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THE  
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**MAGAZINE**

JUNE, 1900.



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VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 2.

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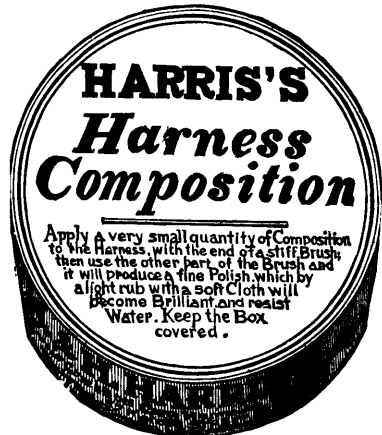
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# JULY CANADIAN MAGAZINE

**THE SALVAGE OF THE SANTA MARIA**, by W. A. Fraser. This author's stories, which are in great demand in London and New York, are published exclusively in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*—no other Canadian paper having the right to use them in this country. Mr. Fraser has recently arranged for the publication of a second volume of short stories in London. He has recently gone there to offer a Canadian animal book which has already been purchased by Scribners at a price which is said to be the largest ever paid for a work by a Canadian.

**A ROMANCE THAT FAILED**, a humorous story, by William R. Stewart, of the Montreal *Star* Staff. With illustrations by a Canadian Artist.

**A MISSIONARY OF THE CROSS**, a Canadian story by W. A. R. Kerr, of Upper Canada College staff. Several contributions by this new writer have already appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*.

**THE PAGAN INDIANS OF CANADA**, by M. O. Scott, of the Ottawa Press Gallery. With numerous illustrations.

**THE HULL-QUEBEC FIRE** will be described and fully illustrated in the July Number. This will be the most vivid account and striking series of illustrations that have yet been given to the public in connection with this great national misfortune. The writer of the article is Mr. H. F. Gadsby of the Ottawa Press Gallery, whose mastery of style and command of language have already brought him much commendation from critical readers.

**BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION**, from its own point of view, by Professor E. W. Huntingford of Trinity College, Toronto.

**THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES**, by C. A. Matthews. With illustrations of the new ambulance waggons now being made for the newly organized Canadian Army Medical Corps. This will be decidedly valuable to all who are interested in the development of the Canadian Militia in all its branches.

**THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG** will be fully described by a Canadian who was present at that memorable engagement.

## SUMMER NUMBERS.

The June, July and August Numbers will contain many short stories and sketches. They will be prepared with a special view to providing suitable reading for the dog-days. Some bright stories by leading Canadian and English writers have already been arranged for and will appear during these months.

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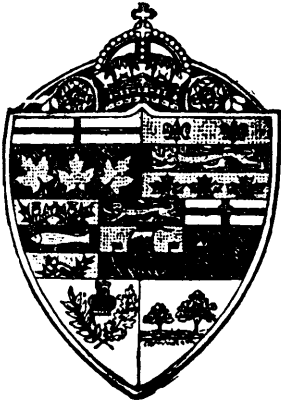


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### SOME RECENT ARTICLES.

#### JANUARY.

Home-Coming of the Nakannies, a story by W. A. Fraser; The North-West Red Man and His Future by Bleasdel Cameron; Henley, illustrated, by Geo. W. Orton; Principles Underlying the Trust, by E. H. Cooper; Military Picture Series; Twenty Years on the War Path, by Frederic Villiers; Current Events; Editorial Comment; Book Reviews.

#### FEBRUARY.

The Manitoba Provincial Elections, illustrated; Some Distinguished Canadian Soldiers, illustrated; Soldier-Police of the Canadian North-West, by W. A. Fraser; Whitetail and Blacktail Deer, illustrated; Lord Roberts of Kandahar, illustrated; French Canada and Canada, by Errol Bouchetté; Current Events; Editorial Comment; Book Reviews.

#### MARCH.

Types of Artillery by Malcolm Ross; The Second Canadian Contingent, illustrated; The Embarkation at Halifax, illustrated; Biographical Sketch of Hon. Dr. Borden; First Contingent in South Africa, illustrated; Current Events; Editorial Comment; Book Reviews. A special Military Number.

#### APRIL.

Strathcona's Horse, by Lieut. Cooper, Q.O.R., illustrated; Wild Sheep and Wild Goat, by C. A. Bramble, illustrated; The Red Cross, by Lt.-Col. G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.; Famous Canadian Soldiers, by Thos. E. Champion; Stories by W. A. Fraser and Robert Barr; Current Events; Editorial Comment; Book Reviews.

(Tear this off and Return.)

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1900.

