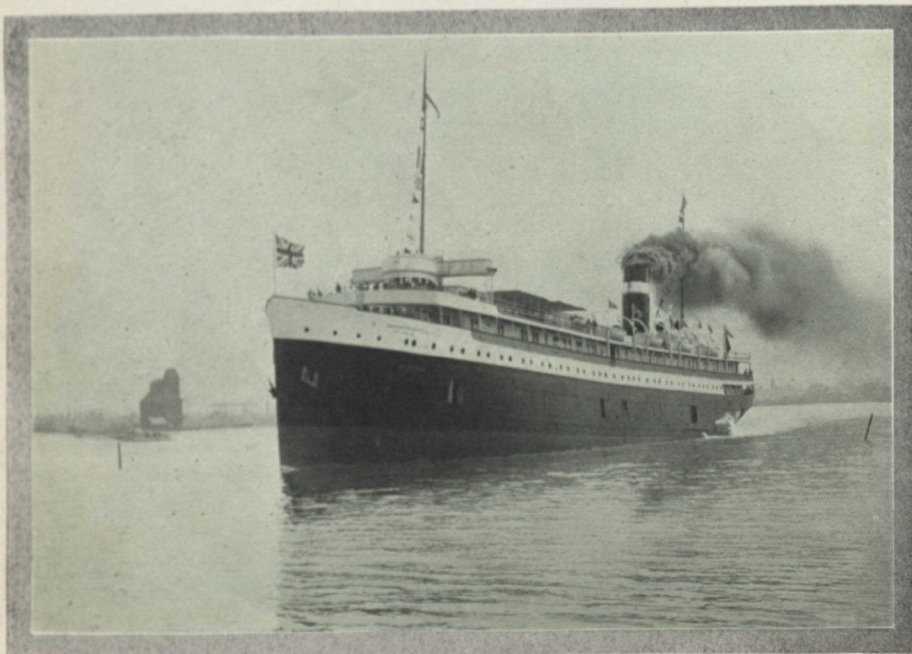
To discharge, giant batteries of electric cranes are put in operation, and the cargo is cleaned out to the last handful in a remarkably short time. As an example of extensive shipping, a daily paper of September 1st, 1910, reports that "Six vessels arrived today in Fort William laden with coal from Cleveland. Three vessels carried nine thousand tons each; the total cargo amounted to 40,900 tons." Most of this coal is shipped to the Western Provinces.

Lake freighters are fitted out with a comfort undreamed of on the average ocean tramp steamer. Food and accommodation of the very best, luxurious cabins and dining saloons for



officers and men; even the sailors are provided with bath-rooms. This may not appear remarkable to a landsman, but mariners who have spent any time on European cargo steamers will appreciate such an unheard of innovation. Vessels not uncommonly sail from European ports to trade for months in tropical climates without

must be like a dream of paradise. The picture of a merchant liner, gently gliding down the St. Lawrence, through water clear as crystal, on either side a glorious vista of fields and farms, and the memory of a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay without food or water or sleep, or the veritable inferno provided for luckless stokers



THE STEAMSHIP "HAMONIK," OF THE NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY

even a bath-room for the officers. And engineers must needs content themselves with a bucket of oily condensed steam taken surreptitiously from the engines. To the sailor-man who has lived in the fore-castle of a Tyne tramp, where chest of drawers, chairs, or tables are unknown luxuries, where all one's humble belongings must be kept in a small canvas bag and stowed away under a miserable bunk; where six or eight men are crowded into a damp wretched hole not big enough to swing a cat in, the comfortable quarters and the excellent food on some of the lake steamers

in the Red Sea, offer a striking contrast. Verily the ocean mariner may well envy his more fortunate comrade.

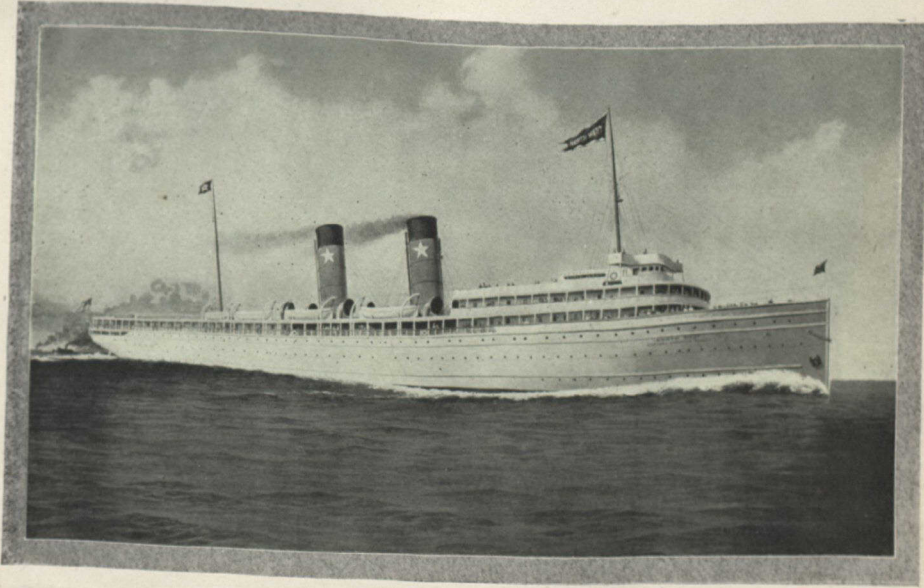
But the lakes are not always calm. During stormy weather they are even more fickle than the sea, and heaven help any unseaworthy craft when Lake Superior, with its great expanse of 32,000 square miles, lashes itself into a fury. In December, 1909, one of the large ferries crossing Lake Erie, from Conneaut to Port Stanley, carrying thirty-four freight cars on its deck, foundered with all hands in a terrific gale. Happily such calamities are of rare occurrence.



Lake Erie, though comparatively shallow, has the worst reputation for wind storms. During the three severe winter months navigation is almost entirely suspended, and vessels are docked for overhaul and repairs. For tourists the best months are June, July, and August. Pleasure cruisers and fast passenger vessels are then

could not wish to travel on. Having crossed the Atlantic, they are exceptionally seaworthy. The *Keewatin* and *Assiniboia* are each 4,300 tons register, and they are divided into eight water-tight compartments.

Another large Canadian line—the Northern Navigation Company—runs from the head of the lakes to Sarnia.



THE STEAMSHIP "NORTHWEST," OF THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

in full commission, and the whole expanse is alive with craft of every shape and size.

Two particularly handsome vessels run between Chicago, Duluth and Buffalo in connection with the Great Northern Railway (an organisation controlled by a Canadian-American field-marshal of commerce, James J. Hill), namely, the *Northland* and the *Northwest*.

The Canadian Pacific Railway maintains a fast line of vessels between the Twin Cities—Port Arthur and Fort William—and Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, breaking the monotony of a long overland route for those who wish it. Finer liners than those of the Canadian Pacific Railway one

The flagship of this line, the *Hamonic*, built in Collingwood about a year ago, is fitted out like a palace; the grand saloon and observation rooms are exceptionally attractive.

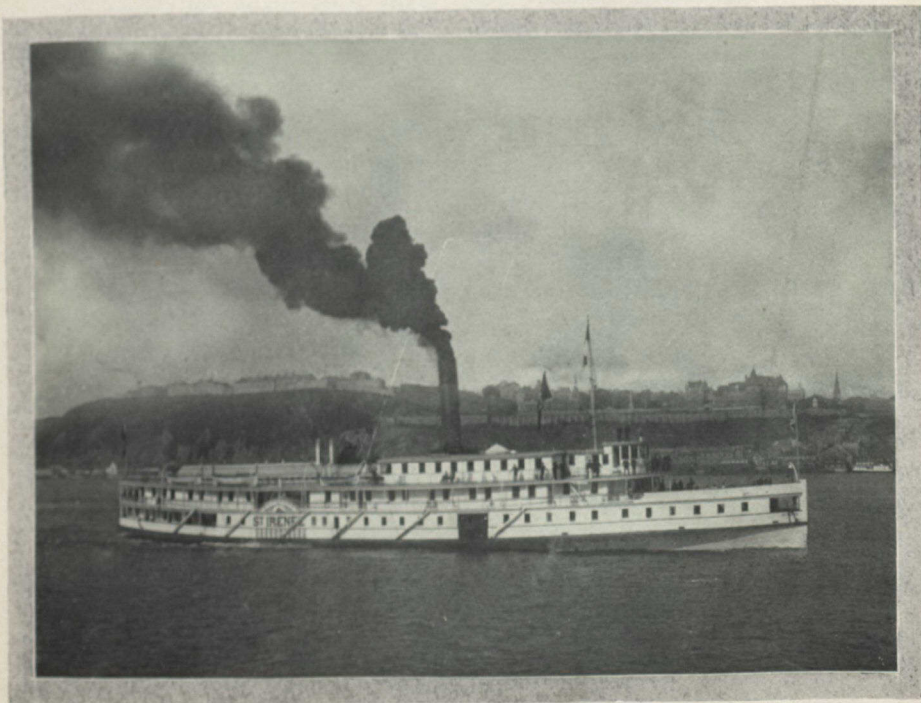
At the extreme west of Lake Superior a towering cliff 1,400 feet high rises sheer out of the water. It is known as Thunder Cape; and standing in solemn grandeur it is a noble monument to mark the head of the world's greatest inland waterway. Superior is the largest lake in the world. Measuring 412 miles long and 167 miles wide its area is sufficient to contain, for instance, the whole of Ireland. Its greatest recorded depth is 1,386 feet, and two hundred rivers flow into it. This mighty body stands 602



feet above the level of the sea.

Superior's outlet is situated in the east at Sault Ste. Marie, where the level drops twenty-one feet into Lake Huron. To meet this descent by ship,

Erie. Entering Erie through the Detroit river, an amazing picture of shipping and commerce is presented to the eye. Thirty-five thousand vessels pass through the Detroit river in



THE STEAMSHIP "ST. IRENEE." CITY OF QUEBEC IN BACKGROUND

immense locks have been built. An average of eighty vessels a day pass through the Soo locks; with a total freight traffic of nearly sixty million tons during the season. The Canadian Government lock is nine hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. It is the largest lock in the world, and it cost four million dollars. Lake Huron and Lake Michigan are on the same level. While Michigan is the larger, Huron is the more interesting, with its wonderful archipelago of Thirty-thousand Islands and the Georgian Bay.

At the southern extremity of Lake Huron the water flows into the comparatively small basin of Lake St. Clair, connecting Huron with Lake

one year and carry a total freight value of 700 million dollars. Yet Detroit is only one of many busy shipping centres; and sailing along Lake Erie there is a constant stream of vessels, ranging from yachts and ferries to liners and the peculiar cigar-shaped whalebacks, nicknamed "pigs" by the lake sailors.

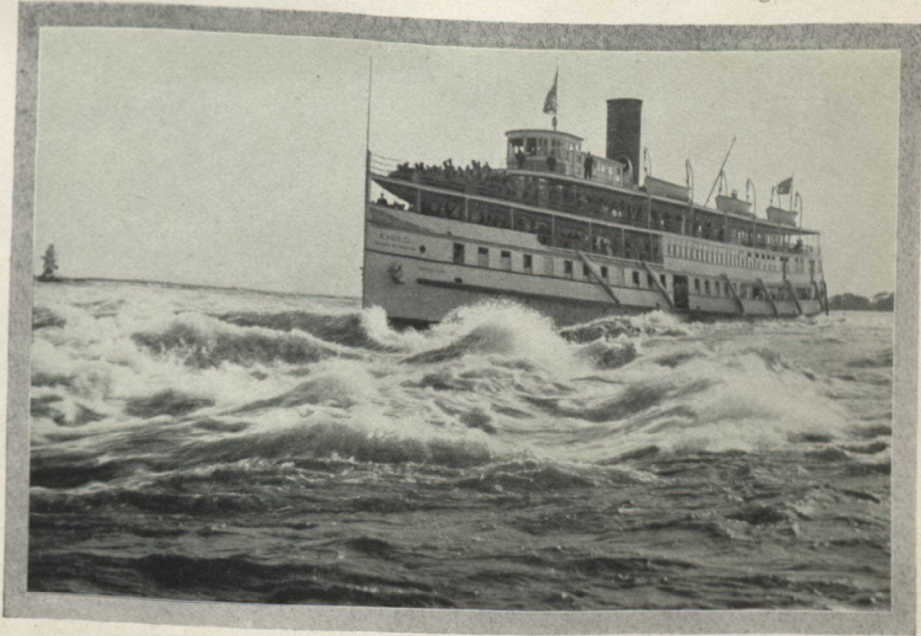
Lake Erie is about eight feet below the level of Lake Huron, but from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario vessels have to make a descent of 326 feet. The descent is made by a series of twenty-six locks on the Welland Canal built by the Canadian Government to circumnavigate Niagara Falls.

Lack of space at once forbids any



attempt to describe all the elegant passenger lines. Equally impossible would it be to offer a description of the wonderful panorama *en route*. Needless to say no tourist passes Niagara without stopping to view the Falls. After voyaging over the Upper Lakes it is an impressive thought to realise that Niag-

From Toronto it is possible to make the final eight hundred miles to the sea *via* the popular Canadian line of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. Painted white from stem to stern, the vessels of this line present a pleasing picture viewed from the exterior. Internally they are superb, each vessel having a distinctive



THE "RAPIDS QUEEN" RUNNING LACHINE RAPIDS

ara is the only outlet to such an immense body of water elevated at a height of six hundred feet above sea level. It has been estimated that the volume of water falling over Niagara every minute amounts to half a million tons. This mass falls plumb for 160 feet, with sufficient energy to supply the whole world with all the power it could use. The connecting link for passengers between Buffalo and Toronto, *via* Niagara, is made by a large fleet of liners: including the *Cayuga*, the largest steamship on Lake Ontario. Here again the traveller sails through a busy hive of shipping lines radiating from Toronto to every part of the Province and out to the ocean.

scheme of decoration. The saloon of the *Kingston* is finished in renaissance style, the *Montreal* in Louis XV. In the grand saloon of the latter vessel are two allegorical paintings containing twenty or more life-size figures. They were painted by F. S. Chaloner, R.C.A.

