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# Christmas Number

December  
1897.



# Canadian Magazine

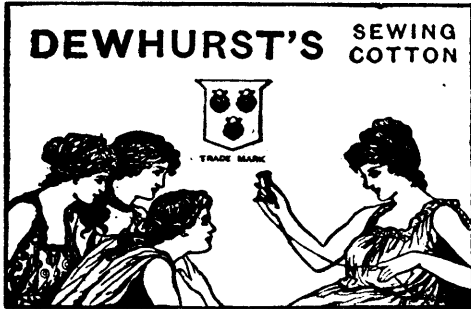
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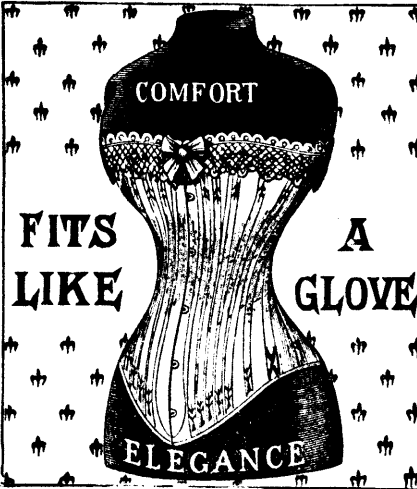
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VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 2.

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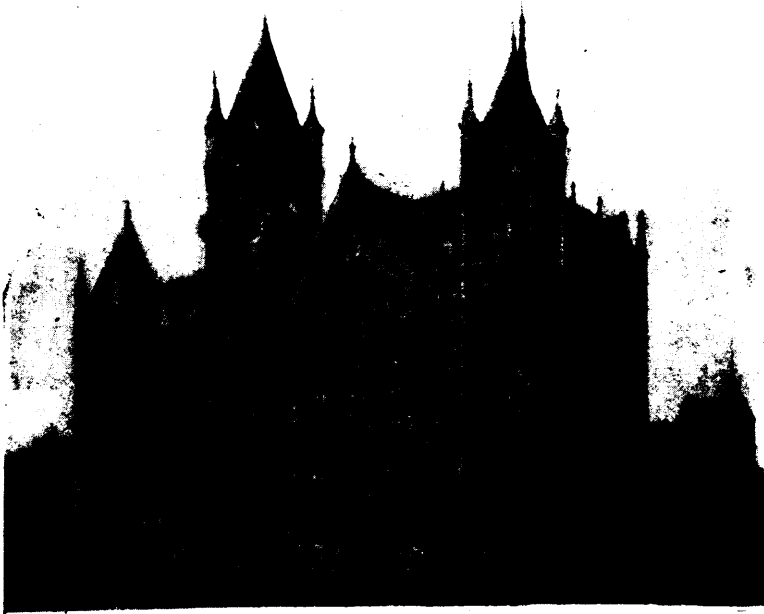
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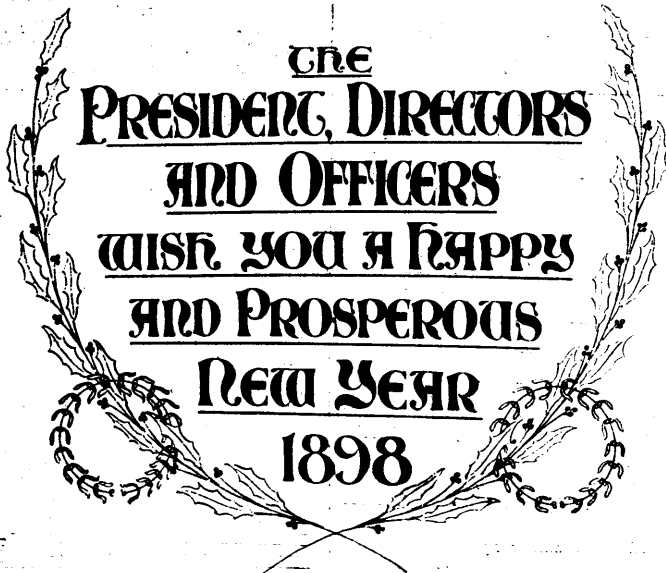
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In front of the Hotel, and almost hidden from view with drooping willows and spreading elms, runs the frolicsome Speed, and at eventide the rippling of its waters, the rolling of the mill, the voices of birds, mingled with the music of harpers, produce a confused harmony which would kindle beautiful imaginations, ennobling thoughts and poetic impulses in the heart and mind of even him who has no music in his soul.

In the rear of the Hotel, and from the pinnacle of the eminence overlooking it, the eye of the tourist wanders over as delightful a prospect as ever indulged the sight of man. To the left one looks up the winding valley of the Speed, where amidst sunny hills and dim woods can be distinctly seen the tall chimneys of Speedsville and Hespeler. In front and beneath the prosperous and unpretentious town of Preston preserves the even tenor of its way, while in perspective, Galt, the Manchester of Canada, can be plainly discerned. Far to the right, between pine-clad hills and undulating fields, the Grand River, sombre and majestic, rolls its waters towards the sea.

To the invalid especially the Hotel is a place of blissful retreat—airy halls, pleasant parlors and wide balconies are at the disposal of all, while the gardens are filled with leafy bowers,

“With seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

The town is easy of access, being situated on the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway, and having electric railway connection with the C.P.R. at Galt.



HOTEL DEL MONTE.



ROTUNDA HOTEL DEL MONTE.



PARLOR.

Midway between Preston and Hespeler, on the electric road, is the famous Idylwyld Park, where art and nature have combined to make it a favorite resort for pleasure seekers.

Unlike the great majority of health resorts, the Hotel Del Monte is open during the Winter season. The thorough system of steam-heating and the location of the baths renders it perfectly safe for the most delicate in health to take a course of treatment at that season of the year.

The hotel stands at an altitude of 929 feet above the mean sea level, and 682 feet above the surface of Lake Ontario. Thus it may be seen that greater benefits, arising from climatic and atmospheric changes, resulting from altitude, may be derived by visiting the Springs rather than in making long and tedious journeys to more distant parts whose elevation is not nearly so great.

To verify to the outside public the high estimation in which these Springs are held several of the prominent citizens of Preston and Galt have expended the sum of \$15,000.00 in erecting a magnificent bath-house within a few yards of the Hotel.

It is most desirable that all who come to the Springs, especially to benefit from the waters, should have, before commencing their use, medical direction from their own physician or from any of the physicians here.

There is no nausea or discomfort resulting from the drinking of these waters; they seem to be at once absorbed into the system and produce only a feeling of exhilaration. The baths should be taken only after consultation with a physician as to their frequency, temperature, or as to the advisability of their use at all. In case of weakness a hot bath may be injurious and even





BATH ROOM (Showing Porcelain Bath).

dangerous. Baths are not usually taken oftener than once a day; two or three a week may be sufficient. They should not be taken for at least two hours after a meal; and a second bath should not be taken until the strength lost by the previous one is completely regained. The temperature of the first bath should not exceed 90° or 95° and may be increased on repetition to 115° at highest. The duration of a bath should not exceed twenty minutes.

The water rises from the bowels of the earth, pouring forth upon its surface its treasures of mineral wealth, and giving to suffering humanity a blessing and to the pleasure-seeker a luxury. It is nature's own work and secret, the solution of which matters little to the afflicted so long as the great central fact remains that it is effectual in cure when all else has failed. The water has long been established and is best known and fully recommended by all

the physicians of Ontario, and the beneficial results of the water upon invalids are simply marvellous; but aside from this, their exquisite luxury for persons in perfect health cannot be exaggerated. They greatly open the pores of the skin and thus deplete the system of effete matter, which if retained by reasons of non-performance of their functions, would give rise to disease of one kind or another.

### Report of the Bureau of Mines issued by the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

#### MINERALIZED ARTESIAN WATERS—TOWN OF PRESTON.

Artesian borings at Preston are noteworthy from the fact that they have developed a highly mineralized water, which is held in repute for its curative powers. Three wells have been sunk there to a depth respectively of 224, 280 and 1,252 feet.

In the first of these, known as the Del Monte Springs, the water flows at the rate of 17,280 gallons a day, and rises to a height of 12 feet above the level of the river. The water of this well, as well as that of the second, is used in the mineral baths for which the town enjoys a reputation.

These springs maintain the same flow and temperature at all periods of the year, and are unaffected by the driest season, nor has the slightest change in their relative component parts been discovered since they were first known.

#### ENVIRONS OF PRESTON.

Among the many places accessible from Preston may be mentioned the following, any of which afford a pleasant drive and abound in beautiful scenery.

To Galt - - - - -	3½ miles	To Puslinch Lake - - - - -	5 miles
" Berlin - - - - -	8 "	" Petrifying Spgs. (Grand River) - - - - -	4 "
" Guelph - - - - -	12 "	" The Doon Pinnacle - - - - -	4 "

Preston to Hamilton, 28 miles; to Toronto, 56 miles.

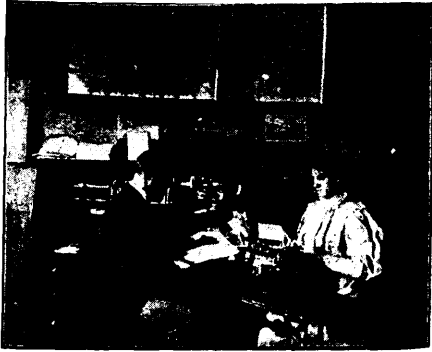
HOW TO REACH HOTEL DEL MONTE, PRESTON SPRINGS—Wellington, Grey and Bruce Branch, G.T.R., via Guelph and Harrisburgh; Galt and Elmira Branch, G.T.R. to Blair via Berlin; C.P.R. via Galt, and Galt and Preston Street Railway.

Guests coming by Blair, please notify us to meet train. Parties coming via C.P.R. can buy tickets direct to HOTEL DEL MONTE. Electric Cars from Galt will deliver Baggage at door of Hotel.

RATES—\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day; \$8.00, \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week. Baths included.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS—N. Mulloy, M.D., W. B. Buck, M.D., C.M.

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JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

Guelph, 1897.

# HALL'S HAIR RENEWER



## What It Does

It makes the hair grow, restores the original color to gray or faded hair, stops the hair from falling and removes dandruff.

"My own beautiful hair is a convincing proof of the efficacy of your valuable Hair Renewer, and my friends are profiting by my experience."—M.A. SHAW, Auburn, N. Y.

"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony in favor of your valuable Hair Renewer. My hair was so thin, and in places completely gone, that for eight years I wore false hair; and now, by the SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, my hair is completely restored to its original thickness and color, for which I shall ever be grateful to you."

CAROLINE FRENCH,  
Kingston, N. H.

Accept no imitation of HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

## What It Is

It is just what its name states, a

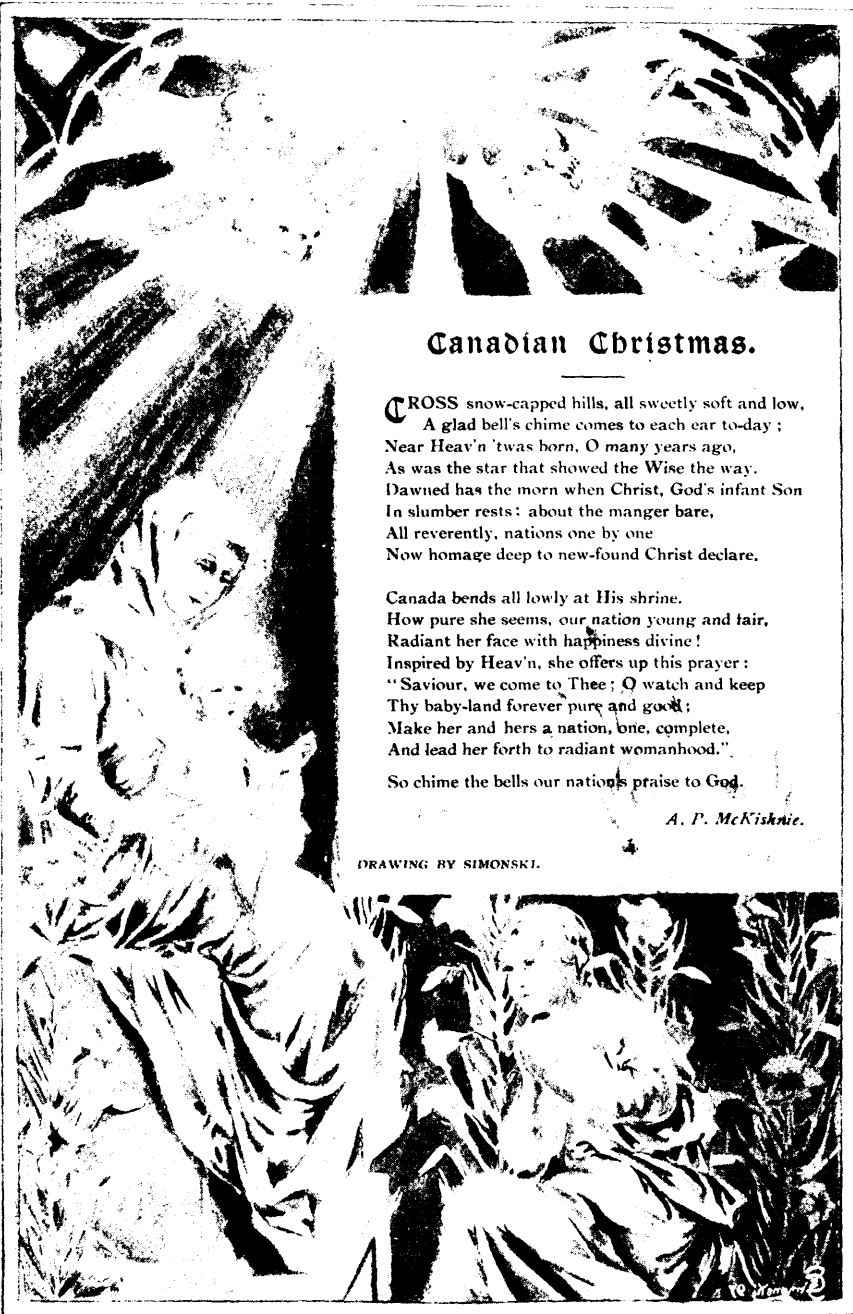
### "Hair Renewer"

Its results are not merely temporary; the gloss it imparts lasts, and the growth it produces, continues. Acting directly upon the roots of the hair, increasing the secretions upon which the hair depends for life, vigor and hue, Hall's Hair Renewer gives new vitality to the hair-producing organs. It is the best of hair dressings.



# THE LEADING HAIR INVIGORATOR





## Canadian Christmas.

CROSS snow-capped hills, all sweetly soft and low,  
A glad bell's chime comes to each ear to-day ;  
Near Heav'n 'twas born, O many years ago,  
As was the star that showed the Wise the way.  
Dawned has the morn when Christ, God's infant Son  
In slumber rests: about the manger bare,  
All reverently, nations one by one  
Now homage deep to new-found Christ declare.

Canada bends all lowly at His shrine,  
How pure she seems, our nation young and fair,  
Radiant her face with happiness divine!  
Inspired by Heav'n, she offers up this prayer :  
"Saviour, we come to Thee; O watch and keep  
Thy baby-land forever pure and good;  
Make her and hers a nation, one, complete,  
And lead her forth to radiant womanhood."

So chime the bells our nation's praise to God.

*A. P. McKisnie.*

DRAWING BY SIMONSKI.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## NOT DEAD YET !

THE whimsical theory that Bacon wrote the Shakespearian plays seems to be still alive, and even prevalent in certain quarters.

A friend, in whose literary taste and judgment I have great faith, called my attention the other day to the article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of September, entitled "Shakespeare or Bacon?" It seemed to have made an impression upon his mind. I turned back to the article, which, I have no doubt, as my friend said, states the Baconian case as strongly and exhaustively as possible, but, I must confess, without having my own view of the case altered.

Shakespeare was one of the favourite authors of Charles I., of whose travelling library the plays formed a part. Referring to this, Milton, in his "Eikonoklastes," says :

"I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare ; who introduces the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place : 'I intended,' saith he, 'not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.' The like saith Richard, act ii., scene i. :

'I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night ;  
I thank my God for my humility.'

"Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truths of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion."

Charles I. was sixteen and Milton was eight when Shakespeare died ; so that they were nearly his contemporaries. Both had the best literary information. Is it likely that they did not know who wrote the plays ?

In "L'Allegro" Milton writes :

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Shakespeare is here clearly coupled with Jonson as a dramatist. The phrase "native wood-notes wild" may seem rather strange and inadequate as applied to drama, but it is opposed to the "learned sock" of Jonson, and means that the works of Shakespeare were not classical, while Jonson's tragedies, like Milton's own works, were.

The Shakespearian plays are full of passion and humour. In Bacon's works there is not a trace of either. They are the works of a very calm philosopher and a cool-headed, not to say somewhat Machiavellian, politician. The book of Jests, styled "Apophthegms," is merely a compilation.

Turn to Bacon's "Essay on Love." It is written not only in the spirit of the coldest analyst, but in that of a sage and a man of the world who despised the passion :

"It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love: neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, 'That the arch flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self,' certainly the lover is more; for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, 'That it is impossible to love and be wise.' Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal; for it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded, either with the reciprocal, or with an inward, or secret contempt; by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for other losses the poet's relation doth well figure them: 'That he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas;' for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more frequent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends."

Can it be believed that the man who wrote this was the author of "Romeo and Juliet"?

In many of Shakespeare's plays there is obscenity, which we can hardly imagine Bacon condescending to purvey for the audience of the Globe Theatre.

Shakespeare, living very probably with some law-students, perhaps going into the courts, may easily have picked up some law-terms. On the

other hand, could Bacon have imagined that Bohemia was on the sea, and that cannon were used in the reign of King John? Could he have fancied that there were nunneries in ancient Athens, and that Athenians fought duels?

The theological attitude of the dramatist is unlike that of Bacon. Bacon, though scientific, is serenely orthodox, as his prayers and religious treatises show. The dramatist is not so serenely orthodox, though his temperament is religious. This will be felt by those who are equally familiar with both writers. An author cannot wholly change his spirit and his general view of things in passing from one species of composition to another.

Bacon wrote some translations of the Psalms. Let anybody read them and judge whether their writer had the gift of poetry which would have enabled him to write the poetic parts in Shakespeare's plays.

The authorship of the Sonnets and of "Venus and Adonis" seems not to be disputed. Why could not the same man write the plays?

In several plays—two parts of "Henry VI.," "Henry VIII.," "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles of Tyre," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"—it appears that Shakespeare collaborated more or less with other playwrights. Supposing Bacon to be the author, who were those other playwrights? Is it likely that a man in Bacon's social, legal, and political position would have gone into partnership with playwrights and stage-players, considering what the status of playwrights and stage-players then was?

That Bacon for seven years of his life should have produced nothing is surely not very wonderful, considering what, amid all his political and legal avocations, he ultimately produced. Some time must be allowed him for gestation. The Shakespearian plays would in themselves have been the work of a lifetime, besides the complete diversion of Bacon's thoughts from the objects of ambition, on which his heart was evidently set. Bacon's

avocations, political, legal, philosophical and literary, leave no room in a life of sixty-five years for the composition of such a series of plays.

Shakespeare's omission himself to publish a correct version of his plays in his own name seems to be explained by the fact that he was a playwright supplying plays to the Globe Theatre, not an author producing dramatic poems for the reading public. The mixed authorship of some of the plays might be a further reason against his publication of them in his own name.

To account for a few similarities of expression in the voluminous works of two great writers of the same age it is not necessary to suppose an identity of authorship.

Dr. Bucke thinks that there has been found in a comic Latin word in "Love's Labour's Lost" an anagram importing that Bacon is the author.

He extracts from the word, by a somewhat forcible process, the enfolded sentence: *Hi ludi, tuiti sibi, Fr: Bacono nati*, which he translates, "These plays, entrusted to themselves, proceeded from Francis Bacon." But this involves a double solecism. The Latin word for 'play' is not *ludus*, it is *fabula*; and *tuiti* has an active, not a passive, sense, *tueor* being a deponent verb. Bacon wrote Latin and would not have committed solecisms. What could have been Bacon's object in wrapping up his claim to authorship in an ungrammatical anagram which might have remained undeciphered to the end of the world?

Mrs. Delia Bacon, who originated this fancy, was inspired, it may not uncharitably be supposed, by her natural regard for the name. She thought the plays too good to be written by any one but a Bacon.

Goldwin Smith.

### A CHRISTMAS NOCTURNE.

THE stars are dreaming in the midnight skies,  
 The snow lies deep and white,  
 The earth is list'ning to the Angels' Song  
 That fills the silent night;  
 Soft, trailing garments sweep the starry heavens,  
 The world lies hushed and still,—  
 "Glory to God," their voices sing afar,  
 "Peace, and to men good-will."

Oh, wondrous song, whose glorious message came,  
 With Star and Little Child,  
 To that far land where shepherds watched their flocks  
 'Neath skies serene and mild!  
 Since the first night it sounded long ago  
 Across Judean plains,  
 Its power to move and thrill the hearts of men  
 Forever fresh remains!

Ring, Christmas bells, across the snowy wastes;  
 Peal from your steeples high;  
 Spread the glad tidings of the Heavenly choir's  
 Celestial melody!  
 Lift heart and voice, oh ransomed sons of men,  
 The joyful strains prolong,  
 'Till the whole world shall echo back again  
 The Angels' Christmas Song!

Jessie A. Freeland.



## THE WHITE COCKADE.\*

*A Tale of The Young Pretender.*

SINCE, in the opinion of all reasonable men, no further attempt is ever likely to be made to place one of the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, at least by force of arms, I can now, without prejudice to anyone, tell the story of the strange adventure which brought me face to face for the first and last time with Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as the Young Pretender.

Late in the afternoon of the 22nd September, 1750, I received the following letter :

"DEAR FRIEND,—By the time this is placed in your hands I shall be at sea on my way to Antwerp. It is all over. Under the name of John Douglas the Prince has been in London for nearly a week, and nothing has come of it. There is no prospect of a rising. Gentlemen of quality and influence, however devoted to the Prince, have no mind to risk their lives and estates by marching on London unless supported by a strong body of regular troops, believing that exile, or more probably the scaffold, would be the sure and certain end of any such rash undertaking. To speak the plain truth, I am much of that way of thinking myself, and, having wife and child, will not draw my sword until I perceive some fair prospect of success.

"I write to warn you of that which concerns you nearly. The other day the Prince came unexpectedly to a party at Lady Primrose's, greatly to the consternation of her ladyship and of most of her guests. Indeed, he met with but a cold reception from any but your betrothed, Miss Kate Gordon, and her cousin, Andrew Macintyre, who were both present.

"Miss Gordon went down on her knee before them all and kissed his hand. It was very bravely done and moved him greatly, but, indeed, it was scarcely prudent. Macintyre followed her example, and I heard him whisper to the Prince that if His Royal Highness would deign to honour his poor house with a visit this evening (ye 22nd) he would meet with a very different kind of welcome. Learning that Miss Gordon would be present the Prince consented.

"Now, a word in your ear. This Macintyre is not to be trusted. I have information from a sure source that he is a spy in the pay of the Government, and that the man with one

eye, the odious creature, Donald Fraser, who follows him about like a shadow, is, if possible, a more infamous wretch than himself.

"The house is in a lonely situation, and I am convinced that these scoundrels are concocting some plot to betray the Prince, and are making use of Miss Gordon's grace and beauty and well-known devotion to the Jacobite cause to entice him into a trap. I tried to give the Prince a hint of this, but he listened to me coldly, and, indeed, of late, he has become notoriously impatient of advice from his best and truest friends.

"That Miss Gordon should be made an accomplice in this villainous scheme will, I know, be hateful to you, and I doubt not you will do what lies in your power to prevent it.

"Yours most faithfully,

MATTHEW FIELDING."

My blood boiled as I read this letter. I was no friend to the Stuarts, and, indeed, cared little whether the Pretender was taken or not; but that Kate should be involved in this infamous plot was indescribably painful to me, and I resolutely determined that she should never be if word or act of mine could prevent it.

Yet, it was no very pleasant task for me to interfere in the matter, for there had already been a sharp quarrel between Kate and myself with regard to this Macintyre and her passionate devotion to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts. She was an orphan, and Macintyre, being her cousin, had undertaken to act as her guardian, a piece of presumption which I bitterly resented, for I had good reason to believe that he hated me and meant, by fair means or foul, to supplant me in Kate's affections and win her and her small fortune for himself. But he had been out with the Highlanders in '45, and the courage he had then displayed, and his hypocritical professions of attachment to the Prince, cast a glamour about him in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. Nothing I could say would induce her to put an end to their

\* Published by special arrangement with the English publishers.

friendship, and we had finally parted with bitter words on both sides.

But Fielding's letter drove my anger to the winds. Come of it what would I was resolved to go boldly to Macintyre's house, and insist upon her leaving it at once. I would escort her to the lodgings of my aunt, Lady Chester, who would, I knew, receive her gladly.

So I buckled on my sword, procured a coach, and drove quickly to Macintyre's house, which lay some distance from the city. Within two or three hundred yards of the gate I alighted, and leaving the coach hidden in a lane near the road walked forward by myself.

In spite of my antipathy to Macintyre, I confess there had been moments when I could scarce believe him capable of the infamy of which Fielding had accused him; but, when in the gathering dusk I reached the gate in a high stone wall which encircled the spacious garden, all my doubts vanished at the sight of the isolated house, the lighted windows of which were barely visible through the thick foliage of the trees that surrounded it on all sides. No cry for help would be heard beyond the walls. The victim once inside that lonely building, sword or bullet might do its work and none be the wiser.

My heart beat quickly as I passed through the gate. Such a man as Macintyre was not unlikely to clutch at any means of getting rid of a dangerous rival, and I knew well that I carried my life in my hands. I thought I might be refused admittance, but the gate stood wide open, and no one appeared or challenged me. But that brought me little comfort. It is ever an easy matter to enter a trap. It is when you seek to leave it that the difficulties begin.

Still I went doggedly on, though as I approached the house I was confident that I could hear a faint rustling in the bushes to the right and left, as though invisible spies were stealthily dogging my footsteps. Then a thing happened that confirmed my worst suspicions. The door suddenly opened and was

swiftly shut again, but not before I caught a glimpse of two or three figures slipping hurriedly inside. What could these things mean if they did not indicate treachery and foul play?

I am not ashamed to say that my limbs trembled, and the cold sweat stood on my forehead as, after a moment's hesitation, I set my teeth, and, stepping quickly forward, knocked at the door. It was opened by a man with a very evil and forbidding countenance, and but one eye. He was no other than Donald Fraser, the detestable parasite of Andrew Macintyre, against whom my good friend Fielding had particularly warned me. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that his greenish-grey eye sparkled with a kind of malignant triumph at the sight of me. I think a spider might so regard the fly that ventured innocently among the meshes of his web.

Yet he readily made way for me to enter, and went at my request to tell Kate that I wished to speak with her. He was gone some time, and I was sure that he was informing Macintyre of my presence, before carrying the message to Kate. It would have surprised me little had I been refused speech with her; but presently I could hear her fresh, girlish voice, high and sweet, and clear, singing "The White Cockade":

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
My rippling-kame and spinning wheel,  
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,  
A broadsword, durk, and white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving blade!  
O he's a brisk and bonnie lad!  
Betide what may, my heart is glad  
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

She sang it defiantly as she came down the wide staircase, a flush on her brave young face, her eyes shining with a kind of passionate enthusiasm, the sweetest maid, it seemed to me, in all broad England, and, to my mind, at that moment the foolishhest. She seemed like a reckless child playing with fire, and I could have snatched away the white cockade she wore at her breast and crushed it beneath my heel.

Yet as she came near I was convinced that she was but playing a part, for more than once I noticed her glance apprehensively about her, and I felt her hand tremble as I clasped it in mine. Yet even at that moment, in a position, as I believed, of imminent peril, my heart leapt with joy to perceive that all trace of the coldness that had been for some time between us had passed away, and that she was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me.

"This is a pleasure I did not anticipate," she said, in a formal voice, and with a slight side glance at Frazer, who again stood leering beside the door. "Will you come this way, if you please?"

She led the way upstairs, and I followed her into a sitting room brilliantly lighted with wax candles as though for the reception of a distinguished guest. I closed the door behind me and was about to speak to her, when she laid her finger on her lips, and taking one of the candles, looked beneath the table, and behind the couch, and even opened the door of an empty cupboard and glanced hurriedly inside. She was very pale, and the candle trembled in her hand as she returned it to its place. Then she suddenly sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and broke into stifled sobs.

"Why, Kate," said I, "this is not like you. What is the matter?"

"Indeed, I—I scarce know, Frank," she faltered, raising her pale face and smiling faintly through her tears. "It is very silly and childish of me, but I—I am frightened. Andrew and his mother are out, and all the servants have been sent away, and I have been alone in the house for hours, with no one to speak to but that odious wretch, Donald Frazer—and—and I got nervous and began to think I could hear strange noises, whisperings at the door, and footsteps on the stairs, until I was quite sure there were strange men in the house. I thought one might be in the cupboard there, watching us and listening to all we said. I think it must have been fancy. If not, what can it all mean?"

"I fear there is no doubt of what it means, Kate," said I, "and the time has come to speak plainly. I have learnt that to-night the young Pretender, Charles Stuart, is coming here. I see you have tricked yourself out in all your finery, with the white cockade on your breast, to meet him. Oh, Kate, you foolish child, can't you see that this vile man, this glib, plausible, double-faced spy and traitor, Andrew Macintyre, is using your pretty face and innocent enthusiasm to lure the unfortunate young prince into a trap?"

In spite of her white face and startled eyes she did not exhibit the anger and incredulity I had expected. Was it possible that she had already begun to distrust Macintyre?

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed despairingly, "surely this cannot be true. I have thought of late he was growing lukewarm, that his zeal for the cause had cooled, but he could not be capable of such treachery as this—indeed he could not. I cannot believe it."

Nevertheless, I could see that in her heart she did believe it.

"The man is a spy," I said impatiently; "I have it from a sure source, and there can be no doubt about it. Moreover, there are men lurking in the garden, and about the house—I heard them rustling among the bushes, and saw them slinking through the door. They are here to seize the Prince, and we are powerless to prevent them. No one will believe in your innocence if you are present when the Prince is taken, and if you do not wish your name to become infamous, you must come away this minute. I have a coach waiting, and will take you to my aunt, Lady Chester. I will bribe Frazer to let us pass before your cousin returns, or, if necessary, run him through the body and trust to escape in the darkness."

She wrung her hands in agony.

"Oh," she cried, "that I, who would give my life to save the Prince, should have been tricked by this base wretch into betraying him. Oh, this man, this man! I did not think that such men lived in the world."

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "we are wasting time, and there is not a moment to lose. Your cousin may return at any moment. We must go at once."

"And leave the Prince to his fate," she exclaimed, "without making one effort to warn him? I cannot do it, Frank; indeed, I cannot do it. I should loathe and despise myself ever afterwards. I must do what I can to save him, and I know you will help me, Frank. You will help me, Frank, will you not?"

Now what was I to do? As I have said, I was no Jacobite. To interfere in the matter was against both my principles and my interest. If it became known that I had assisted the Prince to escape, I should embroil myself with the Government and ruin my career, if I did not risk my neck. But yet—ah, well, what man with any heart could listen to the cold dictates of prudence when moved by the sight of that innocent child's face, quivering with pain and shame, and those sweet, tear-filled eyes gazing beseechingly into his? I may have been rash, disloyal, what you will, but I could not do it. God knows that, however foolish I may have thought her in the past, I loved the girl infinitely more, if that were possible, for her fidelity to the unfortunate Prince in his hour of need. Yet I knew well that it was a desperate business, and like to end badly for both of us, however it ended.

"If we think of any plan that has the least chance of success I will do what I can to help you, Kate," I answered, "but for my part I can see no way but one, and that is to intercept him before he reaches the house. For God's sake let us get out of this vile place. The air chokes me. It reeks of treachery. Come, get your cloak, and—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed suddenly.

In the silence that followed I heard steps on the path outside, a loud knock, and then the trampling of feet and the sound of voices in the hall. Kate sprang to the door which commanded a partial view of the hall, and, opening it cautiously, looked out.

"Is it the Prince?" I asked breathlessly.

She turned and closed the door and leant against the wall, white and trembling.

"No," she faltered, "it is Andrew Macintyre with half-a-dozen strange men—coarse, brutal-looking wretches, with swords and pistols. Oh, Frank, what is to become of you? He hates you. He told me so to-day. He threatened what he would do to you if I did not give you up. Fraser will tell him you are here, and he—they may kill you. Hush! I hear his foot on the stairs. He is coming here. You must hide—somewhere—anywhere—in the cupboard—quick, get into the cupboard!"

"But Fraser will tell him I am here," I expostulated.

"Perhaps not," she exclaimed, pushing me in her excitement towards the door of the cupboard. "They are not so friendly as they appear to be. Quick, quick—he is coming!"

Yielding reluctantly to her entreaties I stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar so that I might see what passed. Then she sat down at a harpsichord, and began to sing a rollicking Jacobite ballad, as gaily and gallantly as if the Prince had been present with all the clans around him:

"I swear by moon and stars so bright,  
And sun that glances early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,

We'll o'er the water to Charlie;

Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live or die wi' Charlie."

She was still singing when the door opened, and Andrew Macintyre came in. I fully expected to see him followed by his gang of hired ruffians, eager to cut my throat, but he was alone, and, to my astonishment, did not appear to suspect my presence. He was a handsome fellow, tall, and well built, though I never liked the cast of his features, his thin, cruel lips and cold blue eyes.

"Ah, Kate," said he, and I fancied I could detect a faint sneer in the tones of his voice, "I thought I heard you singing. Upon my soul your voice

sends the blood dancing through my veins. 'Tis more inspiring than a bugle call. If you would ride at the head of the troops singing your battle songs, with the white cockade on your breast, the King would soon enjoy his own again. With your voice to lead him to victory, who would not live or die with Charlie?"

His eyes dwelt on her with a look that made me grind my teeth and grip the hilt of my sword. I would have given all I possessed to spring forward and settle the matter with the cold steel; but I knew that with a shout he could bring his cut-throats upon me, and my death would leave Kate defenceless in his hands.

Kate was ever quick-witted and ready of speech, but the sure knowledge of his treachery, and the tragic situation in which she was placed, seemed to freeze the words on her lips. She bent her white face over the harpsichord, and I saw her fingers trembling as they wandered over the keys. I think 'twas the bitterest moment of my life. I could neither get her away from the house nor warn the Prince. I was not, I think, devoid of courage, and enjoyed some reputation as a swordsman, and yet I was absolutely helpless. I could do nothing that was not utterly reckless and foolhardy, and stood there grinding my teeth in impotent fury while this loathsome spy and traitor made love to my betrothed.

Macintyre glanced at the clock.

"Some few minutes to the hour at which His Royal Highness promised to be here," he continued in the same tone of subdued mockery. "Let us have another song, Kate. Let us have something to stir the blood, something about the gathering of the clans, and the fluttering of the kilts; the flash of the broadswords, and the skirl of the pipes. 'Twill raise the Prince's spirits if he hears you. He was dashed by the coldness with which he was received at Lady Primrose's. We must give him a heartier reception to-night."

I think from the malicious twinkle in his eyes that he knew she suspected him, and was playing with her as a cat

with a mouse. Her cheeks flushed, and I thought she was about to give an angry reply; but with an effort she controlled herself and began to play a spirited prelude. But at that moment he held up his hand.

"Hush!" said he, "I hear voices at the door. I think he must have arrived."

He turned away and stepped hurriedly to the window. In a moment Kate was on her feet, darted an appealing look at me, pointed to him, and rushed to the door. I was into the room, sword in hand, before she reached it. But I was no quicker than he. I saw the gleam of his eyes and the flash of his sword before I was half-way across the room. He parried the savage lunge I made at him, and leaping aside with the agility of a cat, rushed after Kate. Through the door and along the passage she went like a deer, he close on her heels and I on his. When she reached the stairs she seemed to fly down them, and beyond her I caught a glimpse of the Prince stepping into the hall.

"Go back," she cried, "go back. You are betrayed. Go back!"

But she was too late. Clang went the heavy door, out from the adjoining rooms sprang half-a-dozen men with naked swords, and there in the middle of the hall, surrounded by a ring of steel, with the sobbing girl at his feet, caught like a rat in a trap, stood Prince Charlie.

Whig as I was, I cannot describe the sick feeling of pity and shame that overwhelmed me at the sight. 'Twould have been a fitting death for the hero of Prestonpans and Falkirk to die sword in hand on the battlefield; but it was heartbreaking to see him betrayed and trapped by this scurvy crew of spies and traitors. And still keener was my pity for the innocent child who was sobbing at his feet, crushed with shame that her devotion to his cause should have been made the bait to lure him to the scaffold.

He stood perfectly still, pale and with flashing eyes, but without a trace of fear.

"Well, Mr. Macintyre," said he, "this is a strange welcome. May I beg you to inform me what I am to understand by it?"

Brought face to face with the man he had betrayed, even Macintyre lost his nerve, though he tried to brazen it out.

"You may understand—" he began, and then his eyes fell and he looked moodily at the floor. "I think the situation explains itself," he said gloomily.

The Prince drew himself up and looked at Macintyre with unutterable scorn and contempt.

"It does indeed," said he. "I have had to do with spies and traitors before, but never with one who invited me to his house as a guest in order to betray me. But this time, thank God, you have over-estimated your cunning and my simplicity. You fool, do you suppose that I have walked blindfold into your clumsy trap? Look around you."

Almost before I realized what had taken place I saw Macintyre turn white, and heard the sword drop clattering from his nerveless fingers, while his accomplices glanced round about seeking a way of escape. All eyes had been fixed on the Prince, so that the men who now stood sword in hand at every door and at the head of every passage had come upon us unheard and unseen.

At a glance I recognized the faces of several well-known Jacobite gentlemen, both Englishmen and Highlanders, and I saw at once that Macintyre had been cleverly caught in his own trap, entangled in the very meshes of the web he had spun to entrap the Prince. These were the men who had lurked in the garden, who had stealthily entered the house, and the author of this plot within a plot—Donald Fraser—who had betrayed the betrayer, was now leering triumphantly at Macintyre from his post beside the door. Macintyre caught a glimpse of his grinning face, and his eyes gleamed with diabolical fury.

"You hound," he exclaimed, "this is your work!"

"Yes," said the Prince, coolly, "you forget what most of your kind would do well to remember, that it is as easy to set a spy upon a spy as upon an honest man, and much easier to find those who will betray him. I pretended to fall into your trap in order to trap you, lest good friends of mine should suffer in future by your treachery. It would be but bare justice to hang every man of you, but your lives shall be spared for the present if you instantly lay down your arms. Take their weapons, gentlemen."

The conspirators were so thoroughly cowed that they gave up their arms without a struggle. In the meantime Kate had whispered a few words to the Prince, and he beckoned me towards him.

"I find that I owe you a debt of gratitude for your conduct this night," he said, graciously, "and I sincerely trust that at some future time it may lie within my power to repay you."

Then he turned to Kate.

"As for such loyalty as yours, Miss Gordon," he said, "a poor exile has no fitting reward. Nay, I think the only reward I can give you is to release you from further service to a race so unfortunate as mine. Pardon me."

He took the white cockade from her breast and handed it to me.

"See," he continued, "I give it into the keeping of your future husband, and I pray that you will not wear it again unless he himself pins it upon your breast. My errand here is accomplished, and to-night I leave London. Sloth and avarice have eaten away the loyalty of those who should have flocked to my standard. They wish to save their estates and will not thrust their own heads into danger, though they would be willing enough that the poor Highland lads should leave their bones on another Culloden Moor. But I will have no more useless bloodshed, please God, and so sail for France till better times. Farewell."

Kate could not speak for the sobs that choked her, and I—well, I feel no shame at the confession—knelt and

kissed his hand with tears in my eyes. 'Twas the last we ever saw of Prince Charlie, the bravest and most unfortunate of all the Stuarts.

Towards Macintyre and his accomplices he behaved with his usual clemency. They were released when it was too late for them to interfere with his departure.

I have still the white cockade Kate wore on her breast that night, but I think even she has lost all desire to wear it again; for if what we hear of the once gallant Prince be true, his best friends might wish that he had died at the head of his brave Highlanders on Culloden Moor.

*James Workman.*

## THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

### VI.—MRS. TEA-MEETING SMITH.

MRS. TEA-MEETING SMITH— that's what we called her, and she didn't mind it a bit. In fact, it seemed to perk her up some—it sounded so important. We had to do something, for the township was full of Smiths. There was a time when I almost believed it was true that all the people on earth were called Smith at first, and then, as they got wicked, their names were changed. The difficulty was that a closer acquaintance with the various Smiths led me away from that idea. Our family married into the Smiths some, and we got to know them real well—you do when you get related.

There was old Felix Smith and young Felix, and little Felix, the grandson. There were four families of Peter Smiths, and they were all red-headed. The tax-gatherer, the post-mistress, and the preacher had awful times with them, and I guess they mixed up the school-teacher and got one another's whippings when they were all boys together upon the street.

It does seem useless to name a human being so's he can come when he's called, and then go to work and call him some name that mixes him and his relations up. I go for calling him something that'll pick him out from six or seven youngsters, or else just christen him Bub, and save ink and breath.

Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was a Miss.