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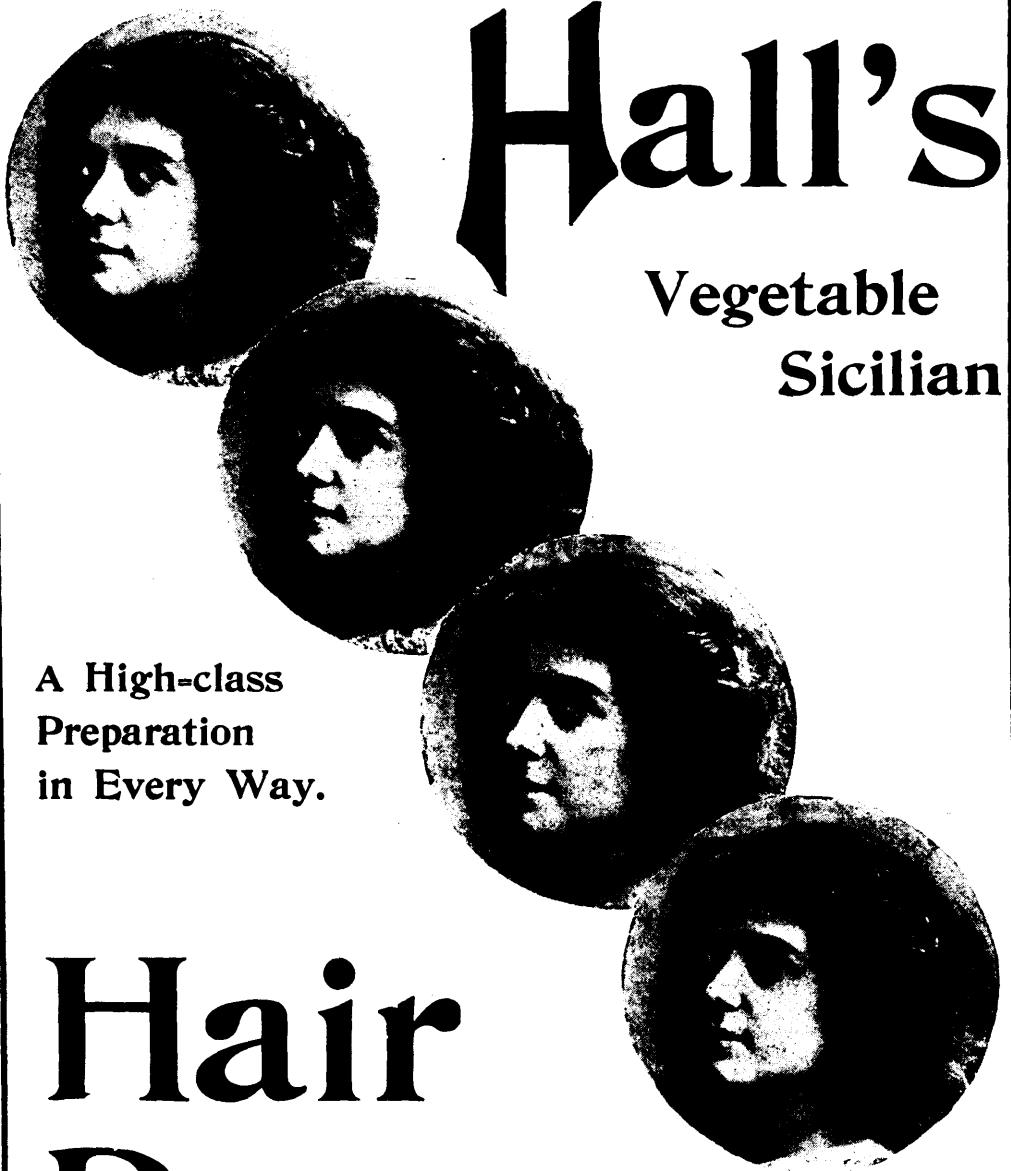
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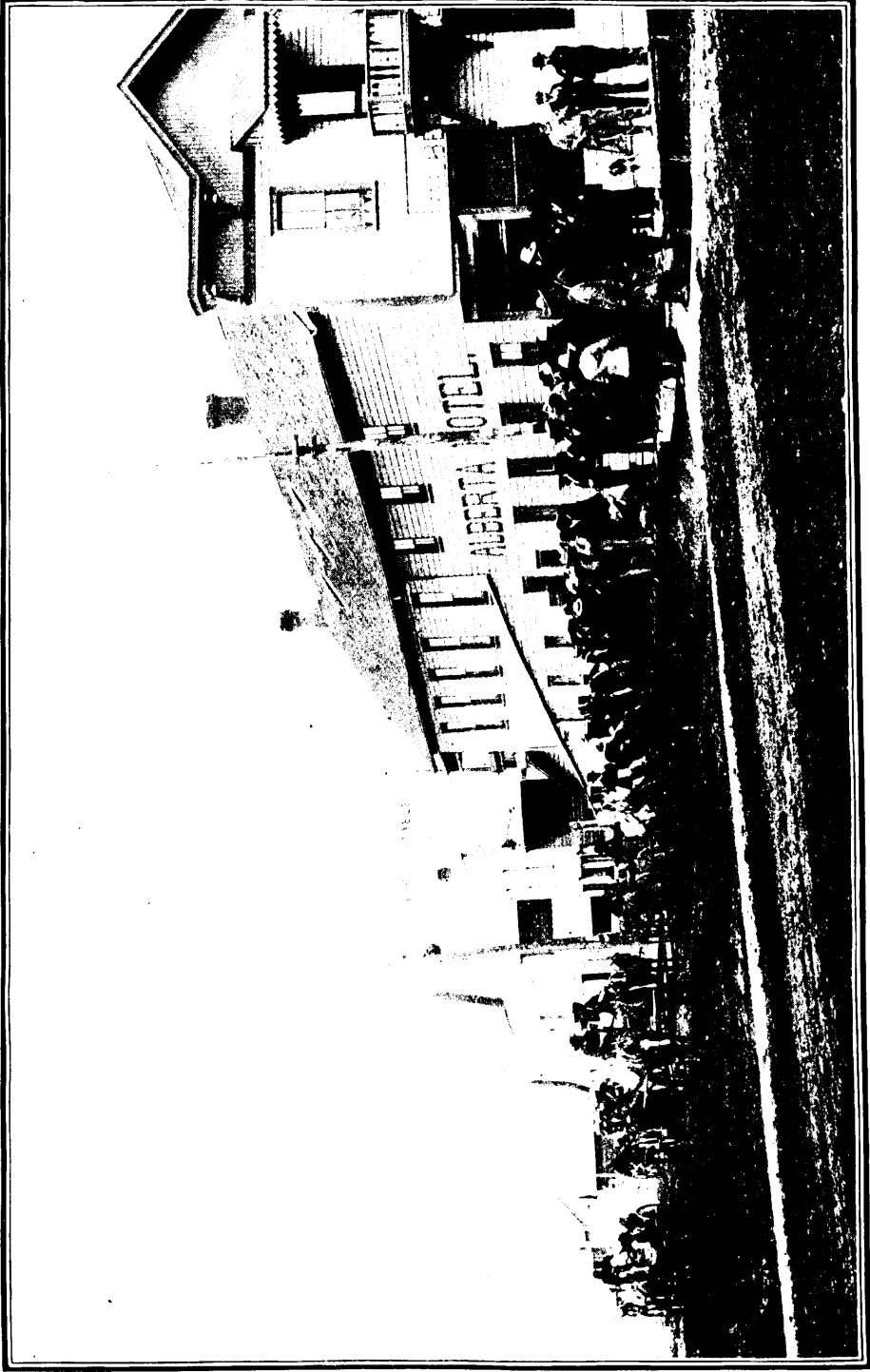
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PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHERS.

### TREATY COMMISSION LEAVING EDMONTON.

ON MAY 29TH, 1896, THE TREATY COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF INDIAN CLAIMS LEFT FOR THE NORTH UNDER A MOUNTED POLICE ESCORT.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV

JUNE, 1900

No. 2

## THE CITY ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

*By Bleasdel Cameron.*

### PIONEER FREIGHTING.

ON a hot day in July, 1881, I dropped into a wooden restaurant in the wooden town of Winnipeg and sat down at a very wooden table with a magenta cover. A small wiry man opposite at once attracted my attention. He had short, bristling, red hair and moustache, aggressively blue eyes and a flaming visage. He ordered steak; so did I. When it came I thought the pepper-box had been emptied; but the eyes of the little red man and my own met over the uninviting grills, his brows narrowed in a comical frown, and at length in his smooth southern drawl he said:

"Do you allow there's likely anything underneath 'em?"