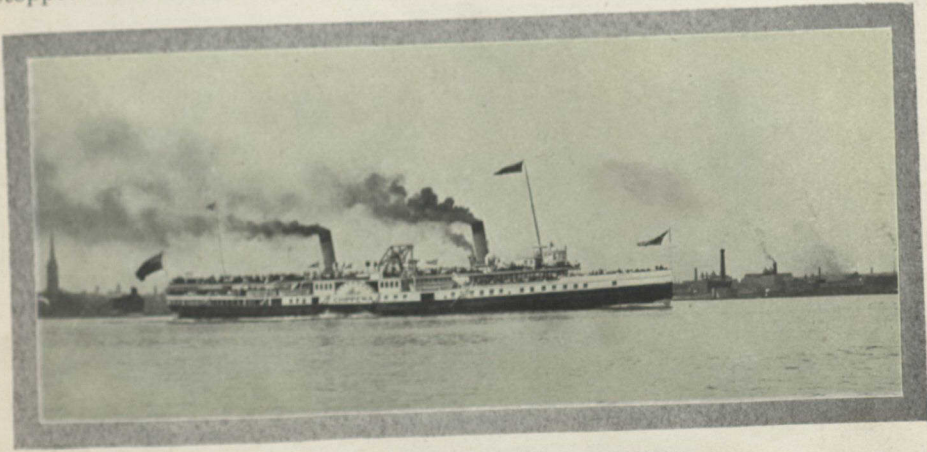
A noteworthy feature, distinguishing the new world from the old, is the absence of graded classes. True, there are cabins *de luxe* for those who desire such; for the rest everything is first-class. The rates are within reach of all.

Going down the St. Lawrence from Toronto, passengers transfer at Prescott to vessels designed to "shoot the



rapids." Lake Ontario is 247 feet above sea level, and shooting the rapids is the exciting method of sailing down from the higher to the lower level. Sailing up the river the larger rapids are avoided by locking through canals. Approaching the rapids on the downward run, the engines are stopped and the current carries the

Approaching Cape Eternity, which hangs over the ship two thousand feet high and drops to an equal depth below the surface, one is reminded of Thunder Cape solemnly marking the western limit at Port Arthur. They are fitting mile-posts for such a wonderful course. The rock strata of Lower Quebec may be the oldest in



THE STEAMSHIP "CHIPPEWA" IN TORONTO HARBOUR

vessel over at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The last chain of five rapids has a total descent of 129 feet.

At Montreal the big side-wheeler is once again in favour. The largest of the fleet, the *Montreal*, is 340 feet long and seventy-five feet wide over guards. At Montreal the trans-Atlantic liners are met; and a few miles below the historic city of Quebec the river becomes very wide and salt with the brine of the ocean. The terminal run for inland liners is reached at Saguenay River, a superb body of water, two hundred miles below the city of Quebec.

the earth's history—geologists tell us that millions of years have passed since the Laurentian Period. One hundred years may seem but a few drops in that ocean of time; but when we remember the immense time it has taken for humanity to evolve from the lowest to its present stage, the stride since A. D. 1812 is indeed great. We are steadily learning not to kill each other: rather to work for the good of all. We have kept the peace for a century of time—and one grand result may be seen in the argosies sailing the calm waters from Superior to the Sea.





# SPRING IN THE WOODS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE woods are so human that to know them we must live with them. An occasional saunter through them, keeping, it may be, to the well trodden paths, will never admit us to their intimacy. If we wish to be near friends we must seek them out and win them by frequent reverent visits at all hours, by morning, by noon, and by night, and at all seasons, in spring and in summer, in autumn and in winter. Otherwise, we can never really know them, and any pretence we can make to the contrary will never impose on them. They have their own effective way of keeping aliens at a distance and shutting their heart to mere casual sight-seers.

Believe me, it is of no use to seek the woods from any motive except sheer love of them; they will find us out at once and hide all their sweet, world-old secrets from us. But if they know we come to them because we love them they will be very kind to us and give us such treasure of beauty and delight as is not bought or sold in market nor even can be paid for in coin of earthly minting; for the woods when they give at all give unstintedly and hold nothing back from their true worshippers. We must go to them lovingly, humbly, patiently, watchfully, and we shall learn what poignant loveliness lurks in the wild places and silent intervals, lying under starshine and sunset, what cadences of unearthly music are harped on aged pine boughs or crooned in copses of fir, what delicate savours exhale from mosses and ferns in sunny

corners or on damp brooklands, what dreams and myths and legends of an older time haunt them, what unsuspected tintings glimmer in their dark demesnes and glow in their alluring by-ways; for it is the by-ways that lead to the heart of the woods, and we must not fail to follow them if we would know the forests and be known of them.

Spring is the best time to walk in the woods; at least, we think so in spring; but when summer comes it seems better still; and autumn woods are things quite incomparable in their splendour; and sometimes the winter woods, with their white reserve and fearlessly displayed nakedness, seem the rarest and finest of all. For it is with the forest as with a sweetheart of flesh and blood, in every changing mood and vesture she is still more adorable in her beloved's eyes.

But it is certain that there is more of frank friendliness in the woods in spring than at any other season. In summer they are very busy about their own concerns; in autumn they are so gorgeous and imperial that we feel they have no particular need of us, even though they may like us as well as ever; and in winter their chaste aloofness inspires us with more of the awe of a worshipper than the ardour of a lover.

But in the spring they have so much time before them, and are so well pleased with themselves and the exquisite things that are budding in and about their bailiwick, that they take us into full companionship and



make us free of all their crafts and mysteries, from the potent, unutterable charm of a dim spruce wood to the grace of flexile mountain ashes fringing a lonely glen.

The spring woods have a fashion of flowers, dainty, spirit-fine things, akin to the soul of the wilderness. Here is a westward sloping hill, lying under white drifts of cloud, feathered over with lispng young pines and firs that cup little hollows and corners where the sunshine gets in and never gets out again, but stays there and grows mellow, coaxing dear things to bloom long before they would dream of wakening up elsewhere. This is the spot for mayflowers; we are certain to find them here, on this little russet knoll for choice, where at first sight there is not a hint of blossom. Wait; the mayflowers never flaunt themselves; they must be sought and wooed as becomes them. See, we stoop, we pull aside the brown leathery leaves, and behold! The initials of spring's first lettering, trails and clusters of star-white and dawn-pink that have in them the very soul of all the springs that ever were, reincarnated in something which it seems gross to call perfume, so exquisite and spiritual will it prove to be.

Now that we have learned the art of finding mayflowers we can gather them all over this hill. It is the only place where they grow, for they do not like luxurious surroundings, they extract all their sweetness out of sandy, inhospitable soil, and offer it to the wet, leafless world before the forests have fairly begun to waken up and preen themselves.

After the mayflowers have gone the woods open eyes of blue violets. We find them almost everywhere; the thick spruce woods are the only places where we can venture fearlessly. Elsewhere we must walk most delicately, lest our feet crush the dear, sky-tinted things. Wherever a bit of grass finds sunshine enough on which

to thrive there we find violets, along the lanes, and about the roots of slim birches, and in the dappled pasture corners overhung with beechen boughs; but to find the place where they grow most thickly we must wander into a tiny, sequestered valley of a western hill; beyond it there is a pool which is not known to summer days, but in spring is a glimmering green sheet of water on whose banks nymphs might dance as blithely as ever they did on Argive hill or in Cretan dale. Certes, they would have rare footing of it, for here violets grow so thickly that all the grass is enskied with them; and in just one corner we find the rarer white violets, tiny blossoms with purple pencillings in their little urns, which are filled with the most subtly distilled incense.

This pool is a witching spot near which to linger on spring evenings. Somewhere through the lissome willows and poplars that fringe it faint hues of rose and saffron from the far bourne of sunset steal across its pearly shimmer. It is unruffled by a breath, and every leaf and branch is mirrored in it, to the very grasses that sway on its margin. The willows are decked with glossy silver catkins, the maples are mistily red-budded, and that cluster of white birches, a meet home for a dryad, is hung over with golden tassels.

When the violets begin to leave us we have the white garlands of the wild cherry flung out everywhere, against the dark of the spruces and in the hedges along the lanes; and will you please look at that young wild pear which has adorned herself after immemorial fashion as a bride for her husband, in a wedding veil of fine lace. The fingers of wood pixies must have woven it, for nothing like it ever came from an earthly loom. I vow the tree is conscious of its own loveliness; it is trembling and bridling before our very eyes, as if its beauty were not the most ephemeral thing in



the woods, as it is the rarest and most exceeding, for to-day it is and to-morrow it is not. Every south wind purring gently through the boughs will winnow away a shower of slender petals. But what matter? To-day it is queen of the wild places, and it is always to-day in the woods, where there is neither past nor future but only the prescience of immortality.

Of course, there are dandelions in the woods, because there are dandelions everywhere. They have no sense of the fitness of things at all; they are a cheerful, self-satisfied folk, firmly believing that they are welcome wherever grass can grow and sunshine beckon. But they are alien to the ancient wood. They are too obvious and frank; they possess none of the mystery and reserve and allurements of the real wood flowers; in short, have no secrets. Still, nothing, not even the smug dandelion, can live long in or near the woods without some sort of psychic transformation coming over it; and presently all the obtrusive yellowness and complacency are gone, and we have instead misty, phantom-like globes that hover over the long grasses in full harmony with the traditions of the forests.

The open spaces in the woods, washed in a bath of tingling sunshine, visited of all the winds of heaven, with glimpses of faraway hills and home meadows where cloud shadows broaden and vanish, are dear to our hearts; and dearer still the place of hardwoods, hung with their mist of green, where elfin lights frolic; but dearest of all is the close wood, curtained with fine-spun purple gloom, through which only the most adventurous sunbeams may glide, looking pale as if with fear over their own daring. This is where the immortal heart of the wood will beat against ours and its subtle life will steal into our veins and make us its own forever, so that no matter where we go or how wide we wander in the noisy ways of cities or over

lone paths of sea, we shall yet be drawn back to the forest to find our most enduring kinship.

Those who have followed a dim, winding, balsamic path to the unexpected hollow where a wood spring lies, have found the rarest secret the woods can reveal. Here it is, under its pines, a crystal-clear thing, with lips un-kissed by so much as a stray sunbeam. It is easy to dream that it is one of the haunted springs of old romance, an enchanted spot where we must go softly and speak, if we dare speak at all, in the lowest of whispers, lest we disturb the rest of a white, wet naiad or break some spell that has cost long years of mystic weaving. Come, let us stoop down on the brink and ever so gently drink from our hollowed hands of the living water, for it must have some potent quality of magic in it, and all our future lives we shall have better understanding of the wood and its lore by reason of drinking from the cup it offers.

A brook steals away from the spring. At first it goes deeply and darkly and softly, as becomes its birth; but as soon as we follow it from that somewhat uncanny locality we see that, though born of the spring, it was begotten by the spirit of the wild, and is more its father's child than its mother's, becoming promptly what all brooks are, a gay, irresponsible vagabond of valley and wilderness. Let us take it for a boon companion and follow it in all its windings and doublings and tricky surprises. A brook is the most changeable, bewitching, lovable thing in God's good world. It is never in the same mind or mood two minutes. Here it creeps around the roots of the birches, with a plaintive little murmur and sigh, as if its heart were broken. We feel that we must sympathise with its old sorrow and nameless woe. But listen, a curve further on and the brook is laughing, a long, low gurgle of laughter, as if it were



enjoying some capital joke all by itself; and so infectious is its mirth that we must laugh too and forget old sadness as the brook forgets.

Here it makes a pool, dark and brooding and still, and thinks over its secrets with a reticence savouring of its maternity; but anon it grows communicative and gossips shallowly over a broken pebble bed, where there is a diamond-dance of sunbeams, and no minnow or troutling can glide through without being seen.

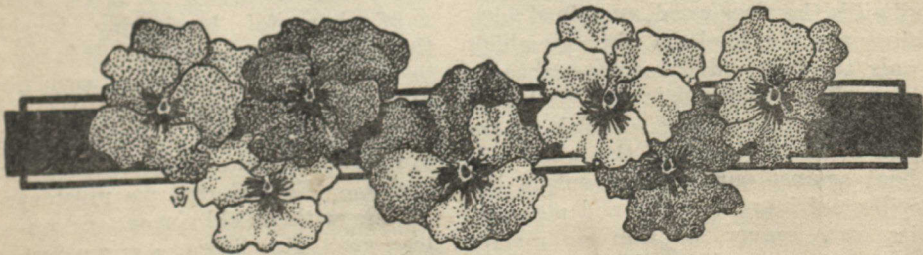
Sometimes its banks are high and steep, hung with slender ashes and birches; then they are mere low margins green with delicate mosses, shelving out of the wood. Here we come to a little precipice, the brook flings itself over undauntedly in an indignation of foam and gathers itself up rather dizzily among the mossy stones below. It is some time before it gets over its vexation; and it goes boiling and muttering along, fighting with the rotten logs that lie across it and making far more fuss than is necessary over every root that interferes with it. But the brook is sweet-tempered and cannot be angry long; and soon it is twinkling ever so good-naturedly in and out among the linked shadows, and presently it leads us out of the woods into the meadows.

It is a spring evening and the earth smells good. All the birds, which have been so busy nest-building through the

day, have gone to sleep, except the robins, which are just beginning to whistle, clearly, melodiously, enchantingly, as they never whistle at any time save just after a spring sunset. "Horns of elfland" never sounded so sweetly around hoary castle and ruined tower as do the vesper calls of robins in a twilight wood of spruces and across dim green pastures lying under the pale radiance of a young moon.

The frogs sing us homeward. From every pool in the valleys and swamp in the forests come their "flute-throated voices." In that silvery, haunting chorus the music of all the springs that have been since the days of Eden finds its ever-renewed reincarnation.

Here the wood gives us a last sweet amazement for its guerdon. Before us is a young poplar, the very embodiment of youth and spring in its litheness and symmetry and grace and aspiration. Its little leaves are hanging tremulously, but are not yet so fully blown as to hide its delicate development of bough and twig, making poetry against the spiritual tints of a spring sunset. It is so beautiful that it hurts us, with the pain inseparable from all perfection. Why is it so? It is the pain of finality, the realisation that there can be nothing beyond but retrogression? Or is it the prisoned infinite in us calling out to its kindred infinite expressed in that visible perfection?





# THE FIRST RECIPROCI- TREATY

SOME AMUSING SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE NEGOTIATION OF THE  
RECIPROCAL TREATY OF 1854

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

IN all the mass of printed matter bearing on the reciprocity proposals of 1911, between Canada and the United States, with which the newspaper press of the present day is saturated, one sees very little reference to the earlier reciprocity treaty of 1854. If reference there be to this now historical measure, it is confined for the most part to the provisions of the treaty, the articles of commerce it affected, its results, and the lessons it it has for Canadians to-day. Of its actual negotiations and of the men who brought it to pass, little or nothing has been written. And yet here is to be found an interesting page in Canadian history and one that provides not only instruction but entertainment as well, for was not the treaty of 1854 reputed to have been floated through on a river of champagne?

When Lord Elgin, who was at the time nearing the close of his term as Governor-General of Canada, was sent as a sort of forlorn hope to see what he could do to induce the Washington politicians to consider a measure of reciprocity, he took with him from England, where he had gone in the spring of 1854, a young man in whom he had a warm personal and family interest and who was to act as his secretary during the negotiations. The youth, for he was at the time only twenty-five years of age, was Laur-

ence Oliphant, destined in after years to become a man of note as traveller, author and diplomatist. Young Oliphant had a versatile pen and he has left behind him in the pages of several books his personal experiences as a member of Lord Elgin's staff at this time. In a bright, amusing and intimate fashion he describes the way in which the treaty was arranged and finally signed.