Polly Dawson, and when she married the Peter Smith who lives on the ninth line and is red-headed and has a yellow barn, we didn't know what to call her, as he hadn't painted the barn at that time. So gradually she got called Tea-meeting, and all the preachers thought she was mighty well-named. Whenever we wanted to raise church money she'd let everybody else say their say, then up she'd get and tell us we ought to have a tea-meeting; and we generally had it. While our widow (I told you about her goings-on a couple of months or so ago) worked the church, Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was just a little to one side, and some said she'd quite a bit of scorn in her voice as she told us that she believed tea-meetings weren't so fashionable as yellow socials and such; but, all things considered, she'd an idea we'd get more money out of them. Of course, we were pretty humble-minded about them, and it's no time to "rub the sore" when you should "bring the plaster"; yet if we were in her place and had just her feelings—no better, no worse—it's more than likely we'd have said as much, and maybe more; for some of us are a lot meaner than Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith.

We took people, mostly, at what we sized them up to be, counting in all we knew about them and all we could find out. Lots of the families had been

living right there for three generations and more. They could go up to the graveyards and read out the names of their great grandfathers and grandmothers, besides grand uncles and aunts. And we'd heard tell of them all, for country people like us talk more of folks dead and alive than those who see more to talk of, which may be far less innocent after all. Blood will tell, of course, and you get to know pretty well who to trust when you've studied them root and branch that way. Well, Polly Dawson, or Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith, as she's got to be now, was never out of the ordinary. Her people were good, honest farm folks, except one poor fellow, who'd had his head turned because he was smart, and went to the bad. They were all industrious barring him, and plodded along and came to church, and gave according to their means, died of old age, and had lots to their funerals. There didn't seem to be any heroblood in Polly. She didn't look as if she'd chase a mouse far, and if anybody had been asked they'd have said she wasn't very courageous. But she was. It surprised us all the day she blossomed out and gave orders to the rest, and got minded, too; for minds recognize their masters as well as puppies do. It's marvellous how a woman with a little body and narrow eyes and skimpy, sandy, no-account hair-and but precious small muscles could do it. How somever, that's further along. I must get the folks to the tea-meeting first.

We weren't very unanimous for a tea-meeting at the Ladies' Aid that October. Some thought it was too near the Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie Social we always had. Some were busy with their fall cleaning, and Mrs. Simpkins, our best cake-baker, was busy with a rag carpet, and she was the kind that works at rag carpets or any other thing till they're done. We knew her better than to expect she'd take two whole days off, besides her cooking, to help us. Then Mr. Perkins had bronchitis, and he always cut the hams for us. He did them just

like tissue paper, and whenever other folks cut them we had to buy or beg one extra, for they couldn't make them go so far. Mrs. Larkin cut the bread, and she had a felon; so things didn't seem to be looking like a tea-meeting at all. But Mrs. Smith was determined, so gradually we all fell in and worked hard.

There are people who don't believe we women work hard at getting up tea-meetings, but they don't know. There are two big days' work besides the afternoons spent in finding out who'll cook what, and getting up the programme. As a rule, too, there are more to come and help cut cake and wait on tables than take pains to come the day after and wash dishes, and set them all away in the cubby-hole under the choir-gallery.

Take it all in all, there's a deal of hard work in lifting a church debt. There are those who tell us that churches never prosper out of debt. I haven't it in me to believe that. Seems to me they'd "grow in grace" more if they hadn't to put in so much time raising money. I'd like to see it tried.

For some reasons it was a pretty good time for a tea-meeting, for the moon was right and most folks had got their new fall clothes. Country-people are more downright particular about the change of season than city folks. There's always somebody who has more money and time than the rest, and she shifts from summer to fall with the calendar, and shoulder-itch for new clothes is terrible catching. So the whole congregation worries until it and its little olive sprouts are all fixed up for fall or spring, or whatever it is. No good thinking of tea-meetings till that fuss is over, and we'd got it over, and that was in our favour for this tea-meeting. There's something to be said about knowing all your neighbours. City folks are more independent because they don't, and its good they've some little thing to be thankful for.

More tickets than usual had been sold. Mrs. Larkins' felon got better, and we found the new doctor (who was



trying to work up a church practice) could shave ham quite as saving as Bro. Perkins, whose bronchitis still hung on him. Indeed, some said the young M.D. was a sight handier with the knife, but since the widow fuss we cling to our old helpers, more than we ought, maybe, in justice to the strangers. But that will wear off some.

Granny Pike always made the coffee. She had the receipt from an old coloured woman who used to be a slave in South Carolina. Some said the recipe varied from year to year, and so did the coffee; but Granny declares it's just the same as ever, and she's a Christian, though it may be her memory's failing a little. She's going on eighty, dear old soul. She used to worry a good deal about who'd make the coffee for us when she was gone. Some said it wouldn't trouble us so much as it did her, but that wasn't exactly charitable, for it was pretty good tea-meeting coffee, and she took a living interest in it, and that's one of the things that make for success all along the line. I don't say but what Granny had her faults. She was headstrong about how much to make and when to put it on, and she nearly drove the groceryman crazy about coffee at tea-meeting times. Besides, she wore felt slippers, on account of foolishness about her feet when she was young, and she'd go slipping up to people without making a bit of noise, and though they had no right to be gossiping or slandering, she'd sometimes hear things that would make a fuss after she'd told them around. But little things like that will happen at church goings-on, and the world is not so perfect that it dares cast the first stone at the church for that.

I don't believe we ever had such a fine lot of cooking or such a fine crowd. The roads were good and the people were in from David's Corners and the Four Mile Creek and Bushey Point, and we never counted on them if the roads were muddy or the moon wasn't right. The first tablefull had been served, and we were just wondering what we'd do for vittles, if the rest

were as hungry as they were, when all of a sudden Millie Bryson came running out to the class-room we used for a kitchen.

"Have you seen my Tommy?" she cried, but none of us had. Tommy was a bad youngster, but it couldn't be laid up against him. He'd been spoiled in the raising. He had convulsions because he was let do what he wanted and eat more than he ought, but Millie said he was let do as he like because he was sickly. Anyway you took it, it was a bad job, and she was laying up sorrow for herself, poor, flighty thing.

While she was there Jakey Price came in with an armful of wood, and he said that when he went out to fetch it, Tommy was lingering at the door as if to run out. Six or seven of us women ran out and began calling and bumping into one another in the dark, but nobody thought of the old well except Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith. It had been dug when the church was building, but it wasn't ever used after old Daddy Starr told us there was an Indian burying-ground on the hill above when he first came to these parts.

It had a strong cover on, but somebody had been watering a horse out of it and they'd pried the top up, and been shiftless enough to just let it lay half open. There we were rushing around with nothing on our heads and it chilly, and Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith was the only one who had enough sense to bring a lantern with her and look down the well. There she was holding the light above her head and peering down. The poor mother leant over her shoulder and looked, and then went clear distracted, so they had to hold her to keep her from tearing all her hair out and all her clothes off. There were no men about, they were all in the church, either fed, or going to be, and it was some time before the crowd found out anything was wrong. They came quick enough when poor Millie began to go into those shrieking hysterics she has, and they ran every way for ladders. Just after they'd

gone Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith kicked off her slippers and gave me the lantern to hold.

"You're not going down?" I said.

"Yes I am, and you tell them to fetch ropes and blankets."

Then she was over the curb. It was dreadful to see her head jerking down and to see her white fingers spread out like claws onto the stone. I could just see the boy. His white flannel dress was caught at the back, but his head seemed to be in the water, and I made up my mind he was dead. I heard Mrs. Smith groan once, and she toppled and clutched at a stone and a piece of something fell splash into the water. Then the men came with the ladders and they were all too short—you could see that without trying them, so I told them about the blankets and the rope, and the minister took the lantern and went on saying something softly to himself, and I hung to the curb and kept thinking what a long, long time it was since she went down there.

"Rope!" cried Mrs. Smith, and her voice was hoarse as could be. They let one down with a noose in it, and she called them to raise it. They hauled it steady as could be, and up came little Tommy. His mother grabbed him and ran into the church, and then they hauled up the brave woman.

We began to try and do things for her, but her mind was all on Tommy. "He'll go into convulsions," she said, and ran off. Sure enough he was in them, and there wasn't a doctor to be found. Some of the women were trying to heat a pail of water, and others

were wringing out cold cloths for his head and trying to undress him, while his poor frantic ma was crying all over his face, which was getting blacker every minute. "Lift down the boiler of coffee," said Mrs. Smith, and they did it. She emptied a pail of cold water into it, tried it with her hand, poured a couple of pitchers full in, and then jerked Tommy away from his mother and soused him into the coffee. There he was up to his little neck and as stiff as a poker. It was good and hot and he began to come to his natural colour about the face. Then he limbered up and squirmed and they rolled him in blankets, and the doctor got there in time to give him some powders, and then they took him over to the parsonage and put him to bed.

"Spiled the best biler of coffee, I ever made," wailed Granny, as she bustled around trying to make some in a tin pail. Just then Mrs. Tea-meeting Smith went dizzy and we noticed her head was bleeding just under her back hair. She'd cut it on one of the sharp stones when she jerked her head back to keep from falling. The doctor had to plaster her up, and when she'd been taken off to her sister's, we didn't feel much like passing cake and sandwiches; and when it got around through the congregation they weren't hungry, so the preacher said we'd best go on with the programme.

We had things enough left to give the Sunday-school a social the next night, and those bad youngsters kept calling out: "Say, is this the coffee you ducked young Tommy in last night!"

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*



## JOHN CAREW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

*With Three Illustrations by Tom Wilkinson.*

JOHN paused for a moment, ere he entered the shop, to look in the glittering window where the shopmen had displayed their most alluring wares, a wealth of gleaming silver and gold and blazing jewels, all dazzlingly brilliant in the glare of electric light. It occurred to John, with an accompanying sensation of pardonable pride, that there was nothing in all the window's array more beautiful or calculated to please a woman than the masterpiece of the jeweler's art which he had ordered.

The proprietor came smilingly forward when he saw John's tall figure enter. "It's quite finished, Mr. Carew," he said briskly; and hurried away to return with a small satin-lined case which he opened for John's inspection.

"The neatest thing, Mr. Carew, my men have turned out this season!" and the jeweler daintily held John's purchase in mid-air between his finger and thumb and flashed its beauty in the light.

It was certainly a lovely thing, and would look lovelier at Mabel's fair throat, John thought. It was a star-shaped brooch of pearls and diamonds. The jeweler placed it back in the case, and John walked down to the office and paid the price, conscious that he was being followed by the gaze of a handsome woman who had stood at his elbow.

"A country lover?" she said carelessly to the jeweler as John passed out.

"The shrewdest young farmer in the county," returned the shopkeeper. "Able to give his check on the bank at any moment for ten thousand. He's to be married to-morrow. John Carew's his name. John Carew of Dutton."

"Ah!" murmured the lady.

"You know him, madam?"

"No, oh no! And that was his

present to the bride, I suppose? For a farmer, his taste is remarkably good."

"John Carew knows a good thing," said the jeweler affably, returning his questioner's easy smile.

"And he's marrying some city girl, I suppose? Isn't that generally the way with these well-to-do young farmers?"

"Not this time!" said the jeweler, with a shrewd smile. "John Carew's too sensible for that. He wants a good practical girl with just enough sentiment, I daresay, to make his house a home. She's Miss Mabel Moore, the daughter of a well-to-do neighbouring farmer, and quite a beauty, too."

"I see," said the handsome woman. "Mr. Carew is a practical lover as well as a practical farmer. Let us hope he may be as successful in love as he has been at farming." Then she swept out of the store with a dazzling smile, the jeweler following her fine figure with keen and curious eyes.

"Handsome woman!" he said half-aloud, as he closed the door. "Stranger, too. Wonder who she is?"

Meantime John Carew was striding down the street, eager for home. His mare was in readiness between the shafts of the light cutter when he reached the livery, and apparently eager for home, too. The prospective bridegroom had one more call to make, the tailor's, where he got the parcel that contained his wedding suit, and then he turned the mare's head toward Dutton, eight miles away.

It was Christmas eve, and a fine, frosty, starlit night, and as the mare swung steadily along over the hard, white road, John settled himself in his big, comfortable coat and thought of Mabel.

He hoped she would like her present; and he hoped she would be happy as his wife. Certainly, loving her as

he did, and as he had always loved her ever since they were boy and girl at the village school together, he would do his best to make her happy. She had not looked very bright during the past week or two, John reflected; but that had been due, he shrewdly concluded, to the worry incidental to the preparations for her wedding day. A woman had not the stoical nature of a man in such matters, John thought. Her sensitive organization would subject her, he vaguely surmised, to many strange and serious reflections upon the responsibilities she was about to assume, and of the future. And feeling this, and knowing how very sensitive and different from other girls she was, John determined that he must be and would be very tender toward his Mabel.

Presently a cutter went by him swiftly, and John caught a glimpse of the faces of two men. He half turned to look back, thinking he had recognized one of the faces. The lights of Dutton gleamed rosily in the valley below him at last, and in the centre of the dim, snow-clad country beyond he could discern the lights upon his farm; the finest farm, he proudly reflected as he thought of Mabel, in the whole township, and without a peer in the county, and with the finest house upon it you could find in all Dutton, where Mabel would begin her reign to-morrow as Mrs. John Carew! And over there, to the left, was Mabel's; that big house where so many windows were lighted up, and where everybody was so busy. He was a man of much consequence there to-night, John reflected, with a little smile that was half-humorous and half-tender.

The brick church was lighted up, and John drew in his fleet-footed mare at the gate. The girls and the young minister were doubtless decorating with evergreen for next day; and he might find Mabel there, too, even if it was her wedding-eve; for she had always been a prime mover in such affairs, and even latterly had been the young minister's right bower—to use a most unfelicitous phrase—in the musical and

other preparations for the Christmas services.

The church was dark at the entrance end, and John stood there a moment shading his eyes to see if Mabel was one of the group of girls who stood talking near the organ. Then he heard Mabel's name; but as he walked up the aisle and into the light the girls stopped talking abruptly, and glanced at him so strangely that he felt there must be something amiss.

"Was Mabel here?" he asked, looking keenly from one to the other.

"She's gone home," answered one of the girls in a diffident tone, and glancing at the other girls as if inviting them to speak.

"What's the matter?" said John brusquely. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"I'm afraid there is, John," said another girl; and she was going on, but John broke in with:

"What is it? It's not Mabel, surely? Is she ill?"

"No, it's not Mabel!" exclaimed three or four together. "That is—"

"Don't be silly, girls!" broke in a brisk little woman. "Don't frighten the man. No, John, Mabel's all right, but—"

"But what?" interrupted John impatiently. "What *is* the matter, if it isn't Mabel? Where's Mr. Ellerby?"

"Then you haven't heard?" chorused the girls together. "We thought all the place would know of it by this time!"

"How could it, if you have all been here?" said John drily. "I've heard nothing. I've just come from town."

"Well, it's just this, John," said the brisk little woman, speaking up again. "The minister is in some trouble, and he's gone off to town without a word to any of us."

"In some trouble?" echoed John. "What trouble can *he* be in?"

"Well, we think," began one of the girls, who was dying to tell John what she thought, but the little woman interrupted her.

"We don't think anything at all, because we don't know anything about

it ! But someone drove out from town, John, with a letter for the minister, and when he read it—we were all working here together—he got as white as a sheet; and then, without a word, went off with the man who had brought the letter, and they drove away together; and that's the last we've seen of him. Didn't you meet him, John?"

"I thought I knew the face," said John, "but I wasn't sure. Well, this is a nice state of affairs!"

"And then, you know," cried the girl, who couldn't hold her tongue, "and then poor Mabel went off into a dead faint."

"Why can't you keep quiet?" cried the elder woman sharply. "The poor girl was so unstrung with all the excitement she has had that a thing like that would be sure to upset her. You needn't look so grave, John, the girl's all right. But you'd better go over and see her. It will do her good."

John pulled on his gloves. "I'll have to find Ellerby," he said, "and see what the trouble is. Didn't he even say when he would be back? Haven't you any idea where he went? What's this?" and John stooped and picked a crumpled piece of paper from the littered floor.

"Why, it must be the envelope the letter was in!" cried the girls, crowding round him.

"It's a woman's hand," said John, surveying the bold writing of the address. "And it's a Grand Hotel envelope, you see. Perhaps the person who wrote it is stopping at the Grand Hotel, and I'll find the minister there." And John put the envelope in his pocket.

"Mr. Ellerby was very strange and quiet all day," said the girl who was dying to air her view of the situation. "He seemed preoccupied, as if his thoughts were quite apart from his work."

"He should get married," said John, smiling round. "That new parsonage wants a woman in it to make it fit for a man to live in." And he strode off, leaving the women glancing curiously at one another at his words.

John drove over to his prospective father-in-law's. Mrs. Moore met him in the hall.

"Well?" she queried, as if expecting news.

"How's Mabel?" said John, looking beyond, as if expecting to see his betrothed.

"She's lying down. I don't understand what's the matter with her, because she doesn't seem ill. I think she's just tired. They drove her over from the church, but, of course, you were in there and they told you. What's all this about the minister, John?"

"I don't know," said John, "but I'm going back to town to see. He seems to have got unpleasant news. I expect it was the shock, with all this excitement, that upset Mabel. You don't think," he added, with a keen and anxious glance, "that she's ill?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mabel's mother. "I'll call her."

"No, she mustn't be disturbed. I'll come right in as soon as I get back; and if I can bring the minister with me, or everything is all right, the news will do her good. You can tell her I've gone."

"Certainly," thought John, as his sturdy mare sped along toward town once more, "certainly the young minister should marry some winsome lass like Mabel," though John felt there could be no other lass in all the world like his Mabel. This dark-eyed, pale-faced young clergyman, who had come to them only a few months since, but who had, nevertheless, in that time won their regard, would be the better for having a wife, some sympathetic little woman to share his work and brighten his life. There was too much poring over books and too much long driving over lonely roads into neighbouring parishes, John thought. He was a sombre fellow, the young clergyman; and of late had appeared melancholy and reticent to an extreme degree. And yet John liked him, with all his sombre face and brooding air; had liked him from the first, as one man instinctively likes another without knowing

why, save that he believes him to be honourable—and a *man*.

Perhaps, John concluded, the young minister was in love and his love had not run smoothly, which would certainly account for his gloomy and abstracted manner of late. Whatever this trouble of the young minister's was, whatever the contents were of the mysterious letter which had caused their young pastor to turn deadly pale and hurry away with no explanatory word, John felt eager to extend a helping hand if in his power. Moreover, he felt that such action on his part would please Mabel; and with this idea uppermost in his mind, John encouraged his mare with a cheery word to quicken her pace over the mile or so of frosty road that yet lay between them and the Grand Hotel.

Of course it was none of his business, John decided. But apart from his liking for the young minister, John felt that, as a warden of the church, he had a right to extend his hand; besides he had a personal interest in Ellerby's welfare, since he was to perform the ceremony on the morrow which would make Mabel Mrs. John Carew. And there must be no barrier to the smoothness of that ceremony. It must be a joyful and doubly-memorable date, this twenty-fifth of December; the sacred importance of a wedding intermingled with the celebration of Christmas Day; and Christmas Day at the Moore homestead, John recalled with a smile, was an event to be remembered.



"Why, it must be the envelope the letter was in!" cried the girls, crowding round him.

When he reached the hotel he ran a quick but keen glance over the register. The entry, "Mrs. Julian Wall, Buffalo," among the arrivals of the day, caught his eye almost instantly. The writing of the entry was identical with that of the address upon the envelope which the young minister had let fall in the church.

Mrs. Julian Wall's room was number 109, second floor.

John discovered that Room 109 was at the extreme end of a wing corridor. He did not know what he was to do, having had in his mind, so far, the single idea of tracing the young minister. But as he walked down the heavily-carpeted corridor, his light, easy

step making his progress almost noiseless, a certain word spoken in a woman's clear voice made him start and pause, and determined his course of action.

"Mabel!"

Then through the open, gas-lit fanlight of Room 109 came another voice, that of the young minister, followed by derisive laughter. The door of the room facing 109 was slightly open. John slipped in there, and saw at a keen glance that the room was untenanted. For safety he turned the key; and then, by the light from the street, placed a small table against the door. He climbed upon this, opened the fanlight, and being six feet high found he could look directly across into Room 109.

The young minister was pacing up and down the room, his hands locked behind him, his eyes upon the carpet; and lounging in an easy chair, her arms above her head, sat Mrs. Julian Wall, the handsome woman who had stood at John's elbow at the jeweler's.

"Listeners never hear good of themselves," thought John, grimly, as he gazed at the pair.

"And so you are in love with this country beauty, eh?" said the woman in the chair. Her tones were incisive and clear, and reached John's alert hearing distinctly. "Oh, you needn't look cross, my dear boy! I guessed that by your face directly I mentioned her name. You see, I haven't lost any of my former sharpness, have I? And *she* is to be married to-morrow? How tragic!"

The young minister paused abruptly.

"Where did you get all your information?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, the proverbial little bird, of course. One hears these things, you know! And she is to marry—let me see; what *is* the name? Oh, yes, Car-ew, that's it! A shrewd young farmer, who can sign his check for ten thousand at any time. I've got it down pat. And what a memory I have!"

"I wish you could have forgotten me."

"Naturally. Now, if *you* could only

sign your name for ten thousand, Frank—but what an idea! And *you* are to marry this pretty Mabel to the shrewd young farmer, while all the time your heart is aching with your devotional love for her! Why, really, when you come to think of it, it's quite romantic! But your case isn't hopeless. When she is married you will, of course, be her father-confessor, and *that* covers a multitude of sins, you know."

"Stop! I forbid you to speak her name!"

"Why, really, when you come to think of it, it's quite romantic. And I daresay she's in love with you. There, you needn't glare, my dear boy! You shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve, you know. And all the while this big lover hasn't the faintest suspicion of the romance of it all, nor of the unhappiness he is creating in two young hearts. Why, it would make quite a play, a capital curtain-raiser. Don't you think you could do your own part, Frank? You would require positively no making-up."

"Will you not cease?" cried the young minister.

"Why? Does it hurt so much to have this village beauty's name flung in your face by such as I?"

"You seem to know your own worth!" he replied bitterly. "It is pollution."

"It is pollution, is it? It wouldn't have been pollution two years ago, my spiritual friend, when you asked Aggie Winter to be your wife! You thought me good enough then!"

"I was a fool, that is all. I was blind."

"You didn't think you were blind then! But of course you hadn't been 'ordained,' and you hadn't so many pharasaic phrases at your tongue's end then! You thought me good enough to ask me to marry you!"

"A proof of my blindness," answered the young man wearily.

"A Christian retort. And just because you fancy yourself in love with this pink and white rustic you give yourself airs and feel yourself too good

to marry *me*. But you can't have her, do you understand? She belongs to someone else, and even if she didn't *I* would stand between!"

"I would rather kill myself than marry you."

"And I would rather die than be buried alive with *you*."

"Then what do you follow me for?" burst out the young man, confronting her. "Why have you taken all the trouble to come here?"

"Money, my boy, m-o-n-e-y."

Ellerby laughed ironically.

"Look here!" she said sharply, and springing up and facing him. She was a tall woman, and as they stood confronting each other her fine cold eyes were on a level with those of the young minister. "If this is so very distressing you can cut it short. I want money, that is all!"

"You must be mad. How do you suppose I can have money?"

"Get it! Otherwise—"

"Well?"

"Otherwise, my dear boy, I shall simply drive out to your parish, or whatever you call it, and let your 'flock' know. It would be quite a change in the programme of the wedding tomorrow, for instance, wouldn't it?"

There was a pause. Ellerby strode up and down; she tapped the carpet with her well-shod foot.

"How much do you want?" he said at last.

"Now you are talking business. Look here, Frank, I don't want to be hard on you. Give me five hundred dollars and I give you my word of honour you won't hear from me again. That's a consideration, isn't it?"

Ellerby laughed ironically again. "You are mad!" he said.

"Well, if the business is such bad pay you shouldn't have gone into it. Let us say *three* hundred, then."

"You are talking impossibilities, I tell you," cried the young minister impatiently. "Don't you suppose I am sufficiently compromised by coming here, without trying to borrow a sum like that? You must do your worst, if you will have it so."

The door was opened without ceremony, and the young minister started back.

"Carew!" he cried.

"It isn't necessary for me to offer any explanation," said John quietly. "I have overheard your conversation, that is all, and I think the sooner this matter is ended the better."

Mrs. Julian Wall smiled, but it was a colourless smile, and she said nothing. John's unexpected entrance and his masterful manner had robbed her of her readiness of speech.

"Now," said John, as he walked over to a small table upon which were writing materials, "if you will write at my dictation and sign a relinquishment of all claim upon Mr. Ellerby, based upon his offer of marriage, I will pay you two hundred dollars."

"Carew!" cried the young minister, the blood flaming into his pale face. "You shall not do this!"

"Two hundred dollars, Mr. Carew, would scarcely compensate—" began the adventuress; but John cut her short.

"It is two hundred dollars more than you would get in court," he said curtly. "But write what I dictate and you shall have the money." And he took from his pocket-book some crisp bills. This operation roused the woman's cupidity, as John had supposed it would; and after regarding the money and John's impassive face for a moment or two with half-closed, calculative eyes, she gave her fine shoulders a shrug, sat down at the table, and began to write.

"You must use your own natural hand," remarked John. "Please begin over again."

"You are certainly very shrewd, Mr. Carew," she said, giving John an arch glance; but the look was lost upon John.

"That is all right," he remarked, when she had put his brief sentences upon the paper. "Now, sign 'Aggie Winter, alias Mrs. Julian Wall,' date it 'at the Grand Hotel,' and I will attach my name as a witness."

"Here is your money," he said,





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“The door was opened without ceremony, and the young minister started back.”

when the paper was complete ; " and this," he added, handing the document to the young minister, who had been standing statue-like and silent through it all, " is yours. And now, as my cutter is at the door, and there is nothing to detain us, we will go home." He placed his arm through the young minister's, and, without another glance at the woman who stood gazing curiously at them, they left the room.

And so together, side by side, the two men sat behind the black mare's hurrying hoofs, the young minister silent and depressed, his eyes upon the receding road ; John handling the reins, his brows knit, his glance stern and troubled, his heart far ahead, beyond the slender track of road that lay before, beyond the white, still meadows glimmering in the light of the late-risen moon, beyond the hills and valleys and level stretches, straight to the old farm-house where the woman they both loved was straining her eyes down the white road, her heart beating, beating for one of them.

Which one ? John's heart was ice and fire by turns and, despite his effort to put aside his fear, was beating tumultuously in his broad bosom. His brain seemed numb, and yet his reasoning faculties were clear, inexorably clear. If what that woman had said should prove true, that his Mabel loved this other man, this slight being at his side, that he could crush in his strong hands as a child crushes a flower, that she was going to the altar only to keep her troth, then—no, God help him ! he would *not* give her up ! She was *his*, his by right, and what he had he would hold. This man at his side, if he loved Mabel, must bear his pain *like* a man ; he must go away and forget her. That could be his only course.

Forget her ? Forget Mabel ? John broke the silence of the frosty air with a harsh laugh that made the mare leap, and he felt the young minister start and shiver. Could *he* forget her were he in this man's place ? Forget Mabel, little Mabel, whom a score of others had wooed in vain ? He laugh-

ed aloud again, and struck the mare's flank irefully with his whip.

It was a dream, a bitter, devilish dream. He would wake presently and find life as bright for him as it had been an hour ago, ere this man came between ; and, in a little while, Mabel, Mabel who could be waiting and watching only for him, would be in his arms !

Then, like the sting of a lash, setting on fire again his blood, freezing his heart, numbing his brain, relentless memory came. He tried to fight a thousand insidious thronging thoughts aside, but he could not forget. He recalled how anxious had been Mabel's mother that her daughter should marry prosperous young John Carew ; how listless and strange Mabel had been of late ; how forced had been her gaiety and her attention when he had talked what their life together would be. If Mabel did not love this young minister how else was he to account for her having swooned in the church ? How else for the strange and yet significant manner of the women there ?

Bah ! he would not be a fool. If it should prove that Mabel cared for this pale-faced young fellow, he would make his heart of stone. At worst it could be nothing more than a girl's passing fancy. Even the best of women were unreliable creatures, and their nature played them strange vagaries at times, for which they themselves could not be held accountable. She was his affianced wife, and she should be his wife to-morrow. If she were uncertain now, why, he would teach her to love him ; he would show her what his love could be ; so that, ere long, in place of this sentimental whim would be a smiling wonder that she could ever have thought for a moment of any man but John Carew.

The mare breasted the hill, and the village lights rose and gleamed on the farther side of the valley, few and far between this time. Beyond, the beacon light of his own farm was shining still ; and over there was Mabel's—well, he would soon know. He would see Mabel at once, and her face would tell the tale without questioning. A



"Outside, the blood surged in his brain, and he felt faint and dizzy."

sudden, storm-like sense of rage and hate, so alien to John that it seemed to smother the action of his heart, swept over him. His hand tightened upon the rein, and he dared not trust himself to turn and look at the silent figure beside him. Then it passed, leaving him calm and clear-eyed and masterful. He knew his course, and he smiled to himself, a triumphant smile, and yet half-tender and half-kind.

Lights were still burning in the church, and the shadows of moving figures were thrown upon the frosted panes. John drew up at the gate.

"Go in," he said quietly, speaking for the first time. "You need tell them nothing. Leave that to me." He shook the reins, and then impulsively checked the mare.

not look into her eyes.

"You found him—you have brought him back?" she half-whispered, placing a hand upon his arm.

He looked down into her white face, then turned and walked to the window and stared out. The glittering stars in the velvet-blue heaven seemed mocking him with their splendour; and before him rose a vision of that slender, motionless figure at the church gate, clear-cut in the cold moonlight as a blasted tree in the lightning.

"Yes," he answered, "I have brought him back, Mabel." Then, for the first time, she saw the despair in his face.

"John," she faltered.

"Mabel," he said quietly, "why did you not tell me?"

"Ellerby," he said, "I'm truly sorry for you." And he held out his hand.

"Carew," replied the young minister, "you have been a friend to me to night such as I never had. I can say no more." He held John's outstretched hand in a vice-like grip that made John wonder; and then the mare sped on. But, glancing back, John saw the young man gazing after, a slight, black figure in the moonlight silhouetted against the snow.

He drove to Mabel's. The door was opened by Mabel herself ere he had stamped the snow from his feet. A lamp was burning in the parlour, and he strode in there. Yet, despite his resolve, his heart was beating furiously. For the moment he dared

“Why, John, . . .” she stammered; and began to cry.

“Don’t do that!” he said; and a passionate longing to take her in his arms almost burst his heart. “It has been my fault, I have been blind. But I am glad I learned the truth to-night, Mabel. Where is your father?”

“He is at the church—he went to meet you,” she answered, sobbing.

“I will see him at once; they shall not say a word to you.” He paused for a moment at the door, gazing with yearning eyes at the bent girlish figure;

then turned and was gone. But as the outer door closed he heard her call his name.

Outside, the blood surged in his brain, and he felt faint and dizzy. The snow-laden fields appeared a blur, and objects seemed swimming in a mist, while the keen air cut through him. As he stumbled towards his sleigh his tired mare threw up her head in greeting, and the bells of the village rang in the Christmas morning across the pallid world.

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*



## LE SAGUENAY.

*By Louis Frechette, with translation by Hon. James D. Edgar.*

DES vastes forêts la splendeur m'en-  
chante ;

J'aime à contempler les sommets altiers.

Rien ne vaut pourtant la grâce touchante  
De la fleur qui luit au bord des sentiers.

O rocs entassés dont l'orgueil se mire

Dans les flots profonds du noir Saguenay !

Falaises à pic que la foule admire !

Rocher que la foudre a découronné !

Promontoires nus dont la cime touche,

Aux derniers confins de l'immensité,

Mon front qu'a couvert votre ombre  
farouche

S'incline devant votre majesté.

Mais, ô pics géants que le ciel décore,

Monts qui défiez le regard humain,

A tout votre éclat je préférè encore

La douce amitié qui me tend la main !

*Louis Frechette.*

THE forest has spells to enchant me,  
The mountain has power to en-  
thrall ;

Yet the grace of a wayside blossom  
Can stir my heart deeper than all.

O towering steeps that are mirrored  
On Saguenay's darkening breast !

O grim, rocky heights, sternly frown-  
ing,

The thunders have smitten your crest !

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,  
Stand forth in stupendous array !

My brow, by your shadows en-  
shrouded,

Is humble before you to-day.

But, peaks that are gilded by Heaven,  
Defiant you stand in your pride !

From glories too distant, above me,

I turn to the friend by my side.

*James D. Edgar.*



I HEARD a song, a low sweet song,  
As 'twas breathed on the evening air ;  
Its notes were linked by a golden thread  
To the lips of a maiden fair.

I heard a song, divinely sweet,  
And I loved the sounds as they fell ;  
They bore me away on the eventide,  
And love's story seemed to tell.

The frost of love's winter is on me,  
And the chill of a cheerless sun ;  
I listen no more for the singer—  
The song of my singer is done.

She was borne in robes as spotless  
As the love she cherished for me ;  
And laid at rest 'neath the meadow's breast,  
In the shade of a leafless tree.

*William Van Buren Thompson.*

## WITH BOOKER'S COLUMN.

*Personal Reminiscences of the Events of the Fenian Raid of June, 1866 ; by Robert Larmour, then Superintendent of the B. & L. H. Railway.*

I THINK it is not too much to say that if any one of the regular regiments that were stationed in 1866 at Hamilton, Toronto and London had been sent forward to occupy Fort Erie and the Niagara frontier, at any time previous to the day the crossing of the Fenians took place, Generals Sweeney and O'Neil would not have been able to hoodwink and delude their men in the way in which they did, and these men would have known that to cross the border meant to commence fighting, and that with a regiment of British soldiers defending their country against a lawless and causeless invasion. They would have recognized that instead of peacefully and quietly settling down on their selected farm they would have some stern work to do. Most of these men had seen enough of fighting to know what the presence of a British regiment in Fort Erie would mean, and I think I am not saying too much in asserting that if the least show of opposition had been made in time that there would have been no raid on Fort Erie and no bloodshed at Ridgeway.

For many weeks previous to the crossing at Fort Erie numbers of these men had been collected at Buffalo, where they were openly paraded and drill-

led in the public parks, and even on the "Terrace" opposite the old Mansion House, in the very heart of the city. Meetings were held in the principal halls, where the men were harangued by Fenian leaders such as General Sweeney, General O'Neil, and other orators whose names I do not now remember. One of these meetings took place on the Wednesday night preceding the Friday morning on which the raid took place. It was held at St. James' Hall, one of the largest in the city. To say that the hall was packed with an excited and wildly enthusiastic, ignorant crowd, would be but to give a very faint idea of what was described by an\* eye witness to the writer a short time afterwards. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, the green being predominant. The walls and stage cur-



INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD FORT ERIE.

The old Fort is about a mile to the south of the present village of Fort Erie. It was captured by United States troops in 1814, materially strengthened and stood a siege of many weeks after the battle of Lundy's Lane. Around this old Fort and the village were enacted many of the movements in the Fenian campaign of 1866. This photograph was taken recently for the use of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

\* Private Hamilton, of the York Battalion.

tains were covered with maps and plans of Canada. There were maps of counties, maps of townships, maps of concessions; even maps and plans showing farms in squares, which were numbered for convenience. There were also pictures representing splendid farmhouses and barns, with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing in the distant fields, while pigs and poultry filled up the foreground. The one-armed hero and orator, General Sweeney, was "flashed" upon this mad crowd, and after having delivered such an harangue as might be expected under such circumstances, he triumphantly pointed to these maps as showing the glorious reward that awaited those who joined in the coming expedition, and in the most ostentatious manner invited those willing to cross to step forward and select a farm. Across the numbered square of which represented his choice he was to write his name.

I give these details to show to what an extent these poor, ignorant men were deluded, even in Buffalo—within sight of our Canadian shores. All these preparations and doings were known to our Canadian Government, and must have been known to that of the United States, yet the latter took no steps to check them, nor did the former take any to guard or defend the Niagara frontier. The Canadian authorities seemed to have no fear of an attempt at a crossing in this direction, believing that if any attempt were made it would take place further east, and that the force collected at Buffalo would be drawn off in that direction when the time for action arrived.

The men composing the expedition were led to believe that the only difficulty they had to fear in making the crossing was that the United States authorities might interfere and stop such a glaring violation of the law, and that once landed on the Canadian shore they would be met by friends and all would be well. This was more readily believed because it was evident that there were no soldiers near the frontier to oppose a landing or to disprove the

line of argument adopted by the Fenian leaders. Their final preparations were carried out with such secrecy that the crossing was effected before the United States authorities were aware of what was going on, and the expedition landed without opposition or hindrance of any kind.

That the reader may better understand how the writer's knowledge of events was obtained, it may be well for me to say that at the time of the raid I was Superintendent of the Buffalo and Goderich Branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, and that my duties and the interests of the Company required me to spend much of my time at the Fort Erie end of the line, so that with the aid of our agent at Buffalo, Mr. R. Calvert—a good, loyal Canadian—I was necessarily cognizant of a great deal that was happening in connection with the Fenian movement.

For some time we had fears the Fenians might attempt the seizure of the car ferry steamer *International*, and thus obtain a ready and well-adapted means for crossing the river and capturing the railway terminus on the Fort Erie side with all its equipment of engines and cars. For this reason Mr. Calvert was instructed to keep himself well informed of what was being done in Buffalo. During the evening of Thursday, June 1st, I received a message at Brantford from him to the effect that some important movement was on foot, but what it was he could not make out. I decided to go down by the first train, and arrived at Fort Erie station at 4 a.m. Friday. While the train was being backed down on board the ferry, Mr. Trebble, one of the Canadian Custom Officers, rushed into the car, bare-headed, and in a terrible state of excitement, exclaiming:

"The Fenians have landed in the village and are killing everybody."

A moment later other messengers, rushing up the bank of the river, confirmed Mr. Trebble's report—at least so far as the landing of the Fenians was concerned. They had crossed the river from Black Rock—just opposite Fort Erie and about two miles down

the river from Buffalo proper—in canal boats towed by a tug.

To prevent the *International* falling into their hands the captain was ordered to pull out from the dock at once with the recently arrived passenger train on board, but not to land on the Buffalo side. He was also instructed to send a reliable man ashore to warn the U.S. gunboat *Michigan* which was lying in sight at anchor at the entrance to Buffalo harbour.

Well knowing that the first movement likely to be made by the invaders would be to take possession of the equipment of the road then at Fort Erie, orders were at once given to what few hands were available at that hour of the morning to collect and couple up everything in the shape of engines and cars, in the hope that we might get away up the line with them before being captured.

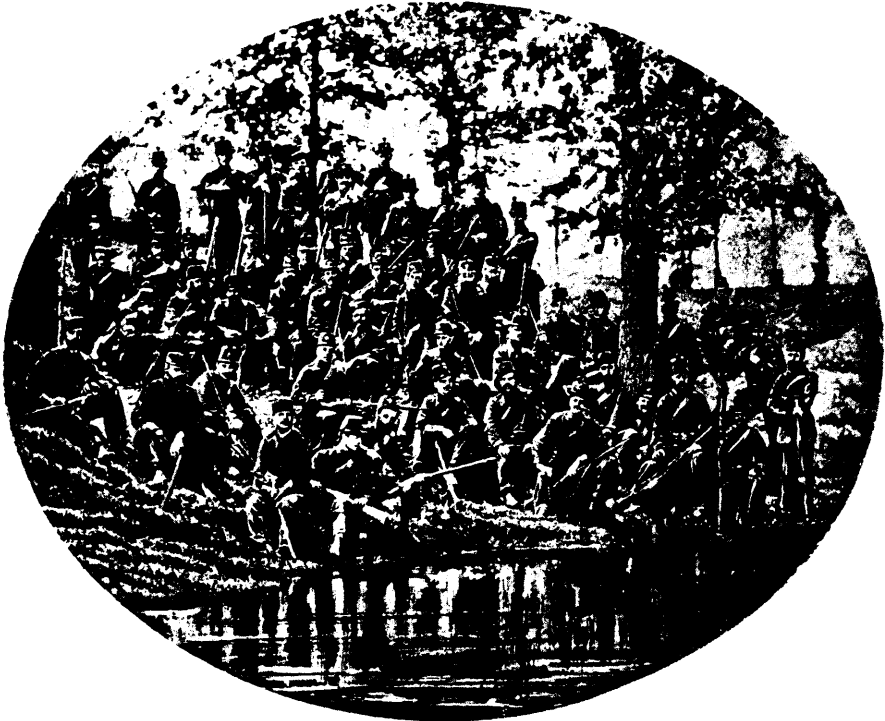
This done I hastened to the telegraph office and sent off a message to Major-General Napier, apprising him of what had taken place, and another to Superintendent Dwight of the Montreal Telegraph Co., Toronto, requesting him to spread the alarm to all concerned. The fact that the Fenians, instead of at once marching up from the village to the railway terminus—a distance of a mile—delayed and began foraging for a breakfast, gave us time to collect and couple up in one long train the whole equipment. Within an hour, taking with us the telegraph instruments and a few of the most valuable articles from the freight shed and station, the signal to start was given. The train was a very heavy one for the one engine in steam (there were two other dead engines in the train), and at first it moved but very slowly up the slight grade towards the top of the yard, where a spur track leading up from the village joined the main line at nearly right angles. As we approached this junction a compact body of Fenians with rifles at the shoulder and with fixed bayonets—which glistened in the first rays of the rising sun—came suddenly into full view. They were marching up the spur track.