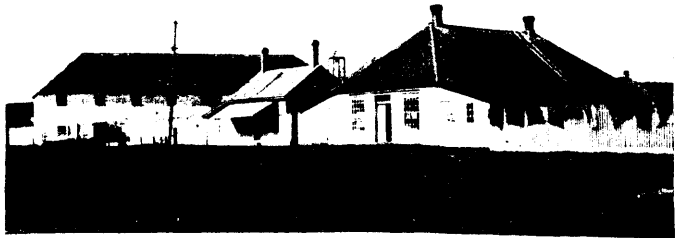
"If there is, I allow a coyote wouldn't eat it," I returned; and we each pushed aside his dish, for the stuff was black with flies.

That was my introduction to Ad. McPherson and to a class of seasoned frontiers-men whose calling brought wealth of gold and lands to many of them in the pioneer days of the Canadian Northwest. McPherson had ar-

rived a week or two before with his outfit of oxen and ponies from the North Saskatchewan River, and would shortly return. I was bound west myself.

"You can travel with us, and welcome," he said to me. "I'm leaving next week with sixty loaded carts—freight for the Hudson's Bay Company at 'Edmington.' But bring a rifle. Don't forget a rifle. It'll be a mighty useful thing to have along if old Sittin' Bull's people swoop down on us some mornin' about the Touchwood Hills."

And there was a suspicious twinkle in his blue eyes as he said this, for I was very young, and wore a leather belt with a nice new knife and untarnished six-shooter looking ostentatiously out of it; and he saw that I knew all that there was to know about Indians.



WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.

If you look up a picture of a Red River cart, you will see the sort of vehicle used by the old-time freighter to transport merchandise from Winnipeg over the thousand-mile cart trail to Edmonton. Every pound cost the Saskatchewan merchant ten cents in freight for the distance—a cent for each hundred miles. Fancy a barrel of salt, worth perhaps fifty cents at the works, the freight on which from Winnipeg increased its value by thirty dollars.

Freighters left Edmonton as soon in spring as the grass was green, and journeyed leisurely with their loose

to nine hundredweight. Snow sometimes lay on the ground and the streams ran thick with ice before Edmonton was reached on the return. May, June, July, August, September and frequently October were consumed in the round trip.

Edmonton merchants are not paying ten cents a pound any more for freight on their goods from Winnipeg. For eight years the terminus of the Calgary & Edmonton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway has not been in Edmonton at all, but in Strathcona, which is on the opposite (south)



EDMONTON—THE CITY ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

animals, and a cart or two for the camp outfit, to Winnipeg. It was a ten weeks' trip. They purchased their carts and harness from the Red River half-breeds. No iron entered into the composition of these carts, but only oak. The wheels, even, were tireless. If a cart broke down it was easily repaired; a splint or two wound and bound with rawhide did the trick. An extra axle, lashed beneath each cart, was ready to replace a worn one. An ox would keep fat in front of a thousand pounds walking fifteen miles a day; a pony was good for from seven

side of the North Saskatchewan River. A bridge is now being built across the river so that trains may run into that growing town. The bridge is a traffic as well as a railway bridge, and its importance to the town may be gathered from the fact that Edmonton gave \$25,000 to the Government towards its construction. Daily trains are expected in Edmonton during 1900.

#### OLD FORT EDMONTON.

Just what the age of Edmonton—Fort Edmonton—is, I have been unable to ascertain. At least a century has elapsed

since the Hudson's Bay Company established itself on the Upper Saskatchewan, for there was a fort there in 1799. It was named, I understand, from a chief factor of the Company. The present fort was built about fifty years ago. It has a commanding position on the north bank of the river. When I first saw it, the buildings were enclosed by a high stockade with a bastion at each of the four corners, but as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, all of these defensive structures have been cleared away, as useless encumbrances. Yet the time has not long passed since they were considered highly necessary. During the troubles of 1885 the settlers of the district flocked for safety to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, and no later than 1869 the Blackfeet, under Old Sun, attacked the place in force from the opposite side of the river, the water being high and crossing difficult. They failed to draw any response to their fire from the besieged, and the nearest approach they achieved in hurting anybody consisted in shooting Mr. David McDougall through the coat. However, it might easily have been very different had not the garrison had warning or had the place not been a fort in fact as well as in name. I have talked with a number of the Company's officers who were present at this "siege" and have seen the two little brass cannons which were ready loaded and would have been emptied into the Blackfeet had not the sage judgment of the chief factor in charge prevented.

#### THE NEW EDMONTON.

In 1882 there were on the present town site of Edmonton, exclusive of the fort, exactly one dozen buildings, principally of logs. To-day Edmonton has a population of 3,000, electric light, telephone, ten miles of sidewalk, dye

works, pork-packing corporation, four hotels, four newspapers, two chartered banks, two wholesale warehouses, five churches, public school, Roman Catholic school, general hospital, soda-water factory, two breweries, fire hall, four implement warehouses, sixty stores and shops, and members of all the professions.

Edmonton has a flour mill with a



A NATURAL AVENUE NEAR EDMONTON.

capacity of 200 barrels daily, and two large saw mills. On the south side of the river there are two more flour mills, with a joint capacity of 300 barrels; two elevators and an oatmeal mill. At Fort Saskatchewan, 20 miles down the river, there are also two grist mills, with a joint capacity of 250 barrels; and scattered through the surrounding country a number of other saw mills.



In 1898 Edmonton exported 1,000,000 bushels of grain. The crop for 1899 is estimated at over 2,000,000 bushels. The mines of British Columbia and the northern fur-trade furnish a reliable market for all surplus produce.

Edmonton has a fine public school, brick, built three years ago. The attendance has increased so rapidly, however, that already it has become altogether too small, and next summer an addition, with eight rooms, will be built. At present eight teachers are

dians of the Mackenzie, Peace, Yukon and Athabasca River districts packs of beaver, bear, fisher, fox, lynx, marten, mink, otter, skunk, wolf, wolverine and muskrat pelts, in great number and of princely worth, found their way over the mighty water-routes of the North to Fort Edmonton. From hence these packs and robes went down the Saskatchewan in York boats, to be loaded upon the "Company's Ship" in Hudson's Bay, and ultimately sorted and sold in the fur market of the world, London.



FUR-TRADERS LEAVING "THE LANDING" ON THE ATHABASCA FOR THE NORTH.