It seems odd at the present day to think of one so young, so inexperienced, and so absolutely ignorant of Canada, for he had not yet even set foot in the country, being associated as closely as he was with negotiations of a weighty nature affecting its future welfare. Besides Mr. Hincks, then Prime Minister of Canada, the British contingent contained only two Canadians, and the onus of the work lay on Lord Elgin. It was, in fact, a mission directed from Great Britain, and Lord Elgin represented the British and not the Canadian Government. It is not surprising therefore to find a young Scotchman like Oliphant taking a hand in the matter.

When Lord Elgin came to Canada in 1847, he found the country in a condition of disorder and discontent. The discontent he soon diagnosed as being due to one main cause, and that was commercial stagnation. Writing to Lord Grey on November 8, 1849, he said:



"You have a great opportunity before you—obtain reciprocity for us, and I venture to predict that you will be able shortly to point to this hitherto turbulent colony with satisfaction in illustration of the tendency of self-government and freedom of trade to beget contentment and material progress. Canada will remain attached to England, though tied to her neither by the golden links of protection nor by the meshes of old-fashioned colonial office jobbing and chicane. But if you allow the Americans to withhold the boon which you have the means of extorting, if you will, I much fear that the closing period of the connection between Great Britain and Canada will be marked by incidents which will damp the ardour of those who desire to promote human happiness by striking shackles either off commerce or off men."

To secure reciprocity was a problem that taxed the abilities of both British and Canadian statesmen to the utmost. The United States was not in the slightest degree interested. There were other far more vital questions before Congress. Unable to get up a lobby to press the matter, the British negotiators were long helpless. "Mr. Hincks brought the powers of his persuasive tongue and ingenious intellect to bear on the politicians at Washington, but in vain. It was not until Lord Elgin himself went to the national capital and made use of his diplomatic tact and amenity of demeanour that a successful result was reached. No Governor-General who ever visited the United States made so deep an impression on its statesmen and people as was made by Lord Elgin during this mission to Washington."

Incidentally a story illustrative of the admiration Americans entertained for the Governor-General may be told. When Lord Elgin gave a state dinner in Toronto at the close of the session of 1850, a number of gentlemen from Buffalo were present as his guests, and it is one of them who relates the incident. As Lord Elgin warmed up in his speech, this American's neighbour leaned over and whispered to him: "He's a glorious fellow; ought to be on our side of the line; we'd make him mayor of Buf-

falo." Then as Lord Elgin proceeded, rising to higher and higher planes of oratory, the Buffalonian grew more enthusiastic. "Gosh, he's a dandy," said he; "wish we had him with us, we'd send him to Congress." Finally, when the speaker reached the climax of his speech, the Yankee exclaimed, "That man's a wonder; we need men like that; he ought to be President of the United States."

But this is getting far afield from Laurence Oliphant and his Washington experiences.

"Our party, on leaving England," Oliphant writes, "consisted only of Lord Elgin, Mr. Hincks, then Prime Minister of Canada, afterwards Sir Francis Hincks; Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.; and myself; but at New York we were joined by the Honourable Colonel Bruce, and one or two Canadians, whose advice and assistance in the commercial questions to be treated were of value. We happened to arrive in Washington on a day which, as it afterwards turned out, was pregnant with fate to the destinies of the republic, for upon the same night the celebrated Nebraska Bill was carried in Congress, the effect of which was to open an extensive territory to slavery, and to intensify the burning question which was to find its final solution seven years later in a bloody civil war.

"Lord Elgin and his staff approached the representatives of the American nation with all the legitimate wiles of accomplished and astute diplomacy. They threw themselves into the society of Washington—which in those days was apparently much more racy and original than it seems to be now, when American statesmen have grown dull, correct, and dignified like other men—with the abandon and enjoyment of a group of visitors solely intent on pleasure. . . . The ambassador had been informed that if he could overcome the opposition of the Democrats, which party had a majority in the Senate, he would find no difficulty on the part of the Government."

But the young secretary, keen as was his intelligence, did not see his way at first through the feasting and the gaiety into which his chief plunged. He continues:

"At last, after several days of uninterrupted festivity, I began to perceive what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief, 'I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators.' 'So do I,' he replied, drily."

\*"Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant."



This was the young man's first lesson in statecraft.

The first week of their stay in Washington was evidently given up almost entirely to pleasure, and entertainments of all sorts took place in a steady succession. Here is Oliphant's description of a single day's dissipation:

"At two o'clock our whole party went to a grand luncheon at a senator's. Here we had every sort of refreshing luxury, the day being piping hot, and dozens of champagne were polished off. Several senators got screwed, and we made good use of the two hours we had to spare before going to the French ambassador's *matinée d'ansante* at four. Here the same thing went on, with the addition of a lot of pretty girls whom I had before met, and who bullied one to dance, and were disgusted if you did not flirt with them. Everybody drinks champagne here, and there was a bowl on the table, in which you might have drowned a baby, of most delicious and insinuating concoction. Then there were gardens, and bouquets, and ices, and strawberries, and bright eyes until six, when we had to rush off and dress for a grand dinner at a governor's. Here we had a magnificent repast. The old story of champagne, besides a most elaborate and highly got up French-cookery dinner, lasting from seven to ten, when we left the table, having been eating and drinking without intermission since two. We then adjourned with a lot of senators to brandy-and-water, champagne, and cigars till twelve, when some of us were quite ready to tumble into bed. . . . It is necessary to the success of our mission that we conciliate everybody, and to refuse their invitations would be considered insulting. Lord Elgin pretends to drink immensely, but I watched him, and I don't believe he drank a glass between two and twelve. He is the most thorough diplomat possible—never loses sight for a moment of his object, and, while he is chaffing Yankees and slapping them on the back, he is systematically pursuing that object. The consequence is, he is the most popular Englishman that ever visited the United States."

Writing in another place, he says:

"Lord Elgin's faculty of brilliant repartee and racy anecdote especially delighted them; and one evening, after a grand dinner, he was persuaded to accompany a group of senators to the house of a very popular and influential politician, there to prolong the entertainment into the small hours. Our host, at whose door we knocked at midnight, was in bed; but much thundering at it at length aroused him, and he himself opened to us, appearing in nothing but a

very short night-shirt. 'All right, boys,' he said, at once divining the object of our visit; 'you go in and I'll go down and get the drink;' and without stopping to array himself more completely, he disappeared into the nether regions, shortly returning with his arms filled with bottles of champagne, on the top of which were two large lumps of ice. These he left with us to deal with, while he retired to clothe the nether portion of his person."

Mr. Oliphant had little respect for President Pierce, whom he considered the most insignificant of all the Presidents:

"His secretary of state, we found a genial and somewhat comical old gentleman, whose popularity with his countrymen seemed chiefly to rest on the fact that he had charged the United States Government fifty cents 'for repairing his breeches' when sent on a mission to inquire into certain accounts in which great irregularities were reported to have taken place.

"At last, after we had been receiving the hospitalities at Washington for about ten days, Lord Elgin announced to Mr. Marcy that, if the Government were prepared to adhere to their promise to conclude a treaty of reciprocity with Canada, he could assure the President that he would find a majority of the Senate in its favour, including several prominent Democrats. Mr. Marcy could scarcely believe his ears, and was so much taken aback that I somewhat doubted the desire to make the treaty, which he so strongly expressed on the occasion of Lord Elgin's first interview with him, when he also pronounced it hopeless. However, steps had been taken which made it impossible for him to doubt that the necessary majority had been secured, and nothing remained for us but to go into the details of the tariff, the enumeration of the articles of commerce, and so forth."

On June 5th Oliphant writes to his parents:

"I have every hope that we shall polish off our treaty to-morrow, in which case we shall retire in the evening covered with glory. It is a most exciting operation, and for the last few days, as matters have approached a crisis, I have been at it from morning to night, and then dreaming about it. The alternation of hope and fear is most trying, as new difficulties are suggested, and methods of solving them proposed, and new concessions gained, and the old Secretary of State bamboozled. Hinks goes away to-day, and Lord Elgin and I will be left alone. There are so many fellows opposed to the treaty, and so much underworking, that it requires considerable acuteness and caution to manage matters; but Lord Elgin is a match for them, and it is a



pleasure to see how he works the matter. It would be of advantage to a fool, and, of course, it is invaluable to a clever cove like me, who is given to appropriating other men's dodges."

On the 7th of June he again writes to his parents, but this time from New York, the negotiations having been concluded:

"We are tremendously triumphant; we have signed a stunning treaty. When I say we, it was in the dead of night, in the last five minutes of the 5th of June, and the first five minutes of the 6th day of the month aforesaid, that in a spacious chamber, by the brilliant light of six wax candles and an argand, four individuals might have been observed seated, their faces expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmingled with cunning. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer, manifested themselves in different ways; and this was but natural, as two were young and two aged—one, indeed, far gone in years, the other prematurely so. He it is whose measured tones alone break the solemn silence of midnight, except when one of the younger auditors, who are intently poring over voluminous MSS., interrupts him to interpolate 'and' or scratch out 'the'. They are, in fact, checking him; and the aged man listens while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or clears out the wick of the candle with their points and wipes them on his hair. He may occasionally be observed to wink, either from conscious acuteness or unconscious drowsiness. Attached to these three MSS. by red ribbon are the heavy seals.

"Presently the clock strikes twelve, and there is a doubt whether to date it to-day or yesterday. For a moment there is a solemn silence, and he who was reading takes the pen, which has previously been impressively dipped in the ink by the most intelligent of the young men, who appears to be his secretary, and who keeps his eye warily upon the other young man, who is the opposition secretary, and interesting as a specimen of a Yankee in that capacity. There is something strangely mysterious in the scratching of the midnight pen, for it is scratching away the destinies of nations; and then it is placed in the hands of the venerable file, whose hand does not shake, though he is very old, and knows he will be bullied to death by half the members of Congress. The hand that has used a revolver upon previous occasions does not waver with a pen, though the lines he traces may be the involver of a revolver again. He is now the Secretary of State; before that he was a judge of the Supreme Court; before that, a general in the army; before that, governor of a state; before that, Secretary of War; before that, Minister in Mexico; before that, a member of the

House of Representatives; before that, an adventurer; before that, a cabinet-maker. So why should the old man fear? Has he not survived the changes and chances of more different sorts of lives than any other man? And is he afraid of being done by an English lord? So he gives his blessing and we leave the old man and his secretary with our treaty in our pockets."

The "venerable file," whose picture Oliphant paints thus vividly, was the Honourable William Learned Marcy, Secretary of State to President Pierce, and at the time he was sixty-eight years of age. He had had a varied career, but Oliphant is hardly correct in his summary. A graduate of Brown University, he took up the study of law and practised in the town of Troy. He served as lieutenant in the War of 1812. He became an assistant justice of the Supreme Court of New York, but never attained the dignity of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Nor was he a member of the House of Representatives, but a senator and chairman of the judiciary committee of that body. He became governor of New York and then Secretary of War, after which he retired for a while, until President Pierce prevailed on him to become his Secretary of State. To show how very small a part the Reciprocity Treaty played in the political life of the day, the fact that he signed it for the United States is not mentioned in his biography. He was a shrewd political tactician, but his name only lives in such writings as those of Oliphant.

The young secretary returned to Canada with Lord Elgin and remained with him during the brief remainder of his stay in the country. He was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. In the carrying out of this work he had to travel far into the depths of the country and to meet with many novel experiences, which he has recorded in his book "Minnesota and the Far West." He also left numerous letters giving a vivid picture of viceregal and official life in Quebec during his stay there.





SHELBURNE FROM THE HARBOUR.

## LOYALIST SHELBURNE

BY DANIEL OWEN

THE story of the growth and decay of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, that Loyalist haven of refuge, is as romantic as it is fascinating, and dates back to that memorable day in October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and army of seven thousand men surrendered to Washington.

At that time there were many wealthy families living in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore who were still loyal to the British Crown and had no desire to live in the Republic which all realised must follow the surrender of Cornwallis. They knew that to remain in the United States, possessing as they did British sympathies, meant confiscation of all their property and imprisonment for themselves until they should be willing to renounce their allegiance to the flag of England and subscribe to the constitution of the new republic. This they were resolved never to do, and they therefore decided to emigrate to some other part of the Empire. Accordingly, meetings were held in the three cities to discuss ways and means. From these towns went representatives who formed a "Union Committee," with full power to decide upon the new home for the Loyal-

ists whom they represented. Before this Committee appeared one Gideon White, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who, possessing a personal knowledge of Shelburne, strongly advocated the advisability of emigrating to that place.

Impressed by the claims of Shelburne, which were so ably presented by White, the Committee, after long and heated debate, which at one time threatened to dissolve the meeting and also the committee itself, decided that on the south shore of the Province of Nova Scotia the Loyalists of the three premier cities of America should seek safety from the imminent persecutions of a victorious enemy.

The next step was to take the matter up with the Imperial Government, which, through a lieutenant-governor, controlled Nova Scotia. For this purpose a committee consisting of seven members was appointed: Joseph Duffee, of Newport, Rhode Island; James Doyle, of Albany, New York; Peter Lynch and Thomas Courtney, of Boston; William Hill, Joseph Ponchon, and Joshua Pell.

The Imperial Government gave the intending settlers every possible encouragement and inducement. It





FIRE ENGINE PRESENTED TO SHELburnE BY KING GEORGE III.

promised them large grants of land. Every family was to have a town lot measuring sixty by one hundred feet, a water lot on the harbour and a fifty-acre farm back of the town. In addition the refugees were promised free lumber with which to build and food as long as it should be necessary.

As soon as all the arrangements were completed the exodus began. Palatial residences were taken apart and placed on ships which were to carry them to Shelburne, there again to be erected in all their grandeur and dignity.

The new settlers, men and women of noble family, the elite of three great cities, to the number of five thousand, arrived in twenty ships, bringing with them all their worldly possessions. These were followed by six thousand more in the following September.

With surprising rapidity the new settlement took shape. The town was laid out perfectly, like a city, the plans having been prepared in New York, and to this day may be seen the ruined mansions, built over as large an area as that on which many a city of thirty thousand souls now stands; but alas Shelburne to-day is inhabited by less than a thousand people.

Seven million dollars was spent in modelling and improving the town. Beautiful gardens were laid out, fronting on graceful boulevards; stately buildings were erected with magnificent appointments, all forming a fitting setting for the wealth and aristocracy that made up the population of Shelburne.

It was at this juncture that the citizens received from His Majesty George III. of England a gift to



which the citizens of the Shelburne of the present day point to with the utmost pride—to wit, one fire engine. But what a fire engine! It came with the King's compliments to protect the

thetic story in part at least:—

"They built their homes in New York and brought them with them—houses of oak that would stand for centuries, with stairways of mahogany



HOUSE BUILT BY LOYALISTS AT SHELBURNE

property of those who had remained loyal to his crown and person, and with the assurance that it was the most modern and very latest thing in fire-fighting appliances. As will be observed by a study of the photograph reproduced herewith, it was necessary to first carry the water in buckets to the "tub" and then pump it out again to quench the flames.