The engineer became excited and made such frantic efforts to increase his speed that I feared he would break away; and for a moment I thought that all was lost. At this time the train presented its broadside to the enemy and both were moving towards the one point, viz., the junction of the spur and main line. I fully expected that before we passed that point we should be fired upon, as we were within easy range, but for some reason I have never fully understood they allowed the train to proceed, and it reached the junction switch not more than 200 yards ahead of the advancing column. As the train turned the curve at this point it presented only the rear end, and as the speed had been increased by this time we felt safe. The engineer signified this by a farewell "toot toot" with his whistle, and we soon lost sight of the enemy as we steamed away for Port Colborne.

But, alas! we were destined to come to grief before reaching there. During the run steam had been got up on the dead engines, and under the exciting circumstances a speed had been obtained too great for the state of the track at that date; safety had been lost sight of, and instead of being the "first consideration" on the part of the engineers became the very last. The consequence was that when we were three miles east of Port Colborne, in a swamp, with deep and wide ditches filled with water on each side of the track, the yard engine not being adapted for running at so high a speed "jumped the track" and plunged into the ditch. The whole aggregation of engines, passenger cars, box cars and flat cars in the rear were piled up in a confused mass. A worse wreck could scarcely be imagined. My first impression was that it was the work of some Fenian sympathizer, for that there were at least a few such in the neighbourhood I was fully aware; but examination showed the cause to be as stated above. Fortunately, none of the train men were seriously hurt.

Knowing that the line might soon be required for use in transporting our





NO. 5 CO., QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, 1866.

This was the only company of Canadian volunteers at Limeridge, armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifle. This photo. was taken in 1866, and near the front of the picture a private may be seen pointing to the open breech of the rifle he holds.

troops to the front, no time was lost in arranging for the wreck to be cleared away, and for this purpose a large force was at once ordered down from the Brantford shops. Meanwhile, I had procured a good reliable man, the late Robert Cran, to go back on horseback along the public road, which runs parallel with the track, to find out what he could of the enemy's movements (the good loyal citizen of Port Colborne who furnished the horse first demanding a guarantee for its value, fearing it might be captured). In about two hours after starting out, Cran returned with the information that a party of the enemy had taken a hand-car which we had left behind at Fort Erie, and followed the train up the line as far as Sourwines bridge—a wooden structure over a small stream about six miles west of the terminus—and had set it on fire; also that parties of them were out in all directions seizing all the

horses they could lay hands on, and raiding the farm-houses for provisions. This information was at once telegraphed to headquarters.

Early in the day Colonel Dennis, Brigade-Major, arrived at Port Colborne *via* the Welland Railway. Learning the state of affairs as far as was then known, and realizing the importance of having the railway track cleared, and the burned bridge repaired, so that the road might be serviceable in case a forward movement of the expected troops was decided upon, he ordered a detachment of the Welland Battery, under command of Capt. King, to act as a guard and to proceed down the line with the force sent to clear the wreck and repair the bridge.

About four o'clock on Friday afternoon a train having on board the Queen's Own Rifles from Toronto, and the 13th Battalion from Hamilton, arrived at Port Colborne. During the day

little or no information of a reliable nature could be obtained of the movements or doings of the main body of the Fenians. They had cut the telegraph wires leading to Fort Erie and all the country roads in that direction were held and guarded by them. Any information coming by the way of Buffalo was considered unreliable; in fact, very little seems to have been known in that city about the affair, General O'Neil having executed the final movement with the greatest caution and secrecy. The United States gunboat *Michigan*, having been early warned of the crossing, was on the alert, patrolling the river, and this, no doubt, was the reason why the successful landing in Canada of the first party had not been followed up by others, for it was well known the whole of the Fenians collected in Buffalo had not crossed. Although the Fenian preparations for the invasion so openly made had not been interfered with, still it is but fair to suppose the officers of the *Michigan* would have done their duty in preventing any further attempt, since an overt act had been committed and the law openly violated.

Late in the afternoon, and as soon as the track was passable at the wreck, Col. Dennis, the late Major Thomas Patterson, Roadmaster Savage and the writer, took an engine and started cautiously down the line as far as Sherk's Crossing, which is about seven miles east of Port Colborne. As far as we could see, on both sides of the track, the public roads leading towards the lake were crowded with people, some in waggons, some on horseback, and some

on foot, but all hurrying towards the lake front, evidently seeking safety. It now being near night, we considered it unsafe to take the engine any further. It was then decided that Col. Dennis should return to Port Colborne with it, while Major Patterson and myself were to procure a hand-car and push on down the line, at least as far as the bridge, to see, if possible, how the work of repair was progressing, and to pick up any information we could. On arrival at the bridge we found the work well advanced, the men had not been molested, nor had the guards seen or heard anything further of the enemy's movements.

We then decided to proceed towards Fort Erie with the hand-car. In one or two places we found rails of the track displaced, but in such a way that they were easily replaced and secured. We were not molested in any way; we did not even meet with a single human being. There were no lights to be seen in the farmhouses as we passed them. The country seemed to have been entirely deserted, and about ten o'clock we turned into the yard that had been evacuated in the morning.



REMAINS OF "THE SMUGGLERS' HOME."

This was a tavern at the north-west corner of the junction of the Garrison and Ridge Roads. After the battle of Limeridge it was used as a hospital. About twenty years ago it was struck by lightning and burned. This photo. was taken recently for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Even here there was not even a picket of the enemy to be seen, but at the station we met with one solitary man, the late Mr. Richard Graham, Collector of Customs at Fort Erie. The enemy seemed to have relied on the fact that a bridge up the line had been destroyed, and had decided there was, therefore, no danger from that direction. Mr. Graham had walked up to the station alone, in the hope of hearing some news of what was going on up the line. From him we learned that, during the day, the main body of the Fenian force had deserted the village and moved down the river to Newbigging's farm, about two miles distant. He had been in their camp, had conversed with Gen. O'Neil, knew how many they numbered, how they were armed and provisioned, and, in fact, all about them. Realizing the importance of the information Mr. Graham was thus able to give to the officers at Port Colborne, we explained to him the position of affairs and what might result from it, but that his presence in person at Port Colborne would be desirable as a guarantee of its correctness. We prevailed upon him to accompany us back on the hand-car, and started at once, making all the haste possible, tired out as we all were. By the time we had reached the bridge the repairs had been completed and all hands returned to Port Colborne, which we reached about midnight.

Mr. Graham was at once conducted to the head-quarters of Col. Booker. With him we found Col. Dennis, and Capt. Akers\* who had been sent by Col. Peacocke across the country to Port Colborne, to consult with the volunteer commanders, and arrange plans for concerted action the following morning. Mr. Graham's story was listened to with the deepest interest by all present. The information he was able to give changed the whole aspect of affairs. His statement to the effect that, from all he could observe, the Fenians would remain in their camp on the Newbigging farm *all night*, was of the greatest importance. Instead of waiting until morning to make a forward movement, the idea of an immediate movement seemed to take hold upon all present. In fact, within a very few minutes a plan was concocted and decided upon; it was to the following effect. The railway track being now clear and in serviceable condition, and not likely to be further

tampered with during the night, the Queen's Own and 13th Batt. were to



FROM A PHOTO, TAKEN ABOUT 1866.

GENERAL WOLSELEY.

Now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. In 1866 he was A.Q.M.G. in the Province of Canada, with the rank of Colonel. He was on the staff of Col. Lowry, who left Toronto on the afternoon of June 2nd for the frontier, arriving in Port Erie on the morning of June 3rd, and taking command of the whole force then assembling there. In his report, Col. Lowry states: "That I have received greater benefit than I can well express from Col. Wolseley's indefatigable energy, judgment, and promptitude of resource."

\*Lt.-Col. Denison in his pamphlet points out that Capt. Akers did not arrive in Port Colborne until 1.30 a.m., and that he found the whole force under arms and in the cars ready to carry out an immediate advance planned by Col. Dennis and Mr. Graham, and acceded to by Col. Booker. When Akers arrived, he was prevailed upon to such an extent, that he, like Booker, acceded to the plan. Col. Otter, D.O.C.M.D. No. 2, then adjutant of the Q.O.R., states that his memory places Capt. Akers' arrival even later than 1.30 a.m. So on the evidence of these two authorities, Mr. Larmour's account can scarcely be accepted. Additional proof of the correctness of Col. Denison's account is the fact that Booker's telegram to Peacocke, announcing the plan, was sent at 3 a.m., and Peacocke's reply, disapproving, at 3.45 a.m.—EDITOR.]

get on board the train which was in readiness, and proceed cautiously towards Fort Erie. Col. Dennis was to take the Welland Battery men on board the tug *Robb*, which had been placed at his disposal, go down the lake and get into the river in front of Fort Erie, to cut off retreat. Col. Peacocke was to march up to Chipewa and take the Fenian camp on the opposite flank to that of the volunteers, the two commands to deploy in such a manner that their flanks would join in the rear of the camp, thus completely surrounding it with the expectation of taking it by surprise and making prisoners of the whole lot by daylight. To this plan Col. Peacocke's officer gave his full and unqualified approval, and undertook to give him details of it by wire at once, so that no time would be lost in his entering upon the part his force was to take in the projected movement.

All was now bustle and excitement at Port Colborne. Not a moment was to be lost in getting this strategic plan under way. The troops were hurried on board the train. A pilot-engine was got ready to run at short distance ahead of it as a precaution. The *Robb* was fired up and Col. Dennis with his Welland Battery men got on board. All this was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. The *Robb* steamed out of the harbour, the men on board giving a cheer as her lines were cast off. The pilot-engine with Major Patterson on board was signalled off, and the troop train was on the very point of starting when a shout came from the telegraph office: "A message from Col. Peacocke!" Alas! for the strategic plan, and great

expectations of its results! All our hopes were dashed to the ground! The message from Col. Peacocke was a *peremptory order* to Col. Booker to remain at Port Colborne with all his command until seven o'clock in the morning, then take train to Ridgeway, disembark there and march to Stevensville, there to join the regular regiments. There was now nothing to do but obey this order as far as it could be obeyed. The *Robb* had gone beyond recall, and would be in Niagara River by daylight looking out for retreating Fenians, but looking in vain for the appearance of the Canadian forces. The pilot-engine had gone and Major Patterson would be looking in vain for the troop train following.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and cold even to the point of freezing. The cheerful energy and high spirits that had been noticeably maintained by both officers and men all through the past long day of excitement and fatiguing duties, seemed to give way all at once. Col. Booker was visibly chagrined, disappointed and dejected; and the same might be said of his officers and men. The latter remained in their seats in the crowded cars, hungry, cold and tired as they were, without room to stretch their bodies in rest. And so the remaining hours of the night were spent. Is it to be wondered at if, under such circumstances, these men who were mostly youths, unaccustomed to such hardships, would not be in the best condition to face the terrible events that awaited them the coming morning—the last morning that some of them were destined ever to behold?

(To be concluded next month.)



## A POET AND A DIPLOMATIST.

BELINDA and I made taffy the other night. Almost everybody in our house had gone out but me, and I had curled up in the largest chair I could find, with a book in my lap which I intended to read as soon as the mental process that is politely called thinking ceased to interest me. Belinda came in before this happened, and her advent made clear to me the superiority of action over contemplation. (I forget which Greek philosopher differs from me as to this.) So we went into the kitchen, which was empty and tidy—we changed all that. We have frequently made taffy together. Looking back into the rosy past we both see a great many evenings spent in that employment, and perhaps when we are old women the spaces between these evenings will have nearly vanished, like the intervening length of street between lamp-posts that are far enough away, and youth will appear to have consisted of continuous taffy-making. Then we shall tell the girls of that distant time that things aren't as they were when we were young, as the old people now tell us, and if they are half as thankful to hear it as we are we shall not be killjoys in our old age, at least. But when this latest evening so spent shall have got a little further away, and shall have become the past, not merely a detached piece of the present, I think it will have an individuality all its own, and a vividness in memory that will distinguish it from all other taffy-evenings. For Belinda was reminiscent. I have known Belinda a long time, but I do not always know what is happening to her, when it happens. She says things are too new at the time—that the past has a grace a reasonable person cannot expect from the present—that if you wait till an episode is complete it will be in a more satisfactory shape to talk about—that, in short, you can't call a thing happy (or anything else) till it's dead.

These reasons are, possibly, fanciful ; at any rate they do not deter her if she feels inclined to tell me what she has had the luck to see the day after she has seen it. If she followed her stated principles logically, I should still be ignorant of many interesting things that have come in her way, for we have both lived long enough to know that, as a rule, things don't die, and that "*choses sans résultat*" is the craziest phrase ever made by a sane author.

Belinda did not immediately strike into the vein of reminiscence that I found so interesting.

"Do you know how brown sugar is made, Gertrude?" she asked, pensively, while I was getting out the materials for our work.

"No," I answered, hastily. "And I have no desire for such knowledge."

"I don't know, either," she said, laughing. "I just thought I could frighten you. Shall I crack those nuts? Where are the nutcrackers?" I gave them to her, and after cracking about three nuts in silence, she began :

"Did I ever tell you, Gertie, that I knew a poet once?" I pricked up my ears and said no.

"I did. But he wasn't poetical ; he wasn't long-haired and picturesque ; he was quite ordinary and this-end-of-this-centuryish to look at. He affected my society all one summer ; he used to bring his verses and read them to me."

"Oh—h—h !"

"Yes, I had a slight suspicion myself at first, and I was alarmed, for I didn't know how a poet would act." The inference that she knew how most other classes of men would act, in the suspected circumstances, would have startled anyone who did not understand Belinda's oblique manner of jesting. "But he told me the verses were written for a young lady of his acquaintance and he wanted my opinion of their merit—crediting me with liter-

ary judgment, poor boy—before he ventured to send them.

“Mightn’t you have been the young lady? That might have been merely an indirect way of showing them?” I asked. I was beginning to think I had known her poet also—because sending verses to girls is not a common modern vice—but I was not sure.

“No—oh, I didn’t ever really think it, you know; I just thought it might be possible. But I knew better very soon. I couldn’t tell you if it had been that way, for you might easily chance to know him, too. No, it was somebody I didn’t know then. I don’t know how she liked his verses; he didn’t tell me that—do you put the butter in at this stage of the proceedings?”

“I put the butter in when the spirit moves me,” I answered. “I think there’s a good deal of nonsense talked about butter in cookery-books; I don’t humour it half as much as they expect one to.”

“I’m sorry for your future husband.”

“So am I—but not on that ground. I suppose you mean by a poet not a real one, but a creature that can make verses. That’s so common, you know; it doesn’t tell what he’s like. What sort of man was he?”

“That’s what used to puzzle me. He was nice, you know, and rather well-looking—fresh and vigorous. He wasn’t—he was truthful, I think; but—it’s hard to express what I mean—one would say he was straight enough, but he was a little diplomatic.” (“Same man,” I thought, watching the taffy.)

“I can’t recall any instances of it,” she went on, “but I always credited him with that quality. I don’t mean insincerity, in the least—I think he was quite sincere—but I used to think, if he needed to, he could use the people around him quite dexterously. Perhaps I got that impression because he made use of me to judge his verses. That was open enough, however—though, of course, he didn’t tell me it was his fiancée they were for; I guess that.”

“What were the verses like?” I asked.

“Do you know, they were good,” Belinda said, solemnly. “Not a bit heart-y and dart-y, and quite decent metre. What *are* you grinning at?”

“That wasn’t a grin; it was a seraphic smile. I was glad you liked the verses. You’re not a physiognomist. Go on with your poet.”

“I can’t remember any of his verses,” (I was delighted to hear that) “or I’d show you. You just think I do not know good verse when I see it. There was one scrap about candle-light on a girl’s picture that was really poetical.” (I was sure now, and I felt happy, but I dissembled blackly.)

“Do you suppose the young man had ever seen a candle?” I asked.

“No, I suppose not—perhaps he bought one purposely, to see what the light was like.” (Exactly what had been done.) “For I got one myself, to see, and his description was correct. But I used to think sometimes, from his poetry, that h’d never seen a girl—though outside of that he seemed sufficiently acquainted with their ways.”

“When did all this happen, Belinda?”

“Oh, two years ago. It lasted a whole summer—just imagine the fun I had. You know my pet corner in our garden, where the rustic bench is, under the maple? I generally spend my holidays there when I don’t go away, as you know. That summer I followed my usual plan of taking a book out there, and putting it down at one end of the bench, and curling up at the other end myself, so that I could look up into the tree. My poet used to be sent out there when he came in the day-time, and he would sit down on a rug on the grass, and repeat his verses to me.”

“Did he know them by heart?” I asked.

“Why, of course. Doesn’t a poet always? Fancy Tennyson memorizing the Bugle Song! Why, I should think he’d know it the way he’d know how his hands felt when he shut them up.

You're scorching your face over that stove ; won't the taffy take care of itself for a little while ? ”

“ It might boil over,” I said. Then, after a moment's close attention to my cookery, “ But I don't imagine Milton knew Paradise Lost that way. And, besides, I gathered that your poet was not quite Tennyson.”

“ No—at least he didn't betray it, if he was. Is that done now? The nuts are ready.” I poured out the taffy, and set it outside to harden.

“ There isn't any particular end to this story,” Belinda said, when I returned. “ If I had remembered some of his verses to tell you, it would be more interesting.”

“ Thanks—but I know them. In fact, I have copies of most of them upstairs.”

“ Why—what—where did you get them? Were you the girl? No, how stupid of me ; I knew when he was married, and mother sent his bride a pie-knife, and I tried to dream on their wedding cake. *Where* did you get the verses ? ”

“ Out of my head, chiefly. Your poet used to come to our house that summer, but he never met you there, nor me at your place ; he was dexterous, as you say. He didn't come often, of course, and he didn't come because of the attraction of my youth and beauty—as you might have supposed. He came to tell me what to write about, and to get the verses when they were written. For he couldn't make verse himself at all—not even a little wee bit—and my brother had told him I could. So I did. I'm glad you thought the metre decent. Your poet was a friend of my brother's, and he, Mr. Poet I mean, would tell me something to write about, and then go off for a long walk or a row with Jack, and expect a finished lyric when he returned. Jack merely expected something to eat, which was a good deal surer to

be ready. We were staying at the Beach that summer, as you probably remember, and that made it easier, I suppose, for him to know when you would be there—though it was no distance at all for his bicycle or the street-car.”

It was not quite logical in Belinda to be surprised at the illustration of a quality she had suspected in this man.

“ The wretch ! ” she exclaimed. “ Did he need the help of two girls to make himself agreeable to a third? I might have known he couldn't write poetry, if I hadn't been so credulous. Why do we believe what we're told, Gertrude ? ”

“ Not for lack of object lessons that might teach the contrary,” I said.

“ And think of his base duplicity in getting an opinion on your verses, instead of taking them on trust ! ”

“ Oh ! that wasn't so unwise. You said he was diplomatic. But, Belinda, dear, do you suppose Mrs. Poet ever saw those gems, unless he's shown them to her since as a joke? I am not a diplomatist myself, but what intelligence I have suggests that that young man was just seeking legitimate amusement for the months his girl was away, and he didn't think either you or me sufficiently interesting to furnish it unaided by—dexterity.”

Belinda's mind gradually awakened to this view of it ; I watched the reflection of the process upon her face.

“ Do you think,” she said at last, “ that he was just seeing which of us he could get most fun out of—and enjoying it all by himself ? ”

“ Yes—exactly.”

“ And which do you suppose—” At this point I thought the neighbour's cat might be trying to steal our taffy, and went out to see. For if we had been men, and not total abstainers, I knew that I should have had to pay for things to drink.

*Katharine L. Johnston.*



## THE TUNE MCGILVRAY PLAYED.\*

*By the Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," Etc.*

MCGILVRAY has been dead for over a hundred years, but there is a parish in Quebec where his tawny-haired descendants still live. They have the same sort of freckles on their faces as had their ancestor, the bandmaster of Anstruther's regiment, and some of them have his taste for music, yet none of them speak his language or with his brogue, and the name of McGilvray has been gallicised to Magille.

In Pontiac, one of the Magilles, the fiddler of the parish, made the following verse in English as a tribute of admiration for an heroic deed of his ancestor, of which the cure of the parish, the good M. Fabre, had told him :

" Piff ! poum ! ka-zoon, ka-zoon !"  
That is the way of the organ tune—  
And the ships are safe that day !  
Piff ! poum ! kazoon, kazoon !  
And the Admiral light his pipe and say :  
" Bully for us, we are not kill !  
Who is to make the organ play ?  
Make it say zoon—kazoon ?  
You with the coronet come this way—  
You are the man, Magille !  
Piff ! poum ! kazoon, kazoon !"

Now, this is the story of McGilvray the bandmaster :

It was at the time of the taking of Quebec, the summer of 1759. The English army had lain at Montmorenci, at the Island of Orleans, and at Point Levis ; the English fleet in the basin opposite the town, since June of that great year, attacking and retreating, bombarding and besieging, to no great purpose. For within the walls of the city, and on the shore of Beauport, protected by its mud flats—a splendid moat—the French more than held their own.

In all the hot months of that summer, when parishes were ravaged with fire and sword, and the heat was an excuse for almost any lapse of virtue,

McGilvray had not been drunk once—not once. It was almost unnatural. Previous to that, McGilvray's career had been checkered. No man had received so many punishments in the whole army, none had risen so superior to them as had he, none had ever been shielded from wrath present and to come as had this bandmaster of Anstruther's regiment. He had no rivals for promotion in the regiment—perhaps that was one reason ; he had a good temper and an overwhelming spirit of fun—perhaps that was another.

He was not remarkable to the vision—scarcely more than five feet four ; with an eye like a gimlet, red hair tied in a queue, a big mouth, and a chest thrown out like the breast of a partridge—as fine a figure of a man in miniature as you should see. When intoxicated his tongue rapped out fun and fury like a triphammer. Alert-minded drunk or sober, drunk he was lightning-tongued, and he could play as well drunk as sober, too ; but more than once a sympathetic officer altered the tactics that McGilvray might not be compelled to march, and so expose his condition. Standing still he was quite fit for duty. He never got really drunk "at the top." His brain was always clear, no matter how useless were his legs.

But the wonderful thing was that for six months McGilvray's legs were as steady as his head was right. At first the regiment was unbelieving, and his resolution to drink no more was scoffed at in the non-com. mess. He stuck to it, however, and then the cause was searched for—and not found. He had not turned religious, he was not fanatical, he was of sound mind—what was it ? When the sergeant-major suggested a woman, they howled him down, for McGilvray had not made

\* Published by special arrangement.





"He crossed the river on a couple of logs."

love to women since the day of his weaning, and had drunk consistently all the time.

Yet it was a woman.

A fortnight or so after Wolfe's army and Saunders' fleet had sat down before Quebec, McGillvray, having been told by a sentry at Montmorenci where Anstruther's regiment was camped, that a French girl on the other side of the stream had kissed her hand to him and sung across in laughing insolence:

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre,"

he had forthwith set out to hail this daughter of Gaul, if perchance she might be seen again.

At more than ordinary peril he crossed the river on a couple of logs, lashed together, some distance above the spot where the picket had seen Mademoiselle. It was a moonlight night, and he might easily have been picked off by a bullet, if a wary sentry had been

alert and malicious. But the truth was that many of these pickets on both sides were in no wise unfriendly to each other, and more than once exchanged tobacco and liquor across the stream. As it chanced, however, no sentry saw McGillvray, and presently, safely landed, he made his way down the river. Even at the distance he was from the falls, the rumble of them came up the long walls of firs and maples with a strange, half-moaning sound—all else was still, most still. He came down until he was opposite the spot where his English picket was posted, and then he halted and surveyed his ground.

Nothing human in sight, no sound of life, no sign of habitation. At this moment, however, his stupidity in thus rushing into danger, the foolishness of pursuing a woman whom he had never seen, and a French woman at that, the punishment that would be meted out to him by his colonel if his adventure was discovered—all these came to him.

They stunned him for a moment, and then presently, as if in defiance of his own thoughts, he began to sing softly:

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre."

Suddenly, in one confused moment, he was seized, and a hand was clapped over his mouth. Three French soldiers had him in their grip; stalwart fellows they were, of the Regiment of Bearn. He had no strength to cope with them, he at once saw the futility of crying out, so he played the eel, and tried to slip from the grasp of his captors. But though he gave the trio an awkward five minutes he was at last entirely overcome, and was carried away in triumph through the woods. More than once they passed a sentry, and

more than once campfires round which soldiers slept or dozed. Now and again one would raise his head, and with a laugh, or a "*Sapristi!*" or a "*Sacrè blue!*" drop back into comfort again.

After about ten minutes' walk he was brought to a small wooden house, the door was thrown open, he was tossed inside, and the soldiers entered after. The room was empty save for a bench, some shelves, a table, on which a lantern burned, and a rude crucifix on the wall. Had there been nothing else there would have been the crucifix, for, before all else, the French in Canada were religious.

McGilvray sat down on the bench, and in five minutes his feet were shackled, and a chain fastened to a staple in the wall held him in secure captivity.

"How you like yourself now?" asked a huge French corporal who had learned English from a girl at St. Malo years before.

"If you'd tie a bit o' pink ribbon round my neck, I'd die wid pride," said McGilvray, spitting on the ground in defiance at the same time.

The big soldier laughed and told his comrades what the band-master had said. One of them grinned, but the other frowned sullenly, and said:

"Aves-vous tabac?"

"Havey you to-ba-co?" said the big soldier instantly—interpreting.

"Not for a Johnny Crapaud like you, and put that in your pipe and shmoke it!" said McGilvray, winking at the big fellow and spitting on the ground before the surly one, who made a motion as if he would bayonet McGilvray where he sat.

"He shall die—the cursed English soldier," said John Crapaud.

"Some other day will do," said McGilvray.

"What does he say?" asked Johnny Crapaud.



"Who made a motion as if he would bayonet McGilvray where he sat."

"He says he'll give each of us three pounds of tobacco if we let him go," answered the corporal.

McGilvray knew by the corporal's voice that he was lying, and he also knew that somehow he had made a friend.

"Y'are lyin', me darlin', me bloody beauty!" interposed McGilvray.

"If we dont take him to headquarters now he'll send across and get the tobacco," interrupted the corporal to Johnny Crapaud.

"If he doesn't get the tobacco he'll be hung for a spy," said Johnny Crapaud, turning on his heel.

"Do we all agree?" said the corporal.

The others nodded their heads, and as they went out, McGilvray said after them:

"I'll dance a jig on yer sepulchres, ye swobs!" and he spat on the ground again in defiance.

Johnny Crapaud turned to the corporal.

"I'll kill him very dead," said he "if that tobacco doesn't come. You tell him so," he added, jerking a thumb towards McGillvray. "You tell him so."

The corporal stayed when the others went out, and, in broken English, told McGillvray so.

"I'll play a hornpipe, an' his gory shroud is round him," said McGillvray.

The corporal grinned from ear to ear. "You like a chew tabac?" said he, pulling out a dirty knob of a black plug.

McGilvray had found a man after his own heart.

"Sing a song a-sixpence," said he, "what sort's that for a gintleman an' a corporal, too? Feel in me trousies pockit," said he, "which is fur me frinds foriver."

McGilvray had now hopes of getting free, but if he had not taken a fancy to "me baby corporal," as he called the Frenchman, he would have made escape or release impossible, by insulting him and everyone of them as quick as winking.

After the corporal had emptied one pocket, "Now the other, man-o-wee-wee!" said McGillvray, and presently the two were drinking what the flask from the "trousies pockit" contained, and so well did McGillvray work upon the Frenchman's bonhomie that the corporal promised him he should escape. Then he explained how McGillvray should be freed—that at midnight some one would come and release him, while he, the corporal, was with his companions, so avoiding suspicion as to his own complicity. McGillvray and the corporal were to meet again and exchange courtesies after the manner of brothers—if the fortunes of war permitted.

Then McGillvray was left alone. To while away the time he began to whistle to himself, and what with whistling, and what with winking and talking to the lantern on the table, and calling himself painful names, he endured his captivity well enough.

It was near midnight when the lock

turned in the door and presently stepped inside—a girl.

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre," said she, and nodded her head to him humorously.

By this McGillvray knew that this was the maid that had got him into all this trouble. At first he was inclined to say so, but she came nearer, and one look of her black eyes changed all that.

"You've a way wid you, me darlin'," said McGillvray, not thinking that she might understand.

"A leetla way of my own," she answered in broken English.

McGilvray started. "Where did you learn it?" he asked, for he had had two surprises that night.

"Of my mother—at St. Malo," she replied. "She was half English—of Jersey. You are a naughty boy," she added, with a little gurgle of laughter in her throat. "You are not a good soldier to go a-chase of the French girls 'cross of the river."

"Shure I am not a good soldier thin. Music's me game. An' the band of Anstruther's rigimint's mine."

"You can play tunes on a drum?" she asked, mischievously.

"There's wan I'd play to the voice av you," he said, in his softest brogue. "You'll be unloosin' me, darlin'?" he added.

She stooped to undo the shackles on his ankles. As she did so he leaned over as if to kiss her. She threw back her head in disgust.

"You have been drink," she said, and she stopped her work of freeing him.

"What'd wet your eye—no inore," he answered.

She stood up. "I will not," she said, pointing to the shackles, "if you drink some more—nevare some more—nevare!"

"Divil a drop thin, darlin', till we fly our flag yander," pointing towards where he supposed the town to be.

"Not till then?" she asked, with a merry little sneer. "Ver' well, it is comme ca!" She held out her hand. Then she burst into a soft laugh, for his hands were tied.

"Let me kiss it!" he said, bending forward.

"No, no, no," she said. "We will shake our hands after," and she stooped and took off the shackles and freed his arms.

"Now, if you like," she said, and they shook hands as McGilvray stood up and threw out his chest. But, try as he would to look important, she was still an inch taller than he.

A few moments later they were hurrying quietly through the woods, to the river. There was no speaking. There was only the escaping prisoner and the gay-hearted girl speeding along in the night, the mumb-ling of the quiet cascade in their ears, the shifting moon playing hide and seek with the clouds. They came out on the bank a distance above where McGilvray had landed, and the girl paused and spoke in a whisper.

"It is more hard now," she said. "Here is a boat, and I must paddle—you would go to splash! Sit still and be good."

She loosed the boat into the current gently, and, holding it, motioned to him to enter.

"You're goin' to row me over?" he asked, incredulously.

"'Sh! get in," she said.

"Shtrike me crazy, no!" said McGilvray. "Divil a step will I go. Let me that sowed the storm take the whirlwind"—and he threw out his chest.

"What is it you came here for?" she asked, with meaning.

"Yourself an' the mockin' bird in yer voice," he answered.

"Then that is enough," she said; "you come for me, I go for you. Get in."

A moment afterward, taking advantage of the obscured moon, they were carried out on the current diagonally down the stream, and came quickly to that point on the shore where an Eng-



"You're goin' to row me over?" he asked, incredulously.

lish picket was placed. They had scarcely touched the shore when the click of a musket was heard, and a "Qui-va-la?" came from the thicket.

McGilvray gave the pass-word, and presently he was on the bank saluting the sentry he had left three hours before.

"Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre!" said the girl again with a gay insolence, and pushed the boat out into the stream.

"A minnit! A minnit, me darlin'," said McGilvray.

"Keep your promise," came back, softly.

"Ah, come back wan minnit!"

"A flirt!" said the sentry.

"You will pay for that," said the girl to the sentry, with quick anger. "Do you love me, Irishman?" she added, to McGilvray.

"I do! Aw, wurra, wurra, I do," said McGilvray.

"Then you come and get me by ze

front door of ze city," said she, and a couple of quick strokes sent her canoe out into the dusky middle of the stream and she was soon lost to view.

"Aw, the loike o' that! Aw, the foine av her—aw, the tip-top lass o' the wide world!" said he.

"You're a fool, an' there'll be trouble from this," said the sentry.

And so there was trouble, for two hours later the sentry was found dead; picked off by a bullet from the other shore when he showed himself in the moonlight; and from that hour all friendliness between the pickets of the English and the French ceased on the Montmorenci.

But the one witness to McGilvray's adventure was dead, and that was why no man knew wherefore it was that McGilvray took an oath to drink no more till they captured Quebec.

From May to September McGilvray kept to his resolution. But for all that time he never saw "the tip-top lass o' the wide world." A time came, however, when McGilvray's last state was worse than his first, and that was the evening before the day Quebec was taken. A dozen prisoners had been captured in a sortie from the Isle of Orleans to the mouth of the St. Charles River. Among these prisoners was the grinning corporal who had captured McGilvray and then released him.

Two strange things happened. The big, grinning corporal escaped from captivity the same night, and McGilvray, as a non-com. said, "Got blind drunk."

This is one explanation of the two things. McGilvray had assisted the grinning corporal to escape. The other explanation belongs to the end of the story. In any case, McGilvray "got blind drunk," and "was going large" through the camp. The end of it was that he was arrested for assisting a prisoner to escape and for being drunk and disorderly. The band of Anstruther's regiment boarded H.M.S. *Leo-staff* without him, to proceed up the river stealthily with the rest of the fleet to Cape Rouge, from whence the last great effort of the heroic Wolfe to effect

a landing was to be made. McGilvray, still intoxicated but intelligent, watched them go in silence.

As General Wolfe was about to enter the boat which was to convey him to the flagship he saw McGilvray, who was waiting under guard to be taken to Major Hardy's post at Point Levis. The General knew him well, and looked at him half sadly, half sternly.

"I knew you were free with drink, McGilvray," he said, "but I did not think you were a traitor to your country too."

McGilvray saluted, and did not answer.

"You might have waited till after to-morrow, man," said the General, his eyes flashing. "My soldiers should have good music to-morrow."

McGilvray saluted again, but made no answer.

As if with a sudden thought the General waived off the officers and men near him and beckoned McGilvray to him.

"I can understand the drink in a bad soldier," he said, "but you helped a prisoner to escape. Come, man, we may both be dead to-morrow, and I'd like to feel that no soldier in my army is wilfully an enemy of his country."

"He did the same for me, whin I was taken prisoner, yer Excellency, an'—an', yer Excellency, 'twas a matter of a woman, too."

The General's face relaxed a little. "Tell me the whole truth," said he; and McGilvray told him all.

"Ah, yer Excellency," he burst out, at last, "I was no traitor at heart, but a fool I always was! Yer Excellency, court-martial and death's no matter to me, but I'd like to play wan toon agin, to lead the byes to-morrow! Wan toon, yer Excellency! an' I'll be dacintly shot before the day's over—ah, yer Excellency, wan toon more, and to be wid the byes followin' the General."

The General's face relaxed still more.

"I take you at your word," said he, and he gave orders that McGilvray should proceed at once aboard the flagship, from whence he should join Anstruther's regiment at Cape Rouge.

The General entered the boat, and McGilvray followed with some non-com. officers in another. It was now quite dark, and their motions, or the motions of the vessels of war, could not be seen from the French encampment or the citadel. They neared the flagship, and the General, followed by his officers, climbed up. Then the men in McGilvray's boat climbed up also, until only himself and another were left.

At that moment the General, looking down from the side of the ship, said sharply to an officer beside him :

"What's that, sir?"

He pointed to a dark object floating near the ship, from which presently came a small light with a hissing sound.

"It's a fire-organ, sir," was the reply.

A fire-organ was a raft, carrying long tubes like the pipes of an organ, and filled with explosives. They were used by the French to send among the vessels of the British fleet to disorganize and destroy them. The little light which the General saw was the burning fuse. The raft had been brought out into the current by French sailors, the fuse had been lighted, and it was headed to drift towards the British ships. The fleet was now in motion, and apart from the havoc which the bursting fire-organ might make, the light from the explosion would reveal the fact that the English men-o'-war were now moving towards Cap Rouge. This knowledge would enable Montcalm, the French general, to detect Wolfe's purpose, and he would at once move his army in that direction. The west side of the town had meagre military defenses, the great cliffs being thought impregnable. And so they were safe at one point, and at this point Wolfe had discovered a narrow path up a steep cliff.

McGilvray had seen the fire-organ at the same moment as the General. "Get up the side," he said to the remaining soldiers in his boat. The soldier began climbing, and McGilvray caught the oars and was instantly away towards the raft. The General, looking over the ship's side, understood his

daring purpose. In the shadow, they saw him near it, they saw him throw a boat-hook and catch it, and then attach a rope; they saw him sit down, and, taking the oars, laboriously row up stream toward the opposite shore, the fuse burning softly, somewhere among the great pipes of explosives. McGilvray knew that it might be impossible to reach the fuse—there was no time to spare, and he had set about to row the devilish machine out of range of the vessels which were carrying Wolfe's army to a last forlorn hope.

For minutes those on board the man-o'-war watched and listened. Presently nothing could be seen, not even the small glimmer from the burning fuse.

Then, all at once, there was a terrible report, and the organ pipes belched their hellish music upon the sea. Within the circle of light that the explosion made there was no sign of any ship; but, strangely tall in the red glare, stood McGilvray in his boat. An instant he stood so, then he fell, and presently darkness covered the scene. The furious music of death and war was over.

There was silence on the ship for a time as all watched and waited. Presently an officer said to the General :

"I'm afraid he's gone, sir."

"Send a boat to search," was the reply. "If he is dead"—the General took off his hat—"we will, please God, bury him within the French citadel tomorrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

But McGilvray was alive, and in half-an-hour he was brought aboard the flagship, safe and sober. The General praised him for his courage, and told him that the charge against him should be withdrawn.

"You've wiped all out, McGilvray," said Wolfe: "We see you are no traitor."

"Only a fool of a bandmaster who wanted wan toon more, yer Excellency," said McGilvray.

"Beware drink, beware women," answered the General.



"Hoosban'!" she exclaimed.

But advice of that sort is thrown away on such as McGillvray. The next evening after Quebec was taken and McGillvray went in at the head of his men playing "The Men of Harlech," he met in the streets the woman that had nearly been the cause of his undoing.

Indignation threw out his chest.

"It's you, thin" he said, and he tried to look scornfully at her.

"Have you keep your promise?" she said, hardly above her breath.

"What's that to you?" he asked, his eyes firing up. "I got drunk last night—after I set your husband free

—after he told me you was his wife. We're aven now, decaver! I saved him, and the devil give you joy of that salvation—and that husband, say I!"

"Hoosban'!" she exclaimed, "who was my hoosban'?"

"The big grinning corporal," he answered.

"He is shot this morning," she said, her face darkening, "and, besides, he was—nevare—my hoosban'."

"He said he was," replied McGillvray, eagerly.

"He was alway a liar," she answered.

"He decaved you too, thin?" asked McGillvray, his face growing red.

She did not answer, but all at once a change came over her, the half-mocking smile left her lips, tears suddenly ran down her cheeks, and without a word she turned and hurried into a little alley, and was lost to view, leaving McGillvray amazed and confounded.

It was days before he found her again, and three things only that they said are of any moment here.

"We'll lave the past behind us," he said—"an' the pit below for me, if I'm not a good husband t' ye!"

"You will not drink no more?" she asked, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Not till the Frenchies take Quebec again," he answered.

That evening at the citadel, McGillvray's band played:

"It was their Wedding Morning."

*Gilbert Parker.*



# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## II. FOUNDERS OF NEW FRANCE (1604-1713.)

WHEN the gay and versatile Francis the First decided, in 1540, to send another expedition from France to the New Lands discovered by Verrazano and Cartier in the course of the preceding fifteen years, he is said to have conferred upon the Sieur de Roberval the high-sounding titles of Lord of Norumbega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos. Some of these names of the sixteenth century still remain in the maps of the present day. Norumbega, however, soon disappeared with the fabulous story of a beautiful city of gold and crystal pavements somewhere on the Penobscot, though there are some students of ancient American names who still see a survival of a word, apparently of Algonquin origin, in "Loran," a corruption of the old designation of Loranbec or Noranbeque, a little harbour on the eastern shores of Cape Breton. The "Great Bay" has, for three centuries, been known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the only memorial of Baccalaos, that indefinite region, is an islet on the south-eastern coast of Newfoundland. Carpunt was the name given by Cartier to a northern harbour of Newfoundland which he entered during his first voyage of 1534, and it still clings to the little island of Quirpon.

All the countries and places of Roberval's time became eventually grouped under the general designation of New France, to indicate France's dominions

in the New World. In this extensive and indefinite territory of New France there were two historical divisions, one comprising the great country lying in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and known as Canada proper, and the other the present provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the larger part of the State of Maine.

### ORIGIN OF "ACADIE."

The Iroquois origin of the name of Canada has been already sufficiently explained in the first paper of this series, and it only remains for me to show that Acadie, or La Cadie, appears to belong to the language of the Micmac Indians, one of the tribes or nations of the Algonquin family, whose lodges extended from Cape Breton to the far west of Canada. In the early maps of Gastaldi, a distinguished Italian cartographer of the sixteenth century, we see the name of "Larcadia" spread over the country now known as the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, and other mapmakers of the same or later time frequently call it Lacadia. It may be fairly presumed, in the absence of any other plausible or intelligent explanation, that these two names are simply variations of the Micmac *Kade*, or *Akade*, meaning a place or locality, which the early Breton and other French voyagers found in use on the Atlantic coast, and which survives until the present time in the names of Shubenacadie or Segubun-Akade, or place of the ground-nut, and of Passamaquoddy or Pestumoquade, the place of the Pollock, and of many localities in Nova Scotia noted for some special natural production. The French



were in the habit of perpetuating these Indian names whenever they found them, as Canada, Saguenay and Kebec (Quebec) undoubtedly prove. We first find an official recognition of Acadie in the commission given by Henry IV. of France to the sieur de Monts, who was authorized, in 1604, to colonize La Cadie.