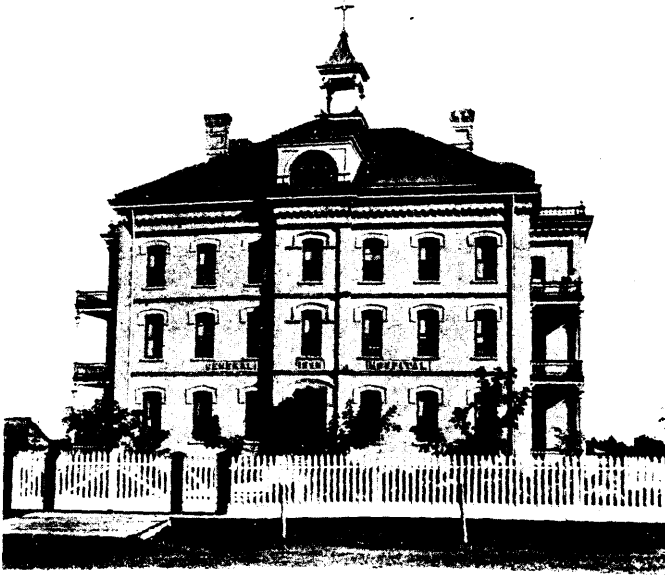
employed. The Roman Catholic school employs three additional teachers.

#### THE FUR TRADE.

To the fur trade, of course, Edmonton originally owes its existence, as this industry is, even to the present, one of the town's chief sources of revenue and prosperity. In early days immense quantities of buffalo robes were here gathered by the Hudson's Bay Company from the Crees, Blackfeet, and other tribes of Indians, who warred and hunted on the Great Plains to the south; while from the Wood In-

To-day Edmonton is the largest raw fur depot in Canada. It is still—indeed more than ever—the gateway of the North. Ninety miles of good waggon-road connect it with "The Landing" of the Athabasca, whence steamers ply almost without interruption to the estuary of the Mackenzie, far within the Arctic Circle.

It would be unsafe to speculate on the value of furs now annually marketed at Edmonton, but there is no doubt that a-quarter of a million dollars would not pay for them. Several of the more enterprising of the "free"



EDMONTON—THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

traders in the North—that is, those not in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company—alone secure as much as \$20,000 to \$30,000 worth of peltries in a single season. The big Company's furs are all marketed in London, and those gathered at their northern posts do not, therefore, enter into this consideration. Most of the leading fur dealers of London, Europe and the United States are represented at Edmonton by established buyers.

Of local purchasers, perhaps, the firm of McDougall & Secord, heads the list. The gentlemen composing the firm are both old "Northwesters," Mr. McDougall having come to Edmonton in 1876 as the

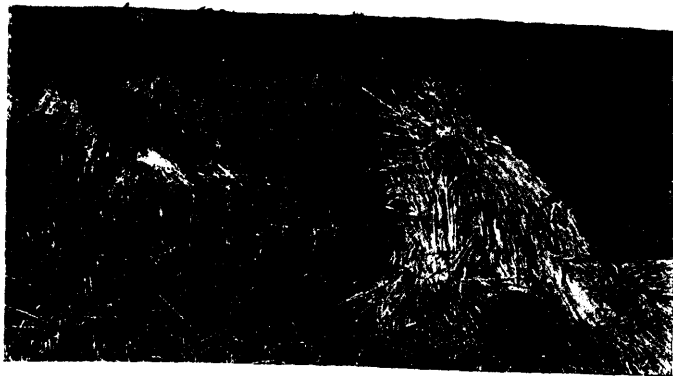
agent of Winnipeg merchants, and Mr. Secord in the early 80's, as teacher of an Indian school.

Messrs. McDougall & Secord enjoy the distinction of having received the highest price ever paid in the London fur market for a silver fox pelt—£340. It was a pure black, and one of the most beautiful skins seen in recent years. The purchasers secured it to be mounted for the Paris Exposition.

One of the illustrations shows a company of free-traders embarking at "The Landing" of the Athabasca with their outfits for the North; also the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Athabasca*.

"GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!"

The discovery of gold in the sand-



CUTTING WHEAT NEAR EDMONTON.



THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AT EDMONTON, LOOKING NORTH. IN THE RIVER MAY BE SEEN A GOLD DREDGE AT WORK. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT SINCE 1863 AT LEAST \$3,000,000 HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE GOLDEN BED OF THE SASKATCHEWAN NEAR EDMONTON.

bars of the North Saskatchewan about 1862 gave a fresh impetus of growth to the embryo settlement, which had already begun to gather round the isolated fur-post. The discovery is credited to a knight of the school named Clover, whose fragrantly suggestive appellation and meritorious achievement are embalmed in the title

“Clover Bar,” which still designates a strip of sand in the river bed twelve miles below Edmonton, where it is presumed the esteemed Mr. Clover first washed out his “colours.” News of the find spread fast, and men flocked into the country from all the “busted” mining-camps of the West—from Idaho, Montano, Nevada, California, Oregon, and British Columbia. One of the first to arrive was James Gibbons, who travelled with three companions from the present site of Fort Steele, in the Kootenay, through the Kicking-Horse Pass to the head-waters of the Bow River. This stream they mistook for the North Saskatchewan.

They found and buried four white men, who had been killed by Indians, and lived for a time on horse-flesh. Where Calgary



A MINER WASHING GOLD WITH A “GRIZZLY” ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

now is they found an Indian trail, which they followed. Near the Red Deer River they were set afoot by the Blackfeet, and when they later stumbled upon the "Rocky Mountain Fort" of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Upper Saskatchewan they had been for two days without food. They reached Edmonton finally late in the fall of 1864.

For several seasons Mr. Gibbons mined on the river, making as high as \$20 and more in a day's panning. Then he settled down to farming in the Saskatchewan valley. Of recent years he has been engaged in business in Edmonton, and is at present

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Gold  
mining

on the Saskatchewan has been followed with profit each summer since 1863, and while the cream of the precious deposits has, of course, long since been gathered, miners seem well content to wash along on skimmings of five dollars per day—which, indeed, considering the infinitely reduced cost of living, is probably quite equal in purchasing power to the twenty dollars of thirty years ago, when sugar cost fifty cents a pound and flour six pounds sterling a hundredweight. A picture on another page page shows a miner at work last

summer with a "Grizzly." A second illustration affords a view of the river, of a gold dredge at work, the piers of the new bridge, and a distant glimpse of the town. Mining with dredges has not so far proved much of a success on account of the great difficulty of saving all the gold, which is "flake" and very light. This difficulty it is believed will in time be surmounted. At present there are three dredges on the river, one of which is said to have cost some \$50,000.

It is estimated that at least \$3,000,000 has been taken from the golden bed of the Saskatchewan near

Edmon-  
tonsince  
1863.

COAL,  
WOOD,  
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A MOOSE IN HARNESS—AN INDIAN SCENE NEAR EDMONTON.

practically true. Within a radius of fifty miles I have myself knowledge of the existence of twenty seams. Five of these are located in the face of the river-bank beneath the town. Coal is delivered anywhere in Edmonton at an average price of two dollars per ton. It is a lignite of first quality, and admirably suited to all domestic as well as to manufacturing uses. The supply is simply inexhaustible.