Ere long, romance gave way to stern reality, and soon the new settlers realised that the founding of a city in the rocky forest was not as easy as it had been represented.

Another has so graphically described the tragic ending of that loyalist haven that I will let him tell the pa-

and mantels of marble. They brought their slaves with them to do their work, and they furnished their mansions in a style fitted to their station. When Governor Parr sailed a year later from Halifax to visit the new city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a trivial sum now, but lavish in those days; and they entertained the Governor right royally; and they changed the name of the capital from New Jerusalem which they had first called it, to Shelburne, in honour of England's prime minister. Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, also visited the famous seaport on the south shore, and the whole city came forth to do him honour. Never before was there



so gay a metropolis. They dined and feasted. No one worked, for no one knew how to work. And why should they work? The English Government furnished all their supplies. The

and scatter. Some turned back to the States; some went to the neighbouring towns. One after another they gathered their movable possessions and turned their backs upon the New



CHURCH BUILT BY LOYALISTS AT SHELBURNE.

neighbours in Yarmouth and Barrington and Lockport, hard-working, seafaring men from Massachusetts, looked upon the new-comers with amazement, and contemptuously styled them 'the dancing beggars.'

"But the day of reckoning came. The Government supplies were cut off, and the gay capital began to grow hungry. They wouldn't fish and they wouldn't trade in furs—these occupations were beneath them—and it was not a farming country; and so they starved. Famine followed feasting; lamentations took the place of mirth. They had houses—palatial houses—but these, unfortunately, were not edible, and so they began to desert

Jerusalem. And their stately mansions, with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels, were left for the birds to build their nests in.

"Never did a city rise so grandly and fall so miserably. The fourteen thousand soon became a beggarly four hundred. Boys wandered through the streets and amused themselves with stoning out the windows, with no one to chide them—for there were windows to spare. Some of the houses were torn down and carried away to other towns to build again, and others of these stately mansions, brought from the States at so great expense, were pulled down and used for firewood."



Is there another city on the North American Continent with such a history? Is there another whose story is so unique and fascinating?

When the settlers left Shelburne many of their slaves remained behind; some from choice, the majority because the empty purses of their masters forbade their removal. These, with the addition of three thousand or more free slaves who had from time to time emigrated from New York to Birchtown—a small settlement two miles from Shelburne—formed a colony of almost five thousand souls, and their subsequent history is deeply interesting.

Slavery was prevalent in Nova Scotia in those days, and the "whites" of the Province had attached many of the "blacks," who, it may be mentioned, were always not treated with kindness, but were, on the other hand, too often little better than beasts of burden.

Wilberforce and Clarkson, the great English reformers, heard of the ill-treatment of the negroes in Nova Scotia and determined to remove them to the negro colony that was in process of building in Sierra Leone. To this end, John Clarkson, brother of the reformer, Thomas Clarkson, came to Nova Scotia, made arrangements with the owners of the slaves and personally superintended the deportation. No persuasion or force was used; those who went went voluntarily. The main inducement held out to them was the promise of being allowed to form a state of their own, with their own officials, selected from amongst their own number. This so appealed to their sense of importance that

practically every man of them joined the expedition, and in 1792 twelve hundred negroes left Shelburne for Sierra Leone, and more followed later.

Each married man received thirty acres of land and each male child fifteen acres in the new African settlement. They were provided with free passage and also with provisions on their arrival and until they were able to provide for themselves. After that they were provided with provisions, and the products of their plantations were taken as pay.

Of the result of the experiment a local historian has said: "In their new homes some of these negroes remained steady and peaceable, and welcomed the arrival some years later of an English Methodist missionary, but the majority became so unruly and violent that they endangered the existence of the settlement and even attempted the murder of the governor. So difficult was the task of keeping them in order, that when, eight years later, the managers of the colony were asked to receive the Maroons, also from Nova Scotia, they only consented in the hope that the one race would prove 'a counterpoise to the other.'"

The Shelburne of to-day still shows the result of that Loyalist invasion of so many years ago, and in that beautiful little village, with its shaded streets, its stately residences and a harbour that has no peer on the North American Coast, the citizens talk with pride of the days of the long ago and of the blood that courses through their veins — that blood of the "Loyalist Fathers," who, true to the motherland, sought peace and security on the southern shore of Nova Scotia.





# TOWN CHRISTENERS IN THE WEST

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

LORD ROSEBERY, in one of his most delightful speeches, likened Bradshaw's Guide to the magic carpet of the Oriental story. With the guide, he said, you could whisk yourself from London to Constantinople in a moment and enjoy splendours of travel such as no ancient potentate ever dreamed of.

The time-table is, indeed, one of the most seductive of figurative masterpieces, if you have a faculty for picking up the abundance of romance that is always lying around the most unlikely-looking places. It is more interesting than the dictionary, which has an unequalled fascination among the informative literature of the ages. The derivation of words is of course an interesting study. But the derivation of modern place-names is a story that lives and moves; a kaleidoscopic history the elucidation of which is often impossible to those who are alongside it when it is made.

There is nothing like the speed of oblivion. The thing that is declared on the housetops to-day belongs to the long-dead past to-morrow. Go to almost any Western town and ask, "Who gave you that name?" and the town cannot even give you the venerable answer of the catechism. Yet there are scores of towns in Canada whose names were given in baptism by men who are still in the prime of life.

No better habit could be enjoined upon a new community than the dis-

covering and recording of the means by which the town came upon the name which it is expected to bear while life lasts. If that were done, we should soon get away from the monstrosities that afflict many places and annoy people who have never done anything to deserve an unhappy association in nomenclature every time they write a letter. I should like to get hold of the ghost of the person who began the fashion of adding "ville" to every conceivable syllable that commonplace knowledge or fantastic imagination could use, and then planting the invention on some spot that was worthy a more euphonious fate.

But there is no accounting for tastes. Familiarity breeds affection as well as contempt. A couple of years ago I was coming down from Edmonton with a party of British journalists from whom I invited suggestions for names of towns, thinking that a series of picturesque christenings might result. One, who had occupied important civic posts in his own shire, suggested "Swineshead" as very suitable for an agricultural centre; and as a commemoration of a town in his county that was at one time famous for its plenteous supply of hogs. Next day I heard my friend laughing consumedly at a joke in *Punch* which represented a Chicagoan as ridiculously unconscious of his own devotion to the packing trade.

But to get back to the time-table



romance. I thought I would take the time-table with which I am most familiar—that of the Canadian Northern—and travel through it, making annotations on the trip. But that would be like compiling a catalogue; and nobody ever set out deliberately to extract romance from such a document. A catalogue is a thing of form and exactitude. A time-table is a thing of growth; the product of years, and of a troop of reminiscences, prejudices, and events.

You cannot build a great big railway in a week—except at Ottawa. The world moves pretty fast, after all; and though you may lay track with unexampled speed, the slow-going world will indite a prodigious quantity of fateful history while you are opening up fifty townships, history that will leave all kinds of marks on your infant railway and, therefore, on the subsequent careers of the communities you bring to birth as you fling your steel across the landscape.

Take a couple of examples. If you go from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, by way of Swan River, you will pass through Mafeking, and Baden, and Powell. Instead of sieges, of generals who know how to advertise, and of the oppressive aridity of the illimitable veldt, there is the abundant verdure of what S. J. Dawson, the surveyor who reported to the Government of Canada, more than fifty years ago, called "the finest country in a state of nature that I have ever seen." But the spell of the Boer war has been laid on this territory for ever and a day; and the fervent participation of Canada in the Old Land's quarrel has received its own special monument in the hinterland of Lake Winnipegosis; all because the Canadian Northern was built there at the time British soldiers were beleaguered in the high veldt of Bechuanaland.

Again, there is a corresponding memorial to the concluding tragedy of the Russian domination of North-eastern Asia, along the main line of the Canadian Northern, where it leaves Manitoba for Saskatchewan. The last

place in Manitoba is Makaroff, reminder of a losing admiral who was not disgraced and who went down with his ship. The first town after you enter the premier wheat-growing province in the Empire—for Saskatchewan has become that; and has passed every state in the Union, save two—is Togo; witness of the prowess of the most destructive admiral since Nelson. Eighty-four miles farther on Kuroki reminds again of the same portentous war; and thenceforward the engineers had ceased to think of the Russo-Japanese episode.

The Canadian Northern has made a rare reputation as a fast grower; but when you see Mafeking and Makaroff within a few hours' ride of each other, and you reflect that Mafeking represents the merging of two African Republics with the British Empire and that Makaroff is significant of the emergence of Japan into the front rank of the military and naval powers of the world, you acquire a vivid sense of the pace at which twentieth century civilisation is living.

Travelling across the plains you receive, also, a new realisation of the proximity of the swiftest elements of Canadian life to the barbarous conditions that retained so long for the unmeasured West the unreasonable name of "The Great Lone Land." The Indian is never far away; though you only see him at places that are near reserves, such as Kamsack and Bresaylor. Some shipping points are of unadulterated Indian cognomination. Mistatim, for instance, is the Cree word for dog. The next place to it is Peesane, which, being translated, means "Come after long waiting." Both these names were obtained by Mr. M. H. McLeod, now the general manager of the railway, as well as its chief engineer, from Mrs. Adams, sister of the late Premier Norquay of Manitoba, whose ranch was at Adam's Ferry, where Fenton Bridge has been built across the south branch of the Saskatchewan River.

In the Swan River district is Minionas. White people call it "Mini-



to-nas"; emphasising "to." But the Indian pronunciation is "Min-it-on-as", the last syllable receiving all the emphasis. The first time the name appeared in print was in Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's map of North-western Manitoba; and it is applied to the solitary hill near which is the present town. The Indians called the hill "Min-it-on-as" and said it meant "the hill that stands by itself." The Cree word for island is "minis"; so that the derivation is obvious.

The Indian association is not always as easily discoverable. Bowsman, which is between Minitonas and Mafeking, is named, as any intelligent white boy in the neighbourhood will tell you, after the Bowsman River. But the youngster would hardly be able to say how the river got its name. Twenty years ago there was a good Indian in that country—not the only one. He was an unusually efficient bowsman in a canoe and was called Bowsman for that reason. In 1889 he was employed by Mr. Tyrrell, who explored North-western Manitoba, as well as most of the rest of the prairie country, for the Geological Survey. Mr. Tyrrell is a human being as well as a geologist, so he remembered his faithful servant when he came to put the rivers on the map.

Bowsman is not a singular instance of man's humanity to man. The Kematch River, in the same part of the country, is called after the Indian of whom Mr. Tyrrell says that he was the best all-round red man who travelled with him during many years' wandering through the wilderness, most of which is now occupied by flourishing farmers.

But to get back once more to town names. There are different beliefs about the origin of Winnipeg. As to Portage la Prairie, there is no controversy. On its way to the Red River the Assiniboine crosses the plains into which Lake Manitoba pushes its southward nose—the flat country that has become famous as the richest wheat-growing district in America. Reasonably good navigation on the

Assiniboine ended below a small rapid, not far from the present town, where trading-posts were built. From here began the portage across to the big lake, which the French called Lac Les Prairies. Nothing was simpler than to call the place Portage la Prairie.

Other more modern uses of terms tell of the early French occupation of the country. Lake Bourbon, which is the clearing lake, as it were, of the Saskatchewan, before it loses its identity in Lake Winnipeg, has not been so known for several decades. It is Cedar Lake, because close by it are the most northerly cedar trees in the eastern half of Canada. But Lake Dauphin survives, to commemorate the devotion of the first explorers to the heir of their king. And when the Canadian Northern made the first terminus of its line within ten miles of the lake, the town was called Dauphin. From a couple of log shacks it has become a fine burg of three or four thousand people, in the midst of an extraordinarily fertile region; and it is the junction point of the Prince Albert and Winnipegosis branches with the main line.

Then, if you would like to think how the domestic and financial are allied, look at two stations between Dauphin and Prince Albert. The President of the Canadian Northern is, intensely, a family man. At Ethelbert, quite a small place, there is a more commodious station than at some towns in a less sparsely settled country. One of the President's daughters is named Ethel, and another Bertha. Near Erwood the Hudson's Bay line branches off to the Pas. The godfather of this place is Mr. E. R. Wood, a Toronto financier, whose friends do not know whether his ability or his character stands first in their esteem.

Let me forsake this excessive discursion, and proceed, decently and in order, up the main line beginning at Gladstone, where the line itself was born, in 1896. There is McCreary Junction, relic of a member of Parliament who became a Commissioner



of Immigration. It is next to Laurier, of which you have never heard, but with whom you are perfectly familiar.

I have maps of the prairie country that accompanied Sandford Fleming's reports to the Government on the great C.P.R. project. It is an entertainment to compare the names bestowed by Fleming, while the road was only a project, with the names that came into use only when a railway through the Fertile Belt did come to pass. There was a certain cultivated grandeur about the first list, a sort of triumphant march of explorers, lawyers, writers, artists — a veritable academy that would have made a time-table scintillate with immortality. What do you think of this: Cowper, Carlyle, Grattan, Cartier, Speke, Haywood, Hogarth, Poutrincourt, Vandyck, Blackwood, Longueville, Hennepin, Coleridge, Erskine, Livingstone, Morland, Leyden, Stopford, Murchison, Thorwaldsen, and so forth, and so forth?

At present science and literature are chiefly represented by Humbolt, without the "d." Curiously enough, that name is the only one that is on the same place on the map as it was when the first plans were completed. The telegraph wire that came from Fort Garry to Edmonton was built *via* Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle, and it struck the railroad route a few miles from the present town, where a telegraph station and post-office were established. You strike the telegraph line just west of Humbolt, and it is now north and now south of the track for sixty miles. Two other names on the old list re-appear in the Canadian Northern time-table—Denholm and Raith. Denholm was to have been the second station after Humbolt, where Bruno now is. But the Saskatchewan Denholm that came—it is as unlike its Yorkshire parent as a child could be—is east of North Battleford, the divisional point that enjoys the railway eminence the first capital of the Territories was intended to bear. Raith, instead of being

in the sandhills that skirt the south bank of the river, east of "The Old Town," is two hundred miles away, in Alberta.

All over the West the Scotch mark is plain, at frequent intervals. Sometimes it is a deceptive sign. The last town east of the South Branch is Aberdeen, in the vicinity of a Mennonite settlement. Occasionally I pass through it with an eminent Scotchman who fills a large place in the railway world of Canada, and who always gets angry at the name of the station, and points to the very un-Scotch names on the stores which front the railway — Schroeder, Riese, Wolch, Heinrich, and Friesen.

"I'll have the name of this station changed," he says every time he goes past it. "What business have these people to call their place Aberdeen?"

He becomes angrier still when it is suggested to him that probably if the Mennonites had known that the name is Scotch, they would not have asked that their town be called Aberdeen.