The seventeenth century is famous in the annals of North America as the period in which France and England became rivals for the possession of that continent. On the banks of the beautiful basin of Port Royal, now known as Annapolis Royal, by the side of the James River in Virginia, on the heights of Quebec and on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, during the first quarter of that memorable century, were planted the germs of the present Dominion of Canada and the United States of America. The ruins of a church tower, covered with ivy, and some mossy gravestones, are the only remains of the first permanent colony made by Englishmen in Virginia; but memorials

of the French occupation of Acadia can still be seen in the sleepy town of Annapolis, with its tinkling ox-teams, apple orchards and old mansions; while picturesque Quebec, with its crowning citadel and ancient walls, its sombre convents and churches, its steep, erratic streets and its French people, recall the story of the bold Frenchmen who landed there one year after the English founded Jamestown.

#### EARLY FRENCH LEADERS.

From 1604 to 1713, the date of the treaty of Utrecht—the beginning of a new epoch in England's colonial history—France laid the foundations of her ambitious colonial domain in the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi. As we now pass by railroad or steamer through that great province watered by the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, St. Maurice, Richelieu and other tributary rivers, we can still see on their banks the memorials of those men who first braved all the difficulties and perils of early colonization and made the beginning of that interesting community of people who speak the language of France and worship at the altars of Rome.

It was during these hundred years that the men most famous in the annals of New France wrote their names in imperishable letters in the narrative of discovery and exploration, as well as in the political and ecclesiastical records of the country. Towards the closing years of the French regime in North America, Duquesne, La Galissonnière, Lévis and Montcalm well represented the genius, statesmanship and courage that embellished the history of Canada; but while we pay this tribute to the men who fought for France under such enormous disadvantages during those years of trial, we find in the annals of the first cen-



FROM BONNECHOSE'S MONTCALM.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

ture of French dominion the most remarkable illustrations of the heroism of men and women and of unselfish devotion to creed and country. This century was distinguished by De Monts, Poutrincourt, Montcalm, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Père Caron, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance, Marguërite Bourgeoys, Laval, Jogues, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Frontenac, Jolliet, Marquette, La Salle, Bienville and Iberville, who will be recognized by all students of Canadian history as the leaders in the various enterprises and movements which gave France and her Church so powerful a position in America. These were the men and women who laid the foundations of New France, its towns and its settlements, devoted their

lives to the alleviation of human suffering, died for their faith and gave to France dominion in the basin of the great lakes and in the valley of the Mississippi. The story of their achievements has been often told by eloquent historians, and all that the present writer is called upon to do within the narrow limits of this paper is to recall the most memorable incidents and actors of those famous days of the French regime.

From the year of the unsuccessful expedition of Sieur de Roberval until the first decade of the seventeenth century, there is literally a blank in the history of Canada. In 1590 the Marquis de la Roche landed some convicts on the dreary sandbanks of Sable Island, where the greater number perished miserably, and whence a small remnant were brought back to France in later years. In 1600 Sieur Dupont, generally known in the annals of those days as Pontgravé, established a fur-trading station at Tadoussac, at the gloomy portals of the Saguenay, while his colleague, Samuel Champlain, of



MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.

*Foundress of the Sisters of the "Congregation de Notre-Dame."*

Brouage, most frequently called Sieur de Champlain, explored the River St. Lawrence as far as the rapids beyond Cartier's Hochelaga, and added largely to the geographical knowledge of Canada. These early explorations of the St. Lawrence valley do not, however, appear to have created a very strong impression on the minds of those who were forming designs of colonizing the New Lands now claimed by France; in fact, it was determined to establish settlements somewhere in that indefinite region, first known as La Cadie and subsequently Acadie, where the climate was believed to be milder than on the St. Lawrence.

#### FOUNDING OF PORT ROYAL.

Sieur de Monts, Sieur de Champlain and Baron de Poutrincourt were the earliest pioneers and explorers of Acadia. They were the first to recognize the beauty of the basin of Annapolis when they entered it in the month of June, 1604. Their first post was erected on a little island, now known

as Douchet Island, within the mouth of the St. Croix River, the present boundary between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick; but this spot was very soon found entirely unsuitable, and the hopes of the pioneers were immediately turned towards the beautiful basin, which was first named Port Royal by Champlain. The Baron de Poutrincourt, an enterprising and wealthy nobleman, who accompanied De Monts, obtained a grant of land around this basin, and determined to make his home in so lovely a spot. De Monts, whose charter was revoked in 1607, gave up the project of colonizing Acadia, whose history from that time is associated for years with the fortunes of the Biencourts, the family name of Baron de Poutrincourt; but the hopes of this adventurous nobleman were never realized. In 1613 an English expedition from Virginia, under the command of Capt. Samuel Argall, destroyed the struggling settlement at Fort Royal, and also prevented the establishment of a Jesuit mission on the Island of Monts-Déserts, which owes its name to Champlain, who explored the coast of New England as far as Cape Cod. Baron de Poutrincourt, a ruined man, soon afterwards met with a soldier's death, during the civil war then disturbing France. His eldest son and a few Frenchmen did not, however, leave the country, but remained in the neighbourhood of the ruins of Fort Royal, which was originally built on the Granville or the north side of the basin, about five miles from the present town. There we must leave him for the moment, while we follow the fortunes of a few courageous Frenchmen, who established themselves successfully on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

#### FOUNDING OF QUEBEC.

Champlain laid the foundations of the present city of Quebec in the month of June, 1608, or three years after the removal of the little Acadian colony from St. Croix Island to the basin of Annapolis. The name given

to Quebec is now generally admitted to be an adaptation of an Indian word, meaning a contraction of the river or strait, a distinguishing feature of the St. Lawrence at this important point. The first buildings were constructed by Champlain on a relatively level piece of ground, now occupied by a market-house and close to the famous old church erected in the days of Fröntenac, in commemoration of the victorious repulse of the New England expedition led by Phipps. For twenty-seven years Champlain struggled against constantly accumulating difficulties to establish a colony on the St. Lawrence, and when he died, on Christmas Day, in 1635, he had not only ascended the Richelieu, then called "The River of the Iroquois," as far as the lake which has ever since borne his name, but had even reached Lake Huron (which he called the fresh water sea, "Mer-Douce") by the route of the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing and French River.

He was the first Frenchman who ventured on the waters of the lake which has always borne the Iroquois name of Ontario, whose meaning in those days was "Great."\* He won the confidence and respect of the Algonquin and Huron tribes of Canada, who then lived on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, and in the vicinity of Georgian Bay. Recognizing the necessity of an alliance with the Canadian Indians who controlled all the principal avenues to the great fur-bearing regions, he led two expeditions, composed of Frenchmen, Hurons, and Algonquins, against the Iroquois or Confederacy of the Five Nations†—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas—who inhabited the fertile country stretching from the Genesee to the Hudson River in the present State of New York. Cham-

\*See Horatio Hale's "Book of Iroquois Rites," App., Note B. "Beautiful Lake," however, is the meaning which the word conveys to an Iroquois of the present day, unless he belongs to the Tuscarora tribe.

†See "Story of Canada," chap. 8, where the customs of these Indians are described. In 1715, the confederacy was joined by the Tuscaroras, a southern branch of the same family, and was then called more properly the Six Nations, though the new members had never the same right as the original tribes.

plain consequently excited against his own people the inveterate hostility of the bravest, cruelest and ablest Indians with whom Europeans have ever come in contact in America. Champlain probably had no other alternative open to him than to become the active ally of the Indians, on whose goodwill and friendship he had necessarily to rely, but it is also quite probable that he altogether underrated the ability and bravery of the Iroquois who, in later years, so often threatened the security of Canada, and more than once brought the infant colony to the very verge of ruin.

#### COMPANY OF THE HUNDRED ASSOCIATES.

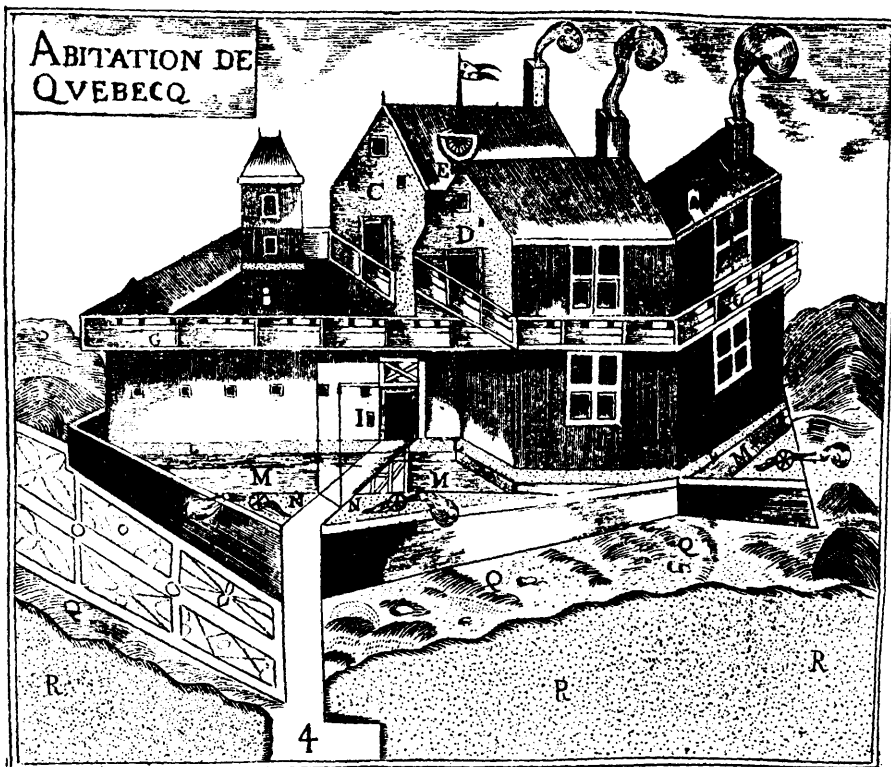
It was during Champlain's administration of affairs that the Company of the Hundred Associates was formed under the auspices of that great Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, with the express object of colonizing Canada and carrying on the fur-trade and other commercial enterprises on as large a scale as possible. The Company had ill fortune from the outset. The first expedition it sent to the St. Lawrence was captured by a fleet commanded by David Kirk, a gentleman of Derbyshire, who in the following year also took Quebec, and carried Champlain and his followers to England. The English were already attempting settlements on the shores of Massachusetts bay, and the poet and courtier, Sir William Alexander, afterwards known as the Earl of Sterling, obtained from the King of England all French Acadia, which he named Nova Scotia and offered to settlers in baronial grants. A Scotch colony was actually established at Port Royal under the auspices of Alexander, but in 1632, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, both Acadia and Canada were restored to France. Champlain returned to Quebec, but the Company of the Hundred Associates had been severely crippled by the ill luck which attended its first venture, and was able to do very little for the struggling colony during the three remaining years of Champlain's life.

#### THE JESUITS.

The Recollets or Franciscans, who had first come to the country in 1615, now disappeared, and the Jesuits assumed full control in the wide field of effort that Canada offered to the missionary. The Jesuits had, in fact, made their appearance in Canada as early as 1625, or fourteen years after two priests of their order, Enemond Massé and Pierre Biard, had gone to Acadie to labour among the Micmacs or Souriquois. During the greater part of the seventeenth century, intrepid Jesuit priests are associated with some of the most heroic incidents of Canadian history.

When Champlain died, the whole population of Canada did not exceed 150 souls, all dependent on the fur-trade. A rude fort on the heights, a few storehouses and dwellings at the river's brink, a comfortable cottage owned by the widow of Hébert, the first Canadian farmer, a stone manor house at Beauport, erected by the Seigneur Giffard, were the principal evidences of French dominion at Quebec. At Tadoussac, at Three Rivers, and on the island of Montreal there were trading-posts. Canada so far showed none of the elements of prosperity; it was not a colony of settlers but of fur-traders. Still Champlain, by his indomitable will, gave to France a footing in America which she was to retain for a century and a quarter after his death. His courage amid the great difficulties that surrounded him, his fidelity to his church and country, his ability to understand the Indian character, his pure unselfishness, are among the remarkable qualities of a man who stands foremost among the pioneers of European civilization in America. His character appears in remarkable contrast with that of Cortez and Pizarro and the other Spanish *Conquistadores* of the South. The written accounts he left behind him of his voyages and explorations, and his descriptions of Indian life, are among the most valuable records of American history.

From the day of Champlain's death until the arrival of the Marquis de



CHAMPLAIN'S BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC.

A. Storehouse. B. Dovecote. C. Workmen and Arms. D. Workmen. E. Dial. F. Forge. G. Galleries.  
 H. Champlain's Lodgings. I. Gate. L. Walk. M. Ditch. N. Platform for Cannon.  
 O. Garden. P. Kitchen. Q. Border of River. R. St. Lawrence.

Tracy, in 1665, Canada was often in a most dangerous and pitiable position. That period of thirty years was, however, also distinguished by the foundation of Montreal, and of those great religious communities which have always exercised such an important influence upon the conditions of life throughout French Canada. In 1639 the Hotel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent were established at Quebec. With the early days of the Ursuline Community are associated the names of Madame de la Peltrie, Marie de L'Incarnation, for many years the superior, and Marie de St. Bernard.

#### FOUNDING OF MONTREAL.

In 1652 Montreal was founded under the name of Ville-Marie by Paul de

Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, and a number of other religious enthusiasts. The order of Sulpicians in this way obtained a footing in Canada, and eventually became the wealthiest religious community on the St. Lawrence. The beginnings of the noble city of Montreal were made on a point of land formed by the junction of a brook with the St. Lawrence, and called Point à Callières, where the Custom House now stands. Here it was that Champlain made a clearing as early as 1611, and called it *Place Royale*. The little stream of early days now flows silently under the stone pavement, and a granite obelisk, with a suitable inscription, marks the site of the settlement of 1642. Hotel Dieu of Montreal was founded by Jeanne de Mance, with the assistance of Madame Bullion, a wealthy lady of

France. In 1653 Marguërite de Bourgeoys, a native of Troyes, established the Congrégation de Notre Dame, as an educational institution, which has its branches now in all parts of the Dominion, and gives instruction to nearly thirty thousand girls. In 1659, the Abbé de Montigny, better known to Canadians as Monsigneur de Laval, the first Roman Catholic Bishop, arrived in the colony and assumed charge of ecclesiastical affairs under the titular name of Bishop of Petróea. Probably no single man has ever exercised such powerful and lasting influence on Canadian institutions as that famous divine. Possessed of great tenacity of purpose, most ascetic in his habits, regardless of all worldly considerations, always working for the welfare and extension of his church, Bishop Laval was eminently fitted to give it that predominance in civil as well as religious affairs which it so long possessed in Canada.

While the Church of Rome was perfecting its organization throughout Ca-

nada, the Iroquois were constantly making raids upon the unprotected settlements, especially in the vicinity of Montreal. The stories of the atrocities, committed by the relentless enemies of the French, are almost without parallel in the annals of Indian warfare. The Hurons in the Georgian Bay district were eventually driven from their comfortable villages, and now the only remnants of a powerful nation are to be found in the community of mixed blood at Lorette, near Quebec, or on the banks of the Detroit River, where they are known as Wyandots. The Jesuit mission of Ste. Marie in their country was broken up, and Jean de Brebeuf and Charles Lalemant suffered torture and death. Three years before their martyrdom a priest of the same Order, Isaac Jogues, was also treacherously murdered by the Mohawks in the Iroquois country. History has not failed to do full justice to these and other heroes of an Order whose character and motives

have been so often violently assailed, even by members of their own Church.

The condition of things during these years of tribulation has been well described in the Jesuit Relations of 1660: "Everywhere we find infants to be saved for heaven, sick and dying to be baptized, adults to be instructed; but everywhere we see Iroquois. They lie in wait for us in every place, like a persecuting phantom. They murder our new-made Christians in our arms. If they meet us on the river they will kill us. If they find us in the cabins of our Indians they burn us all together."

#### ROYAL GOVERNMENT.

Such was the pitiable condition of things in 1663, when Louis XIV., then full of the arrogance of his youthful ambition, made of Canada a



FROM SULTÉ'S HISTOIRE DES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS.

PAUL CHOMEDEY DE MAISONNEUVE.

*Founder of Montreal.*

Royal Government. This was done on advice of the sagacious Colbert, who recognized the utter incapacity of the Company of the Hundred Associates to settle or protect the country and give it even a semblance of material prosperity. At this time the total population of the province did not exceed 2,500 souls, grouped chiefly in and around Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. In 1665 the Marquis of Tracy and Governor de Courcelles with

a brilliant retinue of officers and a regiment of soldiers arrived in the colony, and brought with them conditions of peace and prosperity. A small stream of immigration flowed steadily into the country for some years, as a result of the new policy adopted by the French Government. The Mohawks, the most daring and dangerous nation of

the Iroquois confederacy, were humbled by Tracy in 1667, and forced to sue for peace. Under the influence of Talon, the ablest intendant who ever administered Canadian affairs, the country enjoyed a moderate degree of prosperity, although trade continued entirely dependent on the orders and regulations of the King and his officials. The Governor, Intendant, Bishop and other members of the Superior Council governed the province by edicts and ordinances, which prevented anything like

a semblance of individual or public liberty. Government as well as trade were in fetters—in remarkable contrast with the condition of things in the English colonies on the Atlantic coast. The latter were steadily increasing in population and wealth, and were possessed of all those political and civil liberties which have been among the characteristics of English-speaking communities at all times in all parts of the world.

#### COUNT DE FRONTENAC.

During the thirty - three years that elapsed between the departure of the Viceroy Tracy and the commencement of the eighteenth century, several famous men appeared on the scene of political action and exploration in the west. Among the ablest Governors of Canada was undoubtedly Louis de la



MME. DE LA PELTRIE.  
*Foundress of the Canadian Ursulines.*

Buade, Count de Frontenac, who administered public affairs from 1672-1687 and from 1689-1698. He was certainly impatient, choleric and selfish whenever his pecuniary interests were concerned; but, despite his faults of character, he was a brave soldier, dignified and courteous on important occasions, a close student of the character of the Indians, and always ready when the necessity arose to adapt himself to their foibles and at the same time able to win their confidence. He

found Canada weak, and left it a power in the affairs of America. He infused his own never-failing confidence into the hearts of the struggling colonists on the St. Lawrence, repulsed Sir William Phipps and his New England expedition when they attacked Quebec in 1690, wisely erected a fort on Lake Ontario as a bulwark against the Iroquois, stimulated the fur-trade in the west, and gave a short lease of prosperity to what was the only important interest in Canada. The settlements of New England trembled at his name, and its annals contain many a painful story of the misery inflicted by his cruel bands of Frenchmen and Indians. It was during his regime that Pierre le Moine d'Iberville, a Canadian by birth, trained in the French navy, captured Fort Nelson, an important trading post of the English on the western shore of dreary Hudson Bay.

The first term of his administration was distinguished by quarrels between himself and Bishop Laval on questions of precedence, which showed the assumptions of the Church in the most insignificant, as well as the most important affairs of State. He disliked the Jesuits and gave them occasion more than once to injure him in the councils of the King. Canada, however, suffered sadly from the incompetence of his successors, La Barre and Denonville. From 1682 to 1689, while Frontenac was in disgrace, the Iroquois treated the Canadian Government with contempt, and in 1689 made a raid on the French village at Lachine, massacred several hundred helpless people and carried off a number of others for torture and death. This was one of the saddest incidents of



MONSIEUR DE LAVAL,  
First Roman Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Canadian history, and when Frontenac superseded Denonville he lost no time in destroying the villages and stores of the Onondagas and Oneidas. He died a few weeks later, and it was left for his successor, M. de Callières, to accept the terms of peace which the humbled Iroquois Confederation offered to the French and their Indian allies.

It was during the administration of Frontenac and Talon that Jolliet, Marquette and La Salle did such great service for France by their explorations in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. This subject is, however, too interesting and important to be treated adequately in the present paper, and I shall endeavour in another article to tell something of the achievements of the men who gave France a valid claim to the territory of a vast empire.





FROM CASGRAIN'S MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

## THE BURNING OF THE FIRST URSULINE CONVENT IN 1650.

Despite all the efforts of the French Government for some years, the total immigration from 1663 until 1713, when the great war between the Generals of Louis XIV. and Marlborough came to an end by the Treaty of Utrecht, did not exceed six thousand souls, and the whole population of the province in that year was only 20,000 souls, a small number for a century of settlement. The greater proportion were found in the present counties of Quebec, Montmorency and Portneuf, and in the district of Montreal. In 1706, when a census was taken of Canada, Quebec had a population of 1,771 persons, and the seignior of Beaupré, which had been granted by Bishop Laval to the Seminary which he had founded, had over a thousand people. In Montreal and its suburbs there were nearly 3,000 persons. For some years after the formation of the royal government, a large number of marriageable women were brought to the country under the auspices of the religious communities, and marriages and births were encouraged by exhortations and bounties. A considerable number of

the officers and soldiers of the Carignan-Salières regiment, that followed the Marquis of Tracy into Canada, were induced to remain and settle new seigniories, chiefly on the Richelieu River. Despite all the paternal efforts of the Government to stimulate the growth of a large population, the natural increase was small during the seventeenth century. The disturbing influence, no doubt, was the fur-trade, which allured so many young men into the wilderness and made them unfit for a steady life, and destroyed their domestic habits. The emigrants from France came chiefly from Anjou, Saintonge, Paris and its suburbs, Normandy, Poitou, Beauce, Perche and Picardy. The Carignan-Salières regiment brought men from all parts of the parent state. The larger proportion of the settlers were natives of the north-western provinces of France, especially from Perche and Normandy, and formed an excellent stock on which to build up a thrifty, moral people.

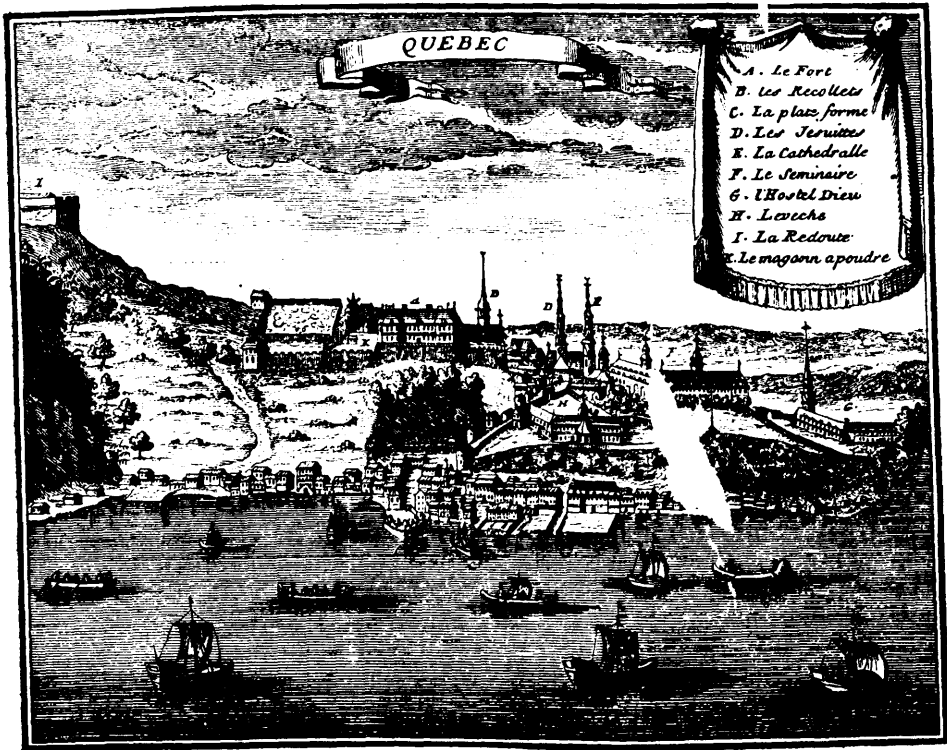
## THE SEIGNIORS.

The Seigniorial Tenure of French

Canada was an adaptation of the feudal system of France to the conditions of a new country, and was calculated in some respects to stimulate settlement. Ambitious persons of limited means were able to form a class of colonial *noblesse*. But unless the seignior cleared a certain portion of his grant within a limited time, he would forfeit it all. The conditions by which the *cessitaires* or tenants of the seigniorial domain held their grants of land were by no means burdensome, but they signified a tenure of dependency inconsistent with the free nature of American life, and in all probability it would have been wiser from the outset to have allowed every man to become the owner of his own land in fee simple, and not be subject to a feudal superior. The system was one of the legacies left to the country by Cardinal Richelieu, and it continued in operation with all its

objectionable features until the middle of the present century, when it was abolished as hostile to the material development of French Canada.

During the period of which I am writing a large portion of the best lands of French Canada were granted under this Seigniorial system to men whose names frequently occur in the records of the colony. Rimouski, Bic and Métis, Kamouraska, Nicolet, Verchères, Lotbinière, Berthier, Belœil, Rouville, Jolliet, Terrebonne, Champlain, Sillery, Beaupré, Bellechasse, Portneuf, Chambly, Sorel, Longueuil, Boucherville, Chateauguay, Lachine, are memorials of the Seigniorial grants of the seventeenth century. The same names still remain impressed on the topography of Canada at the present time. Not a few of the men who have won distinction in the annals of French Canada since the concession of repre-



FROM LE CLERCQ'S ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FAITH, VOL. II.

QUEBEC IN FRONTENAC'S TIME (1700).

sentative government, statesmen, soldiers, priests, littérateurs, journalists, can trace their origin to the French migration of 1663-1700.

#### ACADIA IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

While the Treaty of Utrecht gave peace for years to the Canadians, and allowed them to strengthen themselves in the valley of the St. Lawrence, it ceded Acadia "with its ancient boundaries" to England and weakened France on the Atlantic coast. The history of Acadia as a French possession was chiefly noted for feuds between rival chiefs, and for efforts of the people of New England to obtain control of Port Royal, which was an ever-standing menace to English colonial interests. After the destruction of the French fort by Argall, Biencourt established a post at Cape Sable, and subsequently ceded all his rights in Acadia to Charles de la Tour, who had come to the country at an early age with his father Claude, who represented himself of noble birth, though it is not now possible to verify his claims. Both, however, were men of energy and courtly manners, which enabled the father in later years to win for his wife one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Henrietta of England. He also became one of the baronets who formed an important feature of the plan devised by Sir William Alexander, afterward the Earl of Stirling, who obtained from the English king a grant of Acadia, which he named Nova Scotia. He interested the elder La Tour in his scheme, but the son remained faithful to France, and hoped to be lord of Acadia when the country was restored to France, in 1632, by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, and the Scotch settlers at Port Royal were removed by the orders of Charles the First of England. Charles de la Tour, however, was superseded by Claude De Razilly, a Knight of Malta, who established his headquarters at La Hève, a picturesque bay of the present Lunenburg County. Among those who came to the country at the same time and engaged in trading was Nicholas Denys,

who afterwards made settlements in Cape Breton and was its first Governor. When Razilly died his friend and lieutenant, Charles de Menou d'Aulnay Charnisay became his successor. Charles de la Tour, then on the St. John River, where he had built a fort, was deeply incensed at the success of his rival, who had influence at the French Court and was made the king's lieutenant in Acadia. For years a deadly feud raged between the two men, and the cautious merchants of Boston were constantly perplexed which of the two they could support with the best prospect of profit to themselves. Eventually, in 1645, Charnisay succeeded in taking possession of La Tour's fort on the St. John, though his wife defended it with great bravery. A number of the defenders were hanged, and Madame de la Tour appears to have been treated with contumely by Charnisay, and died soon after the fall of the fort. Both history and romance have made her a heroine of those early Acadian days around which much glamour has been cast in the lapse of two centuries and a half. Charnisay, who is believed to have built the fort on the point of land where Annapolis Royal now stands, had sound views of colonization and might have done much for Acadia had he not been drowned in the Annapolis River. His widow subsequently married Charles de la Tour in the vain hope of settling contested claims and saving a remnant for his children. After a checkered existence as a French colony, Port Royal was captured, in 1710, by General Nicholson, at the head of an expedition composed of the colonial militia and an English fleet. Then it received the name of Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne.

The whole population of the Acadian Peninsula at that time did not exceed 1,500 souls, and these were nearly all descendants of the people brought to the country by Poutrincourt, Razilly and Charnisay. At no time did the French Government interest itself in immigration to neglected Acadia. Of the population, in 1710-13, nearly 1,000

persons were settled in the beautiful country which the industry and ingenuity of the Acadian peasants, in the course of many years, reclaimed from the restless tides of the Bay of Fundy at Grand Pré and Minas. The remaining settlements were at Beau Bassin, Annapolis, Piziquid (now Windsor), Cobequit (now Truro), and Cape Sable. Some small settlements were also found on the banks of the St. John River and on the eastern bays of the present Province of New Brunswick. Among the names of early Acadian settlers were Robicheau, Poirier, Landry, Richard, Martin, Leblanc, Girouard, Doucet, Blanchard and Thibaudeau, whose descendants are well known in the country which their ancestors loved so well.

During the eighteenth century, when gentlemen-adventurers and a little band of pioneers were struggling to maintain French interests in Acadia, the King and his ministers only saw a befogged and sterile country, which had neither gold nor silver mines, and would never repay them for the expenses of colonization. In the course of time, as I have shown, they recognized the importance of the magnificent country watered by the St. Lawrence, and its tributary lakes and rivers; but, with an unpardonable want of foresight, they never saw, until it was too late, that the possession of Acadia with its noble Atlantic frontage was indispensable to a power which would grasp a continent and perpetuate the language and institutions of France in the western world. Had the French Government energetically supported the efforts of those enterprising and courageous men who attempted to reclaim Acadia for France and civilization, England could never have made



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHURCH OF "NOTRE DAME DE VICTOIRES," 1692-1897.

so easy a conquest of the northern half of the continent.

A small fort at Port Royal, and two or three utterly insignificant posts and settlements, for a long time gave the only evidence of the French occupation of Acadia. It was not until far into the eighteenth century that French statesmen at last awoke to the fatal blunder they had made in not having taken a stronger position on the Atlantic coast of New France, and were forced to build the formidable fortress of Louisbourg at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But then it was too late to retrieve the mistakes that had been made in the previous century when France failed to appreciate the vantage-ground she occupied in America. England recognized the

importance of Nova Scotia, and the British colonies, rapidly growing in wealth and population, could never agree to allow the French to take a firm foothold in a country occupying so important a relation to New England.

The treaty of Utrecht was the first serious check given to France in her desire to colonize North America, and the precursor of that series of victories which ended at last in the cession of Canada and the triumph of England. "At the time of the Armada," says Professor Seeley, in his thoughtful book on the expansion of England, "we saw England entering the race for the first time. . . . at Utrecht, she wins. . . . Her positive gains were

Acadia, or Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, (surrendered by France) and the Assiento Compact granted by Spain. In other words, the first step was taken towards the destruction of greater France by depriving her of one of her three settlements, Acadia, Canada and Louisiana, in North America. From that moment the rivalry in America is between France and England. The decisive event of the duel is the seven years' war and the new position given to England by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763. . . . Here is the culminating point of English power in the eighteenth century; nay, relatively, to other states England has never since been so great."

*(To be Continued.)*



### SING HEIGHO! FOR THE MISTLETOE.

Sing Heigho! for the Mistletoe  
Hangs in the hall, and over the stair,  
O'er a sweet maiden standing there.  
Sing Heigho! for she does not know.

Sing Heigho for the Mistletoe!  
Lovers are fearful of frightening  
Birds that might suddenly be a-wing.  
Sing Heigho! for he does not know.

Sing Heigho! for the Mistletoe  
Swings on still, but the bird has flown,  
Vexedly thinking "He might have known!"  
Sing Heigho! some lovers are slow.

*Florence Hamilton Randal.*



THE CHAMBER OF THE DREAM.

I did not build a lordly house  
Here in my heart, to stand through time,  
I only filled a little room  
With joyous scraps of rhyme,



SUMMER—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

And pictures that no brush could trace,  
 And music that no harp could make ;  
 I hung the walls about with joy  
 And gold for my dream's sake.

I pierced the walls with openings—  
 One for each season—windows four.  
 I wished to hold it through all time  
 So did not cut a door.

A workman from the goblin world  
 Carved me the ledges, fine and rare,  
 And bars of sunlight I had set  
 To hold my vision there.

With wonder of old tapestry  
 I hung the ceiling and the wall.  
 A clock, as every hour went past,  
 Rang a sweet madrigal



AUTUMN-- DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

That some young poet wrote, years gone,  
To some sweet lady, ages dead.  
I had mock stars on either hand  
And a gold sun overhead.

One window faced the April-time ;  
Gray poplars in a golden sheen ;  
Blue rivers breaking joyously  
Like pictures on a screen.

One window faced the beautiful  
Ripe summer over all the land ;  
The clouds that drifted on the blue  
Were white as my dream's hand.

One window faced the autumn hills  
Where maples set the world aflame.  
There the Red Hunter built his fire  
And cried his lady's name.





WINTER—DRAWN BY SIMONSKI.

One window faced a dreary place  
 Where spruce-trees crowded the low sun ;  
 Where winter set his spotless seal  
 On all that joy had done.

And thus, not in a lordly house  
 I housed the dream I had of love—  
 I kept it there between four walls  
 With a mimic sky above.

And thus live I in my small room—  
 With tricks of rhyme and my sweet dream,  
 Watching the suns of all the year  
 Across the casement gleam.

Sometime I think the walls will part  
 And some one enter—then I'll wake  
 To know the room and dream were made  
 For some real maiden's sake.

*Theodore Roberts.*

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## V.—THE FOURTH CUSTOMER AND THE CRUCIFIX.

MENTION has been made of Bolker, the misshapen imp who was Hagar's factotum and the plague of her life. With her clear brain and strong will, she could manage most people, but not this deformed street arab, whose nature seemed to be compounded of all that was worst in human beings. He lied freely, he absented himself from the shop when he had no business to do so, he even stole little things, when he thought it was safe to run the risk with so vigilant a mistress; but, notwithstanding all these vices, Hagar kept him as servant. Her reason was that he possessed three redeeming virtues: he was an excellent watch-dog, he was admirable at clinching bargains, and he was cunning enough not to lose his situation. Clever servants have been retained by mistrustful mistresses for less reasonable qualities.

When Hagar went out on business—which she frequently did—Bolker stayed to look after the shop, and to receive such customers as might present themselves. To these he gave as little as he possibly could on the articles they wished to pawn; and when Hagar returned he had usually some tales to tell of excellent business having been transacted for the good of the shop. Then Hagar would reward him with a little money, and Bolker would take unauthorised leave to misconduct him-

self generally on the proceeds. This programme never varied.

One day Hagar returned late in the evening, having been in the country on an excursion connected with a copper key. This adventure will be related another time, for the present story deals with the strange episode of the silver crucifix. It was this article which Bolker had ready to show Hagar when she entered the pawnshop at eight o'clock.

"See here, missus!" said Bolker, pointing to the wall at the back of the shop; "there's a fine thing I got for you—cheap!"

It may be here remarked that Bolker had been to school, and having a remarkably clever brain as a set-off against his deformed body, he had succeeded in gaining a certain amount of learning, and also a mode of speaking, as regards both diction and accent, much above the ordinary conversation of his class. Proud of this superiority, the clever imp spoke always slowly and to the point, so that he might preserve his refined speech.

"Dirt cheap, missus!" added Bolker, who used vulgar words when excited, and he was so now. "Ten pound I lent on it; the silver itself is worth more than that!"

"Oh, I can always trust your judgment in these matters," laughed Hagar, and took down the crucifix to examine it more particularly.

It was over a foot long, made of re-

finer silver, now somewhat tarnished from neglect and exposure to the air; and the workmanship was peculiarly fine and delicate. The figure of the Christ crowned with a thorn-wreath was exquisite; and the arms of the cross itself, enchased with arabesque patterns, were beyond all praise from an artistic point of view. Altogether, this silver crucifix, obtained by the crafty Bolker for ten pounds—a sum greatly below its real value—was a remarkably fine sample of Renaissance workmanship in the style of Cellini. Learned in such things, Hagar, even in the yellow glow of the badly-lighted lamp, saw its magnificence and worth at a glance. She patted Bolker's red head of hair with approval.

"Good little man!" said she in a pleased tone. "You always do well when I am out of the shop. There is half-a-crown. Go and enjoy yourself, but don't make yourself sick with smoking a pipe, as you did last time, my boy. But one moment," she added; "who pawned this?"

"Gemma Bardi, 167 Saffron Hill."

"An Italian woman. Like enough, as the crucifix is of the Renaissance," said Hagar, musingly. "What was she like, Bolker?"

"Oh, a fine, handsome girl," replied Bolker, leering in a man-about-town-style; "black hair and eyes the same—just like yours, missus, only I guess you're the finer woman of the two. Here—don't you box my ears," shouted the imp, wriggling out of Hagar's grip, "or I shan't tell you what I found out!"

"About this crucifix?" asked Hagar, dropping her hands.

"Yes, 'tain't a crucifix; it's a dagger."

"A dagger, you young fool! What are you talking?"

"Sense, missus—as I always do. Look here, if you don't believe me."

Bolker took the presumed crucifix in his lean, small hands, and with deft fingers he touched a concealed spring set, where the four arms of the cross joined. At once the lower and longer arm, with the silver Christ attached

thereto, slid down, and lo! the cross was changed into a slender and sharp-pointed poniard, the handle of which was formed by the upper arms and the—so to speak—haft of the cross. The symbol of Christ, of peace, of faith, had become a deadly and dangerous weapon of bloodshed. Hagar was so startled that Bolker the discoverer grinned.

"It's fine, ain't it?" he said, gloating over the shining blade. "It would stick a man like fun! I daresay it's been through lots. My eye, what larks!"

The joy of the boy was grim and unnatural that Hagar snatched the crucifix—or rather the poniard, as it was now—from his grasp, and pushed him out of the shop with the sharp command that he was to put up the shutters. When he had done so, and all was safe for the night, he went away to enjoy himself with his half-crown; while Hagar carried the newly-pawned article into the back parlour to examine it anew, as she ate her frugal supper. The crucifix, which was at once a symbol of peace and war, attracted her strangely.

Why did it possess these dual characteristics? To what end had its maker placed in the hands of priests this deadly and concealed weapon? The hands of the Christ were not attached to the cross bars; and the sheath—as it might be—of the poniard slipped easily off the blade, figure and all. Hagar wondered in her imaginative fashion if it had glimmered, a symbol of Christianity, over the dying, or had flashed cruelly into the heart of some helpless human being. From the old bookseller in Carby's Crescent she had heard some strange stories of the Italian Renaissance—that wild and contradictory time. Religion had then gone hand in hand with paganism; Savonarola had grown up beside the Medici; Popes had decreed peace, and had plunged whole nations in war; and the laugh of a friend had oftentimes been but a prelude to the death-blow. Of this many-sided, sinful epoch the crucifix dagger was a symbol; it

represented at once its art, its religion, and its lust for blood. Hagar evoked strange visions in her dingy parlour from that strange piece of silver.

Afterwards, in the imperative demands of business, Hagar forgot her dreams about the crucifix, and looked upon it as an article of value merely, pawned by its owner, and which would be redeemed in due time. A month later the ticket made out in the name of Gemma Bardi was brought to her by a man of the same nationality. This tall, slender, supple Italian, with oval olive face and fierce eyes, had come to take the crucifix out of pawn. Although he produced the ticket and offered the money, Hagar hesitated at giving the article to him.

"It was pawned by Gemma Bardi," said she, taking down the crucifix from where it hung in the obscurity.

"My wife," replied the man, briefly.

"She sent you to redeem it?"

"*Gran Dio!* Why not?" he broke out impetuously. "I am Carlino Bardi, her husband. She pawned the crucifix against my will, while I was absent in the country with my organ. Now that I have returned, I come with ticket and money to redeem it. I do not wish to lose the Crucifix of Fiesole."

"The Crucifix of Fiesole," repeated Hagar—"is that what it is called?"

"Of a surety, signorina; and it is worth much money."

"More than ten pounds, I am sure," said Hagar, smiling, as she picked up the note silently placed on the counter by Carlino. "Well, I have no right to refuse you the crucifix. You give me the ticket, principal and interest, so all is legal and shipshape. Take up your cross."

"My cross!" echoed Carlino, with a flash from his big eyes. "Gemma is my cross."

"Your wife! That is a strange way to speak of one dear to you."

"Dear to me, signorina! That may be; but she is dear also to Pietro Neri. May the pains of hell seize him!"

"Why? What has he done?"

"Run away with Gemma," said

Bardi fiercely. "Oh, she went cheerfully enough. To get the money for my dishonour she pawned the crucifix."

"Oh. So she did not send you to redeem it?"

"No," replied Carlino, with tranquil insolence. "That was a lie I told to get back my property without trouble. But now it is mine"—he clasped the silver Christ convulsively to his breast. "I shall make Gemma and Pietro pay for their evil deed!"

"You speak English well for a foreigner."