In the matter of natural resources, the Edmonton district has indeed been generously endowed.

Tracts of spruce, sufficient in extent

to furnish all the lumber likely to be required by the settlers for years, are found in various parts of the country. Poplar and tamarac are also plentiful.

Whitefish abound in the larger lakes tributary to the Saskatchewan, and are sold in Edmonton at a moderate price. Salmon-trout are also found in some of the lakes.

For some years boring for petroleum has been carried on along the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers under the direction of Mr. W. A. Fraser, the Government engineer and well-known Canadian writer; and while the result of these experiments does not seem to be fully known here, it is the opinion of some of the old residents who have given attention to the subject that oil will be struck, and in places quite near to town, which have not yet been tested for it. Natural gas has been found both on the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca.

#### GAME.

Of game there is no stint. A glance at the "Moose in harness" affords incontrovertible evidence that the monarch of the Canadian woods is not yet merely a legend along the Saskatchewan. In addition to moose, there are elk, blacktail deer, bear, musk-ox and cariboo in the North, antelope in the South, and prairie chicken, partridge, hare, duck, geese, snipe and plover in season everywhere. The country may truly be called the sportsman's paradise.

#### THE BOUNTY OF NATURE.

But if Nature has dealt prodigally by the Saskatchewan on the lines already enumerated, what shall one say of the soil, the climate and the park-like beauty of its landscapes! These, surely, are her crowning gifts. Statistics concerning the yields of wheat, oats and barley in favorable seasons are such as would pass the belief of the sceptical, so I shall refer them respectfully to the Edmonton Board of Trade. Small fruits in infinite variety—including strawberries—are successfully cultivated. Many of these

flourish in a wild state. In summer the prairies are a bed of roses—and this is no idle figure of speech. Almost all vegetables grow to perfection. I have been told by old settlers that Edmonton has never known a complete failure of crops; that though frost or hail may occasionally work some damage, the farmers have always reaped what would be considered a fair harvest in the thickly-settled parts of the East. This land is a virgin land, and the fruits it bears are the perfect flower of its strong new blood.

Bees do well; and while this industry is yet in its infancy, a large quantity of honey is now annually marketed at Edmonton.

Stock-raising is extensively engaged in about Edmonton as in most other sections of the Northwest. Wild hay, the product of the native grasses, is anywhere to be had in abundance for the cutting. The manufacture of butter is an unfailing source of income to the farmer. Country-bred horses not in use paw their own living throughout the winter and keep fat, the dry, light snow seldom covering the nutritious sun-cured grasses more than a few inches.

#### THE CLIMATE AND THE SEASONS.

A word as to climate. It is true that the winters are often cold, sometimes long. But they are very dry, the sun is rarely hidden, the warm west wind—the Chinook—frequently blows; and that they are extremely healthful is established beyond dispute. Infectious diseases are almost unknown, the pure air is a balm to weak lungs, and this is essentially a country of vigorous old age. The winters may be said, roundly, to last from the 1st of December to the 1st of April, though there are occasionally earlier storms, and Winter sometimes lingers in the lap of Spring. Summer comes on rapidly, and the land glows with blossoms. The days are long; the sun is strong and bright, and vegetation seems almost tropical in the rankness and the rapidity of its growth. Probably there are no more splendid summers anywhere in the

world than upon the Saskatchewan. September changes all. The berries on the rose-bushes hang like drops of blood—all else is gold and deepest blue. The grass, the stubble, the leaves upon the aspens—all are a golden yellow; and out of the cloudless sky the autumn sun floods all the land with yellow brilliance. Only the majestic Saskatchewan reflects the sky as it rolls between its high and wooded banks, and here and there a little lake whispers and dances in the mellow light. The land is then a land of enchantment.

#### SETTLEMENT AND POPULATION.

Some idea of the rapidity with which territory is being occupied in this region of the Northwest may be gained from the following list of settlements tributary to Edmonton, most of them established within the past ten years:—St. Albert, Sturgeon River, Morinville, Glengarry, Fort Saskatchewan, Clover Bar, Edna, Belmont, Horse Hill, Beaver Lake, Beaver Hills, Black Mud, Rabbit Hills, Victoria, Egg Lake and Stony Plains. The latter, it may be explained, does not derive its name from any obduracy of the soil, but from a band of Assiniboine or Stony Indians, upon whose reservation the lands of the settlers border.

It is estimated that the agricultural population of the Edmonton district now numbers at least 15,000 souls.

The principal towns along the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway are Wetaskiwin, Leduc, Lacombe, Red Deer, Olds and Innisfail. All are centres of flourishing settlements.

In the winter of 1883-4, when I first passed over the trail now traversed by this road, there were just four isolated shacks along its two hundred miles where one could get a meal or spread his blankets. Most of the nights we camped in the snow.

The Northwest is well supplied with

hospitals, and Edmonton is not behind other Western cities in this respect. The building is of brick—made in Edmonton—and was instituted and is managed by the Grey Sisters of the Roman Catholic Church. It is steam-heated, lighted by electricity, and will accommodate two hundred patients of both sexes. The sick of all denominations are admitted, those not able to pay free of charge; and there are several handsomely-furnished private wards. A convent, costing \$50,000, for the education of young children, adjoins the hospital, and a fine brick church, in the Romanesque style, will be completed this summer. A second general hospital is projected.

One of Edmonton's most revered institutions is the Old Timers' Association, composed exclusively of men who reached the Territories prior to 1884 and are now residents of Edmonton. The annual ball of the association is the great social feature of the year. A miner's log cabin is erected on the stage at the end of the hall; shovels, gold pans and benches are scattered artistically before it, and the walls of the hall are draped with silver foxes, musk ox and other rare furs to the value of thousands of dollars. Mr. James Gibbons, to whom reference has already been made, was the first president of the Association.

Commercial men say that Edmonton is the best town for business between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and comparing its present with its past—the isolated fur-post of the 60's, a name on a map, surrounded by savages, with the fine modern town of today, its vast natural resources and unfailing home market—one is tempted to faith in the creed of its citizens which affirms that in ten years Edmonton will be one of the greatest and most prosperous of Canadian cities.





# Ma Leetle Cabane

By *William Henry Drummond.*

I'M sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more happier dan de king,  
 An' ev'ry corner's ringin' out wit' musique de ole stove sing.  
 I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm gate's open wide,  
 But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm so long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci mon chien, put your head on dere, let your nose res' on ma knee.

You 'member de tam we chase de moose back on de Lac Souris,  
 An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f till morning is bring de light,

You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien, lak de place we got here to-night.

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire she's blazin' high  
 An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie on de floor close by,

O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I dream of de summer tam

An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so moche down by de lumber dam!