They received kindly recognition from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in the days of their vice-royalty; and without caring whence the title came, perpetuated the kindness in the noblest way they knew. What the sensitive Scotchman regards as almost an insult to a superior nation, is really an outward sign of the bond which grows upon the stranger from South-eastern Europe, under the quickening glow of Canadian-British institutions.

Of the personal element in naming take a few instances between North Battleford and Edmonton. A few miles after the climb out of the broad valley of the Saskatchewan, you come to Bresaylor. Bresaylor is a trinitarian way of reconciling the pardonable vanity of three pioneers, Messrs. Bremner, Sayers, and Taylor, worthy types of the settler who makes all things possible to commerce.

Immediately after Battleford was founded a few settlers came to the country round about, in anticipation of the railway that didn't come. Bremner, Sayers and Taylor, who had



come to the wedge of fine land between the North Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, because it reminded them of the Portage Plains, obtained a post-office and agreed on the name Bresaylor, a compromise on each man's ambition to have it called after himself. The railway built a station two miles from the post-office, which with its names, of course, was moved to the town.

Presently you come to Marshall; and you think of the genial soul who offers a jest every time he flits from one office to another at the corner of King and Toronto; and who at Christmas-time, makes many Toronto people understand why the Gallic people gave to Santa Claus the name of Noel.

In the same district is Lashburn. Who knows anything of law and lawyers in Toronto, knows that Z. A. Lash is first among the eminent when the day's work includes the drafting of charters, the unravelling of tangles, or the separating of shallow reasoning from deep wisdom. He was solicitor, then senior counsel, and, all the time, director of the Canadian Northern. "Lashburn" suggests some Scotch trait in his character—I mean something even more picturesque than the canniness that everybody associates with the modern chosen ones, whether they deserve it or not. I do not know whether Mr. Lash boasts of Scotch blood, but his devotion to Canadian nationality is as tenacious as that of a Covenanter to his creed.

Lloydminster owes only the assurance of its prosperity to the Canadian Northern; for the town was here before the railway. It is the memorial of the adventure of the Barr colony; the most extraordinary example in the twentieth century of a crowded trek into solitude that Western Canada, or any other part of the world has seen. Barr brought two thousand English people from cities in which they were safe; and led them out from Saskatoon, where many of them, buying live and dead stock, were fleeced by sharpers of all nationalities, to

make a trip of two hundred miles through an unpeopled territory, in early spring weather that was only to be desired by the most seasoned packers.

The full story of that comedy-tragedy has never been adequately written. Barr was an incompetent Moses. His people were murmurers — they could not be anything else under such a misleader. He was deposed; and a peaceful Joshua was found in the present Principal Lloyd, of the Anglican college at the University of Saskatchewan.

The colony had to have a centre. It was pitched on meridian 110; and they called it Lloydminster. By a fortune that was not vouchsafed to another clerically-named place, the railway came right to the town; and with its advent, prices of such things as flour, which had been rafted down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton, and hauled southward from the river, were cut in half.

The Canadian Northern transformed and transferred an equally important town on the edge of the eastward tide of settlement from Edmonton. Vegreville had been named after the noble Catholic priest who first ministered to the faithful in that aforetime isolated country. It looked for the railway, even as Lloydminster had done. But, east of the town the country rises considerably; and the necessities of the grade forced MacLeod to bear away from the original Vegreville, which, when I saw it first, contained about a dozen stores and houses. As the town could not bring the rails to itself, it gathered up its skirts, and marched to the rails. The new Vegreville is everything a western town should be; and it already has its first branch line, which is this year being completed to Calgary.

Again, there is Scotford, so called to express the political affinities of the first premiers of Saskatchewan and Alberta — Walter Scott, who reigns at Regina, and A. C. Rutherford, who governed at Edmonton. The first station beyond the last crossing



of the Saskatchewan, is Oliver, testimony to the popularity with old friends and new, which an extreme candour does not imperil, of the Minister of the Interior, who was for so long Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, editor of the *Bulletin*.

Scattered between Bresaylor and Fort Saskatchewan are a few places whose names are a record of President Mackenzie's first trip over this section of the line, then under construction. At the end of August, 1905, he took a party to Edmonton for the inauguration of Provincial Government in Alberta. His guests were Mr. Byron Walker, general manager (now president) of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mr. C. C. Chipman, the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company; Mr. M. H. MacLeod, of whom I have spoken; Mr. Howard Kennedy, of the *London Times*, and another journalist, whose reflections on the prairie country, revisited after many years, were appearing in the *Morning Post* of the same town. MacLeod, after the river had been left behind, asking for suggestions for town baptisms. "Maidstone," said the banker; "My mother went to school there."

"So did I," said one of the writing men.

"It's a good name," observed MacLeod; which encouraged the suggestion of two other English names—Birling and Kitscoty.

Birling is a charming village, in the valley of the Medway, six miles from Maidstone. Kitscoty is the most famous of English cromlechs, just off the road between the Kentish capital and Chatham, where it ascends the hill that gives its chief character to the valley in which Birling is hidden, away across the river.

"Aberfeldy," said Kennedy, of the *Times*. "My people came from there—a sort of ancestral home, you know."

"I have a place on Lake Simcoe that we call Innisfree," remarked the banker. "It would be pleasant to think of an Innisfree in the West."

The talk reverted to the purely domestic. "My wife's maiden name was Borradaile," remarked the Commissioner.

"Borrowdale?" said the correspondent, "the same as the valley that opens out from Derwentwater, close to the Falls of Lodore?"

"No," was the reply; "that was Borrowdale."

"My wife came from a place called 'Osmundare,'" said the man who had spoken of Birling and the most noted cromlech

"Mundare would be a good shortened form of that," said MacLeod. "We like to keep down length, when it won't spoil the result."

"A most excellent rule for journalists, also," observed the *Times* sentimentously. "Islay is a short name which has some agreeable Scottish associations for me. What do you think of it, Mr. MacLeod?"

"I will put it down with the rest," answered the chief baptist of the Canadian Northern.

And, when you look over the stations from North Battleford to Edmonton, you will find these names, even as they are set forth in this place; and you may rely absolutely on this record concerning their godfathers and godmothers.

As to Edmonton, which was introduced to civilisation as Fort Augustus, there is much to tell, and very little time in which to tell it. Its situation is the finest of all cities between Toronto and Vancouver. Its future will justify the sane optimists who have invested in its realities. It illustrates once more the ease with which local history may be hidden from those who know, in general, most about it. Dr. McDougall, the famous Indian missionary, who lived in the Edmonton country nearly fifty years ago, and has ever remained in touch with it, never heard of Fort Augustus until a Toronto man told him of it, while travelling through the Kootenay, a year ago last December.

Old Fort Augustus was built about



1798, by the North West Company, on the north bank of the Saskatchewan River, a mile and a half above the mouth of the Sturgeon River, at the lower end of the present Fort Saskatchewan settlement. It was destroyed by the Blackfeet in the fall of 1809 or the spring of 1810. After a short interval a new Fort Augustus was built, where Edmonton now is, by Mr. Hughes of the North West Company, and was occupied as a trading post until 1821, when the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies united and it was called Edmonton. It is still occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Alberta Parliament Buildings are being built next door to the Old Fort. It is almost certain that there were trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company besides those of the North West Company, both at Old and New Fort Augustus, but the early history of them has not yet been disclosed.

The missionary who has been half a century on the plains has spent no time in looking up musty records such as those that attest the existence of Fort Augustus. Dr. McDougall is a living example of how blood-and-bones history has evolved. He is full of Redskin lore, and can talk for hours on his personal acquaintance with Indian warfare — the first Mexican saddle he ever saw was taken from a Flathead Indian, who was in a raid upon the Crees in the Edmonton country, the saddle having tra-

velled from Mexican to Indian, and from Indian to Indian, all the way from the torrid south.

One example of the kind of history Dr. McDougall carries about with him, and I have finished this gossip. The doctor tells the legend of the Old Man who came from the Pacific over the Mountains to the Plains. He was of prodigious size. His steps were like unto those of the wearer of the Seven-Leagued Boots. When he came through the Kootenay Pass, into what is now Southern Alberta, and saw the prairie, he was so overjoyed that, as he came into the broad valley below the Pass, he turned to the mountains that had prisoned his eyes for many moons, broke great chunks of rock from their sides, and threw them round like pebbles until he had made a gigantic circle, which remains to this day, a monumental, everlasting testimony to his glee at finding a country with room enough and to spare. What the maps call "Old Man's River," which comes down through the foothills and finally joins the mighty Saskatchewan, is to the Indians "Old Man's Playing Ground River."

The Old Man made a glorious progress from the river beside which he played, by way of Calgary and Edmonton, to a place nearby the Battle River, not so far from Bresaylor, leaving immense, indestructible proofs of his march — but that is quite another story.





## THE ELECTION OF CORKLE

BY H. O. N. BELFORD

TWENTY miles north of Winnipeg, down the Red River, straggles Selkirk, bedraggled and weary with the continued effort to keep pace with her great sister of the south. North of Selkirk, by trails that vary with the exigencies of the weather, you reach Sandeboye. In a remote corner, north of Sandeboye, lies Grumville.

It has always seemed to me that politics ferment with distance, and Grumville is the one great case in point. Nowhere was the battle fought more vigorously, nowhere were personal recriminations more fearless. For the cunning manipulation of muddy ditches and the allotment of pole culverts, to catch the unwary voter, leave it to the rural councillor. Many a Walpole has hayseed in his hair.

This ward had suffered all these exploitations, from the time big "Bull Kenny" threatened to pulverise the man that voted against him, and to Ike Seelye, who, pulling the curly feathers from his drakes tails and showing them at the county fair as ducks, gained distinction as a progressive farmer.

So innate in the hearts of the natives was political ambition, that invariably it had been a three-cornered fight; and among the many aspirants, though he had never induced the coveted bird of victory to perch upon his banner, none showed such pertinacity as John Corkle. Short of

statue, russet of beard, awkward of limb, year after year, with moccasined feet and dingy lantern, had he sought like Diogenes, through the long winter evenings, for an honest voter, and found none. They promised, but did not perform.

Each year, his susceptibility to flattery required little encouragement to induce him to run for the rural council. Nay more, let us whisper that through this same weakness he was the butt of the neighbourhood. At every social, every Christmas-tree, every dance, John was there early, and in spite of all precautions, adroitly squeezed his name into the programme.

And alas! the sequel, in a tense, sarcastic silence, a rasping, strained voice, that invited calamity at every note, grinding out "Annie Laurie," or, amid howls of uproarious laughter, the "Rale McCoy."

December came bright and sparkling. Back in the woods toward Netly could be heard the bellow of the big bull moose, and nearer in the thicket the crackle of a twig by the scared rabbit. Far out in the lonely bog, two lean gray wolves loped steadily toward the corrugated carcass of the dead broncho behind McMahan's. For a wonder, hardly a battle rose in the political pot. It was nomination day in the old hall at St. Andrew's, and Alex McLean was as good as elected by acclamation, the only opposing candidate being



John Corkle, nominated by old Benny Grum, of the cock-eyes, and seconded by Young Sid Cole.

John patched his moccasins, cleaned his lantern, and began the canvass early. McLean, a "thrifty farmer, with a wife from Ontario, who wore short sleeves and patent leather boots, disdained to "electioneer," knowing by experience the votes were his. But the wife, who had aspirations, resolved to clinch the nail of popularity by preparing a great supper for election night.

Long Tom Carter was uneasy. Rough of speech, grotesque of gesture, kind of heart, he seldom was silent. Now amid the din of his numerous children he sat thinking, and his logic was not sound. His kindness of heart, that old weakness of human nature, led to his fallacious reasoning.

"Poor old John," he thought, "he has waded up and down through the snow every night for the last three weeks, and every year for the last ten years. I wish the old bantam hadn't been nominated. But then it would have broken his heart. I think I'll vote for him. No one will be the wiser, and half a dozen votes will make him feel like Laurier."

A strange thing, this subtle influence of mind, this unexploited wireless. Tom's brother, Bob, at the other side of the crackling stove, was on the same erroneous trail of thought. In the morning it struck old Spencer, when he was feeding the stock, and swept triumphantly down the line. On it passed through the thin frosty air, out even to where Scampy McKay, the half-breed with the withered arms, lived on the edge of the bog. No one had spoken. Each thought himself the only supporter of Corkle, and the support was secret.

On the morning of the 14th, a poll was opened in the log dwelling that served also as post-office. Here came all Ward Four to vote. As the short winter day closed, they gathered in to

hear the poll declared. And, of course, as they happened to be there, they might as well go on to McLean's for supper.

John, first on one foot, then the other, his hands nervously working the latch, was waiting at the kitchen door. His voice sounded thick and strained in the excitement. Out in the lane, his wife with the buckskin pony and jumper, her best bed quilt over her knees, waited to bear him home with whatever portion of victory might be his. McLean, smiling and confident behind his polished black team, also waited to drive whoever might be without conveyance to his house for the banquet.

Tom Carter, who was returning-officer, came through the kitchen door, brushed unapologetically by John, and looked earnestly at the moon.

"How is the poll, Tom?" asked young Foster, the most unabashed youth in the neighbourhood.

Tom turned his gaze from the moon to young Foster's face as if it were the first human countenance he had ever beheld and was curious.

"What is the poll, Tom?" repeated Foster.

As if to reward his audacity, Tom answered slowly, even confidentially, "Twenty-six of a majority for Corkle."

There was a gurgle and a gasp in John's throat.

"But straight, Tom," said long Joe Linklater, who had come with the parson, and felt a little important, "straight, Tom, how does she stand?"

"Twenty-six of a majority for Corkle, damn it," repeated Tom with added emphasis, which in the presence of the parson dispelled all doubts as to his veracity.

At these words the crowd that stood around McLean's sleigh prophesying smooth things hushed with consternation. Then as they looked in each other's eyes, a fearful lifting of the veil seemed to apprise them of what had happened, and they backed away



from the sleigh, like thieves from an apple stall. They melted down the lane in a straggling dark line, and as John came stamping and snorting out at the side gate, with outstretched hands, to thank his supporters, they all with one mind turned from him and fled.

Ah, John, the road to fame is paved with disappointments!

And at McLean's, how gently the biscuits steam on the snowy table, how juicy the beef looks on its enormous platter!

\* \* \* \* \*

That winter for years after was known as the "hard winter." Many are the wonderful tales still told of its extremes and rigours. The parson made his rounds on snowshoes, his vestments in a black bag over his shoulder. Trails were broken here and there, but often with the tantalising effect that to reach your nearest neighbour you might travel six times the actual distance. The mercury stood at 36° and 40° below zero, as if glued there, and yet seldom was the little round of sociability, gaiety or devotion interrupted. They danced, they sang, they prayed, as in the winters before.

So it was with John.