"I ought to," answered the man indifferently. "I have been ten years in England, and I have almost forgotten my Tuscan tongue. But I remember still what Tuscan husbands do to faithless women and their paramours. We kill them!"—his voice leaped an octave to a shrill scream of wrath—"we kill the man and the woman!"

Thrilled by the terrible hatred of this passionate Latin nature, Hagar started back. The man was leaning across the counter, and showed no disposition to depart; nor did she want him to leave her, for there had come upon her a desire to learn the history of the Fiesole crucifix. Bending forward, she touched it lightly with the tips of her fingers.

"How did this come into your possession?" she asked.

"I stole it from a painter in Florence."

"You stole it!" echoed Hagar, confounded by the frankness of this admission.

"Yes. I was the model of an artist—one Signor Ancillotti, who had a studio in Piazza San Spirito, hard by the Ponte Santa Trinita of the Arno. This crucifix hung in his rooms, and once, when I was posing as his model, he told me the legend which gave it the name of the Crucifix of Fiesole. It was the story which made me steal it."

"But why? What is the story?"

"A common one," said Bardi bitterly—"man's love and a woman's faithlessness to her husband. There was a silversmith in Florence what time the

Magnificent ruled, who was called Guido. He had one fair wife whom he loved very dearly. She did not care for his love, however, and fled with a young Count of good family, one Luigi da Francia. From France, you understand, for from that country the race had come to Florence in the days of the Republic. Luigi was handsome and rich; Guido, ugly and rather poor, although a clever craftsman; so you cannot wonder that the wife—Bianca was her name—fled from the one's arms to the other's palace. Guido determined upon revenge, and manufactured this crucifix."

"But I don't understand how——"  
 "No more did anyone else," said Bardi, cutting her short. "When Guido finished the crucifix he disguised himself as a priest, and went up to see Count Luigi in his palace at Fiesole. Afterwards the nobleman and Bianca were found dead with dagger thrusts in their hearts, and Guido was missing. Between the corpses lay this silver crucifix; but no one ever knew how they died."

"Why not? Guido killed them with this dagger."

"No," said Bardi, shaking his head. "Guido had no dagger with him at the time. Count Luigi was always afraid of assassination, for he had many enemies; and every visitor was searched by his retainers to see that they carried no concealed weapons. Guido, the supposed priest, was searched also, and had nothing on him but the silver crucifix. So the legend grew that whosoever had a faithless wife, the possession of the Crucifix of Fiesole would give him power to slay her and her lover, as Guido had slain his two deceivers. Therefore," added Bardi grimly, "as I had then married Gemma, and thought that some day she might be faithless, I stole the crucifix from Signor Ancillotti. It seems I was right to do so."

"A strange story," said Hagar meditatively, "and stranger still that the means by which Guido slew were not discovered long ago."

"Do you know how he killed them?"

"Certainly. By means of that crucifix."

Bardi looked at the cross eagerly, and a lurid light came into his eyes as he gazed. "How?" he questioned loudly. "Tell me, signorina."

But Hagar refused to impart that knowledge.

The story of the man deserted by his wife was so similar to that of the faithless Bianca and the forsaken Guido that Hagar dreaded lest Bardi should learn the secret of the concealed dagger and repeat the Cinque Cento tragedy of Fiesole. With this idea in her mind she wished the Italian to depart, ignorant of the devilish ingenuity of the cross. But Fate willed that in her despite Bardi should gain the evil knowledge. He learnt it forthwith from the lips of Bolker.

"Hullo!" cried that imp, as he entered the shop, to see Carlino holding the crucifix. "You have got that dagger?"

"Dagger!" said Bardi, with a start.

"Bolker, you wretched child, hold your tongue!" said Hagar vehemently.

"Why should I? My tongue's my own, and if that cove wants to know how his crucifix can be changed into a dagger, it's only fair. See here!" and before Hagar could interfere Bolker had the cross in his hands, and a finger on the spring. "You touch this, and the lower part of——"

"Ah!" cried Bardi, snatching back the cross, and examining the deadly mechanism. "I see now how Guido killed his enemies. Gemma does not know of this; Pietro is ignorant; but they shall learn—both. I—I, the betrayed husband, shall teach it to them."

"Bardi!" said Hagar, catching him by the arm, "do not take——"

"It is mine—mine!" he interrupted furiously. "I go to search for the evil ones! I go to put the Crucifix of Fiesole to the use for which it was created by Guido! Look in the papers, signorina, and sooner or later you will see again the tale of Luigi, of Bianca, of the deceived Guido?"

He tore his sleeve from her grip and rushed furiously from the shop, racing

out of the crescent into the crowded streets, wherein he was soon lost. Hagar ran to the door, but could not stop his mad career; so all she could do was to rage at Bolker, the mischief-maker, who, comprehending nothing of the Italian's excitement, was standing open-mouthed in the shop.

"You imp! You goblin!" raged Hagar, boxing his large ears. "You have put murder into that man's head!"

"Murder!" repeated Bolker, dodging her slaps—"what do you mean?"

"The man's wife has deceived him. He'll kill her with that dagger!"

"Jiminy!" said the imp, a light breaking in on his brain. "Kill her with a crucifix! What a rum murder it will be! I'll keep an eye on the papers, you bet!"

After which speech he ran out of the shop to escape further punishment, while Hagar was left to bewail the perverse fate which had sent the talkative lad to Bardi at so critical a moment. However, it was not her fault that he had gained the fatal knowledge; nor could it be laid to her charge if he did use the crucifix dagger to kill Gemma and Pietro. Salving her conscience thus, Hagar waited for the consummation of the tragedy, and daily, as advised by the Italian, she read the papers to see if it occurred. But for many weeks nothing came of her reading, and Hagar concluded that either the man had not found his wife or, having found her, had condoned her offence against his honour. Which conclusion showed how little Hagar knew of the fierce and passionate Tuscan nature.

In the meantime Bardi, his heart filled with vengeful hatred, was tracking his runaway wife and her lover with dogged persistence. The cost of his travels was little, as his profession was that of an organ-grinder, and with his box of music he could earn his livelihood on the road. Whither they had gone he did not learn for a long time; but at length he ascertained definitely that the pair were in the southern counties of England. Pietro was an organ-man also; and with Gemma

he was now no doubt tramping from village to village, earning a pittance. The ten pounds obtained for the crucifix would not last for ever, and then the pair would be reduced to the organ to gain a livelihood. Bardi cursed both, as he thought of them living together; and felt that the silver cross was safe in his breast when he started on their trail. With that infernal weapon of Guido's he intended to kill those who had deceived him, and repeat in the nineteenth century the wild tragedy of Fiesole.

For some weeks he saw nothing of the couple, but from sundry sources he discovered their whereabouts. Yet as soon as he arrived in some town or village where he had been advised of their presence, he would learn that they had departed in some unknown direction. Whether they knew or did not know that he was tracking them, Bardi could not say; but certainly many times when just within his reach they would elude him in the most exasperating fashion. Anyone less bent upon revenge would have given up the task; but, sustained by undying hatred, Carlino followed the weary trail with the persistence of a bloodhound. As soon might the twain expect to escape death as to escape from the betrayed husband, the deceived friend.

It was at Daleminster that he found them, and revenged himself on the infidelity of the one, the treason of the other. Daleminster is a quiet and desolate cathedral town, very quaint, very beautiful, set in the very heart of Midland cornfields, and made up of ancient red-roofed houses, which cluster round the great minster of Saint Wulf's. There it rises, a poem in stone, with its mighty central tower soaring into the misty blue of English skies; and its magnificent facade carved with saints and angels and grotesque faces of peering devils—a strange medley of Heaven and hell. Before it extends a little square, in the centre of which rises an ancient cross sculptured with religious imagery. It was near this relic of mediæval piety that Carlino saw his wife.

The day was dull and rainy—April weather, of storm, with occasional bursts of sunshine. In that desolate and forsaken square, where the grass sprang greenly betwixt worn stones, Gemma, in the gay colours of her Neapolitan garb, stood grinding Italian melodies out of the organ. Pietro was not with her, and Carlino wondered for a moment if he had deserted her now that the moneys obtained for the silver crucifix were expended. The woman appeared sad and lamentable enough as she looked to right and left in the hope of gaining stray coppers. The melancholy music of "Ah, che la morte" was sighing forth in the damp air, when her wandering gaze alighted suddenly on the man she had betrayed. With folded arms Bardi looked at her as the music faltered and stopped: but for the time being he said nothing. Nor did the woman; she was as petrified as any of the grim and saintly statues which looked down upon them both.

"Where is he?" demanded Bardi in the Italian tongue.

Gemma put her hand to the necklace of blue beads dangling from her brown throat, and strove to speak. Her face was set and white, her lips were dry with fear, and she could only stare at Carlino with terrified eyes. The man came a step nearer and laid a persuasive hand on her white linen sleeve. She shuddered and drew away.

"Where is your lover?" demanded Bardi in silky tones. "Has he left you?"

"No," she replied hoarsely, finding her voice at last. "He is ill."

"Here—in this town?"

"Yes. He caught cold; it settled on his lungs; he is very ill."

Gemma uttered these staccato sentences in a mechanical manner, as though compelled to do so against her will, under the mesmeric gaze of the man. The unexpected appearance of Bardi stunned and appalled her; she could not think what to do; her brain refused to act. At length a request made by Carlino released her from the mesmeric spell which enchanted and froze her.

"Lead me to him," said he in a quiet way. "I wish to see him."

Gemma felt the blood rush from her heart to her face, and sprang back with a loud cry, which echoed through the lonely square and down the desolate streets.

"No, no, no!" she cried vehemently. "You will kill him!"

"Why? I have not killed you, and you are the guiltier of the two. Pietro was my very good friend until you tempted him with your beauty. Kill Pietro!"—the man laughed in a jeering manner—"woman, I have let you live."

"Oh, I hate you! I hate you!" said Gemma, drawing her black brows together, and sending a flash at him from her sombre eyes. "I love Pietro!"

"I know you do. So much that you left me for him, and pawned the silver Christ of Fiesole to pay for the journey."

"I left the pawn-ticket behind," she muttered sullenly.

"I know it. Here is the crucifix!" and with that Bardi drew it from his bosom to hold it before her eyes. She shrank back before the symbol of faith, and uttered a low cry, at which her husband jeered.

"Dio!" said he scoffingly. "You have religion still, I see; yet I thought you would have finished with such things when you were base enough to leave me. Why did you sell the crucifix and fly, Gemma? Did I beat you, or starve you?"

"You would not let me have money!" cried Gemma, dashing the tears from her eyes; "whenever I wanted a ribbon or a silver brooch you refused to give me a single *soldo*."

"And why?" was the swift answer. "Because I was saving all, that we could go back to Italy and buy a little vineyard near my own village—near Lastra-a-Signa. There is one I know of at Mosciano, which my father wrote about, and told me was for sale at a small price. I have the money now, and I intended to tell you of it; but I came back to find that you had fled with that infamous Pietro."

Gemma sobbed. Like most women, she had a practical side to her character, and the vineyard would have been a little heaven to her, setting aside the joy of returning to Signa. She would not have fled had she known of these plans, as she had not loved Pietro overmuch. Besides, he beat her now that the money was gone; and they earned very little by the organ. It was horrible to think that she had lost all for a few months of illicit love.

"O, Carlino, forgive me!" she moaned, stretching out her arms.

"Lead me to Pietro and I shall see," he replied, and took her organ—or rather Pietro's—on his strong shoulders.

Without a word, Gemma led the way out of the square, down tortuous streets into a poor part of the town. She was afraid of Carlino, and could not quite understand what he intended to do to Pietro. Probably he would kill him; and then he would be arrested and hanged. But then the money would come to her, and she would have all the vineyard to herself. Again, Carlino might forgive Pietro, and take her back. Gemma was a clever woman, and trusted to extricate herself out of all difficulties by her wiles. Still, she knew Carlino's violent temper, and she dreaded the worst. At the door of the poor house, where she lived with her lover, she stopped and faced Bardi with a resolute air.

"Pietro is within," she said hurriedly, "ill in bed; but I shan't take you to him unless you swear that you intend him no harm."

"I swear by this crucifix!" said Bardi, thinking of it as a dagger and not as a cross.

"Have you a knife on you?" demanded Gemma, still doubtful.

"No," smiled Bardi, thinking how the old Fiesole tragedy was repeating itself. "I have nothing with me but this crucifix." Then, as she still seemed dubious, he added: "You can see for yourself, if you like."

Not knowing what to make of this smiling complacency, so different to his usual stern demeanour, Gemma

passed her hands through his clothes to feel if he had any weapon concealed therein. Her fears were groundless. Bardi wore little clothing, and she assured herself beyond all doubt that he was unarmed; he had nothing wherewith to kill Pietro. Certainly he might strangle him with his bare hands; but that was not the Tuscan fashion of disposing of a rival. Perhaps after all, he meant to forgive Pietro.

"You see," said Carlino, when her arms dropped, "I am unarmed; I have nothing with me save this silver crucifix. As Pietro is so ill he may like to pray to it." His look as he said this was hardly pleasant, and a glimpse of it might have put the woman on her guard; but it was lost on her, as already she had turned her back and was climbing the crazy stairs. Bardi followed her, carrying the organ on his broad back, and holding in his two hands the silver crucifix, like some priest bearing the Host to the dying. Gemma conducted him into a bare garret on the topmost story. Here Carlino put down the organ and looked around.

In a corner near the window Pietro, wild-looking, with his unshaven beard of a week's growth, lay on a pile of straw roughly covered with some pieces of coarse sacking. He was emaciated and haggard about the face, and his skin was flushed red with the burning of the fever which consumed him. At times a dry, hacking cough would echo through the bleak room, and the man would fall back on the poor bed in a paroxysm of pain. Clearly he was very ill, as Gemma had said, and not long for this world; but the knowledge that he was dying did not move Carlino's determination. He had come hither to slay Pietro with the crucifix, and he was bent upon executing his purpose.

"Carlino!" cried the sick man, raising himself on one elbow with a look of mingled terror and surprise. "You here?"

"Yes," said Gemma, moving towards her lover; "he has come to forgive you and take me back."



"That is so," answered Bardi, raising the crucifix aloft. "I swear by this cross. Dear Pietro," he added, moving towards the bed, "I know you were tempted and——"

"Keep off! Keep off!" screamed Neri, shrinking back. "Liar! you have come to kill me. I see it in your eyes!"

"No, no," said Gemma soothingly; "he has no weapon."

"None, my wife!" echoed Bardi, touching the spring of the cross—"only this dagger!" and Gemma saw the silver Christ fall on the floor, while the cross which had borne Him remained, a poniard, in the right hand of her deceived husband. With a cry of horror, she flung herself on the sick man.

"Me first! Me first!"

"No!" "You later!" cried Bardi, dragging her off. "This for——"

"Carlino!" shrieked Neri, as the dagger flashed downward—"for the love of——" The rest of the cry ended in a gurgle, as a stream of blood burst from his breast and stained the bed-clothes.

"Murderer! Assassin!" gasped Gemma, scrambling on her hands and knees towards the door. "I shall——"

"Die!" snarled Bardi. "Die!"

When it was all over, he stood looking at the two dead bodies, and began to think of his own safety. His plan was soon made.

"I shall wound myself, and say that there was a struggle," he muttered; "that they tried to kill me, and I struck in self-defence. One little wound will be evidence enough to save my life."

He placed the dagger at his throat, and, setting his teeth with stern determination, he inflicted upon himself a slight gash. Then he rent his clothes, as evidence of the clutching of hands, and thrust the stained dagger into the grip of the dead woman.

"She tried to kill me because I slew Pietro in self-defence," he said, rehearsing the story to himself; "so now I—ah! *Diò!* What is this?"

A cold feeling, as of iced water, was creeping through his veins, a film of

grey mist swam before his eyes, and in his throat, where he had inflicted that lying wound, there rose a ball which choked him. He staggered and fell on his knees and hands, striking the silver image of the Christ across the room. The walls spun round and round, his eyes grew dark, and with a sob of agony he pitched forward on to the bodies of his victims—dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

One week later Hagar was rewarded for her searching by reading the conclusion of the tragedy of the Fiesole Crucifix. The journal explained the finding of the three dead bodies, and commented upon the deadly ingenuity of the weapon used, which was at once a dagger and a crucifix. It added that one of the men and the woman had been struck to the heart, and so had died, but mentioned that the third corpse had a slight wound only, inflicted on the neck. "Quite insufficient to cause death," said the sapient; "therefore, how the other man died—his name has been ascertained to be Carlino Bardi—is a mystery."

It might have been to the Press; but Hagar was better informed. A short time previously, Belker had confessed that when he discovered the secret of the crucifix a thin piece of paper had been wrapped round the blade of the poniard. This he had kept, not that it was of value, or that he had any reason to withhold it from his mistress, but simply out of a thievish magpie propensity which was inherent in his nature. Finding it one day in his pocket—for he had forgotten all about it—he gave it to Hagar. As it was written in Italian, and she was ignorant of the language, Hagar took it to the old bookseller, of whom mention has been made, to have it translated. This was done by a customer of his, and the following translation was handed to Hagar the next day:

"I, Guido, of Florence, have manufactured this dagger hidden in this silver crucifix, to slay Count Louis from France and my faithless wife Bianca, who with him has deceived

me. As I may not be able to strike them to the heart, I have anointed this blade with a deadly poison, so that the slightest scratch of the poniard causes death. I write this warning and place it within the crucifix, so that he who finds it may beware of touching the point; and that he may use it upon a faithless wife, and her paramour, as it is my intention to do.—Signed at Florence in Tuscany,

“Guido.”

Hagar looked at this paper, after reading the report of the tragedy, and mused. “So,” said she to herself, “Carlino killed his wife and her lover; but how did it come about that he was wounded, and died of the poison?”

There was no answer to this question, for Hagar never learnt that Bardi had inflicted the wound on himself to save his life, thereby slaying himself as surely as the law would have done.

(To be Continued.)



## THE UNREMEMBERED HARVESTER.

AMONG earth's brown-armed reapers came  
One whom those toilers held in shame.

All harvest-time, with idle hands,  
He watched them reap their burdened lands.

They knew him not, though he, 'twas said,  
Strange writings in the grass-blades read;

And resting weary scythe and rake,  
They one unto the other spake:

“We till the soil, and sow our wheat,  
That they who hunger here may eat;

“Yet this man's only harvest seems  
To be, not bread, but idle dreams.

“His childish flowers he carries home,  
While we, whose sweat makes rich the loam,  
Earn here such gleanings as be ours;  
But he—he seeks for simple flowers!

“Let them who mock God's seasons thus  
Ask neither roof nor bread of us!”

So they, when all their day was done,  
Turned homeward toward the setting sun:

And down the fields of sleeping grain  
Sang o'er their harvest-songs again;

Re-telling how God's reapers fed  
 The world, since man must live by bread ;  
 While mourned far down the murmurous bush  
 One hermit-hearted hermit-thrush.

And unto him they held in shame,  
 Their song, but not their gladness, came.

For though he flung abroad his grain  
 To him it came not back again.

Though he his goodly store had sown,  
 'Twas not for him to reap his own ;  
 Since he it was who would have fed  
 The world with song, as they with bread.

He wrought in his enchanted rhyme  
 The gladness of their harvest-time.

Their joy and sadness, hope and grief,  
 In song he garnered, sheaf by sheaf.

Yet while he sang so well to rest  
 Their weary hearts, in his own breast  
 He nursed the sorrows they had known,  
 And wept their tears, and not his own.

And in the night he fared abroad  
 As their interpreter to God.

For when at times strange smouldering fires,  
 When old unquenchable desires  
 In their distracted hearts grew strong,  
 'Twas he who solaced them with song.

But they saw not, and at his feet  
 They flung a crust—since man must eat.

And he, though they had even thrown  
 Him all the grain the world had grown,  
 He knew too well of old 'twas said  
 No man shall live by only bread.

For they, he knew, with all their lands,  
 Held, oh ! so little in their hands.

—So little and so much, this grain  
 Men gleaned and sowed and reaped again,  
 With still one old strange hunger they,  
 For all their loaves, could not allay.

But he, from God's own board had caught  
 Those precious crumbs men gathered not,

*And he, since they had only wheat,  
 Laid bare his heart, and they did eat.*

*Arthur J. Stranger.*

## A MEMOIR OF TENNYSON.\*

*A Review by the Principal of Upper Canada College.*

THERE is a curiosity about the personality of a great man, and especially of a great writer, which is justifiable and far from vulgar; a curiosity to know how far his life and environment have influenced his work; how far his thoughts are interpreted by his surroundings; how far his own daily life corresponds with his noble ideals of life. There is no impertinence in this. It may well be, and often is, a sincere craving for more complete understanding; a wish to come more closely and clearly in touch with a mind which has powerfully influenced us for good, and with which we may hope to grow into more complete sympathy through every bit of added human interest.

It is with this kind of legitimate curiosity that thousands will turn to read the lately published life of Tennyson. That the biography of such a man should be written by somebody was a foregone conclusion.

Alfred Tennyson made a profound impression upon the mind and sentiment of his generation. As a comparatively young man he gained the ear of English-speaking people, and he never lost his hold upon his countrymen and the people of his race until the very end of his long life. It seems more than probable that this hold will strengthen as time goes on. He takes rank among the very greatest in our long roll of English poets, beside Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Wordsworth.

The judgment which places him above all except Shakespeare is certainly premature, and probably mistaken, being based on artistic rather than general considerations. But much of what he has sung has sunk into the very fibre of our race; it lives in our hearts for light, aid and inspira-

tion; it is embalmed in our language, not merely in the grace of perfect speech, but also with the power of ennobling thought. Hundreds of his lines are now among the common-places of personal and national use.

The romance of love and youth—the strong passions of manhood, with its reforming energy, its public zeal, its fervor of patriotism—the romantic memory of a chivalrous past, and the yearning dreams of a golden future for mankind—the mysteries of faith and doubt—the infinite pathos of loss and death—all these and more of the deepest chords of our human life he touched with the hand of a master, and made us nobler and better for the touch.

One who had so influenced the mind of his time, and filled so large a place in the public imagination, could not pass away without a general and reasonable desire to get all legitimate information about the processes of development by which he had become the foremost poet of his age. His was a biography which must needs be written. But by whom?

Under any circumstances, to write the life of a man like Tennyson would be a delicate task. If ever a life demanded reserved and measured treatment, it was his. It is well known that every instinct of the poet's own soul revolted against the curiosity which stands ready and willing to dissect the mind and spirit of a man as soon as the life has left his body. He had an almost morbid dread of the biographer and his ways. It was probably observation of the memoirs of the last twenty-five years which produced this feeling. Among his friends were the most distinguished literary men of his time, and no doubt there were among them those who would gladly

\*Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by his Son.

have undertaken the task of dealing with his life. But he seems to have felt that love and tenderness and a delicate sense of reserve might easily count for more than literary genius in writing a biography. Froude's treatment of the Carlyle papers, no doubt, burned this feeling into his mind. So it was by the poet's own choice that his son has become his biographer. It was a somewhat dangerous experiment. Other sons have attempted a like task with a result not altogether satisfactory. The life of Bishop Wilberforce was calculated to make distinguished fathers somewhat afraid of their able sons.

In the present instance, the general opinion will, I think, ratify the poet's selection, now that the result can be read and studied. A difficult task has been performed with simple and unaffected loyalty, with unflinching dignity, and with a skill which is the more striking because producing its results by extremely simple and natural processes. Within the limits of reserve which he has fixed for himself, the son allows us to enter with singular freedom into the inner workings of his great father's mind; he has thrown a thousand side-lights upon the genesis of his work and the processes by which it was brought to perfection; he has made us intimate with the surroundings which suggested his poems and influenced his daily thought. He has not hesitated to give us a good deal of verse to which the poet's stern self-criticism refused publication. We are thus able to examine, as it were, the unfinished and tentative blocks in a great sculptor's studio; we study the pen-and-ink sketches which a Raffaele prepares as materials for his great cartoons. The result is a work which must henceforth be constantly consulted by all students of Tennyson, and which will undoubtedly increase the respect and admiration with which the poet has long been regarded.

The book is as much to be commended for what it leaves unsaid as for what it says. Tennyson himself was a reserved, not to say a shy, man. He had

no taste for publicity; with the warmest love for his kind, he yet preferred to live his own life, choose his own companions and be free as far as possible from the curiosity of the vulgar. His son has, with great tact, steered a middle course between his father's prejudices and the legitimate desire of the public to know personal details about its heroes and favourites.

Never, perhaps, was a poet's life more rounded or more thoroughly worked out to an ideal harmony of completeness. As with genius in almost every age, he had a struggling and anxious youth; but it was a youth dignified by contact with much that was most striking and stimulating in the English university life of his time, and cheered and assisted by friendships with minds of the purest and highest type. The pathetic interest which attaches to the memory of Arthur Hallam is made more pathetic by finding, as we do here, how thoroughly he reciprocated the affection and admiration of the friend who was so devoted to him, and who embalmed his name in deathless verse. Even as far back as 1829, when Tennyson was yet at Cambridge and only twenty years old, Hallam writes to Mr. Gladstone: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." And Hallam's friendship and appreciation were but types of feelings entertained by others. An early manhood of rich promise was combined with resolute purpose and unflagging industry. Very striking, in its warning to self-confident genius, is the poet's emendation of Horace's well-known and oft-quoted line—*poeta nascitur, non fit*. *Poeta nascitur et fit* is his adapted reading, and he adds: "I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist." His middle age was crowned with popularity, but this never disturbed the serenity of his soul, or made the man waver from his high ideals. His old age was replete with public honour and private affection, and displayed a spiritual energy unbroken to the end, so that the very last notes of

the singer's lyre were as strong and true as any; their depth of solemn music in "Crossing the Bar," written at the age of eighty-one, thrilling the hearts of men as perhaps nothing of the earlier days had done.

Singleness of purpose is the feature of the poet's character which strikes us most in reading these volumes. "To ennoble the life of the world" by his art was his aspiration, and to do this he shrank from no toil of preparation or patience of pursuit. Students of his work will turn once more and many times with fresh interest to read "Merlin and the Gleam" under the new light which is thrown upon it by this biography. We are told that the poet intended it to be a condensed, and as he himself thought, a sufficiently complete outline of his poetical career. The "Gleam" he followed was the spirit of poetic inspiration, which he had felt from childhood, which had guided and cheered him through days of doubt and disparagement, and kept him, even to old age, loyal to the divine vision and true to the vocation of his life.

"Great the Master,  
And sweet the Magic,  
When over the valley,  
In early summers,  
Over the mountain,  
On human faces,  
And all around me  
Moving to melody,  
Floated the Gleam."

Then came harsh and unkindly criticism :

"The light retreated,  
The landskip darken'd,  
The melody deaden'd,  
The Master whisper'd  
'Follow the Gleam.'"

And again when Arthur Hallam died :

"Clouds and darkness  
Closed upon Camelot ;  
Arthur had vanish'd  
I knew not whither,  
The king who loved me,  
And cannot die."

But through all the pain of wounded pride and the sorrow which comes of irreparable loss he was able to hold steadily on till in old age the verse

swells into something like a pæan of victory :

"I can no longer,  
But die rejoicing,  
For thro' the Magic  
Of Him the Mighty,  
Who taught me in childhood,  
There on the border  
Of boundless Ocean,  
And all but in Heaven  
Hovers the Gleam."

But Tennyson's cultivation of the poetic art was no mere matter of enthusiasm—nor yet reliance upon native genius. He laid the foundations of his verse in wide study of books and nature. History, Chemistry, Botany, Electricity, Animal Physiology, Mechanics, Theology, German, Italian, Greek; such is the list of subjects of weekly study which he sketched out for himself and pursued when, after College days, he settled down to the task of training himself for his life work.

To this was added observation of nature in its most minute particulars. It need scarcely be pointed out how his verse everywhere reflects these two sides of his mental discipline. Breadth of knowledge and keenness of observation are joined to consummate mastery of his art in all his best work.

The Queen selected him as Poet Laureate in 1850, and for 42 years he continued to do work which justified the choice. He lived to show that he was the Poet Laureate of the nation, not merely by the choice and appointment of his Sovereign, but by the divine right of genius, and with the well-nigh universal suffrage of his countrymen. In his hands the office came to mean much more than lending the grace of finished verse to courtly functions. He entered into the spirit of the national life, and more than once at critical moments interpreted it to the nation itself and to its rulers with a telling force which had a distinct influence on practical politics. He was an Imperialist in the broader and nobler sense of the word, not merely because of his official position or as a matter of sentiment, but as the outcome of the deepest political conviction.

None should know better than Canadians the value and influence of his thought on Imperial questions, and they will find their knowledge enlarged by many passages scattered throughout these volumes.

A note in Lady Tennyson's journal under the date of Dec. 25th, 1872, says: "Alfred burnt with indignation and shame at one eminent statesman saying to him, 'Would to God Canada would go.'" But in 1872 this was the talk not of one statesman merely, but of many. There is little doubt that the *Times* thought it was registering public opinion when it published an article endorsing this view. So widely had the national heresy spread.

Canadians of forty or fifty years of age need not be told, though younger ones may well be reminded, that it was in the heat of his indignation against weak-kneed statesmen and journalists alike that he wrote the lines, now become historic, in which he spoke of Canada as ;

"That true North, whereof we lately heard,  
A strain to shame us . . . ."

The feeling which his lines evoked at the time throughout the Dominion was as spontaneous as it was decisive. Lord Dufferin did not use any exaggeration when he wrote a letter printed in this biography :

"Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart ; they have been published in every newspaper, and have been effectual to heal the wounds occasioned by the senseless language of the *Times*."

It is interesting to find that when Sir John Seeley's epoch-marking book, "The Expansion of England," appeared, Tennyson himself sent a copy to Mr. Gladstone, and to note that Mr. Gladstone after reading it writes to say that "A Professor gets upon rather slippery ground when he undertakes to deal with politics more practical than historical." Those of us who have watched the drift of events in these late years will not have much trouble in deciding whether Sir John Seeley, the historical professor, or Mr. Gladstone, the practical politician, took the wider,

clearer, and truer view of the national position.

The clear voice which turned the tide of battle for national unity and national strength in 1872, never thereafter failed to strike the same strong note when statesmen hesitated or public opinion required a spur. We have here given in prose the genesis of one of his most vigorous poems on England's fleet. He said :

"The democracy does not appreciate that our trade depends upon the strength of our fleet, and on our having docks and coaling stations in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. England would not, as in old days, be able to depend upon her vast resources, since there could not be a continual struggle. There would be but a short preparation for a naval war now, and one naval defeat for us would mean that we should sink at once into a third-rate power. *The fleet of England is her all in all.*"

Parliamentary estimates are very practical things, and might seem to be beyond the reach of poetry, but there is no doubt that Tennyson's verse more than once played its part in influencing the vote on the naval estimates.

So also in his poem "Form, Form, Riflemen Form," he favoured a strengthened military arm for Britain as warmly as he supported a strong navy, simply because he believed that a great nation must accept the conditions of its own greatness.

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,  
We founded many a mighty state ;  
Pray God our greatness may not fail  
Thro' craven fears of being great."

The idea of a British Empire welded together by the strongest possible bond of political union appealed to him from the first.

"Shall we not through good and ill  
Cleave to one another still?  
Britain's myriad voices call  
Sons, be welded each and all  
Into one Imperial whole,  
One with Britain, heart and soul!  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!  
Britons, hold your own !

The poet's verse on great national questions has long furnished texts to those who, enforcing the general principle of a united Empire by practical arguments, have during the last few

years shifted the current of popular thought in regard to the future of the nation. When the practical builders of Empire have completed their task, they will be forced to admit that the cement which gives their work stability has come in no small measure from the men of imagination.

Tennyson's life furnishes striking proof of the large place which the poet fills in the world. "The future of poetry is immense," Matthew Arnold remarks in one of his critical essays. This is true simply because the wells of human passion are inexhaustible—because the heights of human thought and aspiration rise higher and higher before us as we climb. New facts, new achievements must have new interpreters, and, doubtless, the concentrated and accumulative energy of modern life will not fail from time to time to find adequate expression. What new hand at any given time will seize the torch as it falls from the hand that fails we know not. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Happy the race which breeds the poet seers who like Tennyson can truly unfold to it "The meaning of the riddle of its might." There is no reason to despair, even though the master who has so long been the nation's mouthpiece has passed away.

We have witnessed this year a national celebration more comprehensive and magnificent than anything of the kind known to history. All that wealth, imperial power, world-wide organization of naval and military force, spontaneous and unpurchased loyalty could do to make the demonstration one of unparalleled splendour was done. But when it was all over, while its echoes were yet scarce died away, the voice of a clear singer, coming with its magic of a few simple notes, at once lifted the national thought to a level infinitely higher than it had reached before amid all the pomp of imposing ceremonial. What another has this year done for us in keeping the heart of the nation high and true, Tennyson did time and again for more than forty years. No reverence or re-

ward that a people can give to men who do such work is too great.

Admiration and regard he had in full measure from all that was best of his generation. Very touching are the notes of sympathy and affection which passed between him and his brother poet, Robert Browning, messages entirely void of all touch of rivalry. Jowett writes to Lady Tennyson at a time when her husband was dangerously ill :

"I would have him think sometimes that no one has done more for mankind in our own time, having found expression for their noblest thoughts, and having never written a line that he would wish to blot; and that this benefit, which he has conferred on the English language and people, will be an everlasting possession to them, as great as any poet has ever given to any nation, and that those who have been his friends will always think of him with love and admiration, and speak to others of the honour of having known him."

Nor was it from thinkers alone that he gained the recognition of friendship and affection.

The letters which passed between the Queen and the poet will be read with keen interest, and they certainly throw a pleasant light upon the characters of both. A subject who can after a visit write to his Sovereign that "during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together, whether they be kings or cobblers," and the Sovereign who could show that she heartily reciprocates the feeling are in an attitude of mind equally honourable to both. It is evident that they discussed public as well as personal questions with the greatest frankness. The fact that the Queen has consented that these letters should be published is of itself an interesting illustration of her character and of her relation to her people. She is evidently neither afraid nor unwilling, strictly constitutional as are all her public acts, that her subjects should know that she had decisive opinions on the men around her and their policies. The worshippers of Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, not be pleased to find that neither the feeling of a Queen, who must needs hold the



balance between parties, nor the gratitude of one who received a peerage from his hands, was considered a bar to expressing the most complete opposition to some sides of his public life.

Of the Poet's literary dealings—of the revenues brought in by his copyrights, or the prices paid him by enterprising magazine editors, nothing is said here, and so we escape gossip which often forms a considerable part of many an author's biography, and with which paragraph writers were busy when Tennyson was alive. Yet what we learn only from inference so far as these volumes is concerned is worth noting: that even from a financial point of view the Poet's career was manifestly a success. For ten years lack of means prevented him from marrying the woman he loved. In 1850, the year when he became Poet Laureate, he writes to his friend Rawn-sley of the first birth in his family, "I expect an heir to nothing about next March or April." In 1883 he was able to accept a Peerage without too great anxiety in regard to the expense to himself or his children of maintaining the position and title. Such an experience proves that even in these

days, when the judgments of publishers and the taste of the reading public are often so severely criticized, it pays to write what is pure and noble and finished; that a man need not go down to the lower levels of thought to gain such an audience as will give him sufficient material return for his work; that he may be true to the best which is in him, and yet make himself valuable to publishers; that the patronage of the public extended to poetic genius in our own day is at least as remunerative as the patronage of a Maecenas in the days of Virgil.

Altogether these deeply interesting volumes leave upon the mind the impression of a singularly noble and happy life—noble in its conceptions of duty, happy in its friendships and in its completed work. They will be criticized and discussed from many points of view. Great minds move in great circles, and Tennyson's verse in its wide sweep touched upon a vast range of human interest. The points I have been able to dwell upon here are necessarily few, but they are such as have for various reasons particularly impressed me.

George R. Parkin.



#### LA VIE EST VAINE.

*An adaptation of the well-known French lines, "Peu de Chose."*

Ah! Life is vain:  
 A little play,  
 A little pain,  
 And then—good day!

Ah! Life is brief:  
 A little spell  
 Of joy and grief,  
 And then—farewell!

So frail is Life:  
 A little peace,  
 A little strife,  
 And then—surcease.

From childhood's nest  
 Awhile we fly,  
 Awhile we rest,  
 And then—good-bye!

In life's small room  
 Awhile 'tis bright,

Awhile 'tis gloom  
 And then—good night!

All moods we prove:  
 A little hate,  
 A little love,  
 And then—too late!

For what is Life?  
 A vapour-cloud  
 In colours rife,  
 And then—a shroud!

No!—Let us bid  
 Truth sound abroad:  
 "Our life is hid  
 With Christ in God."

Through whom we gain,  
 From out this strife  
 Of joy and pain,  
 Eternal Life.

Geo. J. Low.

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

“YOU will observe,” Disraeli makes one of his characters say, “one curious trait in the history of this country: the depository of power is always unpopular; all combine against it; it always falls.” The triumphant Parliament of 1895 is beginning to crumble away, very slowly, but surely. The bye-elections in England indicate the swing of the pendulum, but several years will probably elapse before another dissolution takes place, and in the interval the future course of the Conservative party may crystallize into definite outline. Lord Rosebery, who told a Scotch audience lately that he was out of politics, has since re-appeared to chide the advocates of Imperial preferential trade as enemies of peace and economic truth. Mr. Balfour retorts that the English race will fix their commercial policy in terms to suit themselves.

In other words, the wishes of the commercial classes are all-powerful: Lord Salisbury will yield nothing in West Africa to France because the Niger is a valuable trade area; the army will be increased if tax-paying and commercial England deems it expedient; bi-metallism is laid on the shelf because it threatens to disturb financial equilibrium, and therefore trade. In 1846 free trade was necessary for the supremacy of English manufacturing in the world's markets, and resistance to the inevitable helped to keep the Conservative party out of office for the best portion of 25 years. New conditions have arisen, and the commercial interests once more dominate the situation. Free trade was not so much a theory as a practical remedy for evils, propounded by Cobden and accepted by Peel, and to-day the statesman who discovers the best palliative for the stress of foreign competition will carry it, theory or no theory. That is the true index of the

times if the best authorities are to be trusted. Until the embattled manufacturer joins the landed interest to insist upon England resuming the weapons which secured commercial treaties there will be no change in fiscal policy. But the condition is almost in the acute stage, and one prophet may be as trustworthy as another, since none are inspired.

A number of peddling remedies are put forward. Mr. Balfour solemnly blesses an association in the Highlands which will effect a cheaper distribution of the products of cottage industries. Deputations from the manufacturing districts return from Europe to tell the British artisan—the most capable and conscientious in the world—that more technical instruction is needed. That is, he must imitate his German rival by pandering to the intolerable craze for cheap imitations of the genuine, as if the English workman were a dog that easily learns new tricks. The West India Sugar Commission calmly admits that financial ruin and political collapse stare the islands in the face, but the majority recommend a few trifling administrative remedies; a sort of decent preparation for the anticipated funeral. The minority commissioner, Sir Henry Norman, boldly advocated countervailing duties to offset the destructive competition of foreign bounty-fed sugar. The proposal is received as Oliver Twist's request was met by the beadle. The engineering strike has lasted because the employers averred that they could not meet foreign competition and raise wages. The cotton manufacturers of Lancashire claim to have reached the point where the last straw breaks the camel's back. They cannot maintain wages at the present level and pay dividends; and men do not stay in business for the fun of the thing. The agitation of Cobden and Bright and Goldwin Smith

was an essentially English popular agitation, appealing to the interest and intelligence of the masses, and it won. If, as some suspect, the chief defenders of free trade are now the men of text-books and the financial press, the organs of the Hebrew moneylenders, free trade is impregnable only while people are sure it conduces to material prosperity. Interesting as problems in foreign policy, colonial development and domestic legislation may be, the determining factors in England to-day seem to be the industrial interests.

There is a strong element of commercial interest in the present Imperial Unity feeling. The notable speech of Lord Selborne, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has passed almost unnoticed in this country, although it put into the plainest terms the fact that British policy toward the colonies has been revolutionized in ten years. Who, he asked, would formerly have dared to advocate that the House of Commons should vote money for a railway in Uganda, or for public purposes in Cyprus? Yet English taxpayers are now allowing this to be done. Mr. Chamberlain has expostulated firmly with British Guiana for not providing its share of Imperial defence. The utterance indicated definitely that the Imperial authorities have a complete scheme of defence and that it is being carried out. If any doubt exists as to what England proposes to do with her world-wide possessions, it is not for lack of the fullest and most convincing testimony spread out so that he who runs may read.

In Europe the key to the situation rests probably in the terms of the Russo-Turkish alliance. No recent event throws any light on the mystery. Ex-Premier Crispi, the ablest of Italian statesmen, wonders why the basis of the treaty is not made public, as Germany and Austria made public in 1888 the terms of the Dreibund. "Beyond a doubt," he says, "if the secret engagements of the Czar and M. Faure did not regard ambitious designs, the

two governments would have made public the terms of the treaty in order to set the minds of the other Governments of Europe at rest." The preservation of the secret renders any serious effort to give the true interpretation of present occurrences a mere guessing match. England and France are about to discuss their conflicting claims to territory in West Africa, but if they fail to agree and the scattered forces of the two countries are left to fall into collision in the disputed areas, would war ensue? Or result simply in a harder nut for diplomacy to crack? The St. Petersburg arrangement, if known, would supply a tolerably correct answer.