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside! mak' me t'ink of de loup garou,

W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if even de Carcajou  
 Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on de Lac Souris

Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he lak, I geev' heem good chance, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I'm out to-day, off on de Nor' Eas' sky

An' she block de road, so de cloud behin' don't get a chance passin' by,

An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en log's fillin' up de bay,

Wall! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam flood, dat cloud she was sweep away!

Dem log's very nice an' quiet, so long as de boom's all right,

But soon as de boom geev' way, l'enfant! it's den is begin de fight!

Dey ronne de rapide, an' jomp de rock, dey leap on de air an' dive,

Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus' lak dey was all alive!

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de res' of dem push aside,  
 For dey're comin' fas' from de cole Nor' Eas' an' away t'roo de sky dey ride,  
 Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain from de farmer's han',  
 Till to-murrow you can't see no'ting at all, but smoke of de leetle cabane.

I'm glad we don't got no chimney, only hole on de roof up dere,  
 An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere's no use gettin' scare,  
 Mus' get more log, an' it's locky too, de wood pile is stannin' near  
 So blow away storm ! for harder you go, de warmer she's comin' here.

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de great beeg town,  
 W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky, mus' be danger of fallin' down !  
 An' worsor too on de night lak dis, ketchin' dat terrible win',  
 O ! leetle small place lak de ole Cabane was de right place for stayin' in !

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem feller dat's be riche man,  
 For dey're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come an' steal all de t'ing he can ;  
 An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin' it night an' day,  
 Dunno but w'ere better off here, mon chien, wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it ma birch canoe,  
 I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit' de good snowshoe,  
 An' everyt'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on dis place near me  
 An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit' your nose up agen my knee.

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day w'en ev'ry t'ing's warm an' bright,  
 On de winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak she blow to-night ;  
 Let dem stay on de city on great beeg house dem feller dat's be riche  
 For w'ere happy an' satisfy here, mon chien, on our own leetle small cabane.

DRAWINGS BY D. F. THOMSON.





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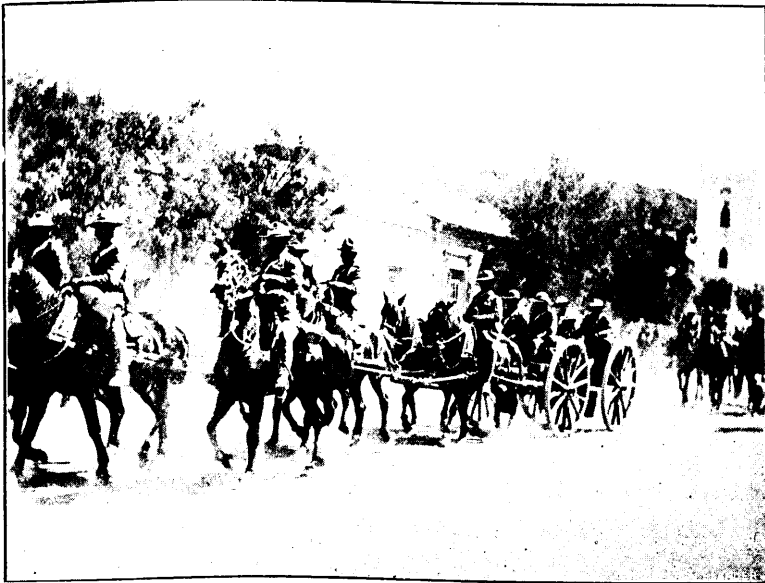
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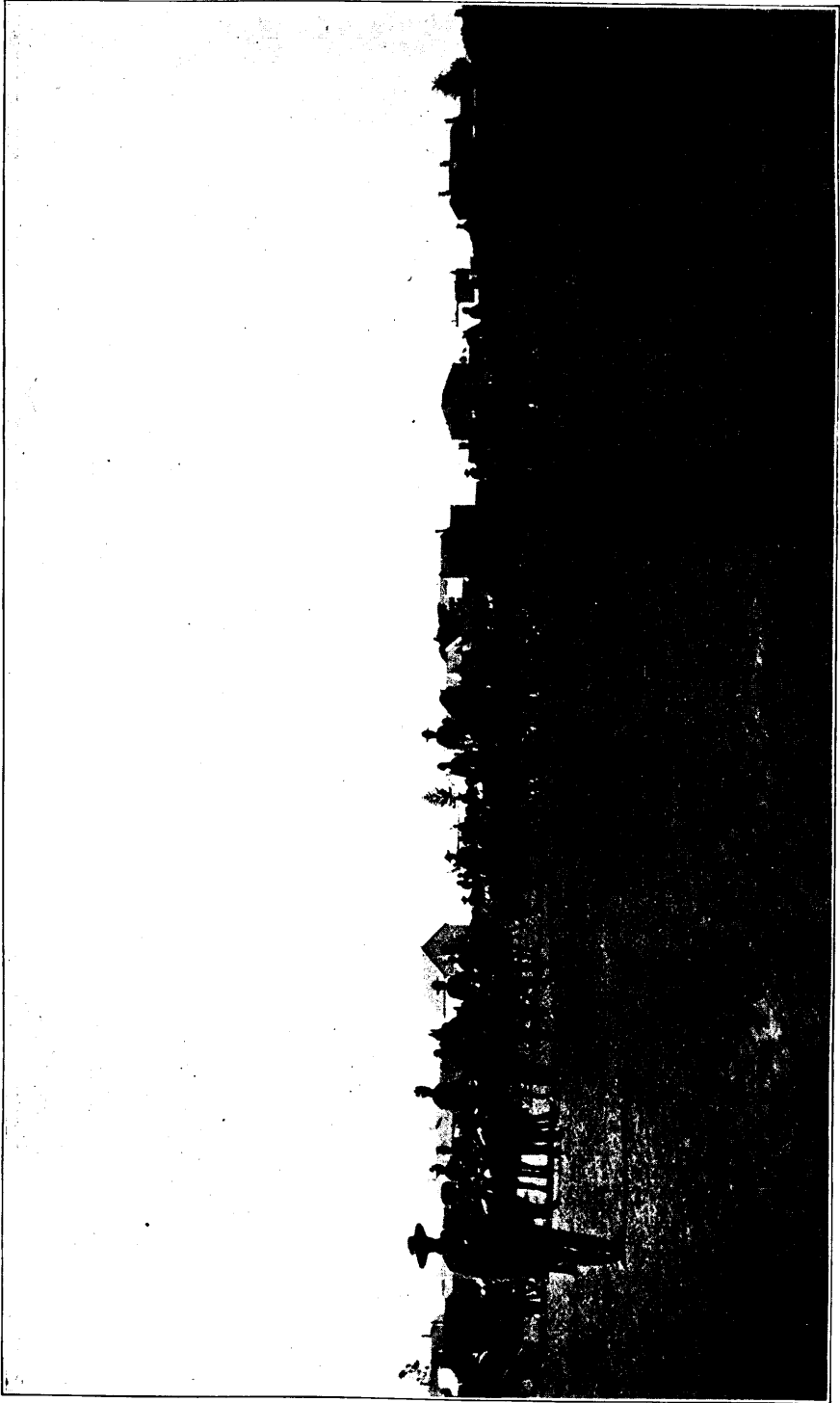
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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 29—E. BATTERY, ROYAL CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY, ON GREEN POINT COMMON, CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