After his election, he added "Poor Old Ned" to his repertory of songs. At the dances he instructed them in a hazy but didactic way to accomplish some manœuvres, which he called the Figure Eight. At the church service in the little school-house, with a prayer-book larger than the parson's open on the desk before him, he chanted, sang, and responded, with the fervour of an archbishop. But it was like the iron entering into his soul to find, now that he had won his laurels, that he had not the same unanimous approval as in his uncrowned days. Like many another, he found that when they could not pity they could not endure.

Alex McLean's wife was undismayed by the ill-fortune of the elec-

tion. All winter she hastened to sow the seed that before a twelve-month would ripen into solid votes. Early in March, on the very pinnacle of triumph, she prepared supper again. All were invited except the Corkles, and all tacitly acquiesced in the discrimination. But the handwriting was on the wall. That night the moon rose red, the stars hung big and low, in a deep blue sky, a soft wind blew from the south, the first hint of approaching spring.

John felt the slighting sting, like the cut of the keen nor'-wester. In the evening, after the Carters, the Spencers, and the Grums had gone by to the party, when the chores were done, John nervously plucked the icicles from his beard, hung his moc-casins on a nail behind the stove, laid his red duffle socks on the open oven door, and without lighting his pipe, sat down in silence.

Martha, his wife, was placidly knitting, her feet on the hearth.

"Won't you play some on the organ, John?" she asked.

No one but Martha and himself ever knew what he tried to play; sometimes only himself.

"No," he said, "fingers sore tonight, teched a little with the frost, I guess."

"Couldn't you learn a new recitation for some of the doings?"

John winced.

"No, my eyes is sore. Sun was pretty bright on the snow to-day."

The last question of his wife's brought his serious thoughts to the surface.

"Do you know, mother," (he called her mother, though they had never had a child), "do you know, I haven't been on a programme since I won the elections?"

"I know, John, but you have been terrible busy."

"I haven't been to many dances, neither."

"I know, John, but the snow has been terrible deep."



"No one came to our party but Scampy McKay and the Sinclairs, who came from Kansas last fall."

"I know, John, but the 'grip' was terrible bad then."

"And," he concluded in a louder key, "we're not invited to the party to-night. All the rest have gone."

"I know, John, but they have a terrible small stable for all the horses."

He was not comforted by Martha's answers, and she herself did not feel satisfied, for with a knitting-needle, first poised in the air and then gently waving up and down, she added:

"Maybe they're waiting to prove ye, John."

This thought was as balm to his sore throat, and in the comfort of it he pattered towards his bedroom door, squeezing the suspenders from his shoulders as he went.

The warm south wind, which began that night, continued the next day, and the next. Slowly the snow sank. Swiftly strange, hidden things came to light. Woodpiles, straw-stacks, old stables, reminded the world of their existence, while just as creeks and ditches were about to break away in wild laughter, suddenly as with a turn of the tap, on came the cold and frost again, and man and beast crept gingerly over a granite world. Then followed the three days' blizzard when snow piled upon snow, even deeper than before, when men hugged the stove, and the cattle went unfed in the stalls. All the time the words of Martha haunted John.

"Maybe they're waiting to prove ye."

The last of March brought warm weather, with the promise of permanent spring. The melting of the great mass of later snow on the thick layer of ice caused floods unprecedented.

No one had seen the Scampy McKays for a month. All winter the parson had regularly tramped to the shack, but for weeks he had been laid up with the "grip," threatened with pneumonia. Young Foster walked out that way one morning, up the dump of the huge ditch that had been

dredged to drain the bog. He was curious, considering the great thaw, why so comparatively little water came down the ditch. When nearly opposite Scampy's house he found it well explained. The great volume of water, obstructed by a gigantic snow-drift, the eddy from a haystack, had burst from the side, and was pouring out in torrents into a slough, then down an old creek bed, directly towards Scampy's house. By much wading and splashing, he came in sight and hailing of the habitation. There it stood on a small island, on either side the pent-up water, with here and there huge masses of floating snow.

In response to his shout, Scampy, his wife, and little toddling child came out. Foster understood little of the answer, but gathered from the gesticulations and waving of an empty flour sask that they were out of flour. This, however, being a chronic state of Scampy's household, exacted little thought on Foster's part, for knowing there were many potatoes in the cellar, with a quarter of beef hanging in plain view from the corner of the shack, he felt little uneasiness in returning home.

But the next day noon Tom Carter, watching his dogs chase a wolf toward the bog, saw a black smoke suddenly break out from that direction, and concluded rightly that the house was on fire. With a loud explanatory shout to his wife and a waving of arms like a windmill, he was off. The first house to pass was Corke's. Here he roused John from his dinner, thinking some amusement might as well accompany the rescue of Scampy.

"John, he shouted in the door, prefaced by a wild whoop, "Scampy is burning out."

"Lord help us," said John, spilling his tea on the dog, and plucking his beard, "what's that you say?"

"Scampy is burning out," roared Tom, "and you, as councillor, ought to be up and doing."

"Yes, yes," said John, straightening up and snorting. "Yes, yes," and



even while he spoke he remembered.

"Come along, come along, Tom," he said, taking the lead without further discussion, and Tom fell in.

Neighbour after neighbour was recruited by his command and a quiet wink from Tom, until nearly thirty filed up the big ditch dump, to see what succour they might bring to Scampy.

But when the edge of the torrent was reached, opposite the spot where the house had stood, the seriousness of the case dispelled all lighter thoughts. Where before the confined waters had been resting calmly, today barriers below had given away, and the current was now rushing by with such prodigious force as to make the very banks tremulous on which they stood.

The house was gone, a log or two still smoking where it had stood. The only remnant of protection that remained was an old waggon box, which Scampy had reared on its side. In this they sat, the little child between them, with what seemed to be part of an old horse blanket thrown about them. Evidently nothing had been saved of their few belongings, the fire having occurred, no doubt, while they were out, possibly watching for a subsidence of the water.

"By cracky," said John, "they will freeze to death."

A cold wind was blowing from the north-west, driving small, thin flakes of snow in the air.

"What are you going to do about it, John?" spoke three or four. The rest were silent, each one well satisfied that not on him lay the responsibility of leading the rescue.

John did not answer at once. He felt his position now as councillor of Ward 4. He remembered Martha's words. But, more than that, he heard over the wild roar of the stream the muffled cry of Scampy's little girl. The snow began to tease and whirl, threatening a wild night's storm.

"By cracky, they'll freeze to death," he said again, "there isn't so much as a wisp of hay over there for them to

crawl into, let alone a house."

With a look up the stream, a long look down, and a wild pluck at his whiskers, he began his task. From his huge coat pockets he pulled out yards of binder twine. Like most farmers, he kept his pockets full of it, ready for all emergencies, from a worn-out shoe string, to a broken waggon tongue. With all he had he reckoned two strands twisted would reach across the stream.

"But how will you get it across there?" demanded young Foster.

"Take it across," said John simply, tying one end to his belt and walking down the stream.

"He ain't going to swim that, is he?" said Sinclair, "'twould freeze a white bear."

"He can't swim the length of his nose, anyway," added Tom Carter.

They followed him down the stream to its narrowest and swiftest part. Here was a huge bank of snow which none but he had noticed. Some heavy brush on either side held it, for it stretched across the stream, while in the centre two great arches were tunneled by the rushing water.

Out on to the frozen snow John ran and on toward the narrow summit which spanned the stream.

"Come back, come back, you fool," roared a dozen voices.

"Why, if a mouse stepped on it, it would fall," screamed Spencer.

Joe Linklater grabbed for the twine, the end of which was fast to John's belt, in the hope of holding him back, but too late. In a moment John was far out on the first arch, and the slightest pull might cast him into the churning flood.

On he sped, the eyes of all fixed on the fleeing brown figure with the bristling whiskers and long red socks. As he crossed the second arch, no one breathed, while one long sigh gave place to wild incoherent yells, when he passed safely to the firm land on the other side.

John threw his coat around the crying child, and her sobs ceased. The waggon box he placed on its bottom.



With Scampy's axe he drew from the fire a portion of a log, which being imbedded in the earth was not entirely consumed. This, when cut in two, he lashed to either end of the box, with strings cut from the skins of Scampy's trapping. The cord which connected him with Joe Linklater on the other side, he tied to the iron rod on the front of the box, and shoved the craft into the water, where he held it in readiness.

The woman, with the child, took her place in front with the strange apathy of her race. Scampy, fat and awkward through his half useless arms, took his place in the stern. John sat himself in the middle, only to leap to shore again, finding the raft could not possibly reach the other side with four souls aboard. Without hesitation, he turned and shoved it far out in the stream, where with gentle pulling on the slender cord from the opposite bank it floated very diagonally but safely to the farther shore.

Scarcely were Scampy's family landed from this strange voyage, when McEwen, an old river-driver from the Ottawa, leaped into the box, and with whatever he could lay his hands on for propellers, sought to drive it across the stream again. It was impossible. The eddy was all from the island, and from whatever vantage point they sought, the current drove him back on the bank.

John saw these efforts with sinking heart. He sat down where the house had stood, but no warmth came from the dead ashes. The sting of the wind reminded him that he had given his coat to Scampy's child. He gazed vacantly away toward his little home, where Martha was now preparing supper, and then toward that ghostly bridge, which seemed growing frailer and thinner every time he looked. In his heart he knew he must either make the attempt or soon perish there in the cold. To-morrow, no doubt, would be warm and spring-like, but that would be too late for him after braving this bitter night in his shirt sleeves. He must go, and at

once. The bridge was wasting every minute.

"Scampy's little girl will not die to-night," he thought, "and I—I have proved myself a councillor for Ward Four, I guess."

He mounted the great snow-bank and strode forth. The vibration made his head spin, and he dare not look on the whirling froth beneath. He thought he could hear voices shouting under the snow. When he crossed the first arch, the terrible swaying of the bridge gave him nausea, and he looked down. Then it seemed the water stood still, and he on the bridge, like a mighty bird, was flying up the bog, a great white wing on either hand. Suddenly he dropped on his knees and dug his hands into the snow. A chasm had opened before him. With a wild lurch back another had opened behind. It was the two arches gone down. John rose to his feet, something of majesty in the wild, squat figure, as he swayed back and forward on his inverted pendulum, towering over the cold, raving death.

Tom Carter turned his head, and looked away toward the grim woods of Netley, where the early twilight was already falling, and prayed as seldom was his wont. A great shout from Sinclair bright him around to see John run down the snow bank, and trudge contentedly to them, his whiskers curling towards his ears.

The tossing pier of snow on which he had stood, rose some feet higher than the abutments on either side, and fortunately it broke as it swayed towards the bank on which they waited. John half-leaped, was half-thrown to the shore, lighting like a bird from the sky, on the very edge of the broken abutment of snow, down which he ran to the silent, open-mouthed spectators.

Little was said then. With a shaking and stamping of feet, they set out on the long tramp back. Little was said of it at any time, in Grumville, but when election day came again, the *Selkirk Expositor* recorded the notable fact concerning Ward Four: "John Corkle—by acclamation."



# TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FENIANS

BY DAVID JUNOR

**F**ORTY-five years have passed since the Fenian raid of 1866, and when it was suggested that I should write for publication the story of the raid as seen by one who was a prisoner with the Fenians and I objected that the main facts about the raid must have been published many times, it was urged that a new generation had arisen since that time, and that it was doubtful whether these had ever seen very much of what had been published years ago, even if such publication had taken place. My own opinion about the matter had also changed, after I had seen that in certain histories of the Dominion not a word was written about this raid.

Although the raid itself came upon the Canadians suddenly, there were premonitions of it many months before. Many rumours came from towns across the border of men drilling, not always secretly, with the avowed intention of crossing to injure Canada as a dependency of Great Britain and, at the same time, to make what they could for themselves. Many Canadians at that time felt bitterly against the United States for not preventing such open display of warlike intent, and many even to this day hold the same feelings. It is not my purpose to shield the United States for not preventing such open acts of hostility, for I have always thought that the officials of the nation and of the border towns should have acted in time to

prevent the crossing of a band of men who could only be looked upon as robbers and murderers. At the same time, we must remember the deplorable condition in which the North then stood. The great civil war, in which hundreds of thousands had been fighting for years, had ended less than a year before, and now tens of thousands of irresponsible men from both armies, having no stake in the country and ready for anything, were swarming into the cities of the North, for the South was too desolate to offer them any inducements. Then, also, the financial condition of the country was at a low ebb, because of the drain of the terrible war upon its resources, and we can imagine what a serious question it would be for the authorities, so crippled, to govern these thousands, who were in a measure lawless, in such a manner as to prevent riot and bloodshed. One result of this state of affairs would naturally be that many things would be overlooked which under normal conditions would be put a stop to at once.

As to the reasons for the Fenian raid, I do not think they are far to seek, and, of course, they were not such as could command them to any right-minded person. In conversation in New York with Colonel Michael C. Murphy, the official head of the Fenian movement, I did not dare to ask him as to these rea-



sons, as I felt sure that after twenty-five years he could not give any that he felt would commend themselves to a reasonable person. In my opinion, three things led to the Fenian movement against Canada: the intense hatred for Great Britain entertained by numbers of leading Irishmen in the United States and the desire resulting from that hatred to injure that Kingdom in any way possible; the belief, that the hope of plunder in Canada would tempt many to take part in the raid, and the fact that thousands of irresponsible men who would be thus tempted were available. Colonel Murphy told me that he could have mounted 5,000 cavalymen if the French-Canadians had furnished horses as they had promised.

In considering the inaction of the United States in this matter, we must not forget that the feeling was not altogether on the side of that country. The feeling towards the United States in Canada seems to have lingered, if it did not grow, from the time of the Revolution, and I found when I went to live in the United States, after the civil war, that I knew less about the history and geography of that country than I did about Africa, as it seemed to be a peculiarity of the course of study in our Canadian schools, when I was a boy, to ignore as much as possible the country across the border. I found also that in the West, where I lived, very little, either good or bad was said about Canada, as it was considered a rather insignificant country as compared with that in which these people lived. The feeling that seemed to exist in Canada concerning the United States grew into one of actual hostility by the time of the civil war, and I remember very well that, so far as the majority of the students at Toronto University were concerned, at least, there was active Southern sympathy, which received free expression, especially in

the songs we sang when the rifle company was marching at ease, as they were always such as "Maryland, My Maryland," "Dixie," and the like.

The rumours to which I referred concerning movements on the other side of the border, which threatened to bring trouble to Canada, grew more definite as the winter of 1865-6 advanced, and just before St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, there was such a feeling that the Fenians had planned an attempt to destroy the Queen's Own drill shed on that night that a guard was ordered to patrol the streets around the shed. I was one of the men detailed for that purpose. If such a plan had been formed, however, nothing came of it, and the shed was still intact on the morning of the eighteenth.

The rumours continued until June 1st, when word was received at Toronto that a body of Fenians had crossed from Buffalo to Fort Erie. Troops to oppose them were requested. The officers of the Queen's Own at once sent a hurried call for the different companies to assemble so as to take the boat for Port Colborne. It was a very bad time for the University company, as we were in the midst of examinations. It was my graduating year, but, fortunately most of my examinations were over. We were informed by the University authorities that those who went against the Fenians would be considered as having passed without any further examinations, while those who were up for honours would have their standing decided by the average on the examinations already held, together with their records in previous years.