The parliamentary bear-garden continues its performances in Austria. One member delivered a connected speech of twelve hours in the Reichstrath, for purposes of obstruction, thus putting to scorn the finest achievements embalmed in our Hansard. Anxious eyes are turned on this constitutional chaos in Austria to see if it does not bode the speedy disruption of the Dual Monarchy. The other embarrassed member of the Triple Alliance, Italy, reveals more clearly as time passes on the strength of the maritime and financial understanding between her and England. The proposal to hand over the African garrison to Egyptian troops, and its probable acceptance, is a striking illustration of the completeness of an international agreement which has hitherto defied all Parliamentary inquisitiveness. A military governor for Crete has been agreed upon, a compromise choice, and one likely to be acceptable to the Sultan. The latter, to use the phrase employed in the game of poker, "stands pat," and watches the operation of that cumbrous machine, the Concert of Powers, which Lord Salisbury has likened to a steam roller, slow but sure. A steam roller is also remarkable for frequent breakdowns. The sensation in Greece is the discovery that the torpedoes provided for the war vessels are useless, so that if the navy had been called into action

during the war it would have been powerless. It hardly seems to matter much, once the steed is stolen, if the open door is supplemented by a broken window.

Next month the Australian federation convention reassembles, with the delegates from Queensland added, the delay in the latter colony being due not to opposition to union, but arising from a trifling parliamentary dispute. It is supposed that the new Commonwealth scheme will now carry. The difficulties that loomed so large at the outset appear to have been overcome. Both chambers of the Federal Parliament being elective, a deadlock between them is to be settled by an appeal to the constituencies. Should this fail, the issue must be determined by a three-fourths majority of the two Houses sitting together. For elections of Senators, each colony is a constituency and returns the same number of Senators as the other. The result is an experiment like other written constitutions; but the safeguard is that the electorate will vote upon it instead of the legislatures. British interests in South Africa continue to be the subject of controversy. There is outwardly a lull in the more threatening aspect of affairs. Sir Alfred Milner, the new Governor at the Cape, has only got down to work, and from the Transvaal come nothing but mutterings. Vehement denials are given in England to charges that the treatment of native women by white settlers in Rhodesia is brutal and immoral in the last degree. The value of Rhodesia itself, a country into which have been poured sixteen millions sterling of British capital, is much in dispute, though the testimony of Mr. Selous, given in Toronto last August, is probably as accurate as any, though dealing chiefly with the agricultural possibilities of the region. There is no reason to suppose that the investors will lose capital and interest, though the returns may be slow.

Far more significant of the future chances of the Silver party in the Unit-

ed States than the New York election is the bimetalism policy of President McKinley. Senator Wolcott's mission to Europe has failed, since the British Government rejects the proposals agreed upon between France and the delegates from Washington, and will join no international convention. But the sound money party are in a weaker position since the question of remonetizing silver has ceased to be a fallacy in Republican eyes if other nations will join in. Mr. Bryan can effectively appeal for a movement that will force the hands of foreign Governments. That will be the strength of the Democratic campaign in 1899. The President's explanation to Congress will be known in a few days; but the advocates of the gold standard already feel that their political position is no longer so impregnable.

The Imperial Blue Book has laid bare the causes of the break-down of the Wolcott mission. Before closing the mints to silver, India was anxious to secure an international agreement fixing the relative value of gold and silver currency, and would have kept the mints open if any prospect of one had appeared probable. Having resolved, in 1893, to place India on a gold basis, and four years of trial having now elapsed, the India authorities declined to take part in a proposal for a limit union "confined to two countries, with some assistance from a third." They have also grasped with much insight the chief defect in any propositions emanating from the United States on any subject—the lack of permanence and stability of a foreign policy controlled by a Congress and President that change every few years. Lord Elgin and his colleagues point out a contingency which we know has arisen in connection with nearly every treaty the United States have made when they say "either France or the United States might any day find some reason for thinking that some other nation was obtaining some advantage at their expense," and thus a demand to terminate the arrangement would

arise. Mr. Bryan's course is thus cut out for him, to press strongly for independent action by the United States, regardless of what other countries may do. That policy is one that would appeal effectively to a nation jealous in the extreme of any dependence on foreign countries.

The results of the conference at Washington between the Canadian representatives and the Administration must depend, first, upon the desire of the Cabinet to establish better relations; and, secondly, upon the degree of compliance that the Senate may show. The first condition we may assume as fairly settled. Of the state of feeling in the Senate nothing can be predicted with certainty. The fate of the Brown Treaty in 1874, and the Bayard-Chamberlain Treaty in 1888, may also attend any new arrangement with Canada. It is said that all the questions at issue will be put in the pot so as to ensure a comprehensive arrangement—the sealing regulations, the fisheries, alien labour laws, commercial reciprocity, and so forth. While Canada might lose some advantages in a treaty that covered so many subjects, she would also stand to gain something. To terminate the long-standing fisheries dispute which was bungled in the original agreement of 1783, and was scarcely improved by that of 1818, would be a diplomatic victory of itself. The issue of the whole matter, however, turns upon ratification by that branch of Congress in which the Administration has the least power. In 1854 Lord Elgin first found his Senate and then produced his treaty. To secure ratification by both branches of the Canadian Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have to show that his treaty will carry at Washington. This we cannot know for a time at least.

No Canadian dispute with the United States, however, requires attention so badly as does the old-standing grievance of Newfoundland regarding the French shore. Commodore Bourke, who has charge of the warships engaged in protecting the shore fisheries, has just reported to Sir Herbert Murray, the Governor of Newfoundland, the steady deterioration and apparent speedy destruction of the lobster and herring fisheries along the French shore. This district is administered jointly by the commanders of the French and British fleets under the temporary arrangement which expires next year. The Newfoundland officials have no power to repress illegal methods of fishing or to establish hatcheries. The powers of the British naval officers are also limited: they may prevent the establishment of illegal canneries on the land, but the clumsy, inefficient methods of curing and canning the fish carried on by individual fishermen flourish unchecked, and the ultimate annihilation of a once valuable industry is a matter of time. Such is the fruit of unskilful diplomacy in framing treaties. Under the new Ministry of Sir James Winter, who is known to favour union with Canada, Newfoundland may come more to the front and press upon the Imperial Government the necessity of being included in the arrangement and pacification of conflicting British and French interests now believed to be in progress. It would be hard to carry a union measure in Canada without some prospect in view of terminating the French shore question; otherwise Canada would be adding another complication to a list already long enough. Meantime, quicker communication between the island and this country has been established, the mail service is now twice a week, and commercial intercourse is expanding.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.



## A GREAT CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

*A Description of one of our Greatest Manufacturing Establishments and an Explanation of Some of the Methods of Making Paper, Woodenware and Matches.*



THE organization of an army of soldiers under a general and his staff is an interesting subject for study, especially when that army is in battle. So the organization of a great body of industrial workers under one manag-

ing head forms also an interesting subject for investigation. Our forefathers of the eighteenth century knew nothing of industrial armies and factories, and huge manufacturing establishments. The steam engine and steam-driven machinery had just seen the light of day when that century closed, and its people never dreamed of the changes which the steam engine would work. Within a hundred years a factory system has been perfected which has revolutionized the production of articles on which labour is bestowed. "Division of labor" has been introduced and has worked wonders, multiplying the number of articles which may be used by man for his sustenance, his comfort, his pleasure and his advancement.

In the City of Hull, Que., just across the river from the capital of Canada, is one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country; indeed, it has been said, by a leading English prelate and scientist, to be the largest of its kind and the most unique establishment under the British flag. An average of about 1,800 employees are daily ranged

in ranks and squads and companies, all working under a central organization—a general of industry and his staff. It is a description of this interesting establishment, a representative Canadian manufactory, which will here be attempted by one who, after a good deal of hard work and some smooth begging, was allowed inside and permitted to snap his Kodak "not more than 10 or 12 times."

The works under the control of The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, comprise about forty factories, and cover many acres of ground. The wages

paid total over \$1,200 a day, or nearly \$400,000 annually.

The average daily output is as follows:— Matches, 35,000,000; indurated fibre ware, 800 articles; woodenware, 3,000 pails and tubs; washboards, 600; paper, 45 to 50 tons; sulphite fibre and wood pulp, 50 tons; paper bags, 500,000.



### HOW PAPER IS MADE.

As many people already know, much paper is now made from wood, and the best wood for the purpose is Canadian spruce. This timber is found in large quantities in the territory along both sides of the Ottawa River, and from these limits the supply of Eddy's material is





PUTTING PULP STICKS INTO A GRINDER.

drawn. Of course spruce is found in many other places in Canada, and it would appear that this country must some day supply a large portion of the world's requirements so far as pulp and paper are concerned. Such countries as Great Britain, France, Spain, Africa, India, Australia and Japan, must continue to import their paper or the raw material for its manufacture, and as the use of paper becomes more and more general, the

demand for fibre and pulp will be of the greatest benefit to Canada.

Such spruce trees as are from six to ten inches in diameter are cut down in the bush and the logs floated down the river Ottawa to the mills. Here they are sawn into two foot lengths, and the bark is removed by special machinery. These sticks are then ready

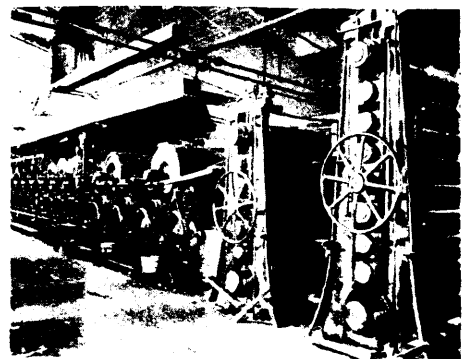
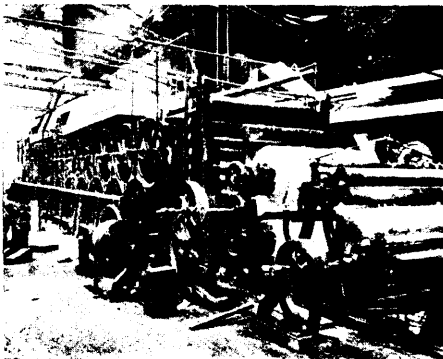
to be taken to the grinders. The accompanying illustration shows a truck load of pulp wood and a workman in

the act of putting a stick into a grinder. This machine grinds the wood up into a product which is called "mechanical wood pulp," the cheapest kind of wood pulp. The pulp is then dropped into an agitator and afterwards run through a wet machine, coming



AS IT COMES FROM THE WET MACHINE.

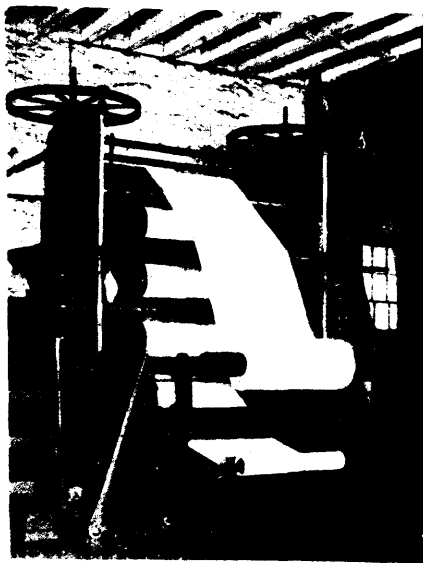
ing out in rough sheets about an eighth of an inch in thickness. A pile of this



TWO LARGE PAPER MACHINES.

is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. In this shape it is taken to the beating engines and re-dissolved into a milky liquid, finally it is carried to the paper machine proper, run over plates and wires to a proper thickness, and passed over a succession of rolls which squeeze and dry out the water and cause the sheet of paper to be formed. These paper machines are of enormous length and height and of delicate mechanism, as may be seen by the illustrations. They are started on Monday morning and are run day and night without a stop—except in case of an accident—until Saturday night. During each hour each machine will turn out several miles of paper, and there are seven such machines at these mills.

At the end of each machine are stacks of heavy steel rollers. Over and under and between these rollers the paper passes until it acquires the proper "calender" or smoothness of surface. Ordinary "news," or paper for the use of daily and weekly newspapers, requires little calendering; that used in magazines, books and catalogues requires much more. Sometimes special calenders un-



A LARGE SET OF CALENDERS.



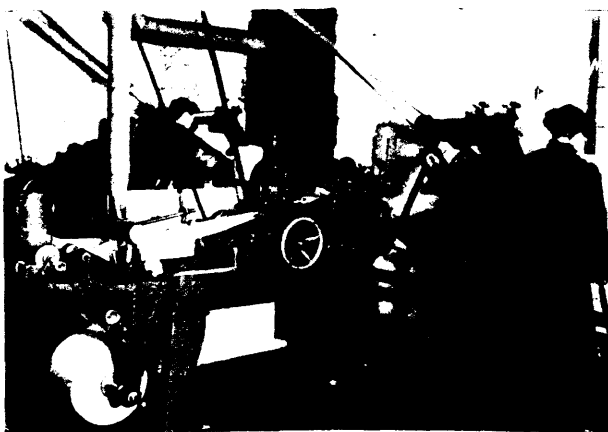
"NEWS" READY FOR SHIPMENT.

attached to machines are used, and a very large and heavy set of these—the largest set in Canada—is illustrated here.

There is another process where the wood is cut by a saw into smaller pieces or disks, or cut into chips,

and placed in huge boilers or digesters containing acid and converted into what is known as "sulphite pulp," so called because of the use of sulphurous acid.

The finish of the paper turned out depends on the amount of calendering which it receives, while the quality depends upon the percentage of wood pulp, sulphite fibre and rags used. The cheap grades of paper are made chiefly from wood pulp; the middle grades contain



A MACHINE THAT MAKES 8,700 PAPER BAGS AN HOUR.





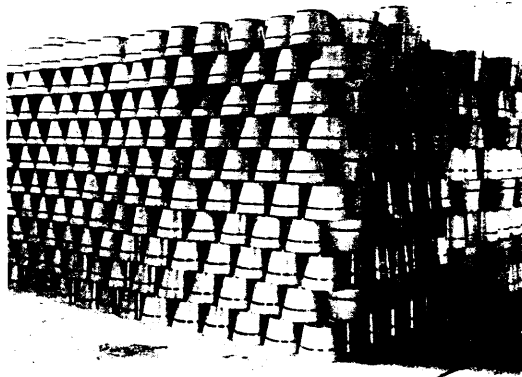
A LATHE FOR SMOOTHING THE OUTSIDE OF A TUB AND FOR PUTTING ON HOOPS.

more sulphite fibre (or chemical pulp), and the higher grades contain a small percentage of wood pulp and a large percentage of sulphite fibre or rags.

Manilla paper, yellow in colour, is manufactured largely into paper bags and flour sacks. In this establishment the bag-making industry is a delightful study. The machines are specially made, and some of them will make, direct from the roll and wholly automatically, 145 complete, pasted bags in a minute; or, 8,700 bags an hour.

#### MAKING WOODENWARE.

The manner in which pails and tubs are made in this establishment is just as surprising and interesting as the making of paper. Each workman has a part to perform, and the skill shown is something wonderful. Each man or boy is paid by the piece, and



A PILE OF NEWLY PAINTED PAILS.

often, while the sun is still high in the sky, has completed the number of pieces required to give him a good day's wages. The manner in which the roughness is taken off the staves of a tub and the hoop then put on is illustrated here by a cut. The tub is then put into another lathe and the inside made perfectly smooth with a planer and sand-paper. Another man puts in the bottom and



STRIPING THE HOOPS OF A PAIL.

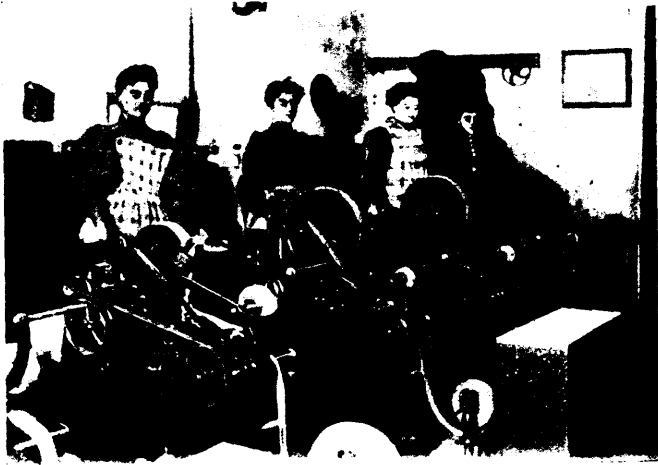
puts on another hoop. Farther on in the long factory the tub goes; the outside is treated with several coats of paint and the hoops are striped. The picture of a boy striping the hoops of a pail will be found especially interesting. Finally the handles are put on and the tub or pail is ready for packing and shipping.

There is no confusion, no waste of energy; each man has a machine to assist him in doing

his part of the work, and each boy has his portion of the production assigned to him. Every one is expert in his own particular line, and as all articles are inspected by an overseer before leaving the building, no slipshod work is allowed.

#### MATCHES.

But the branch of the business which has made the name of Eddy known in every home in Canada is the manufacture of matches. It is marvel-



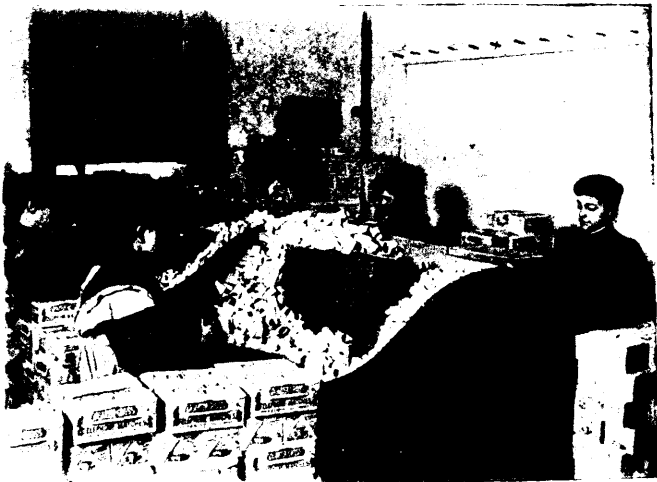
ROLLING THE MATCHES INTO CIRCULAR BUNDLES.



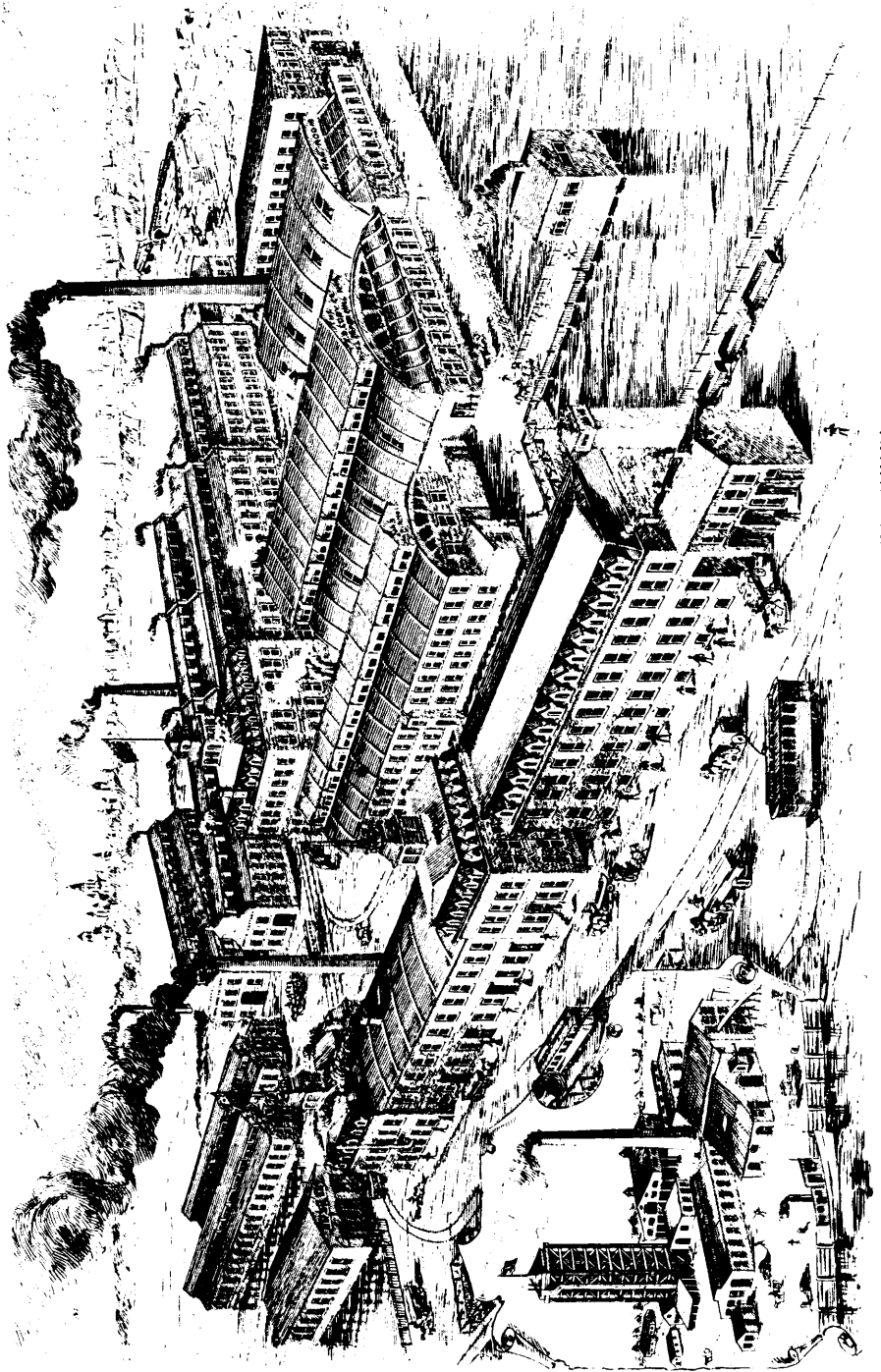
DIPPING THE BUNDLES IN PHOSPHORUS.

space of its own. As each stick projects beyond the webbing on both sides, both ends may be dipped in sulphur. After this process, they are dried and then dipped in phosphorus. After again being dried, these circular bundles are unrolled by machines which cut each stick in two matches. They are then taken to the packing-room, where a hundred or more young girls with deft skill put them in the small boxes and then into quarter gross

ous to think of one factory making thirty-five to thirty-six million matches a day, while the perfection of the process by which this is done is a tribute to the mechanical genius of man. Small, square blocks of wood are fed into machines and cut up into sticks the thickness of ordinary wood matches, but twice the length. These are then fed into other machines and rolled on strips of webbing into circular bundles, each match occupying a



GIRLS BOXING MATCHES.



THE SULPHITE MILL.

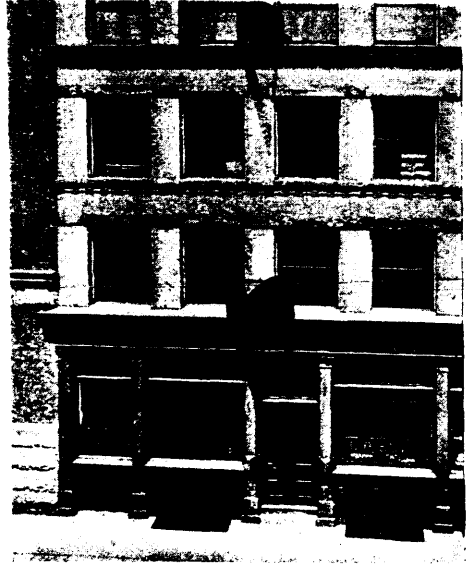
GENERAL VIEW OF THE EDDY WORKS, HULL, CANADA.

*The City of Ottawa is seen in the distance, with Parliament Hill to the left.*

boxes ready for packing into the cases. The dexterity with which these little bright-faced French-Canadian girls will pick up from a pile the exact number of matches, push them into the little paper boxes and put on the lid, is highly amusing and interesting. The girls work very fast, but always have time to look about and say something in their musical "patois" to their neighbours.

The inventive genius of man is seen at almost its best in the four wonderful machines used for making the little paper boxes for the matches. A strip of paper about three inches wide is fed into each machine from a spool. This machine points, cuts, pastes and forms up the little box so that it drops down into the receiver complete. Each of these machines is made up of three thousand seven hundred pieces, and was manufactured on the premises from designs made by Mr. Millen the mechanical superintendent of the company. They are so valuable that they are kept in a separate, fire-proof room.

If any reader thinks that the invention of the match is a small thing, let him try to do without one for a week. The modern world owes a great deal of



THE TORONTO BRANCH.

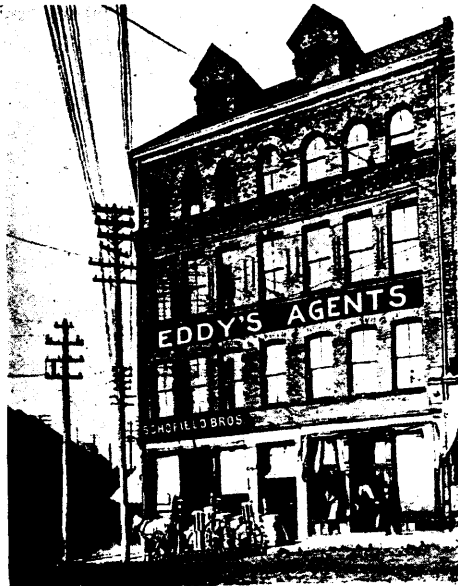
its present comfort and convenience to these little sulphur-tipped articles.

#### INDURATED FIBREWARE.

Indurated fibreware is another line of articles made at this establishment. These are made from wood pulp, chemically treated, and baked much as pottery is fired. Some 800 articles, such as tubs, pails and bowls, are made every day. The enduring quality of this ware is wonderful, as people all over Canada can testify. The manufacture is carried on along scientific lines, and the secrets of the process are carefully guarded, hence the lack of illustrations of the process. The greatest difficulty in the production of indurated fibreware is the devising of machinery which will mould and compress a wood pulp vessel, and at the same time allow drainage from both sides of the article during this process.

#### MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES.

There are many other features of their great establishment which would bear special description. There is the electric lighting plant with its six dynamos, and a capacity of 60,000 candle power; the battery of huge



ST. JOHN, N. B., AGENCY.



MONTREAL BRANCH.

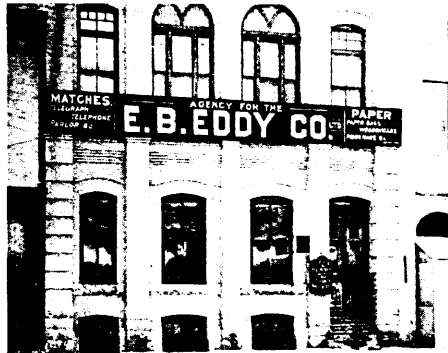
boilers with their blazing furnaces in which the refuse of the mill is burned; the system by which this great group of buildings is heated; the water power of the famous Chaudiere Falls, and how it has been harnessed in order that these hundreds of machines may be driven; the system of wire rope transmission, which conveys the power from the water wheels to the different factories; the quantities of raw material used every year, and the sources of supply—all these points are worthy of study. Then there is the fire protection system, which is said to excel in efficiency even that of the City of Ottawa across the river.

The system by which all the wares manufactured at Hull are distributed through the country is an admirable one. Apart from the vast quantities of goods that are sold direct to all the leading jobbers and whole-

sale dealers throughout Canada, other very large quantities are shipped to the Company's various branches or agencies in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., London, Halifax, Charlottetown, St. Johns, Nfld. From warehouses at these points smaller lots are then distributed to customers. The men who have charge of the branches and agencies are specially selected for their work, are thoroughly conversant with their business, and they must have few other thoughts than those which concern the selling of the Eddy goods.

MR. EDDY.

The most interesting personality in connection with this wonderful industry is, of course, the founder, Mr. Eddy, who entered on business in 1851, and so continued till 1886, when the joint stock company was formed. He started originally in the match business, which has made him so well-known in Canada. Early in



WINNIPEG AGENCY.



KINGSTON BRANCH.

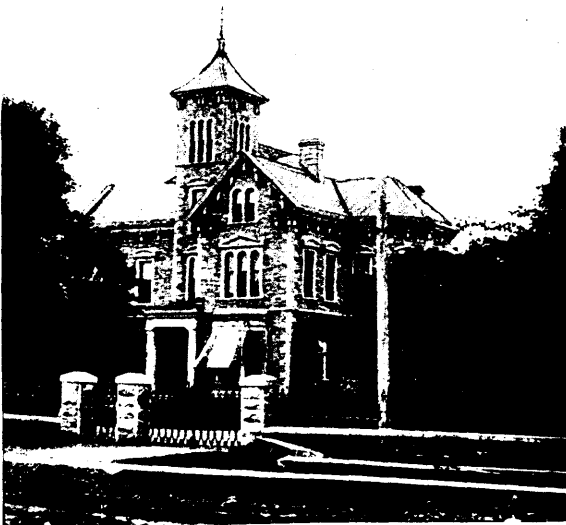
life he harnessed the Chaudiere Falls, built his match and saw-mills, bought timber limits, sent his gangs of men with their axes in the woods, built and ran fleets of barges and tugs, and distributed 75,000,000 feet of lumber annually. In 1887 he began to make woodenware, then added the manufacture of pulp and indurated fibreware; and, finally, during the past six years, built the finest group of paper mills in Canada. Like other men, he has met with misfortunes in his time. Serious fires have at times destroyed the work of years, yet these have but served to nerve Mr. Eddy to fresh endeavour and renewed effort. By ultra-conservative men Mr. Eddy has, perhaps, been thought reckless, so quick are his movements when once he decides upon a new enterprise of any kind. Rapidity of action and quickness of conception always mark the success-



E. B. EDDY, ESQ.

ful statesman, general, or man of affairs, and a great deal of Mr. Eddy's success has been due to the possession of these qualities.

Mr. Eddy is proud of his achievements and of his great industries, but has not the pride to make him despise the toiler and his welfare. He lives in a beautiful home in the City of Hull, has represented his county in Parliament and has been the mayor of his city from time to time. His business, however, is first in his mind, and his time, when not devoted to this or some of the social interests of his army of workers, is spent in travelling. He has seen a great deal of the world, and knows how to sharpen himself against the wits of other



MR. EDDY'S HOUSE.



W. H. ROWLEY.

people. Although not a Canadian by birth, he is truly Canadian in spirit. Having spent nearly fifty years of his life as a citizen of this country, and having made his wealth here, he feels that to this Dominion he owes much, and honourably endeavours to repay the debt. In any movement which will benefit the nation, either materially or socially, he is always deeply interested. He has seen the growth of the country as one watches the boy merge into youth and then into manhood; and, his own growth being similar and simultaneous, his attitude as a citizen could not be otherwise than has been stated.

#### THE LIEUTENANTS.

There are always lots of "Blue Noses" about Ottawa not only in poli-

tical but in commercial circles, and Mr. W. H. Rowley, who was born at Yarmouth, N.S., in the early fifties, is one of the latter. After some sixteen or seventeen years' service in the Merchants Bank of Canada, during six years of which he was manager at Ottawa, he was selected by Mr. Eddy as Secretary-Treasurer of The E. B. Eddy Co. at its incorporation in 1887. Mr. Rowley's business and banking training has evidently stood him in good stead, for the financial standing, the business capacity, the well defined, settled policy of the Company and the admirable system by which the sales and purchases, collections and payments and general conduct of the office and accounts of the Company are carried on, show his hand in a marked manner. Personally, Mr. Rowley is a most genial fellow, whether he be met when engaged in

the multifarious duties of his position or at "Worfield House," his beautiful home in Ottawa. By the way, Mr. Rowley is descended from a line of ancestors, several of whom were admirals in the British navy.

Mr. G. H. Millen, the General Mechanical Superintendent of the Works, was born at Glen's Falls, N.Y., about fifty-five years ago. Every piece of machinery and every building, except the match factory, has been put up under his personal supervision;

and a glance at the bird's-eye view of the Company's plant will impress the reader with the extent of his work. Mr. Millen is an inventor of scores of labour-saving devices, and no small part of the machinery in this Company's use is the result of his inventive skill.



GEO. H. MILLEN.

*James Alexander.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

OWING to the fact that several of the subscribers of "The Canadian Magazine" have strongly objected to receiving their numbers untrimmed, we have decided to take a plebiscite on the question. Trimmed or Untrimmed. Every reader, who has enough interest in the question to write a post-card to the editor, is asked to send his or her opinion as to whether the magazine in future should be trimmed or untrimmed. If there are only a few objectors to the present practice it will be maintained, but if public opinion is against the management and its untrimmed copies it will yield the point. A trimmed magazine looks much more formal, but if our readers prefer the trimmed to the untrimmed number, they shall have their preferences respected.

With a circulation over double that of last December, and with nearly twice as many pages, the Christmas number appears. Prosperity Good Will. has filled our hearts with gladness and charity, and we wish that every reader may find that peace on earth and good-will towards his fellows which alone make perfect citizens and ideal nations.

The author of "Progress and Poverty" was well-known to the Canadian reading public, and when the news arrived that, in the midst of his campaign as a candidate for the mayoralty of Greater New York, Henry George. Henry George had been called to account for his stewardship, a tremor passed through the nation's breast. He realized, as few men

have, the brotherhood of man, and his efforts to alleviate the distress of the poor have essentially affected the social attitude of the age. He has sowed seed of which no man can foretell the harvest. This enthusiasm may sometimes have affected his logic, but the aim and purpose of all he wrote are worthy of all commendation.

"Mr. George's philosophy," says a recent writer, "rests on two basic propositions: that the earth is the property of the human race, no generation having the right to alienate any part of it, and that what a man produces is his own against the world, no man or Government having any right or claim to it. To assert the first proposition he would take in taxation for the benefit of the people in every community, rural or urban, the economic rent or continuous value attaching to land, irrespective of improvements. To assert the latter he would abolish all tariffs, all inland revenue taxes and all municipal or other imposts on houses, buildings, machinery and other products of labour. For that reason his scheme has been designated 'the single tax.'"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent address to workingmen, said that he had known what it was to do without a fire because he could not afford it, and that he had worn patched clothes and boots. Many of Great Britain's leading men, despite her aristocratic society, have laboured with their hands in their early days, and most of them will acknowledge that there is a dignity in manual labour. Here in Canada our nabobs too often despise the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, no matter what his intelligence or honesty. Too often they patronize him and render his position more and more unbearable. In their fierce, mad rush



for fame, wealth and position, they trample him as dust under their feet. For this reason mainly, our young men are leaving the farms of their fathers, and marching on to the towns and cities, where fine linen and patent leather shoes are the distinguishing characteristics of the gentlemen of society. Ask one of these nabobs if he believes that a gentleman may be a labourer and yet retain his dignity, and he will answer "Yes!" ; but it is a lie, for his everyday conduct answers "No!"



The bank note circulation is a good index of the state of trade. The amount of bank notes in circulation in

September, 1897, was \$6,000,000 more than in September, 1896. As our system forces all unused notes

back upon the banks, this comparison indicates that the people were buying and selling more than usual. This deduction is justified by other circumstances and by experience.

For the quarter ending September 30th, Canada's foreign trade showed an increase of over \$12,000,000, the advance being mostly made in exports. Everything indicates that this expansion will be duplicated and perhaps exceeded during the next quarter.

The sales of land in the Territories during the past few months have been enormous. It is said that the C.P.R. received in September \$50,000 more cash from the sale of land than in September of last year. The smaller land companies are feeling rather jubilant.

The development in British Columbia must be seen to be appreciated. New towns and villages are springing up all over, and railroads are being built; navigation extended, and new avenues of commerce exploited. British Columbia will menace Ontario's pre-eminence in Confederation.



The question of the advisability of holding an examination at the end of

each college year is being seriously discussed by the students

University at the University of Toronto. The present system has been condemned on two or three occasions in these columns, and many of the thinking students are in favour of a change. Recently I met an old graduate of Edinburgh University, and he took much pleasure in telling me that the final week of each session, when he attended lectures at that famous institution of learning, was devoted, not to examinations, but to friendly conferences between students and professors as to their vacation reading. At Stanford University, California, the students' daily work in the class-room is noted by the professor, and written and oral examinations are held frequently and on short notice, with the result, it is said, of a rational admixture of toil and recreation all through the year.

There seems to be no valid reason why the students at a university—or at a high school for that matter—should be tested by but one examination, and that a final written one. It puts a severe strain on them toward the close of the term, many breaking down or injuring themselves by the consequent tension. A student with a good memory and a faculty for rapid cramming or the methodical plodder. Moreover, it does not ensure steady work during the year, the first two or three months being idling periods. Perhaps it would be impossible to do without a final examination of some kind, but it might be made less important than at present by giving more credit for term work, and adopting oral examinations in some mild form.



Referring to our recent remarks to the effect that every able-bodied male citizen between 21 and 26 years of age should be compelled to Military drill in a militia corps for Training. at least twelve days in every year, the Ottawa *Citizen* points out that this would

mean the training of 250,000 men in the use of the rifle and the sword. It says that the scheme is impossible, in the first place, because the cost would be too great; in the second place, because the enforcement of the levy would probably wreck any Government that attempted it; and, in the third place, because our rural population is so scattered that their drill and training can only be carried on in camps or by mobilisation.

It suggests :

"A more practicable scheme would be to continue and enlarge upon our present system by increasing the number of squadrons, batteries and battalions, while lessening the number of men per corps to a working minimum, and insisting that all officers and non-commissioned officers should be thoroughly trained and efficient. In this way we should have the nucleus, or skeleton, of an army that could be swelled to any extent and mobilised in a day or two at proper centres, and that could also under proper heads be sufficiently trained to take the field in fifteen days and act as a formidable reserve to the city corps and field batteries that must always form our first line of defence."

The recent article on the Universities of Nova Scotia does not seem to have been entirely satisfactory to all interested. Rev. Dr. McCawley, writes a daughter of his, was elected president of King's College in October, 1836, and, prior to that time, was vice-president of King's College, Fredericton. He resigned in 1875, and was succeeded by Rev. J. Dart, now Bishop of New Westminster.

Another correspondent complains that the omission of Dalhousie's attendance spoils the perspective of the picture of Nova Scotia's higher educational institutions. Dalhousie is the only university not under denominational control, and prides itself considerably on this feature. A recent issue of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the college paper, contains the sentence: "Moreover, the air at Dalhousie is not polluted with any obnoxious taint of denominationalism." The Governors are

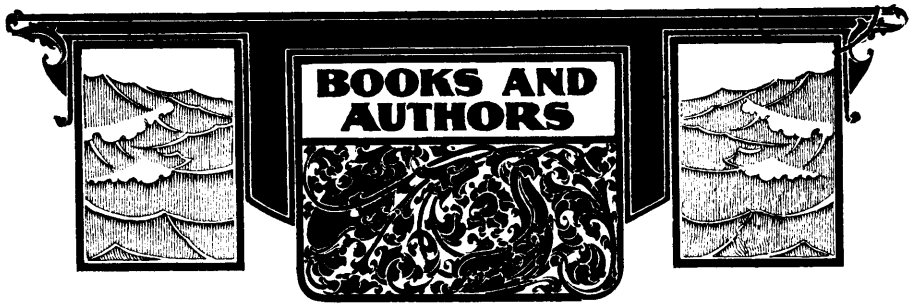
appointed and are removable by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

With regard to attendance, the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Education for 1896 gives some statistics on p. 147. King's College had 32 students attending during 1895-6; the Presbyterian College, Halifax, 54; Acadia College, 121; and Dalhousie, 326.



There seems to be little activity among the greater Canadian poets. Roberts is writing very little; we hear almost nothing of Carman; Campbell seems to have given up Can-

ada for Great Britain so far as Declining themes are concerned; last spring Lampman wrote some sonnets on Crete, and has since been mute. And yet this has been Canada's greatest year! Have our poets nothing to say about our progress, our increased reputation, our new hopes, and our new heroes? Is the supply of Canadian poetry declining because of lack of sentiment, or have the poets abandoned verse composition as a hopeless and rewardless labour? It must be the latter; for the Canadian sentiment never was greater or deeper. The poets of Great Britain have continued to enthuse us with the greatness, the glory, the bravery of the Britisher in peace and in battle, but there is no singer to chant the praises of the Canadian. Our past is full of great men, but they have no descendants to sing their praises; our present is bristling with men and events which stir the prose writer and the orator, but not our poets. Have the latter withdrawn themselves from our national life? If so, we must have new poets-laureate at once, for Canada's praises must be sung. Perhaps it would be advisable for the Dominion Government to advertise at once. Poets are more essential to the development of national life than the politician, the railway contractor and the immigration agent—more essential even than the marble busts and monuments which remind us of our dead heroes.