## THE CHINAMAN IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

*By Walter C. Nichol, Editor Vancouver "Province."*

MY wife said in her haste that never under any circumstances would she employ a Chinese domestic; but British Columbia women, like the women of the east, sometimes change their minds. His name was Chow. He was short, loose-jointed, garrulous when with his fellows and jabbering in his native tongue; quiet and uncommunicative about the house. He was "heap good cook," he said, and he understood enough English to undertake to sweep, dust, keep the floors polished, light fires, and do the cooking and plain washing for \$25 a month. We subsequently discovered that if we asked him to do anything outside of the duties he had undertaken at the start, his knowledge of the vernacular deserted him. "Me no sabe"—pronounced sabee with the a long—he would say in that low, plaintive voice of his, and it was quite impossible to make him "sabe" unless he was promised another dollar a month. The moment that was conceded he was no longer a missing word contest.

Chow came in the early fall. There was one in the house who had not been there very long before Chow arrived, and the two became fast friends at once. The baby would toddle to Chow in all confidence and Chow would smile back and permit the wee one to pull his pig-tail, an indignity which if attempted by a white man, would have provoked a fight. There was something human in Chow after all. My wife had doubted it of all Chinamen before, but when she saw the cordial terms existing between Chow and His Royal Highness, she admitted that Chow must have some good in him somewhere. Perhaps that was why we never dared to grumble openly when Chow insisted on sweetening the coffee with syrup before placing it on the breakfast table, and provided so well for those of his friends

who were out of work and wanted food that our housekeeping bills ran up fifty per cent. a month. Privately my wife said it was a shame and I felt compelled to admit that it was, but we could never muster sufficient courage to take the almond-eyed humbug by the throat and force him to have a little more consideration for his employers and a little less for his friends. We knew that all our neighbours who employed Chinese servants were being robbed in the same way, and we felt that we were there to be robbed and that the proper thing for us to do was to submit to the inevitable with the best grace possible.

When Saturday night came Chow would rush through his dish-washing and present himself with a petition for leave to go down town.

"Me get shabed, all same bossee man," he would say, "and see flen I come back bi meby."

"You come back get breakfast?"

"What time bleakfas'?"

"Nine o'clock. You be back here about half-past seven to light the fires and get your sweeping and dusting done before breakfast."

"Me no sabe. Me come back bi meby, mebbe 'leven, mebbe twelve o'clock tomollow—no?"

"No, you come back half-past seven."

"Me no sabe half-past seven."

"Oh, yes you do. Half-past seven, all same half hour later than you lit fires this morning."

"Too early. No stleet call so ealy tomollow molning."

"Well, you come back or I'll get another boy. You heap bad boy. Bossee man not like you any more."

"Ugh?"

It was the stolid grunt of the Indian with an interrogation thrown in, but the threat did its work. Promptly at half-past seven Chow was back in the

kitchen. It was quite evident that he had had both his shave and a night of it, for there are Chinese dens in Vancouver where opium is smoked and unspeakable infamies are practised, and no matter how meek and mild your Chinaman may look, no matter how gentle his voice and confiding his manner, Saturday night is almost certain to find him "doped" in his bunk, weaving dreams under the poppy's subtle spell. From this debauchery he arises haggard and worn in the pale dawn and returns to his work with a million memories in his heavy eyes and about him the painful odour of unutterable things. Somehow—how no one knows; for he has no confidantes among Anglo-Saxons—he gets through his morning's tasks, but the afternoon usually finds him sleeping on his cot, soothed to more peaceful slumbers, perhaps, by the knowledge that he has helped himself abundantly from your favourite decanter and taken about half the contents of your tobacco jar.

Much as we liked Chow for his willingness to let the baby play with his pigtail, we were pained to observe as time went on that there was always something wrong. He not only stole everything that was not barred and bolted and guarded with barbed wire, but he was forever breaking the dishes or setting the table the wrong end to, or doing something that he shouldn't do. If we had people in to dinner he was just as apt to begin in the middle and wind up with the soup. He knew better, and he knew we knew he knew better, but if anything was said to him a pathetic look of reproach would creep into his mild eyes and he would say in that gentle voice of his, "Me no sabe," and it was impossible to do anything with him. With malice aforethought he would give the joint to my wife and place the sweets before me. On Christmas Day he poured pudding sauce over the boiled salmon

and had raisins scattered through the potatoes; but the situation reached the climax when he ruined the family stomach by providing us with mutton chops nestling in pure tobacco sauce. I have had some warm experiences in my life, but never anything like this. I wondered as I turned the dose down my throat what it was that I had done to have my future punishment now.

I came back into the house again, gasping, perspiring but determined. I was not angry, I was not even agitated, but I was firm. I had an axe in one hand and a hatchet in the other. "Chow," I said, "get out. Get out quickly. I have only so much patience left, and when that is exhausted, I don't know what may happen. Skip. Vamoose. Go!"

And Chow gathered up his belongings in a wicker luncheon basket, took three sticks of kindling wood with him as a souvenir of our home, and went.

There are good Chinese servants, I believe. Some people here swear by them. There is no servant like a Chinese servant they say, when you get a good one; and that is possibly true. My own experience leads me to believe that the good Chinese are something like the good Indians—dead. Put a Chinaman in a position where he can do all the housekeeping himself and rob you without restraint and without reproach and he may serve you admirably, doing as much work as a couple of women, and doing it well. Throw about him the same safeguards that the ordinary housekeeper throws about her domestics, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will make your life a burden. But such as he is, he solves the great servant-girl problem in British Columbia, for there are no servant girls here, and without him housekeeping would be an impossibility.