The number of members of the University company that took the boat that day and were present at the engagement with the Fenians has never been settled to my satisfaction, but my count after we landed at Lime-ridge made it twenty-three, and I have never seen any reason for chang-



ing it. We arrived at Port Colborne that evening and took the train for St. Catherines, where we enjoyed some sleep until about 2 o'clock in the morning; then we were roused up and put on a freight train for Lime-ridge, where we were joined by a regiment of volunteers from Hamilton. We were also to meet the regulars, but because of some delay, which I never heard satisfactorily explained, they did not reach Fort Erie until the morning after the engagement with the Fenians. As the highest officer with the Queen's Own was Major Otter, and as the Hamilton regiment had a colonel, the latter took command of the united column.

A great many of the soldiers had taken along some baggage, as we did not expect to return to Toronto at once. I had a good large satchel, as I expected to go home before returning to Toronto for the convocation to receive my degree. This satchel contained some of my clothes, but, far more cherished than these, some photographs and letters. On leaving the train we piled our baggage in a goodly heap, expecting to return and get it after we had annihilated the Fenians. Alas! we never saw any of it again, and I have often wondered what kind of Fenian got those photographs and letters and what he thought of them. The Government partly reimbursed us for the baggage lost, but alas for those things for the loss of which no money could be a recompense!

There were no commissioned officers with the members of the University company when we landed at Limeridge, as Captain Croft and Lieutenant Cherriman were detained at Toronto by examinations, and so one of the first important questions to be decided by the battalion officers, in view of an engagement with the Fenians, was what to do with the few representatives of the University company. It was at first decided to dis-

tribute them among the other companies, but these members objected, saying that, if there was to be any fighting, they wished to fight as a company, and they asked instead that enough men should be taken from other companies to make up such a number as the officers might think best, and the command given to an officer from another company. This was done, and the command was given to Lieutenant Whitney, of Trinity College company. He proved to be a splendid leader, showing no sign either of fear or rashness during the engagement, and was always in the front, erect and calm, as if whistling bullets were every day visitors in his life.

No one who was there will ever forget his feelings as, standing in battalion, we heard the command, "With ball cartridge, load," and realised what that command presaged. Very soon we heard that the Fenians were near, and the march to meet them began. It seemed only a few minutes later when we heard the bullets whistling over our heads, and we can all remember with a smile how our heads involuntarily ducked as we heard the sound.

Then came the command for the University company to advance as skirmishers, and very soon we were so far ahead of our main body that we could no longer see it. As we advanced, we fired at the woods in which the Fenians were supposed to be and from which the bullets we heard passing seemed to come. Once in a while we caught sight of a man on a white horse, and I have no doubt that every man in that skirmish line fired more than once at the man on horseback. He seemed, however, to be immune to bullets, as he continued to ride unharmed, and that too in spite of the fact that the writer held the company medal that year for rifle shooting.

When we had advanced some distance, we came to a rail fence which



we must cross if we would reach the Fenians, but there was a general disinclination to do so, as the field on the other side was bare, and men in any part of it would make good targets. After a slight hesitation, however, we crossed, but it was not strange that each one should try to get as near to mother earth as he could, so as to give the enemy as little occasion as possible to commit manslaughter.

While in this field a strange thing happened. We heard the bullets whistling from the rear as well as from the front, and the only conclusion we could come to was that the officer in command had forgotten that our company was skirmishing, and had sent another skirmish line out behind us. Whether this was true or not, I have never been able to find out.

We had not been long in this field before we heard the bugle call to retire, and began to fall back leisurely, turning and firing as we retired. At first we could see nothing of our main body, but when we reached a cross road, the column was seen nearly half a mile in the rear and retreating apparently helter-skelter. We at once decided that it was our duty to overtake them as speedily as possible. We hurried to the main road, so as to follow.

As we ran along the cross road, young Tempest, who was just before me, fell. I paused beside him for a moment and saw that he was dead, shot through the head. At that time the bullets were whizzing past us at a great rate, and I remember wondering whether I was going to get through without coming in contact with any of them.

Shortly after we reached the main road, we passed a small hotel, and as I was running by the open door I heard someone from within call, "O ———, I'm wounded." I turned in to see who called, and found one of my company shot in the arm. I also

saw there were quite a number of other wounded men there, and, as they were calling for water, I decided that my next duty was to attend to their calls. I therefore began giving water to all. I had been at this work only a few minutes when a civilian, who evidently lived in the neighbourhood, came in and began to help. A member of the Highland company lay on the floor with a wound in the arm. He was suffering greatly, and asked whether we could not put something under his arm to raise it up. I pulled off my coat, folded it and put it under his arm, and it seemed to relieve him.

All this time we had seen nothing of the Fenians, but now one stood in the doorway with levelled pistol and called on us to surrender. We had no time to answer before another, evidently an officer, ordered him off and came into the room. Seeing me in my coat sleeves, he said, "Oh, you're a surgeon; these wounded men will be protected," and then he disappeared, as I supposed, to put a guard on the house.

When the civilian and I had done all we could for the wounded in the house, seeing no Fenians around to prevent, I proposed that we take water and go back along the road to see if we could help any of the wounded. I thought at the same time that we might get back to where I had seen Tempest fall. We had not gone far before we came to a young man who had been shot through the body but was still conscious. We raised his head and gave him water, and as we knelt beside him the civilian began the Lord's prayer, but he had not gone far before he burst into tears and cried, "I can't pray." In a few moments blood and water gushed from the young man's mouth, his head fell back, and he was dead.

We started to go farther back along the road, but met the Fenian rear guard, who, seeing that I had on part of a uniform, told me I must go with



them. As even misery likes company, I cannot say that I was sorry to see that the rear guard had as prisoner another of my company, now a distinguished professor in Toronto.

When we got back to the hotel, I was in difficulty, as I was in my shirt sleeves, and, when I came to look at my coat under the arm of the wounded man, I saw that, even if I could remove it, it was not in a condition to be worn. The only unappropriated coat was the military overcoat of the wounded man, so I put it on, but, as military overcoats are intended to be long anyway, and, in this case, the owner was over six feet tall, while I was five feet, four, there was a good deal of waste skirt on the floor. However, as it was the only coat available I gathered it up at the waist, buckled my belt under the gathering, bade good-bye to my wounded college mate, and started with the Fenians. I might add here that I did not see this friend again until forty years later, almost to a day, when, in June, 1906, I shook hands with him in his office in Winnipeg.

The objective point of the Fenian march we did not know, but found out a little later that it was Fort Erie. We soon got to be quite friendly with our guards, who were all good-natured Irishmen. They told us that they fully expected the Canadians to rise to aid those who came to free them from the yoke of Great Britain. We assured them that they were mistaken about the feelings of the Canadians and that they would meet only with disappointment. It was impossible for us to judge of the number of the Fenians, as they were scattered all along the road, but I thought there might be anywhere from 500 to 1,000. Formerly they had been soldiers of the American civil war, accustomed to hardship and to take things easily, especially when they saw anything they would like to have in the farm-houses or barns at which they called in pass-

ing along the road. At one place we were relieved by this peculiarity, as they brought a can of buttermilk and gave us a drink, and I don't believe we cared how they came by it, for the day was warm and the march tiresome.

Several amusing things occurred on the way, one of which I recall. In one barn at which they called they found a horse, buggy and harness. Evidently thinking that, under the circumstances, it was as cheap to ride as to walk, then hitched up, and more than a dozen got on. But, alas for their hopes! They had not gone ten rods before the buggy collapsed, the wheels spreading at the bottom and letting the load sink to the ground.

As we approached Fort Erie, we noticed a good deal of excitement, and in a very short time we were left alone with our guards, all the others going to the front. Presently we heard firing for a few minutes and then again all was still. Late in the afternoon we passed through the village of Fort Erie, where we met Colonel O'Neil, the Fenian commander, and then to our evident destination, the ruins of the old fort. There we found that the number of prisoners was increased by about twenty, members of an artillery company that had landed at Fort Erie that day, and had been captured by the Fenians after the fight of which we heard the firing. We were not permitted to starve that evening, but were supplied with biscuit and meat, some of which at least was raw pork. During the night we were not allowed to stand up, but must either sit or lie down; and then I had reason to bless the chance that made me wear that heavy overcoat, as with it I suffered less than the others from the cold. Although it was June, it became cold toward morning.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, we were roused up and told to form into line along a fence. We wondered whether it was



possible that they were going to shoot us, although we did not feel much fear, as they had been so friendly. Our lives, however, were not doomed to end yet, for we were next told to form into marching order, the Fenians meanwhile doing the same. Together we marched down to the bank of the Niagara River where there was a tug with a scow in tow. Then our guards shook hands with us, got on the scow and tug and made for the opposite shore. It may be imagined that we did not delay long before we put a good distance between us and the river. As we were now in the village of Fort Erie, and daylight was some hours off, we rapped at the door of a small house in which we saw a light. The owner asked who we were without opening the door, and he evidently did not wish to offend either side. We succeeded at length in convincing him that we were Canadians, so he opened the door and let us in.

Soon after daybreak a company of regular artillery came along, and my fellow prisoners and I rode on a gun carriage till we came to where the Queen's Own were encamped. We found our company a good deal larger than at the time of the engagement owing to accessions from Toronto, and we received a hearty welcome, as we had been given up for dead. On talking the battle over, we came to the conclusion that our company had suffered more than its share, as we thought that out of twenty-three men, three were dead, four wounded, and two had been prisoners. As to the cause of the rout of the column, different rumours were prevalent, the most common being that the commander, never having been in action before, lost his head when he became possessed of the idea that they were to be attacked by a force of Fenian cavalry, and gave orders which led to disorder and then to a panic.

After being in camp at Fort Erie

for a few days, the Queen's Own were sent to Stratford for several days more. There we were not in camp, but billeted among the citizens, and, as we were very cordially received, all had a very pleasant time. I know this was true in my own case, as I was a guest at the home of the sheriff of the county, whose son was my class-mate. Forty-two years later, in the summer of 1908, while on the Canadian Pacific Railway boat from Fort William to Owen Sound, I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife from Stratford. After the introduction, the lady said: "When I heard your name, I wondered if you were the young man who spent some days at our house after the Fenian raid of 1866." She was the daughter of the sheriff and a young girl at the time of the raid.

Among the good things that made the time pass pleasantly for me at Stratford was the receipt of about a dozen letters from the preceptress and some of the members in a certain school for young ladies at Toronto, written to cheer the heart of the young soldier and incite him, if the occasion arose, to do brave deeds for his native land. It will indicate how much I prized those letters when I say that I have them yet, although I have never seen one of the writers since. After we left Stratford, we went to our homes, as the Fenian scare was over for the time.

During the past ten years I have had two reminders of the Fenian raid, both very interesting to me and one even more than interesting. The first was in 1901. In the summer of that year, the Sunday schools of five neighbouring churches in New York City had a union outing at one of the seaside resorts. During the day the police officer who had been sent with the party got drunk and behaved in such a manner that I was appointed to prefer charges against him with a view to having him dismissed from the



force. On my way to headquarters, I remembered that when the Commissioner was appointed the daily papers mentioned the fact that he, Colonel Michael C. Murphy, had been connected with the Fenian raid of 1866. When I saw him, I told him what I had read and that I had been a prisoner with the Fenians at Fort Erie. He told me that he had been at the head of the whole Fenian movement, and that he had been stationed at Malone, New York, to plan for the capture of Montreal. He said that the French-Canadians had promised enough horses for all the cavalry he could furnish, and that he could have used all the horses they could bring, as there were large numbers of old cavalymen from the armies of the North and South who would be glad of such employment. The French-Canadians, however, never furnished a horse, so that his part of the campaign failed.

As I had to see the Commissioner several times before the case in which I was interested would come to trial, I took up my medal, which I had just received, and showed it to him. He was quite interested, as it was the first he had seen. As the time for the trial of my case approached, I thought that as the Commissioner and I had become quite friendly over the Fenian raid he might help me in arranging the time of the trial so as to avoid a good deal of inconvenience. Police trials are held every Thursday, beginning at 9 o'clock, and as I had about a dozen witnesses, unless some arrangement could be made, they

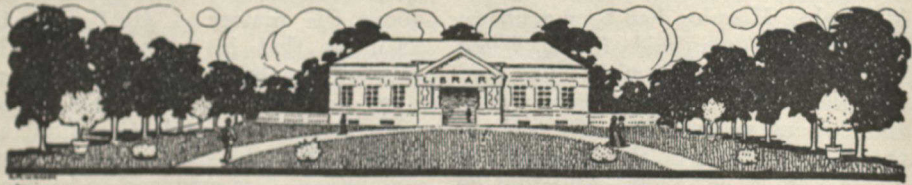
might have to stay around headquarters all day, and possibly have to come back another day. I therefore went to the Commissioner and spoke to him about the matter. "Oh," said he, "I'll fix that in a moment." He touched the button calling his secretary, and said to him when he appeared, "Go and tell Commissioner Devery that the case against policeman W—— is arranged to be heard the first thing on Thursday morning, without fail."

On Thursday morning our case was heard, and in an hour we were on our way home, Deputy Commissioner Devery having announced that he would recommend the dismissal of the policeman, which he immediately did. So, it turned out that the Fenian raid of 1866 helped me in a legal case in New York in 1901.

The other reminder was in South Carolina in 1907. I was spending the month of March in a small city on the sea coast in that State. About a mile from the city was a national cemetery, and as I had plenty of time on my hands, I used to walk out to the cemetery and chat with the superintendent and his assistant, the latter being a typical Irishman. One day I was chatting with the assistant, and he was telling me of some of the battles he had been in. "By the way," said I, "I was in a little battle once." "Where was that?" said he. "When I was at the University of Toronto, in 1866, the Fenians crossed from Buffalo, and we had a fight with them." "Why," said he, "I was one of the Fenians that day."