### HEART SONGS.

**I**T is good that the poems of Jean Blewett have been gathered into a volume, a book of excellent appearance. For some years there have appeared in the periodicals and newspapers of Canada and the United States poems over the signature of this woman, poems which have somehow more than compelled attention, poems with soul and heart-throb in them, poems which have made a place for themselves, with the exquisite shades of feeling and gracefulness and musical quality. These poems, appealing to the heart and intellect of a far-reaching army of readers, created naturally an interest in the personality of the author. Nor has the interest been confined to this continent, as many of the poems found in "Heart Songs"\* have graced the pages of some Old World publications. The late Eugene Field, among the foremost ever in perception and insight, wrote thus of her four years ago:

Once upon a time a great number of writers were sending out their thoughts to the world in prose and verse. Once and awhile, among their high notes and their low notes, good prose and bad prose, there would be found something so fresh and fair, and subtle, that everyone paid heed to it, and by-and-by began to watch for it and to question, "Who is the maker of it?" "She is old," said one. "Only years could teach her the sweetness and fulness, and sadness of life." "She is grave," said another, she strikes the minor key with a practiced hand. "She is a strange, happy creature," said yet another: "the birds sing aloud, and all the world laughs in some of her songs." But the wise man said, "She is a nun, for she could not tell of heaven as she does had she not climbed to its heights by holy living." Then one day, she, Jean Blewett, came among them in the body, and lo! she was just a girl, sweet-faced, clear-voiced, holding unconsciously the God-given dower, a poet's soul.

The poems, gathered, give, necessarily, a better idea of the real force of Jean Blewett than could be gained from reading her sketches and verses as they have appeared apart, and here and there. The entire character of her work is made manifest by context. In "Heart Songs" is gathered together the full wheat-sheaf, and the quality of the harvest appears. One almost regrets that such title was given to the book. It seems almost too much after the manner of titles of a quarter of a century ago, when "Ladies' Annuals" were published; but a title does not always indicate the contents of a book. The title in this case certainly does not convey an idea of the keen perception of what is fine in nature, and in human nature, possessed by the author, nor of her gift in wording. It is difficult always to express in exact terms the character of any writer's work. Natural, lovable, perceiving, and with an under-current which sometimes ripples and curls upon the surface of humour or of tenderness—some such comment as that may, perhaps, give an idea of the nature of Jean Blewett's writing. We find that the one who writes the tender, happy things can be stern at times, sorrowful, but never cynical. We catch the stern note in "My Lady of the Silver Tongue," and in others, notably "Envy."

\*Heart Songs, by Jean Blewett. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang.

When Satan sends to vex the mind of man  
 And urge him on to meanness and to wrong—  
 His satellites, there is not one that can  
 Acquit itself like envy. Not so strong  
 As lust, so quick as fear, so big as hate—  
 A pigmy thing, the twin of sordid greed,  
 Its work, all noble things to under-rate,  
 Decry fair face, fair form, fair thought, fair  
 deed,

“The Boy of the House” will be read so long as there are homes in the world, homes of which some jolly, rollicking lad is at once the light and the torment. It is so with “Jack,” “his own little black-eyed lad,” “my little maid.” The fathers will all recognize the young autocrat who has discovered the royal road to his heart’s desire :

“You’re growing so big,” says my dad to  
 me,  
 “Soon be a man, I suppose,  
 Too big to climb up on your old dad’s knee,  
 And toast your ten little toes.”  
 Then his voice it gets the funniest shake,  
 And, Oh, but he holds me tight !

I say when I can’t keep my eyes awake :  
 “Let me sleep with you to-night.”  
 I tickle him under the chin—just so—  
 And I say : “Please can’t I, dad ?”  
 Then I kiss his mouth so he can’t say no  
 To his own little black-eyed lad.

It has been said of her descriptive work that it is purely Canadian. This does not detract from its beauty nor freshness. Who cares where the big green wood through which she leads us on her “A Day in June” is located? We get the dappling of God’s sunshine, the singing of His breezes and His birds, the breath of sweet briar and of soft green leaf ; in truth, we get very close to nature’s heart. Distinctly Canadian she may be in her illustrations and applications, but there is no trace of provincialism. There can be no lines or nationalities with those who write for others.

To consider apart the different poems which make the so-called “Heart Songs” is, of course, out of the question in a review of this length. We quote some verses from “A Sunset Talk” because there is in them, beside the beauty of wording, a direct rebuttal of the old belief that the crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. The woman speaks to the man she loves :

I have been thinking of you to-day,  
 You smile as you listen. “Is there an hour  
 I’m not in her thoughts?” I hear you say.  
 Look at that butterfly hid in a flower.

Yes, I have been thinking all day long,  
 For the fancy came, and it will not go,  
 That if I were to die—I am strong—  
 ’Tis only a fancy of mine, you know.

Only a fancy (you take my breath  
 With your passionate kisses), people die,  
 And happiness is no bar to death,  
 Or we never need fear time, you nor I.

Would you remember the full, glad years,  
 And remembering them forget to weep?  
 When two have been happy no need for tears  
 If one of their dear ones falls fast asleep.

One summer’s morning I heard a lark  
 Singing to heaven—a sweet-throated bird,  
*One winter night I was glad in the dark  
 Because of the glorious song I had heard.*

“The joy of my life,” I’ve heard you say,  
 With her love and laughter, her smiles and  
 tears;  
 Let those be the larks’ songs, sweet and gay,  
 That will sound in your heart through all the  
 years.

For, tell me, dear one, what is love worth  
 If it cannot crowd in the time ’tis given  
 To two like us, on this grey old earth,  
 Such bliss as will last till we reach heaven?

So, if I should die, just bend your head,  
 And kiss my lips as I lie at rest,  
 Whisper “I love you, living or dead;  
 Always and ever I love you best !”

Why talk of it now! A woman’s whim;  
 We are whimsical creatures, as you know.  
 Look yonder, the twilight, soft and dim  
 Comes hurrying over the world below.

There is a lilt of laughter in many of her poems, a mist of tears in others. The perfume of half-forgotten, old, tender things seems to come to us with the reading. There is the mother whispering to the dead child :

To you the great world was a place  
That care might never stay in,  
A play-ground built of God's good grace  
For happy folks to play in.

The white lids hide the eyes so clear,  
So witching and beguiling,  
But as my tears fall on you, dear,  
Your lips seem softly smiling.

And do you feel that it is home,  
The city we call heaven?

The work, as a whole, must everywhere win a full measure of regard, for its author, Jean Blewett, is recognized as a wonderfully gifted writer among those who are writing to-day, and, with many others, we will hope that she will have other songs to sing. We close this necessarily hurried review of "Heart Songs" with a verse from her "Our Host and His House." Note the lightness and the truth of it :

As for this grey old world,  
It is not half so murk, so wanting in all light,  
    all glow, and warmth, as some declare.  
As we oft picture to ourselves, my dear,  
It has its windows looking east, and west;  
It has its sunsets and its morning gold.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8th, 1897.

And were they glad to have you come,  
My little maid of seven?

Methinks when you stand all in white,  
To learn each sweet new duty,  
Some eye will note with keen delight  
Your radiance and beauty.

And when your laughter softly rings  
Out where God's streets do glisten,  
The angels fair will fold their wings,  
And still their songs to listen.

The trouble is we will look towards the east  
At eventide, and towards the sombre west  
When heaven is shaking down upon the world  
A lusty infant day; and so we miss  
The glory of the sunset and the dawn.

*Stanley Waterloo.*

NEW FICTION.

The novels of the past month are numerous and important ; but lengthy treatment of any particular one is impossible in this issue.



JEAN BLEWETT.

as such is strongly drawn. The whole story is inimitable in style, fresh, vigorous, delightful.

"Quo Vadis,"\* by Henry K. Sienkiewicz, is the most elaborate of recent novels. Some information concerning this Polish writer was given last month.

\* Toronto: George N. Morang—Canadian Copyright edition.

First on the list is Kipling's "Captains Courageous," a study of the New England fishing fleet and its life on the Grand Banks. Harvey Cheyne, a millionaire's son, falls off an Atlantic steamer, unnoticed by those on board. He is picked up by a fishing schooner and put to work "to airn his keep." He rebels and tries to bribe the fishermen to take him to New York, but they think him demented. So he is forced to settle down to work under severe discipline, and ultimately has a general good time. Captain Disko Troop is a type, and

His story is laid in the time of Nero, the first century of the Christian era, and gives pictures of the opening scenes in the conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire—a conflict from which Christianity issued as the leading force in history.

Stevenson's books have plot, interest, rush, daring, and that deeper insight into the inner soul and sentiment of men that holds the reader and his affections. In his last book, "St. Ives,"<sup>1</sup> these qualities are milder than in his best work, because the book was dictated, not written. Nevertheless, here and there the old charm appears. Quiller-Couch, who added the last six chapters, has done a difficult task with much grace. The tale is a romance connected with a Napoleonic soldier, confined in Edinburgh Castle, who falls in love with a Scotch maiden of much grace and character.

To those whose interest in India has been awakened or created by the recent famine, disease and military troubles, "In the Permanent Way,"<sup>2</sup> by Flora Annie Steele, will be both interesting and helpful. This volume contains twelve short Indian tales, each one describing some particular trait in the Indian character—the fanaticism of their religion, the opposition to sanitary regulations, the attitude towards the foreigner and the other various social peculiarities. Mrs. Steele is best known by her marvellous novel of the Indian Mutiny, entitled "On the Face of the Waters," now in its twelfth edition. She writes with a brightness of style, a vividness of description and a directness in narration which enable her to produce vivid pictures in the mind of her readers.

"Wayfaring Men,"<sup>3</sup> by Edna Lyall, is a story of actor life and its relation to the ordinary life of the world. Ralph Denmead desires, while a boy, to be an actor, but finds it difficult to obtain his guardian's permission. It is the tale of his life, his love, and his stage successes, which fill up the volume. The writer seems actuated by the generous desire to show that human virtues and noble sentiments flourish in the breasts of the rank and file of the profession; yet, at the same time, she does not allow this anxiety to prevent the telling of a charming story.

"Dariel,"<sup>4</sup> by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," seems to be a wholesome book. The author does not write too much, and his books are consequently more rounded and more artistic than some of the wish-washy novels which even good writers and large publishers foist on a credulous public. The details of his work, the individual paragraphs, the complete pictures, may be singled out for admiration, while some of his characters, when they have been outlined and depicted, stand almost as prominently in our memories as those from the books which we have inherited from such masters as Dickens and Scott. It is an old English tale, charming in its simplicity, homely philosophy, and absence of any straining after effect. Blackmore's style can be safely recommended to the study of young Canadian writers.

"The Tormentor,"<sup>5</sup> by Benjamin Swift, is a book of the directly opposite character. Its story is unwholesome and its style deplorable. One hates to receive such a book for review, for it is filled with darkness, meanness and crime.

"Iva Kildare,"<sup>6</sup> by L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," etc., is a matrimonial problem, and a book with some very dry humour in it. It is not exactly literary, but it is fresh and crisp. It is a bright, enjoyable picture of a little bit of life, and I cannot think the author intended it to be more than that.

<sup>1</sup> St. Ives, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 438 pp.

<sup>2</sup> In the Permanent Way, by Flora Annie Steele, author of On the Face of the Waters. New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

<sup>3</sup> Wayfaring Men, by Edna Lyall. Longman's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

<sup>4</sup> Dariel, by R. D. Blackmore; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

<sup>5</sup> The Tormentor, by Benjamin Swift; Unwin's Colonial Library.

<sup>6</sup> Iva Kildare, by L. B. Walford. Longman's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Touchstone of Life,"<sup>1</sup> is a novel which will interest Canadians, because it studies, to a certain extent, the connection between a colony and the Motherland. Ivor Clay, the illegitimate son of a peer, goes to a colony and becomes one of its chief men. His half-brother, Lord Sithrington, becomes governor of the colony, and the two become antagonistic in politics and rivals in love. There are weak spots in the book but, on the whole, it is decidedly interesting and has a certain dramatic quality which maintains the reader's interest.

"They That Sit in Darkness,"<sup>2</sup> by John Mackie, is the story of the Australian wilderness known as "Never-Never." This writer is also author of a good Canadian story entitled "The Devil's Playground," a locality situated near the Rockies. This Australian story is bright and readable, although not overly artistic. It gives a good idea of primitive and original life in our antipodean colony.

"The Story of Ab" is a tale of the time of the cave-man, by Stanley Waterloo, a Chicago writer, who has many friends and admirers in Canada, and has won some success in England. He contributes to this issue of "The Canadian Magazine." This book attempts, in the form of an interesting story, to depict the life of the cave-men, and will be especially interesting to the students of ethnology and archæology. In his introduction, the author declares that he has adopted all the usual theories, except that he does not accept the mysterious gap supposed by scientific teachers to divide Paleolithic from Neolithic man. He claims that the change from chipped to polished instruments was gradual and that there is no gap. The book is decidedly educative as well as entertaining.



#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A really artistic collection of fairy tales is the new one in the series<sup>3</sup> edited by Andrew Lang. It is entitled "The Pink Fairy Book," and is admirably illustrated by H. J. Ford. There are Danish, Swedish, German and other stories, but perhaps the newest of the collection are the Japanese. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The most striking and artistic child's book that has come to hand is "Old Youngsters,"<sup>4</sup> by Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. There are six full-page colour plates, after quaint paintings in water-colours, by Maud Humphreys, representing sweet little maids engaged in occupations or pleasures usually pursued by their mothers. The volume also contains new stories and verses, by Elizabeth S. Tucker, which are further rendered attractive by decorative borders and other designs.

#### A XMAS NUMBER.

The Xmas number of the Toronto *Saturday Night* is rather above the average. Most of the contributors' names are already familiar to the readers of "The Canadian Magazine." There are stories by E. Pauline Johnston, Charles Gordon Rogers, Kathleen Sullivan, E. E. Sheppard, W. E. Tupper and Grace S. Denison. Mack contributes an eloquent article on the graves of three great Canadians. The illustrations are better than last year. Mr. Kelly's paintings might have been reproduced much better, for "Canada Sixty Years After" looks more like an agricultural show poster than a work of art. The article on the climate of Canada was the happy thought of a patriotic editor.

<sup>1</sup> The Touchstone of Life, by Ella McMahon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: Bain Book Co.; cloth, 75 cents.

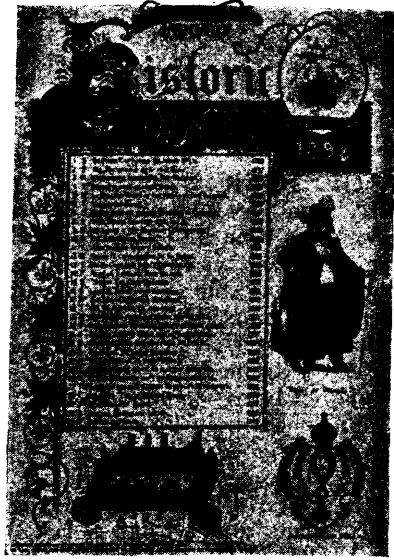
<sup>2</sup> They That Sit in Darkness, by John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Toronto: Bain Book Co.

<sup>3</sup> The Pink Fairy Book. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

<sup>4</sup> New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co. Boards, \$1.25.

## HISTORIC DAYS OF CANADA.

The talented and enterprising women who last year got out the Cabot calendar and made such a success of it, have arranged for another calendar entitled, "Historic Days of Canada." It consists of twelve cards with a table of events for each month. Each page or card is embellished with portraits and engravings of old fortifications, historic buildings, flags and ships, exquisitely reproduced in gold and colours. A reproduction of the first page is given herewith, and it will give some idea of what this work is like. Copies may be secured from the publisher, William Briggs, or from the Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto.



A NEW HISTORIC CALENDAR.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

O. H. Cogswell, B.A., of Victoria, B.C., has just published a small "History of British Columbia," which seems to be a bright piece of work. Unlike most small histories, it is written in such a way that the general reader will find it interesting.

The graduating class of the University of Toronto is publishing a year book entitled "Torontonensis, '98," which promises to be a work of art and a source of pleasure to those interested in University life, past or present. It will be ready for the holiday trade.

A copy of J. G. Colmer's "Across the Canadian Prairies" has reached us. This little volume was published some two years ago by the European Mail, Ltd., Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, but is still decidedly fresh and interesting.

Capt. E. Cruickshank has brought out the second volume of his "Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier in 1814." The price is placed at 75 cents, or Parts I. and II. at \$1.25, and they may be procured from the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, Fort Erie, Ont. The two volumes are very valuable, and should be in every Canadian library. They will be reviewed later.

Arthur Campbell has given "A Ride in Morocco" (William Briggs, Toronto), as an addition to Canadian descriptive writing. The most interesting and most polished part of the book is the chapter entitled "A Beggar at Monte Carlo," although the whole volume possesses considerable merit. It is slightly marred, however, by loose constructions and lack of concordance in the early portion.

G. N. Morang of Toronto is bringing out a Canadian edition of Sarah Grand's new volume entitled, "The Beth Book." It traces the development of a woman of genius from her birth to her marriage, and afterwards during her married life. The reader is introduced to some vivid pictures of social and of poor life in London—pictures which include the hospital as well as the drawing-room. Some of the earlier scenes are laid in Ireland.



## NATIONAL SPORT.

NOVEMBER is always the great month for football, and November, 1897, has been no exception. By the time this reaches the eye of the public, the championship of Canada will have been decided, so far as the clubs in Quebec and Ontario can decide it, the clubs in the extreme West and East of Canada not being counted in the Association—most unjustly. Canada should stretch from ocean to ocean in sport as in territory and government.

In Ontario, there has been a great struggle. Varsity had a fairly good team, but it fell before the onslaughts of the T.A.C.-Lornes. Queen's had a strong team also, but Osgoode was better. Then the T.A.C.-Lornes were badly beaten by Hamilton, and Osgoode and Hamilton were in the finals. Both teams were evenly matched, and each won a game. Hamilton, however, had three more points on the round, and won the championship. Unfortunately there was some doubt about time and, at writing, there is a prospect of a protest—a circumstance much to be regretted.

In Quebec there have been lively times because professionalism crept in, and in its slimy trail was found much ruffianism and brutality. Finally, the union took action and Ottawa city team was expelled from the League. The championship was ordered to be decided in two matches. Ottawa College defeated Montreal in the first, and have to play McGill for the trophy. The prospect at present is that Hamilton will play Ottawa College for the championship of Canada and will be defeated. I saw the College play one match, and I think it has the finest team in the two unions. It is well-balanced, eager, spirited, and under the watchful eye of the College authorities, who count, most properly, athletics as important as scholarship.

There is much encouragement to be drawn from the season. Brutality and roughness have been quite apparent, but they have received some severe checks. Semi-professionalism, long apparent, has been frowned upon at every opportunity. Next season there will be cleaner football because of what has occurred this year.

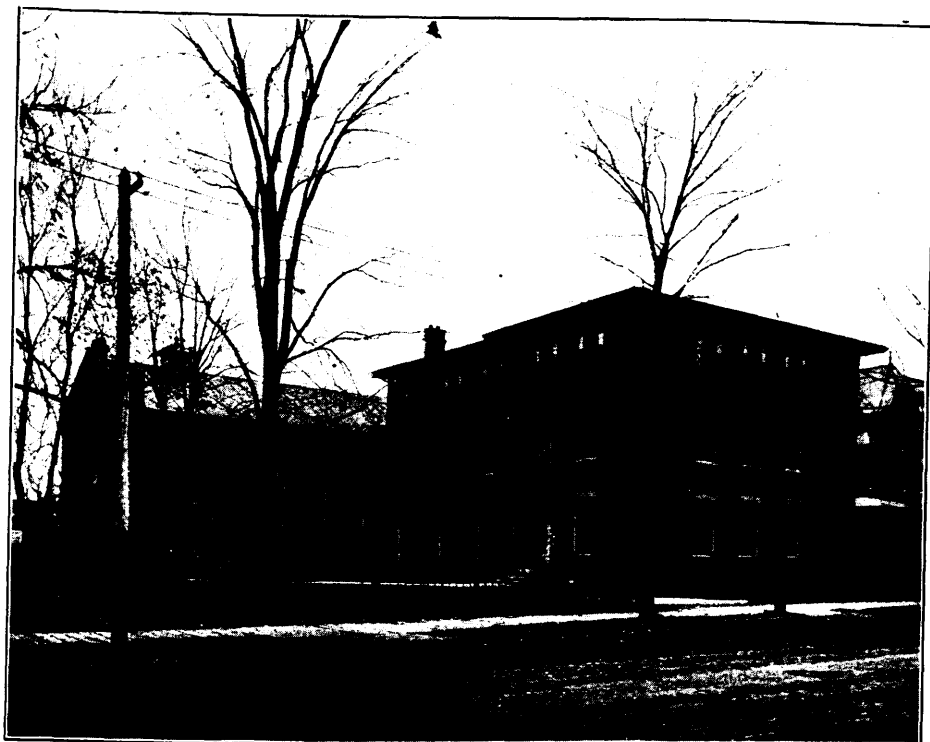
In fact, there will be some reorganization of unions. The prospect is that that the four universities—Ottawa, McGill, Queen's and Toronto—will form an inter-collegiate league. President Loudon of Toronto told the writer, nearly two years ago, that he was in favour of such a league, and no doubt his influence has been of assistance. Such a league would ensure the college teams being composed entirely of undergraduates in bona-fide attendance at lectures. It would also restrict the number of championship matches, and make such as are played of more importance.

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In all this discussion Rugby alone has been in mind. Association football seems to be gradually working its way back into public favour, and at present gives promise of being more important next season than during the past four years. Even now it holds the prominent position outside the large cities.

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Preparations for the hockey season are now being made. There will be little of this sport in the United States this year, as artificial-ice rinks have proven themselves unsuitable for an audience. But in Canada the season promises to be of more than usual interest. It is to be hoped that teams from the West and the East will visit Montreal and Toronto at some time during the winter, so that the Canadian championship may be decidedly in reality as well as in name.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CONSERVATORY'S NEW HOME.

## THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

OUR three chief musical terms—music, melody and harmony—we owe to the Greeks, but the essentials of the Greek knowledge and practice of music may be again traced to the Egyptians. These classic Greeks used music in chanting the epic poems, in religious rites, and in military evolutions, and they awarded prizes for vocal and instrumental excellence at their Olympic Games. In ancient Rome the choristers in tragedies were more numerous than in the Greek dramas, and they were accompanied by a large number of instruments, among which trumpets were conspicuous. From the times of these two great nations, music has played an important part in all the civilizations of the world.

As the study and knowledge of music have progressed the influence of the musician has increased, and to-day the man or woman who can, before an audience, large or small, sing or play, has an advantage over those who cannot, besides the delight of possessing a culture and a knowledge of art which others lack. The simple melodies of rural life have their art, their culture, and their effect on the rural community, just as the compositions of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and other great masters have an influence upon those who have been trained to appreciate music of a higher order.

Colleges for the study of music are as old as colleges for the study of other fine arts; but the first great Conservatory of European fame was that of Santa Maria Loreto, of Naples, founded in 1537. It was not, however, until recent years that colleges have been established in Canada with large staffs and profuse equipment for the teaching of all branches of music. In September, 1887,



OFFICE AND RECEPTION ROOM.

the Toronto Conservatory of Music was opened, it being the first institution of its kind in Canada. From a comparatively small beginning it has grown until it is now a wonderful institution with a staff of over forty teachers, and an attendance during the past year of over seven hundred students.

*Its success is due to the fact that it has pos-*

*essed the best faculty procurable, has been managed so as to give satisfaction to its patrons, and because a musical education in Toronto can be secured at about half the cost of a musical education in Boston, New York, or other of the large United States cities.*

Since its foundation the Conservatory has been located in a large building at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Yonge Street, but recently the directorate, having an opportunity of purchasing a most valuable property, decided to do so. They have secured the most desirable location in Toronto, and have erected thereon buildings which are a credit to their taste and their enterprise.

The accompanying interesting photographs show the beauty of the new building which now houses this educational institution. It is situated at the southwest corner of College Street and Queen's Avenue, within sight of Queen's Park with its handsome walks, lawns and monuments, and the imposing Provincial Buildings. Just north of it is the great collection of buildings which comprises the



ONE OF THE TEACHERS' ROOMS.

University of Toronto. Queen's Avenue, on which the College faces, is the most handsome street in a city noted for its beauty and its cleanliness.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music is by far the largest and best equipped in Canada. The Music Hall, which is 42 feet wide and 72 feet long, is a most artistically designed room. On the ground floor of the main building are situated the offices, reception rooms, the main corridor, a large lecture hall, and the



LECTURE HALL.

musical director's suite of rooms. On the next floor are thirteen class-rooms, and on the third floor seven class-rooms and an elocution hall. The buildings throughout are heated by steam and lighted by electricity and gas. The photographs will convey some idea of the elegance and completeness of the appointments.

The Conservatory is affiliated with both the Trinity and Toronto Universities, is controlled by a board of twelve directors, of whom the Hon. G. W. Allan is president, and Hon. Chancellor Boyd and W. B. McMurrich, Q. C., vice-

presidents. The directorate have conducted the institution along generous lines, and have sought more to maintain a high standard of efficiency than to reap financial reward. During the ten years of the Conservatory's existence its shareholders have received three dividends amounting in all to less than a thousand dollars, while during the same period nearly



MR. FISHER'S TEACHING ROOM.

seven thousand dollars have been distributed in scholarships. The public concerts and recitals given under the auspices of the institution have been a great educational factor among those privileged to attend them.

The Musical Director of the Conservatory is Mr. Edward Fisher, whose ability, training and tenacity of purpose have marked him as one of the most successful of those engaged in musical work of this kind. He studied the piano, organ and composition in Boston and Berlin, afterwards visiting other European cities in pursuit of musical knowledge and teaching methods. He came to Canada with the fixed determination of sooner or later establishing an institution which would exert a healthful and stimulating influence on musical art, and which would compare favourably with the famous music schools of Europe. His studies in the art and science of music and music-teaching have, in the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, of which he was the projector, found their natural fruition. Since the opening of this institution he has devoted himself entirely to it except for his position as organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Church, which he has held since 1879. His own specialty in teaching is that of the piano, and he can look abroad through Canada and the United States and count a large number of artistic and brilliant performers besides many successful young teachers who owe much of their success to his instruction and inspiration. He is a close student and quick, as all educationists must be, to notice such advances and reforms as are made in the musical world, and to apply them so far as they may be useful to the institution which he directs.

#### DIPLOMAS.

Diplomas are not granted to any who have attended the Conservatory as students for less than one year, nor to any one who has not passed the final examination in the Collegiate Department.

Graduates or winners of a diploma in any *single* course of study in the Conservatory are entitled to style themselves *Associates of the Toronto Conservatory of Music* (A.T.C.M.)

Graduates in the Theory course who, in addition to the Theory Diploma, win a diploma in any other Artists' course—for example, the Pianoforte—are entitled to style themselves *Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of Music* (F.T.C.M.)

#### THE FACULTY.

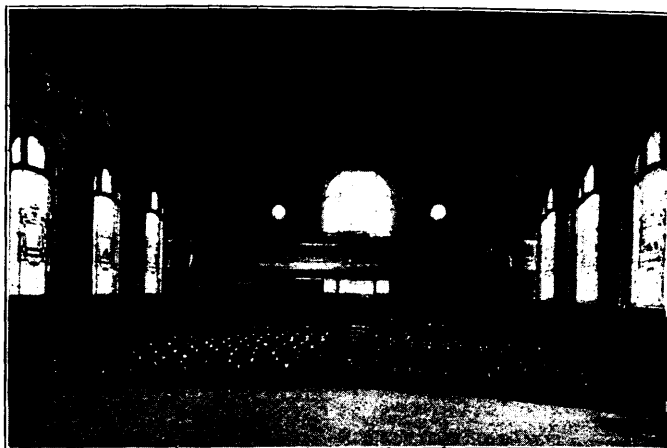
It goes almost without saying, that while the Musical Director is a man of broad musical attainments, this fact alone does not account for the marvellous growth and success which has attended the institution as a whole and made it what it is to-day, the leading school of music in Canada. Mr. Fisher possesses what so many musicians and artists lack, the happy faculty of character reading as well as marked administrative ability. He has collected about him a strong staff of helpers, men and women who have each be-



MR. FISHER—MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

come distinguished for some specialty in the realm of music, and who are able to impart their knowledge to others along with some of their enthusiasm for the art. It would be a pleasure, did space permit, to speak of various members of the staff in terms of high appreciation of their eminent abilities.

The following are the names of the leading members of the faculty, among which will be recognized some occupying foremost positions in the Canadian musical world :



THE MUSIC HALL.

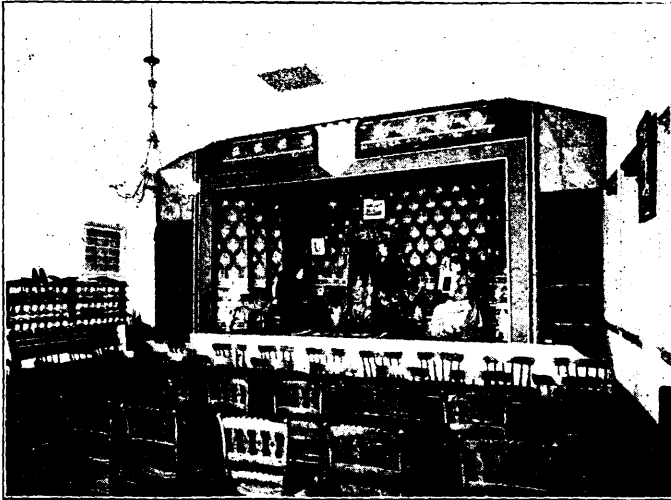
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|--|---|
| EDWARD FISHER (Musical Director)—<br>Piano and Organ.          | ANNIE JOHNSON, A.T.C.M.—Piano.  |
| J. HUMFREY ANGER, Mus. Bac., Oxon.,<br>F.R.C.O. (Eng.)—Theory. | MRS. B. DRECHSLER ADAMSON—Violin.   |
| J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE—Flute.                                    | MISS MAY HAMILTON, A. T. C. M.—<br>Organ.                                       |
| MRS. J. W. BRADLEY—Voice.                                      | J. A. LEBARGE—Mandolin and Guitar.  |
| LILLIE COTTAM—Mandolin.  | SANDFORD LEPPARD,—Plano Tuning  |
| EDITH M. CRITTENDEN, A. T. C. M.—<br>Piano.                    | DR. G. R. McDONOGH—Lecturer on Physi-<br>ology and Anatomy of the Vocal Organs. |
| SARA E. DALLAS, F.T.C.M., Mus. Bac.—<br>Piano and Organ.       | FRANCES S. MORRIS, A.T.C.M.—Piano.  |
| ALICE DENZIL—Voice.  | MRS. J. L. NICHOLS—Piano.   |
| GIUSEPPE DINELLI—Piano, Violin and<br>Violoncello.             | MRS. H. W. PARKER, A.T.C.M.—Voice.  |
| WM. FORDER—Oboe, Clarinet and Saxa-<br>phone.                  | S. H. PRESTON—Sight-Singing, Introduc-<br>tory Theory, Music in Public Schools. |
| BELLA M. GEDDES, F.T.C.M.—Piano.                               | NORMA REYNOLDS—Voice.   |
| MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.—Piano.                                   | RUDOLPH RUTH—Violoncello and Piano.   |
| ANNIE HALLWORTH, A.T.C.M.—Voice.                               | H. N. SHAW, B.A.—Voice.   |
| J. W. F. HARRISON,—Piano and Organ.                            | WM. A. SHERWOOD—Examiner in Piano<br>Department.                                |
| LENA M. HAYES, A.T.C.M.—Violin.                                | FREDERICK SMITH—Euphonium and Tuba  |
| MRS. M. B. HEINRICH—Piano.                                     | RECHAB TANDY—Voice.   |
| DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.—Piano.                                 | A. S. VOGT—Piano and Organ.   |
| VINCENT P. HUNT—Piano.   | BERNHARD WALTHER—Violin.  |
|  | JOHN WALDRON—Cornet, French Horn<br>and Slide Trombone.                         |

#### THE ORGAN.

The magnificent concert organ owned by the Conservatory has been up to the present erected in Association Hall ; it is now being taken down and rebuilt in the new Conservatory Music Hall. At the same time it is being converted into an electro-pneumatic instrument, and when completed, as it will be by the rst of January, will be one of the most complete and effective organs for concert and all other purposes in the Dominion, and one which to organ students will be invaluable as an educational medium.

## ELOCUTION, ORATORY, DRAMATIC ART, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

After directing for six years the department of Elocution at Acadia University, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B. A., was selected to take charge of the "School of



THE ELOCUTION HALL.

Elocution, Oratory, Physical Culture, and Dramatic Arts," in connection with the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Shaw has won the success to which his university training, special ability and study have entitled him. While studying in Europe he made extensive research into the science and art of expression in all its forms, and has become a master of no ordinary excellence, as testified by the unusual success of the school under

his direction, for many of its graduates have been appointed to positions of trust in the various educational institutions in Toronto and the United States. The excellent facilities which this school possesses are equal to any on this continent. The large room which is used for Physical Culture purposes, and the Elocution Hall, with its pretty stage well equipped with scenery, drop curtain, etc., and the other rooms for vocal practice and class work, offer opportunities to pupils for the development in this line of work unequalled by any other institution in Canada. Miss Nellie Berryman, the Assistant Principal, is a teacher of extended study and experience, and has achieved an enviable reputation as teacher and reader. The other members of the staff are also specialists, who enable this department of the Conservatory to rank ahead of similar departments in other institutions. The two years' course in Elocution and Oratory is an especially good one, thorough in every way, and based on a true appreciation of natural development.

## ELOCUTION FACULTY.

H. N. SHAW, B.A. (Principal)—Lecturer in Elocution at Trinity University, St. Michael's College, Havergal Hall and Normal School.

MISS NELLIE BERRYMAN (Assistant Principal)—Philosophy of Expression, Phonetics, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression, Voice Culture, Shakespeare Classic Art and Acting.

MR. WM. HOUSTON, M.A.—Pedagogy and Director English Literature

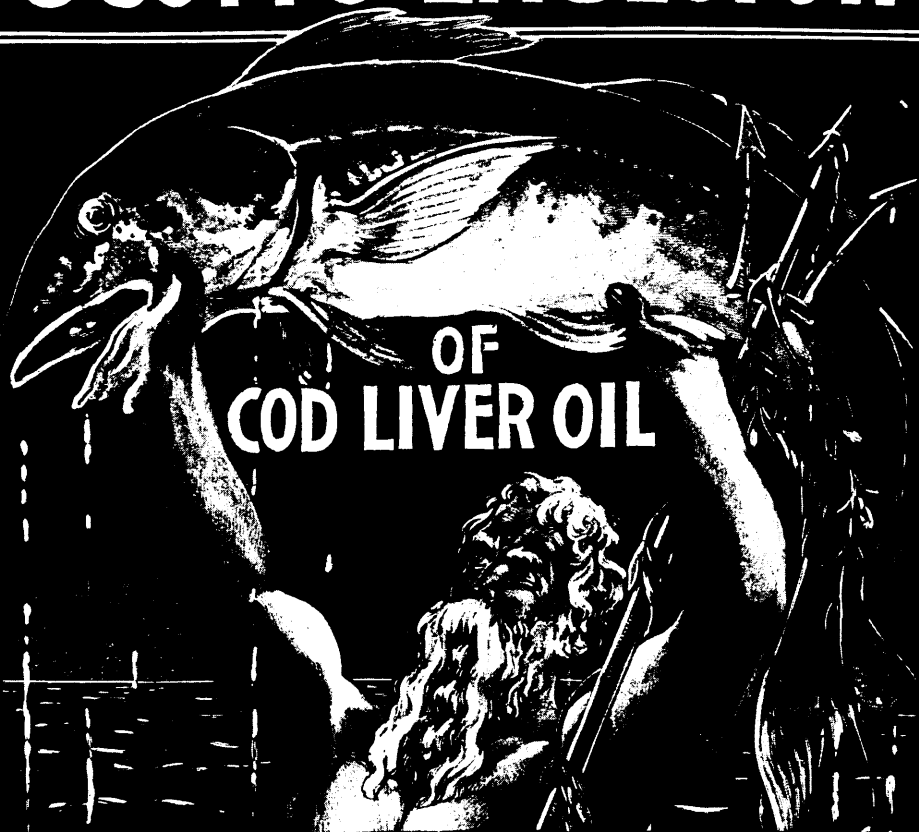
MRS. W. J. ROSS, A.T.C.M.—Physiology, Physical Culture, Delsarte, Pantomime Vocal Expression, Recitation.

MISS IDA WINGFIELD, A.T.C.M.—Elocution, Voice Culture.

MR. C. LEROY KENNEY, A. T. C. M.—Delsarte and Statue Posing.

MR. GEO. DEACON, A.T.C.M.—Elocution Recitation and Impersonation.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION



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A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all, certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment.

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Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

# A TREASURE OF THE DEEP.



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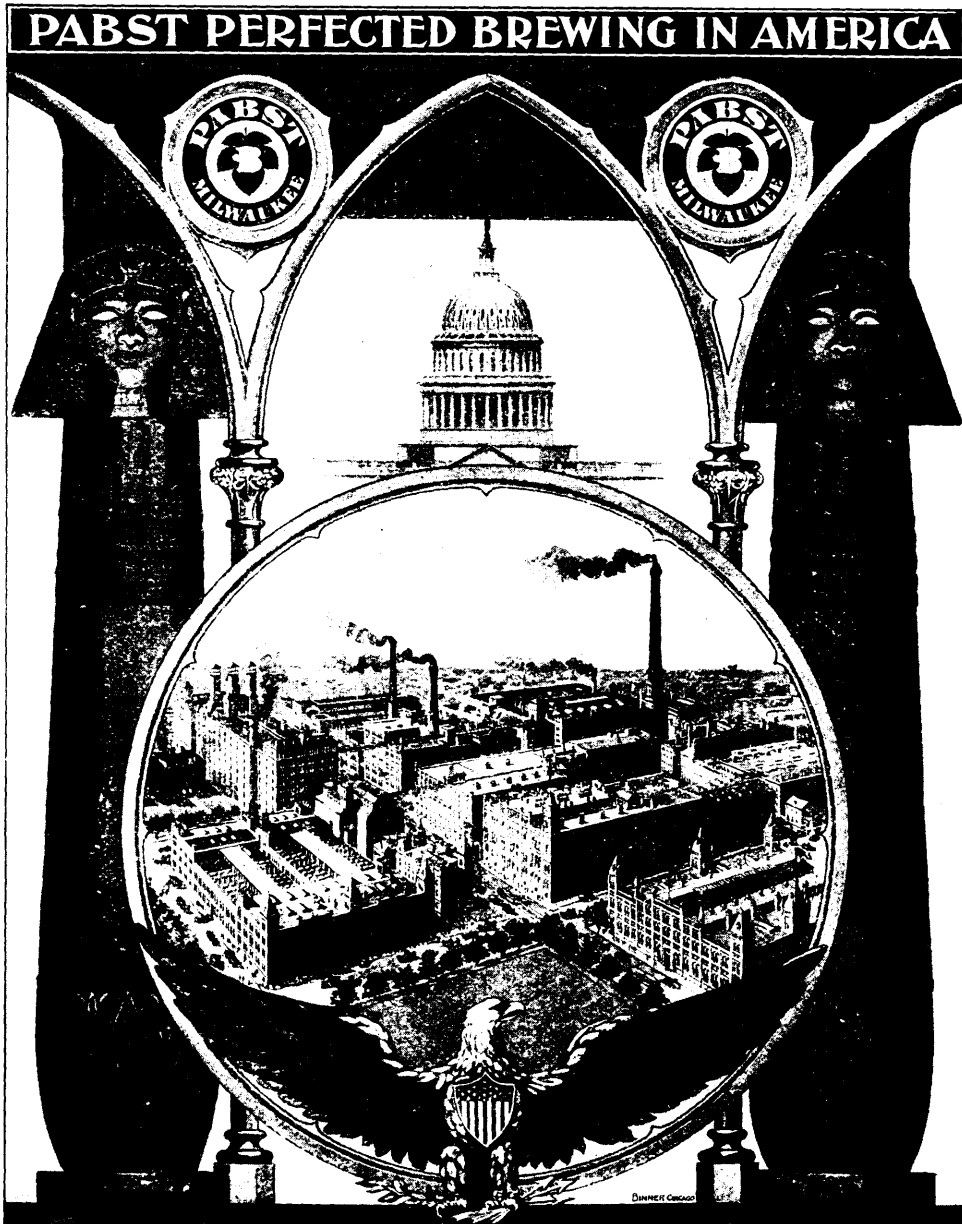


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The "Best" Tonic,

you may feel assured that it is absolutely perfect. It is the crowning triumph of perfection in brewing, and is backed by the intelligence, system and capital of the world-famed plant pictured above. This plant is the largest of its kind, and is always open to visitors. No other brewery in the world has such extensive facilities for the scientific preparation of malt and hops. This is important to all who buy and use Malt Extract. You are entitled to know by whom and how it is made.

A booklet mailed to any address for the asking.

# Singer Sewing Machines



during the half century of their evolution have been steadily progressing, constantly attaining higher excellence in design, construction and artistic finish. They are a little higher in price than some, but—the most satisfactory machine ever made to do

## Sewing for the Whole Family.

Compare these machines with any other. You can try them free in your own home upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the world. The best is always cheapest in the end.