## The WAY of LETTERS

"MARIE-CLAIRE," the literary sensation of Paris, has been translated into English, and is now being enjoyed and discussed on this side of the Atlantic. The account of the origin of this book is almost as interesting as the book itself. Marguerite Audoux, who was a young French seamstress, but who, curiously enough, was associated with some of the literary lights of Paris, undertook to write a book, and one would judge from what she has written that she had the uncommon sense to write about what she had experienced. From time to time she read chapters of her book to her literary friends, who, according to Mr. Arnold Bennett, encouraged her but did not attempt to guide her or criticise her work. At any rate, in due course of time the book was finished, and friends undertook to have it published in a manner that would give it a great deal of publicity. The author had already written a number of short stories and sketches, which her friends had succeeded in having published, and now she awaited the reception of her more ambitious essay. And what a reception! One wonders whether any reading public outside of Paris would have taken the book seriously. Whether they would or not, the work is one of tremendous artistic merit, so artistic indeed that one might ordinarily pass it by without at first coming into full sympathy with it. It is not a novel; it is merely a succession of personal inci-

dents told so naïvely and so simply and with such native charm that the secret of the whole thing is in the telling. Perhaps some idea of what "Marie-Claire" is may be formed from the idea that its literary style and subject is a direct negative in comparison with the positive of most writers: the incidents related are the very things that most writers would leave out altogether, and the style is so simple and unaffected that it is beautiful. But there is no plot, no purpose, no goal. The book doesn't arrive at anything; it stops just where one would expect it to begin or else to end with a dramatic climax. But there is no drama, no tragedy, nothing but a wonderfully refreshing and wholesome view of ordinary events of life. The book is written in the first person singular, and begins with the impressions of a little girl of about five years who is an orphan and who is taken to a convent. But it is not a retrospect, as one might think it would be, and it is not written with the insight that must have come in later years, but rather with the insight that was present when the events written about actually occurred. We have therefore an account of events as they were experienced by the child, not as they might have been interpreted in later years. The little things of daily life at the convent are recalled, but in a style that is sweet and undefiled. While the reader fancies at times that the events reveal to him little se-



dals and little things of some real moment in the convent, he feels that the writer was not conscious of the revelation or indeed that there was anything to reveal. We quote one chapter as an instance of this:

"One afternoon I was surprised to see that it was not our old priest who was saying vespers. This one was a tall, fine man. He sang with a strong, jerky voice. We talked about him all evening. Madeline said he was a handsome man, and Sister Marie-Aimée thought, she said, that he had a young voice, but that he pronounced his words like an old man, and that he was distinguished looking. When he came to pay us a visit two or three days afterwards, I saw that he had white hair in little curls round his neck, and that his eyes and his eyebrows were very black. He asked for those of us who were preparing their catechism, and wanted to know everybody's name. Sister Marie-Aimée answered for me. She put her hand on my head and said, "This is our Marie-Claire." When Ismerie came up in her turn he looked at her in surprise, and made her turn round and walk for him to see. He said that she was no bigger than a child of three, and when he asked Sister Marie-Aimée if she was intelligent, Ismerie turned round sharply and said she was not as stupid as the rest of us. He burst out laughing, and I saw that his teeth were very white. When he spoke he jerked himself forward as though he wanted to catch his words again. They seemed to drop out of his mouth in spite of himself. Sister Marie-Aimée took him as far as the gate of the courtyard. She never used to take any visitors farther than the door of the room. She came back, climbed up to her desk again, and after a moment she said, without looking at anybody, "He really is a very distinguished man."

"Our new priest lived in a little house near the chapel. In the evening he used to walk in the avenue of linden trees. He often passed close to the playground where we were playing, and he always used to bow very low to Sister Marie-Aimée. Every Thursday afternoon he came to see us. He sat down, leaning against the back of his chair, and, crossing his legs, told us stories. He was very pleasant, and Sister Marie-Aimée used to say that he laughed as though he enjoyed it. Sometimes Sister Marie-Aimée was ill. Then he used to go up and see her in her room. We would see Madeline passing with a teapot and two cups. She was red in the face and very busy.

"When the summer was over, M. le Curé came to see us after dinner and spent the evenings with us. When nine o'clock struck he used to go and Sister Marie Aimée always went with him down the passage to the big front door."

Doubtless the writer appreciated the significance of this chapter, but it is written, as is the whole book, with the unaffected simplicity of childhood.

From the convent the orphan girl is sent to the country, where she is to take care of the lambs on a farm. The accounts of life there are delightful. But in time the little girl, now a maiden of seventeen, receives her first experiences with the tenderest of all passions and sees her idol smashed at her feet. So she goes back to the convent, finds *Sister Marie-Aimée* gone, and so the last we see of her is during the retreat again from the convent to a railway station, where she boards a train for Paris. There is in "Marie-Claire" all that is needed for a great novel, but as to just how far the book as we have it takes the place of the novel the reader must judge for himself. The translation from the French is by John Raphael, and it has many evidences of good work. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS continues to hold the best ground as a writer of animal stories. Even if at times you feel that he might be less prosy, that he might exert a little more imagination, you are always pretty sure that he is telling the truth. And that is something worth mentioning, because with most writers of animal stories truth seems to be the last thing to consider. Roberts's animals are creatures of wild flesh and wild blood, and he does not make them do things that their instinct has not already taught them to do. His latest volume, "Neighbours Unknown," is a good example of this. It is one of the best of the series, and should not be missed. It contains in all fourteen stories, ranging in variety from polar bears to tame cats. The illustrations by Paul Bransom are an important part of the book, as they add greatly to its attractiveness and effectiveness. (Toronto: The MacMil-



lan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

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CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL, who has frequently and well illustrated Charles G. D. Roberts's books, has now essayed the task of writing as well as illustrating. The result is a volume of more than ordinary sumptuousness. Material for the book was obtained in a trip to Demerara, where the author made a careful study of the jungle and its creatures. The volume is entitled "Under the Roof of the Jungle," and it is safe to say that the illustrations are the most artistic that Mr. Bull has yet produced. There are in all fifty-nine of them, full-page, with the frontispiece and others in colours. The animals are carefully, yet artistically and satisfactorily drawn, while the setting of the jungle or the surrounding is bewitchingly decorative and mysterious. The book is therefore, to begin with, a portfolio of art, and one is well repaid by the satisfaction with which the eye encounters each one of these drawings. The author can also be complimented on the dignified and reserved treatment of his descriptive reading matter. There is no pretense of fine literary style, and yet one is fascinated by the convincing manner in which the passions and instincts of the jungle creatures are depicted. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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ONE of the best tales of adventure in Northwestern Canada published recently is "Two on the Trail," by Hulbert Footner. The author writes as if he had seen the country and had a good acquaintance with its conditions. The hero of the story is a New York newspaper man who has gone out there more in the capacity of a "free lance" than otherwise, and immediately he is thrown into the company of the heroine, a young married woman who is on the way with her mother-in-law to the place from

which they had last received word of the man who was husband of one and son of the other. As it happens, the mother-in-law is unable to continue the journey, but as they are comparatively near the goal the girl is determined to press on. She cannot go unaccompanied, so she accepts the guardianship of the journalist. The adventures of these two, adventures that are heightened by the girl's beauty and the desire of a Northern bully to possess her, make exciting reading. The couple soon learn to love each other, and when they find the husband, a poor, miserable, degraded, immoral wretch, one does not wonder that the wife clings to the friend of the journey. However, in a battle that finally takes place over the possession and safety of the young wife the husband is killed. That removes the obstacle to the others' happiness. While at times the narrative is melodramatic and lacking in plausibility, it provides entertainment of a light order (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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ANYONE who follows the "best sellers" knows that there are styles in books from year to year as there are in the turn of a hat brim. One year it is the problem story; again it will be the war narrative. Then the dialect or character study will prevail, and so on. But through them all runs a demand for detective stories. Maurice Leblanc succeeded some time ago in making a name for himself in this style. He created an interest in his *Arsene Lupin* that insures a ready acceptance for whatever he may have to offer. Being what might be called inverted detective stories, they are to a large class of readers even more inviting than the *Sherlock Holmes* style. The hero is also the villain; the gentleman-burglar is more to the hearts of the readers than the detectives tracking him. Like *Raffles*, *Arsene Lupin* is greatly wanted; and like the same wonderful man he is wanted long before he is cap-



tured. He escapes when that catastrophe occurs, and appears again with unimpaired ability and attractiveness. Also he disappears with every evidence of finality, only to return in another book with bewildering plots and entanglements.

Before the newest of his chronicles, "813," was sent to a waiting public, *Lupin* had worked his way through his villainies with clean hands, as far as murder is concerned, but in this book he convinces himself that he has at last broken his rule, although the reader will scarcely agree with him. Yet, so assured is he of his fall from grace that he stands in the last few pages at Tiberius's Leap, calmly folds his arms and throws himself down the thousand feet into the sea as one would toss away a match—and later proves that *Sherlock Holmes* and *Raffles* have no monopoly of the re-appearance act. *Lupin* will "come back" for many a book yet, it is promised.

The story is most complicated, sometimes to a wearying extent, and at times crudely disgusting; but the reader makes allowance quite readily owing to the country in which it was written—just as he must do to condone some of the unfortunate blunders in the diction of a Frenchman's translation into English. Perhaps the most striking commendation the story will receive is the fact that one ridicules the deductions and unnatural cleverness of the chief detective in the opening of the story, only to find that, by an unusual *dénouement*, the whole thing was justified as written. The escapes are possibly too numerous, the untimely accidents too common; it is a natural evolution of the

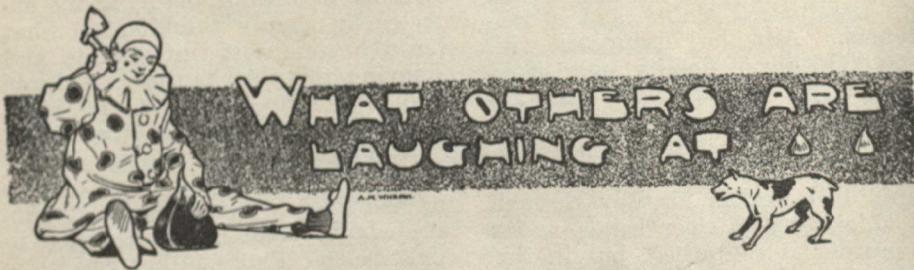
rapid succession of these events that one finds oneself prophesying the obstacles by simply thinking of what would be the most unfortunate and annoying thing to happen. A lover of detective stories will find "813" as absorbing as only a Frenchman can make this style of writing. Paris rhymes with mystery in most minds, and the French writer knows how to take advantage of it. In passing, it might be said that a rather novel advertising scheme is the liberal use of the foot-note to refer to the preceding stories of *Lupin's* career. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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AN ingenious tale of mystery is always welcome as a time destroyer, and for those who like a tale which can interest without making deep demands upon the intelligence, "The Vanity Box," by Alice Stuyvesant, can be heartily recommended. A beautiful woman is found dead and mystery follows mystery in a way which ought to satisfy the most exacting. To give the slightest hint of the solution would be to spoil a good story. Suffice it to say that once again circumstantial evidence is shown to be a dangerous guide and the life of a good man is appallingly near being sacrificed to this fetish of our law courts. The weakness of the book lies in its characterisation. If we felt more interest in the actors of the drama the drama itself would be more interesting. When a play has a good plot it is disappointing to observe the strings which jerk the puppets. Nevertheless, "The Vanity Box" is a good book for a lazy day. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).







### REVENGED.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University last week. The student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation, the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me — I feed myself."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"I thought the restaurants had cut out the small portion?"

"Owing to complaints, we have re-established it; we count it as a large portion, that is all."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*

### TOO SLOW RISING.

Sammy's parents were trying to encourage him to form a taste for solid reading. With this end in view, they induced him, by the promise of a substantial reward, to read a certain number of pages every day in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

He began it bravely, and for several weeks stuck to his task without murmuring. Then he began to lose interest in the book. For a boy of his age this immortal work was rather heavy reading, and he asked if he might not be permitted to skip it every other day.

"What is the matter, Sammy?" asked his father. "Don't you find it interesting?"

"It's kind of monotonous," he answered.

"Then suppose you read just one page a day."

"No; I'm tired of readin' about the rise of a republic. Let me try the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' for a while."—*Youth's Companion.*

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### A DOMESTIC SERIAL.

Mrs. Littletown—"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

Mrs. Neartown—"Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

Mrs. Littletown—"Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?"

Mrs. Neartown—"Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."—*Suburban Life.*





"The conquest of the air."—*Life*.

#### MODERN WAR.

"Your soldiers look fat and happy. You must have a war chest." "Not exactly, but things are on a higher plane than they used to be. This revolution is being financed by a moving-picture concern." — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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#### DISCRIMINATION.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student——"

"Then it's five dollars down." — *Cornell Widow*.

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#### FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

"I understand that after waiting twenty years, she married a struggling man?"

"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him." — *Brooklyn Life*.

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#### HOPELESS.

Mother—"What are you doing, Harry?"

Harry—"I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

Mother—"Yes, so I did."

Harry—"Well, I've counted 237, and I'm madder'n when I started." — *Harper's*.

97

#### MIGHT AS WELL.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Cornfossil. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it." — *Western Christian Advocate*.

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#### NO REST.

"Are you in favour of woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! Enthusiastically," he replied.

"Now, I wish you would tell me why you think women ought to forget their children and their household duties and get out into the world to mix up in political affairs. If you know of any good reason——"

"Good heavens! I beg your pardon. I merely said I was in favour of it to avoid arguing with you. Can't a man be safe on any side any more?" — *The Housekeeper*.

\*

#### COMPLIMENTARY.

A correspondent informs us that at the last scientific meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. Oldfield Thomas described a collection of mammals from Eastern Asia, and stated that, in recognition of the help given by the Duke of Bedford in forming this collection, he proposed to name a new species of Striped Shrew after the Duchess. — *Punch*.



## DIPLOMATIC.

Baron—"Did I hit the hare, game-keeper?"

Keeper—"Ah, but the kind heart you have, your Highness! You have mercifully spared his life."—*Fliegende Blaette*.

\*

## IRREVERENT.

Robert, aged ten, was playing with the other boys on the corner of Nineteenth and Tioga Streets, when his mother who had been listening to his conversation called him.

"Robert," she began, in a grieved tone, "I never thought I'd hear you swearing."

"Why, I wasn't swearing, mother," the boy defended himself. "I only said 'the devil.' That isn't swearing."

"Well," replied the mother quickly, "maybe it isn't exactly swearing, but it is making light of sacred things."—*Philadelphia Times*.

\*

## HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"Sixtane shilluns a da' did they charge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnon!" roared Sandy, indignantly, on his return to Croburgh Burghs from a sight-seeing expedition.

"Ou, aye, it wasna cheap," agreed his father; "but ye must 'a' had a gey fine time seein' the sights."

"Seein' the sights!" roared Sandy. "I didna see a sicht a' the time I was in Lunnon. Mon, mon, ye dinna suppose I was going to be stuck that much for a room, an' then no get the proper use o't!"—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## SPORT.

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"Fine," said Holloway.

"How did that new dog Wilkins gave you work?" asked Dawson.

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot and we spent four days looking for him."—*Harper's Weekly*.

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

A long-winded, prosy counsellor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

\*

## DEFINITION.

Mater: One who finds mates for her daughters.—*Lippincott's*.



FIRST TRAGEDIAN—"Ah! my dear boy! the chance of my life came last night. Izaacstein offered me thirty shillings a week to play Hamlet. The contract was drawn up—he lent me his fountain-pen to sign with, when—"

SECOND TRAGEDIAN—"You woke up!"

FIRST TRAGEDIAN—"Damme! How did you know?"

SECOND TRAGEDIAN—"By the salary, my pippin. I've dreamt like that myself!"—*Punch*.