*They cannot be obtained through department stores or merchandise dealers.*

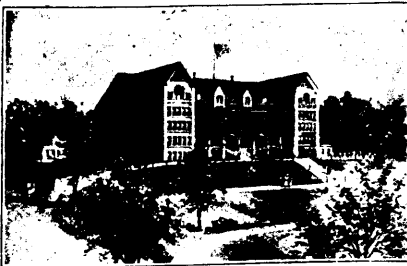
**Either Lock-Stitch  
or Chain-Stitch.**

**Any Style of  
Cabinet-Work.**



**AFTER FREE TRIAL**, they are sold for cash or leased, old machines being taken in part payment.

**THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY**



## STEBEN SANITARIUM

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Intended for the special benefit of invalids for whom recovery is possible only under most favorable conditions, including the constant care and observation of skilful physicians. It offers, also,

**THE HIGHEST SURGICAL SKILL;  
MOST ADVANCED APPLIANCES;  
ALL KNOWN REMEDIAL AGENTS;  
EVERY FORM OF BATH;**

**TRAINED NURSES AND ATTENDANTS;  
A HEALTH-BUILDING DIET;  
A HEALTH-PRESERVING ATMOSPHERE;  
THE COMFORTS OF A HOME.**

Sufferers from chronic diseases who need the means and appliances the general practitioner does not possess, are earnestly invited to investigate its merits, addressing the Superintendent,

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# LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier**

**PURIFIES  
 AS WELL AS  
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 48 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

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A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odoroma.** You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odoroma.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odoroma.**

**'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.** Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

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Only make with **Ball-Bearing** type-bars, protecting the joints on which durable alignment depends.

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Always suggests a smile and a row of pretty teeth, for it makes both possible. You cannot have them perfect if you neglect to use a perfect dentifrice. Sozodont is that because it presents both the liquid and the powder together and is absolutely wholesome.

*Miss Studholme says:*—"A smile is as good as a song, and a smile is enhanced if the teeth are pretty, for pretty teeth are part of an actress's stock in trade—and so is Sozodont, for it makes pretty teeth, as I can most heartily testify."

For a sample send three cents, mentioning this Magazine, to

**HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors,**  
New York.

Established 1848.

LONDON OFFICE, 48, Holborn Viaduct.

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Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

## ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.  
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

## HAPPY MOTHERS AND HEALTHY CHILDREN.



EVERY WOMAN who expects to be a wife or mother should make the acquaintance, in person or by mail, of Dr. J. H. Dye, of Buffalo, N. Y., so widely known as the apostle of healthy womanhood, painless childbirth and healthy children.

Mrs. Wood Abie Sergeant, Grant City, Iowa. "Read what Mrs. Sterrett, Texas, says. She is the happy mother of the bright little boy baby whose picture we show; "Dear Dr. Dye: I give your medicine the credit for this bright-eyed little boy. I took three packages of Mitchell's Compound before confinement and was sick but a short time. I now have a fine fat baby six months old. He is as bright as a new dollar."

Mrs. W. L. Rose, Vacaville, Cal. "I had given up ever having any children but, thanks to your medicine, I have a lovely baby girl six months old. She has never been sick a day. I have not felt so well for five years."

Every woman should write for full particulars about Mitchell's Compound, and the doctor's book, "Glad Tidings to Mothers," all sent free. Dr. J. H. Dye, Med. Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

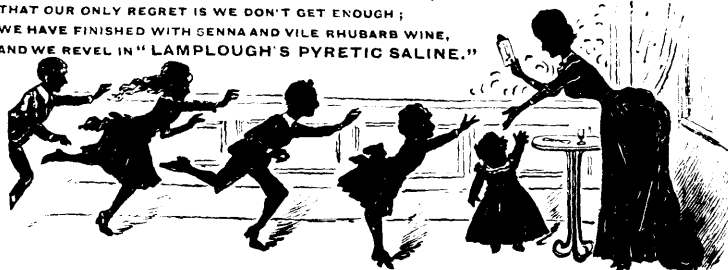
Equally Suitable for Children and Adults.

Full Directions accompany Each Bottle.

OH! WELL WE REMEMBER IN DAYS THAT ARE PAST,  
HOW THE STRUGGLE AMONGST US WAS WHO SHOULD BE LAST  
TO ENTER THE NURS'RY AT GRANNY'S SHRILL CALL,  
FOR WE KNEW SHE WAS WAITING TO "PHYSIC" US ALL!

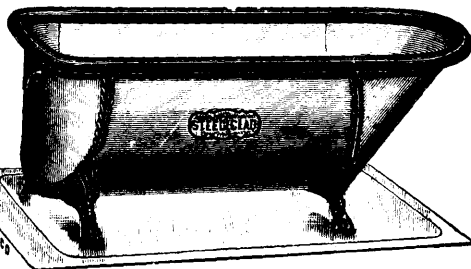


BUT NOW MAMMA'S BOUGHT US SUCH BEAUTIFUL STUFF,  
THAT OUR ONLY REGRET IS WE DON'T GET ENOUGH;  
WE HAVE FINISHED WITH GENNA AND VILE RHUBARB WINE,  
AND WE REVEL IN "LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE."



Sold by every Chemist.

Proprietors, HENRY LAMPLOUGH, Limited, LONDON, E.C.



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"Steel-Glad"

AND

Other Sheet Metal Baths.

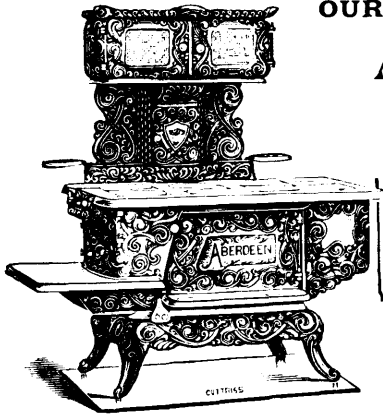
*INTENDING PURCHASERS are HEREBY WARNED that all "Sheet Metal Bath Tubs," other than those made by this Company, and which are of SIMILAR construction to our "STEEL-CLAD," "ALL-STEEL" and "ALL-COPPER," are INFRINGEMENTS of our patents. Any and all persons having IN THEIR POSSESSION any such goods are amenable to us for damages. See that you get baths made under "BOOTH'S PATENT, CANADA, 1891."*

MADE ONLY BY

**The Toronto Steel-Glad Bath and Metal Co., Limited**

125 and 127 Queen St. East,  
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“Handsome is That Handsome Does.”



OUR BEAUTIFUL

## Aberdeen Warrior Range

is a Work of Art, as well as a Perfect and Economical Baker.

We warrant THE ABERDEEN in every respect, and since it HAS NEVER FAILED have not the least hesitation in doing this.

It is fitted with DUPLEX GRATE, VENTILATED OVEN, OVEN DOOR

OPENER, LARGE DRAW-OUT HEARTH, LONG FIRE-BOX for wood. Is supplied with THERMOMETER in Oven Door when desired.

If your local Dealer cannot supply write us direct.

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Toronto Branch, - - -


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**NOTE PAPER**  
and ENVELOPES to match.

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Good taste demands these excellent goods.

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NEW MODELS Nos 6 AND 7

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Largest Dealers in Typewriters and Supplies in Canada.

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Not only in Canada, but also in the  
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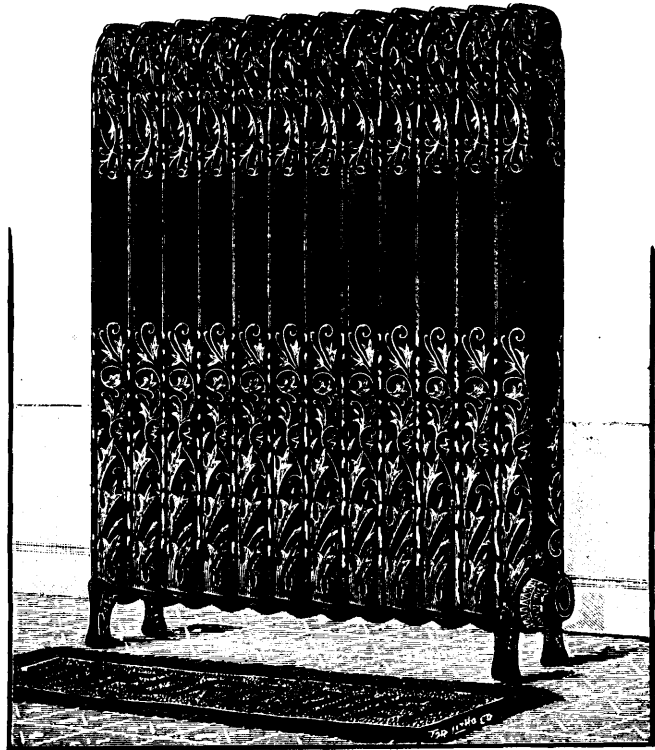
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For Hot Water  
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Are recognized as the standard of artistic and  
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In the New  
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up-to-date  
building,  
Oxford  
Radiators  
have been  
adopted in  
preference  
to all  
others.



They are made in an enormous variety of sizes and styles, with the  
only perfect iron-to-iron joint—no gaskets used ; they can't leak.

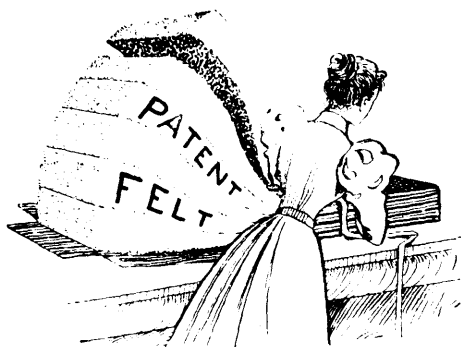
**If you use the Oxfords you're sure of satisfaction.**

Manufactured by

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.**

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Binding and Closing the Tick.

... THE ...

## Patent Felt Mattress

(Alaska Brand)

# \$15.00

 (FULL SIZE)

is superior to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best American homes and a large number of public institutions where bedding was made an object of study have adopted the felt mattress in preference to curled hair.

Patent Felt ("Alaska Brand") is made of selected, white, Egyptian Maple, which is lapped and subjected to a thorough purifying and felting process. It is then interlaced into elastic sheets of uniform thickness and great buoyancy. These sheets, which are two inches thick, are built up to the height of three mattresses, then pressed to the desired thickness and tufted with extra strong twine. The result is a soft, buoyant and perfectly even mattress, which will **never** mat, lose its shape, or get lumpy. It is perfectly dry, non-absorbent and guaranteed **vermin proof**. It is softer and purer than hair can be.

If you are not acquainted with the merits of felt mattresses and wish to try one, write us the exact size of your bed (inside measurement) and we shall send you one through your local dealer on the distinct understanding that it can be returned at the end of a **thirty days' free trial** if not satisfactory. **In every respect**, and your money will be refunded. The mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charges.

### THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN COMPANY, Limited,

(The largest Bedding House in Canada)

290 Guy Street, - - MONTREAL.

Sole Manufacturers of the  
"Klondike" Sleeping Bag, the  
"Puritan" Comforter (made of  
pure white batting).

Patent Felt is the best material for CHURCH CUSHIONS.  
Get our estimate before looking elsewhere.

# St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co.,

(LIMITED)

Laboratory of Inland Revenue,

Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, April 8th, 1895.

"I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO.'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analyzed same, and find them uniformly to contain :

**99**  $\frac{99}{100}$  TO **100** per cent. of pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever."

(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L.,

Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal.



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of the Cheque Bank, Ltd., of London, are now adapted for use

On this Continent in the United States, Canada, Mexico and the West Indies.

These Dollar Checks are available for every use to which money is put, and will doubtless prove exceedingly popular and convenient. They are on the same system as the celebrated

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## BORATED TALCUM

### TOILET POWDER

AFTER BATHING

**Delightful After Bathing.**  
 A Positive Relief for Prickly Heat and All Affections of the Skin.  
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**Get MENNEN'S** (the only Genuine)  
**Refuse all other Powders which are liable to do harm.**  
 APPROVED by the MEDICAL PROFESSION and TRAINED NURSES for the use of Infants and Adults.  
*Sold Everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free).*  
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# The Careful Woman

It is not what we say but what we do that makes them good. Ask your grocer for "Boeckh's make" when buying Brooms or Stove, Sink, Scrubbing, or any other kind of Brushes. It's money in the end to do it.

Is economical. BUT economy doesn't mean so much how little money you spend as how much you get for the money you pay.

Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes are made by experienced workmen. They are always reliable. They will wear better and last longer than any others, because the quality in each grade is the best of its kind.

Uses

## Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes

A Better Cocktail at Home Than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.

# THE CLUB COCKTAILS



**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

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## Renfrew's <sup>Stock of.....</sup> Fine Furs



IS THIS SEASON LARGER THAN  
EVER BEFORE.

We have a large stock of very fine

### SEAL SKINS

From which to make a selection.

Our Prices are no higher than those of other houses while our stock is the largest in Canada.

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5 King Street East, - - TORONTO.

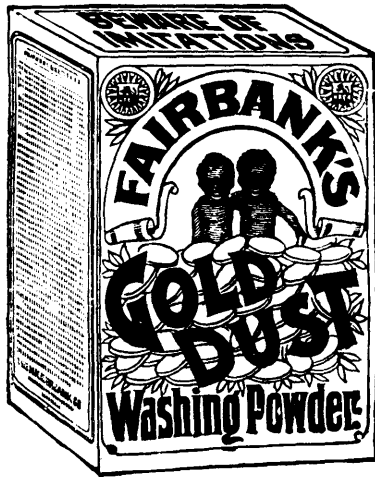
35 and 37 Buade Street, QUEBEC.

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... FOR ...

# GOLD DUST

when you can get it at home? Your grocer sells it.

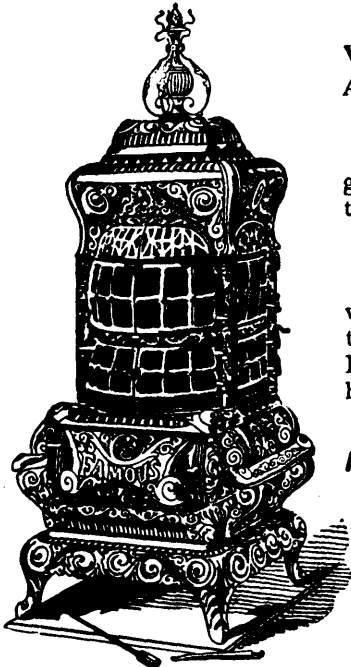


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**The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.**

The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

**Entire base radiates heat.**

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

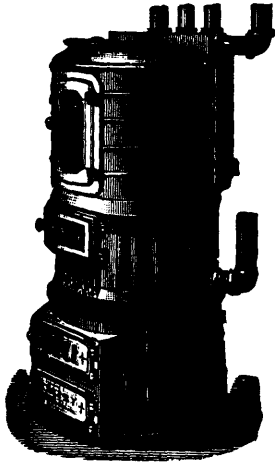
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**THE McCLARY MFG. CO.,**

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO,  
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If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

The  
**"DAISY"**

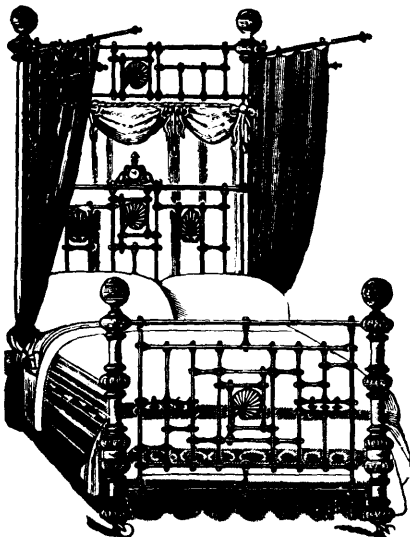


THE "DAISY" Hot Water Heater gives the best results for all classes of work where hot water is used for heating purposes.

The Daisy is now in use in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Made in 12 Sizes and with twin connections for large institutions.

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BRASS and  
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**BEDSTEADS**

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**TILES** for

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 Bathrooms, etc.

**RICE LEWIS & SON,**  
 (LIMITED),

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**Toronto.**

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A PLEASURE AT LAST

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NO MESS. NO TROUBLE.

Washes and Dyes at One Operation, Any Color.

The cleanest, Fastest Dye for Soiled or Faded Shirt Waists, Blouses, Ribbons, Curtains, Under-linen, etc., whether Silk, Satin, Cotton or Wool.

Sold in ALL COLORS Everywhere.

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FOR THE BEST  
RESULTS ❀ ❀ ❀

Use GREIG'S

# CROWN EXTRACTS

Every flavor is strong and pure, and possessed of that rich delicacy that so delights the good housekeeper.



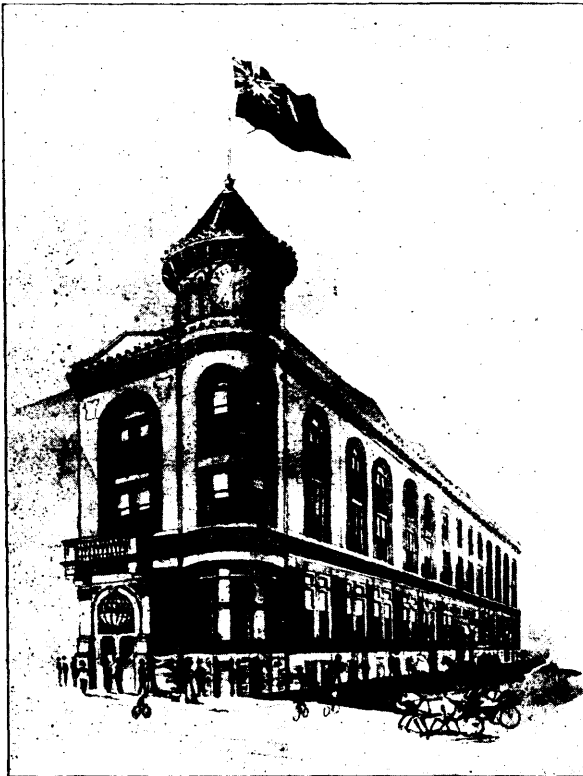
These flavors go farther and please better than any other brand, because they are of unvarying excellence and greatest strength.

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OF A BIRD.

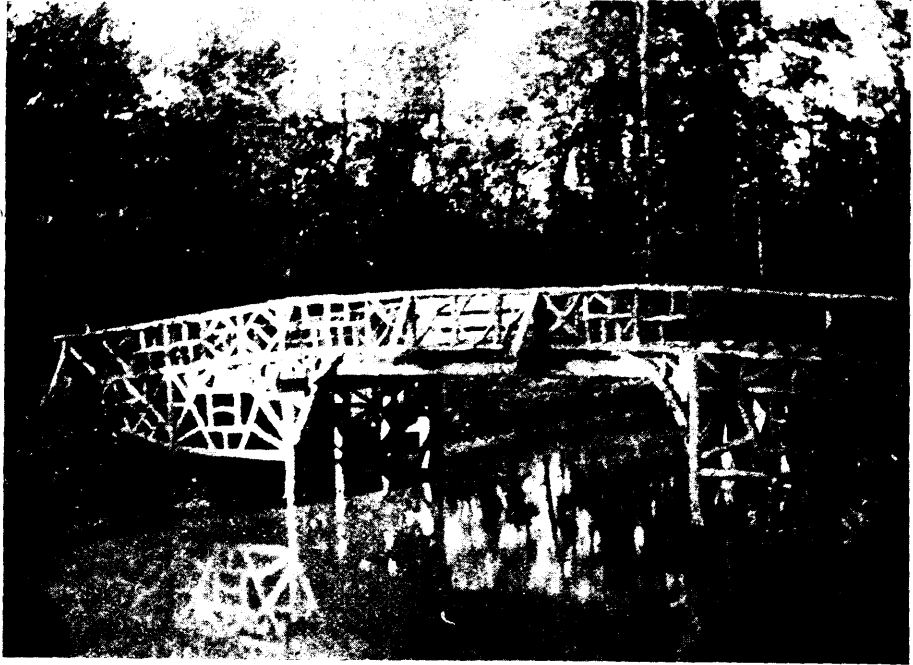


TORONTO, ENGL.

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ARE OBJECTS OF BEAUTY,  
THE CREATION OF ARTISTS,  
THE PERFECTION OF WORKMANSHIP.

THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO., LIMITED, GUELPH, ONT.

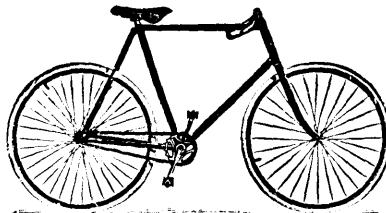


ON BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT.

## There is a Man and Bicycle

in the picture. See if you can find them. He rides a wheel that is fitted with Four-Point Bearings, the kind that never wear out; the kind that require oiling but once a year; the

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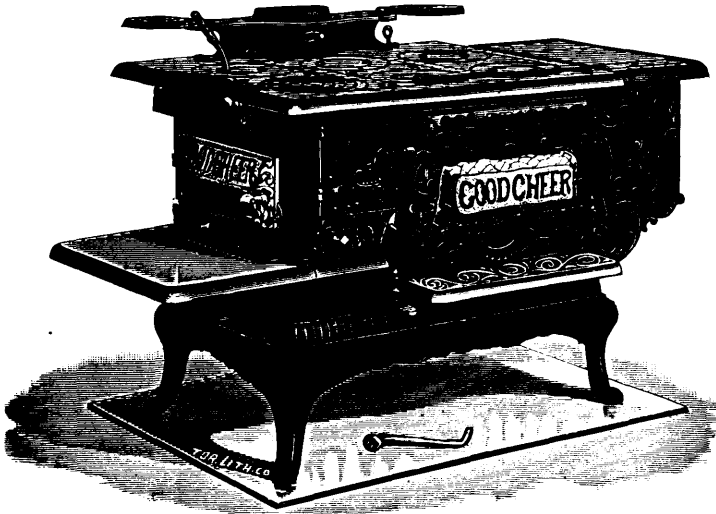
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kind that keeps dust outside and oil inside; the **ONLY KIND** that require

**CLEANING ONCE DURING THE YEAR.**

The E. & D. does not include an Oil Can in its outfit of tools.

Canadian Typograph Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.



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Cheer " Steel  
Oven  
Ranges  
for  
Coal and  
Wood  
or for  
Wood  
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The handsomest, most economical and the best full sized, evenly heated, and perfectly ventilated steel plate oven Range in Canada—without any exception. We guarantee every one sold. See it before placing your order. The very name, " Good Cheer, " is suggestive of better cooking, and, of course, better husbands and more cheerful homes.

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IT IMPARTS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR  
EVERYONE CAN DICEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

Ask your Grocer for it, or send Post Card for FREE SAMPLE to W. G. DUNN & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

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Fashionable  
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SOME.....

Expert Musical Opinions  
Upon the Merits of

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From EDWARD FISHER, ESQ.,  
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"Mason & Risch Pianos are conspicuous for their satisfactory qualities of tone and touch, and at the same time are distinguished for great elegance of design."

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"The Mason & Risch Piano is always an up-to-date instrument; touch, light and easy; tone, rich in the bass, full in the medium, and brilliant in the treble. Your cases are works of art."

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Canada is furnished with Mason & Risch Pianos.

Write for Prices and Terms.

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MR. RECHAB TANDY.

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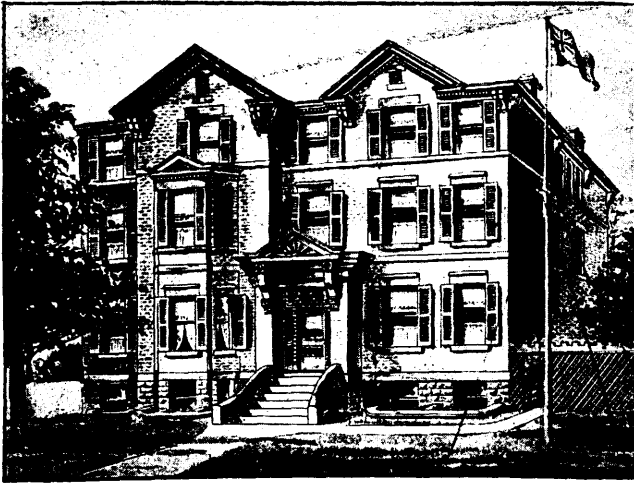
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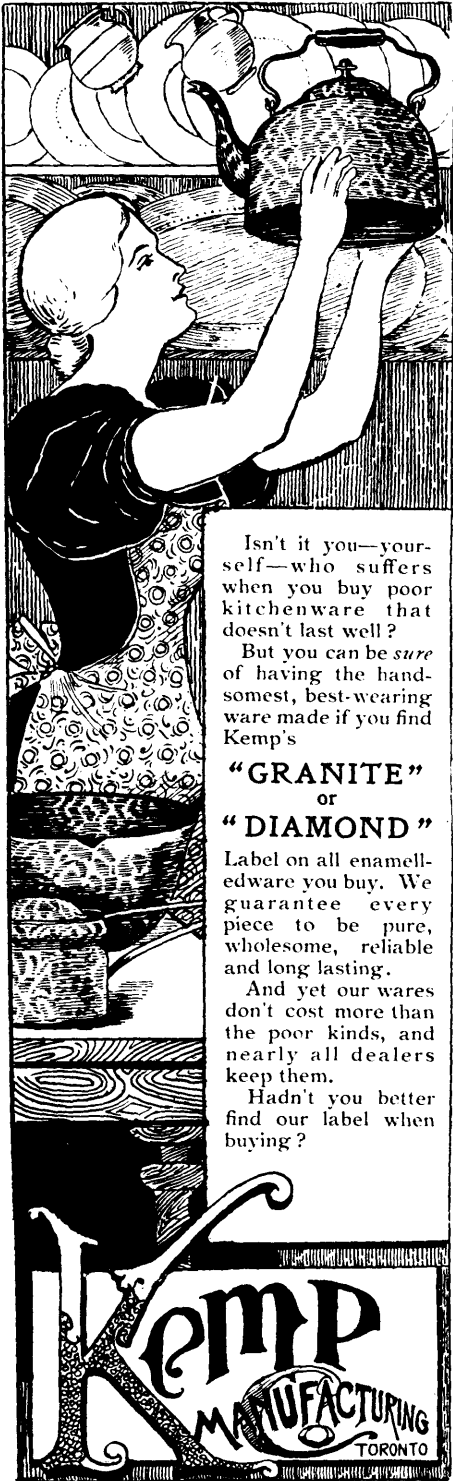
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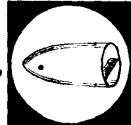
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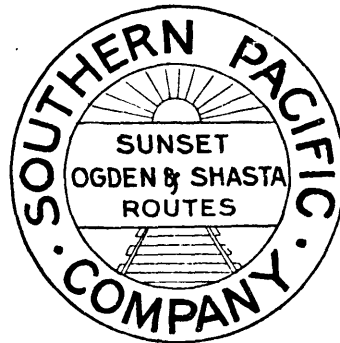
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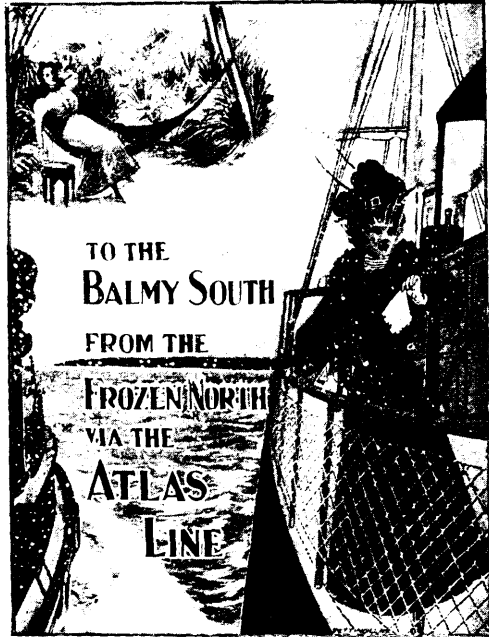
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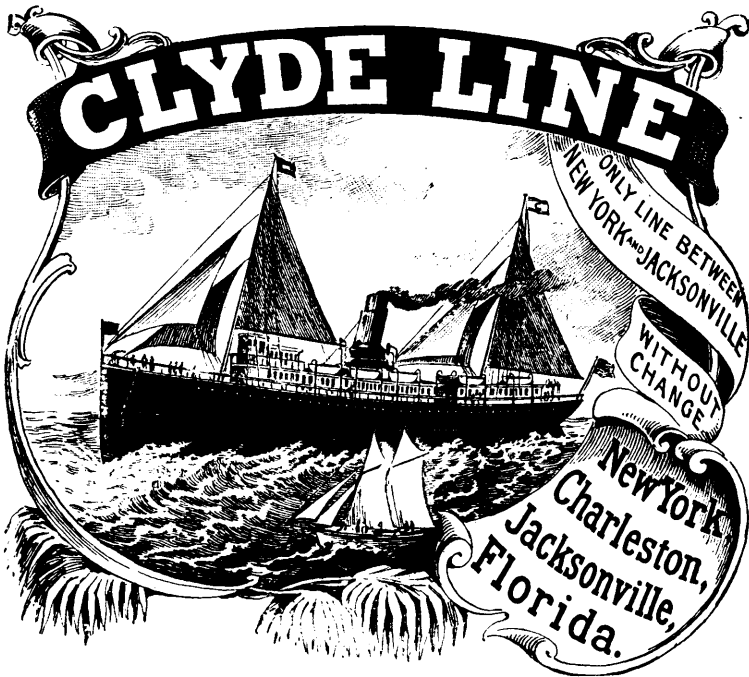
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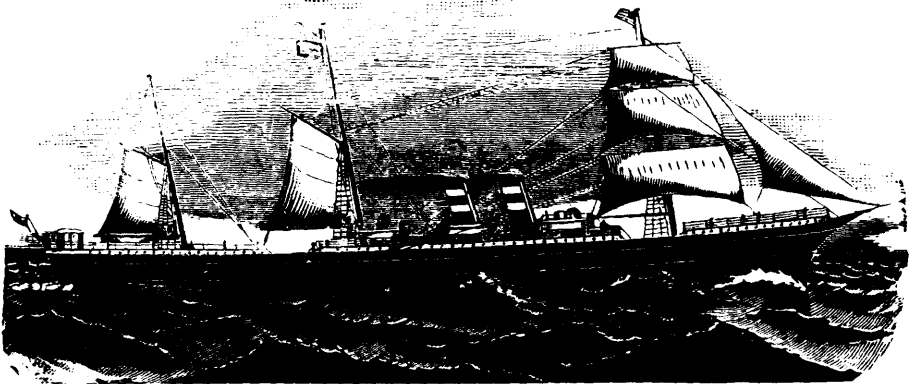
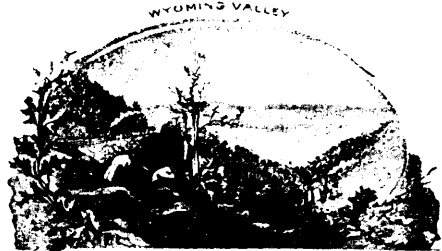
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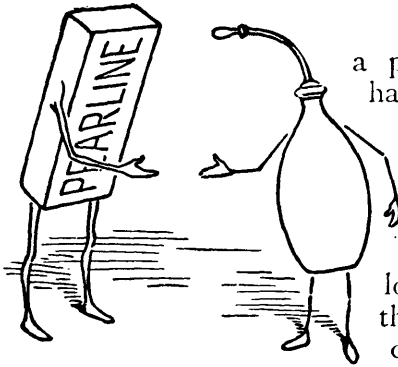
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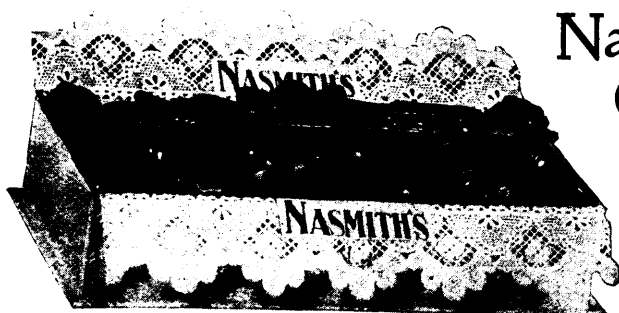
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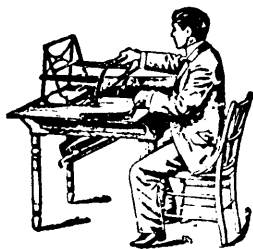
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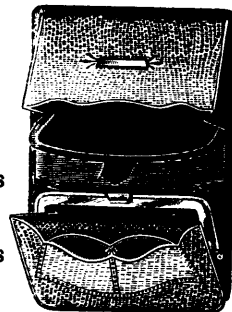
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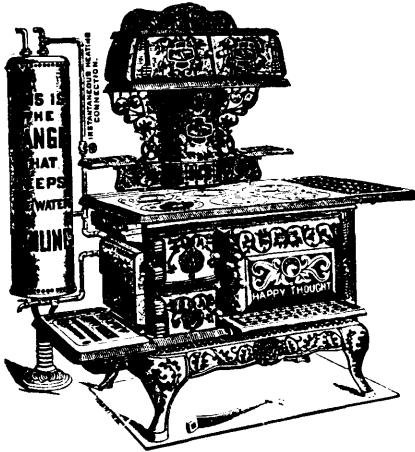


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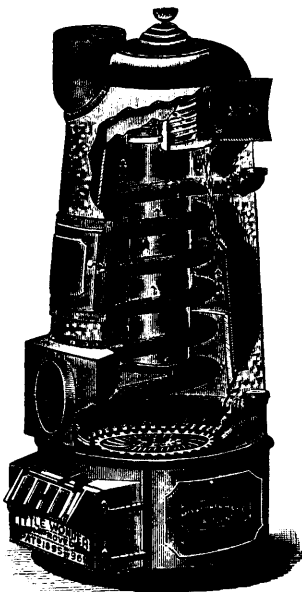
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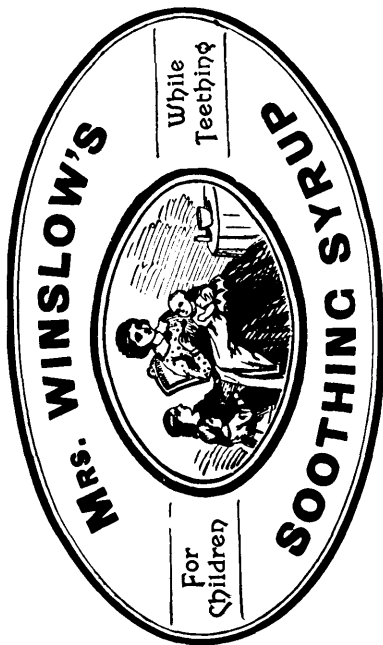
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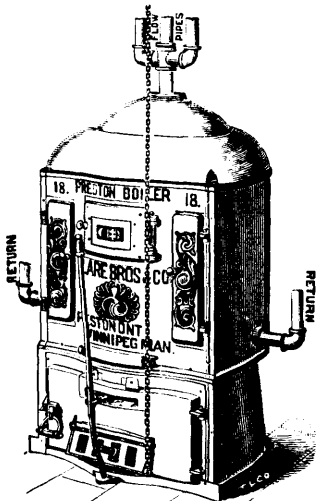
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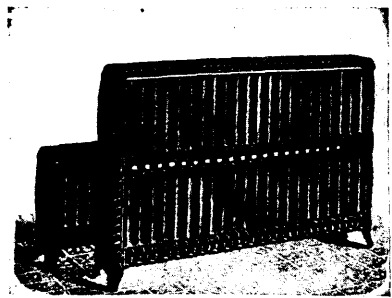
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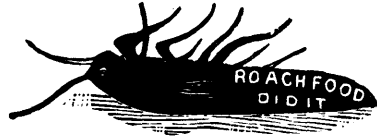


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## HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *Woman's World*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

## PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A I - A country of South America.                    | 16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler.                           |
| 2. - A I I - Name of the largest body of water.             | 17. - - C T O I - Another noted ruler.                     |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A E - - A sea.                           | 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe                      |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river                                | 19. A - S T - A I - A big island.                          |
| 5. T - A - - S Well known river of Europe.                  | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American.   |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States.    | 21. T - - A - One of the United States                     |
| 7. H - - - - - X A city of Canada.                          | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of Water.                | 23. - U - - N A large lake.                                |
| 9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States.              | 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.                            |
| 10. - A - R I - A city of Spain.                            | 25. C - R - A A foreign country same size as Kansas.       |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well-known island.              | 26. B - R - - O A large island.                            |
| 12. S - M - E - A well-known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R - D Popular family magazine.         |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world.  | 28. B - H - I - G A sea.                                   |
| 14. S - A - L E - A great explorer.                         | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean.                              |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States.           | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa.             |

In sending your list of words mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The *Egeria Diamond* is a perfect imitation of a *Real Diamond* of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of *Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality*. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not want it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the *Scarf or Shawl Pin*, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, *Woman's World*. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

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TEETHING  
POWDERS**



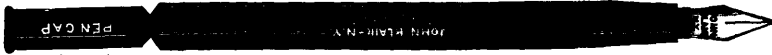
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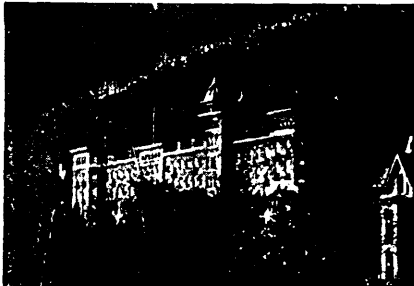
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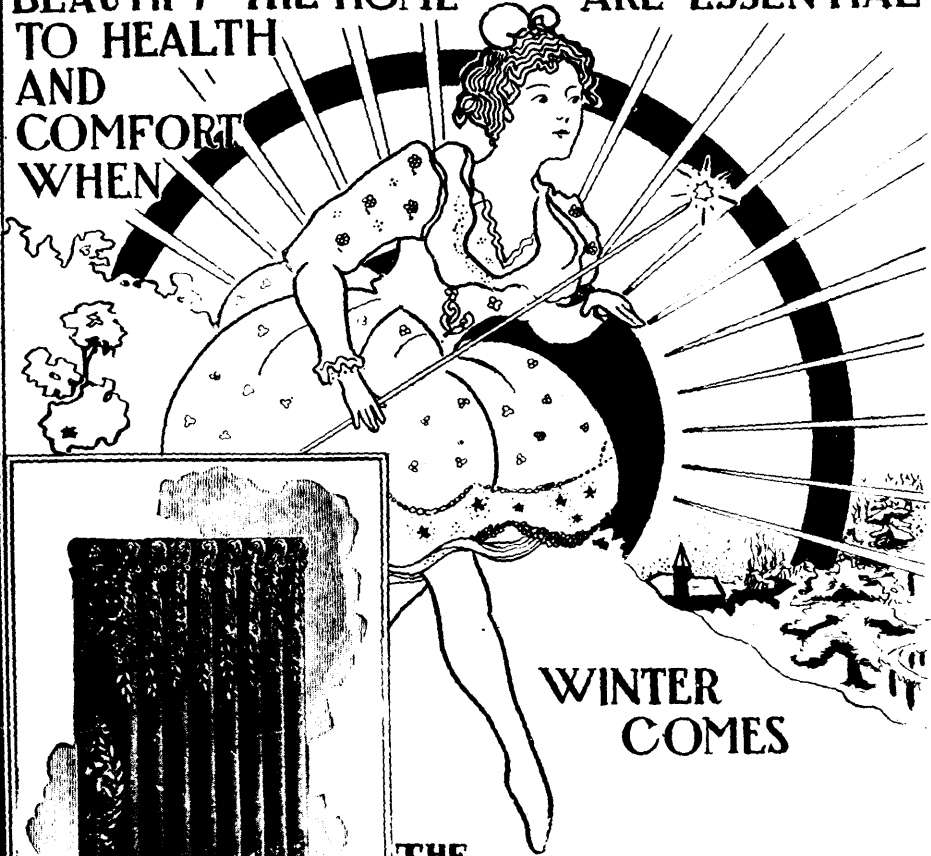
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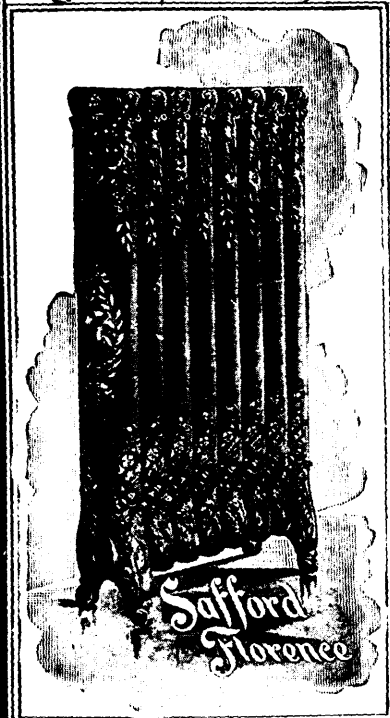
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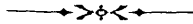
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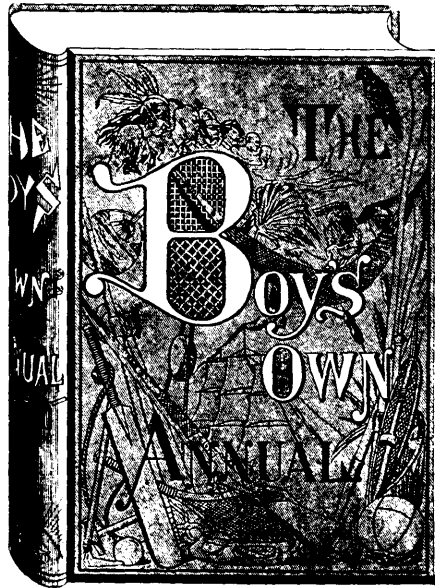
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