*Vancouver, B. C.*



## THE WEST INDIAN NEGRO OF TO-DAY.

*By H. G. DeLesser, Institute of Jamaica.*

THERE are some subjects on which there has always been a diversity of opinion. The so-called negro problem is one of them. It bewilders one to read the scores of books and articles that have been written on this eternal question. Men of unimpeachable veracity have given answers so entirely opposite that the enquirer who is not in a position to study the matter at first hand may well despair of ever arriving at the truth. Yet one thing ought never to be forgotten, namely that people who have passed some time in the West Indies have generally spoken favourably of the negro; while those persons who have only paid a flying visit to these islands, and who have not taken the trouble to study their subject thoroughly, generally go to form that class of writers who represent the negro as steeped to the lips in the mire of a meaningless superstition, and hopelessly incapable of any progress whatsoever.

But as a matter of fact you can know little of the negro after but a few weeks acquaintance with him. He is a human being, not a machine with which you can experiment. His character is not so very simple as may be supposed. It is not safe to judge of him merely by his hilarious laugh any more than that it was wise in truthful James to judge of Ah Sin's character by his bland and childlike smile. This has been fully grasped by Colonel Ellis and Miss Mary Kingsley (two recent writers on West Africa), and it is an important fact to be remembered by those who would approach the study of negro character in anything like a scientific spirit.

I do not pretend, however, to handle this question here one-half as thoroughly as it might be handled. That is impossible within the compass of a short "sketch." What I shall

say, therefore, may be taken as the outlines of a portrait, not as the portrait itself. Nevertheless, the outlines are true.

The negro in the West Indies has a past to remember, but he does not remember it. For your West Indian peasant is forgetful of past injuries, especially if he has not suffered them himself. His grandfather endured slavery, but he is free. Sixty years ago he was chattel property, to-day he is a landowner and a free-born British subject. The ruined cane-mill, the disbanded sugar estate, the massive aqueduct on which mosses and lichens luxuriate—all these conjure up no bitter memories in his mind; no subtle association of ideas touches into life any slumbering passion. With him the dead past has indeed buried its dead.

Not that it must be thought that the negro existence in the West Indies was one of unutterable misery; for it certainly was not. Yet he was a slave, and in that lay his chief grievance. Still having long since forgotten all about it, his outlook to-day is singularly undimmed by any reminiscence of a sorrowful past.

I think it may be said without fear of contradiction that the negro bids fair to become a great factor in the industrial future of the West Indian colonies. In one respect at least he has been misrepresented in the past. The so-called "ruin" of the West Indies has sometimes been attributed to him; but, anyone who is not content to accept a mere assertion will be considerably puzzled as to why this allegation was made. It is all very well to say that the negro deserted the sugar estates after emancipation, but enquire into the matter, and you will find that there are two sides to this question. However, there is no ne-

cessity to handle it here, as I have dealt with it elsewhere.\* At the present time, too, it can not be said that the planters attribute the "ruin" of the West Indies to the negro; for such a charge could not be sustained.

The most abundant proof exists that the negro works well when he is paid well. I do not say that he works as well as he might work. I do not say either that he will work for the mere love of work. But I think that in this respect he is very much like other persons. *Tout le monde fait l'éloge du travail, personne n'en veut plus*, writes M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, with his usual deep sagacity. He is right.

And I am glad to find, also, that so well-known an American journalist as Mr. C. A. Stoddard agrees with me in this respect. Says he,† "I had heard a great deal of the indolence of the negroes in the West Indies. I saw little. Taking into consideration the low price for labour—from four cents a day, in Barbados, to a shilling or thirty cents a day in the best labour markets of the islands—and considering also climate and the possibility of easy existence without labouring, it seemed to me that the negroes were an industrious class of people."

The negro in the West Indies is largely a peasant proprietor, and to his small patrimony he devotes most of his time. Of course, it might be pointed out that at its best his land is but poorly cultivated. This is true; but who is to blame? Not the negro, certainly, for he cultivates according to his lights, and those lights are very dim. He has not improved much upon his old-fashioned system of cultivating the soil; he will not improve upon it until he is taught how.

Taking the initiative is not a strong point with the negro. As an imitator, however, he is very successful. If you would have him be a good workman you must not leave him to hatch out

new methods for himself; you must teach him. His past history proves this. During thousands of years in Africa he developed under circumstances which fettered the growth of his intelligence. Every natural agency made against his progress. Yet his very survival shows that he developed in harmony with the conditions of his existence. But habits and peculiarities were then formed, the results of which are apparent to-day.

Take, for instance, the most distressing social problem in the West Indies at the present time. I speak of the relationship subsisting between the lower classes of both sexes. In a word, marriage is not a favourite institution with them. And what is peculiar is, that the institution *per se* is highly respected by them. That is, those of them that are married are more highly respected by their fellows. They even speak of those who live together without being married as persons "living in sin." This, of course, is due to the influence of Christian teaching; but this respect has at present no great effect on morals.

But no one who has studied the question thoroughly will say that gross sensuality is the sole cause of the negroes' present attitude towards the institution of marriage. As a matter of fact the causes are many. Those who are acquainted with the origin and history of the institution of marriage will readily understand that amongst a primitive people the position of the woman is peculiar. She is sometimes the absolute property of her lord. She has few rights. She is a beast of burden. She is won either by capture or purchase, so that love has little to do with her position as a wife. And with this system polygamy generally goes hand in hand.

These remarks apply, broadly speaking, to the people of West Africa, and they are the stock from which the West Indian negro has sprung. But the transplanting the negroes to the West Indies has wrought changes in the position of the woman which is

\* "New Century Review" for January, 1900.

† "Cruising Among the Caribbees"; page 38, 1895.

tantamount to a social revolution so far as that sex is concerned.

In bygone times polygamy was rampant among the slaves of the West Indies. But the man was a slave as well as the woman, and had no absolute right over her. Their marriage customs were simple. Divorce was therefore a thing of course. The man was not called upon to support his children after he and the woman had separated. The man, then, felt not the burden of responsibility; and it profited the woman to bear children, as she was more kindly treated by her owner in consequence of it. Hence, though she might grieve that her "husband" should leave her for another, she was accustomed to regard it as a natural occurrence. Besides, she herself was at perfect liberty to leave him for some one else. This custom obtains to-day.

Another reason that makes against marriage amongst the negro population of the West Indies is their dislike of a contract. The peasant may live with his helpmate for life; at his death he may leave to her, and to their children, all his possessions; but it will sometimes happen that he will refuse to be joined in wedlock with her. He knows the marriage tie is binding; he knows too that while, amongst his own class, it is no particular disgrace to leave the woman he has been living with, yet to leave his wife is considered a contemptible action by the same people. So he hesitates before giving anyone so great a claim on him. On her part, the woman has no such great objection to marrying. Indeed, I think that in most cases she would prefer it. The man's excuse is, that as long as the woman knows he can leave her at will, she will be submissive and obedient; but if he becomes bound to her by legal ties she will be difficult to manage.

There is also another aspect of this question, not to be overlooked. Voltaire says truly, "*Les femmes . . . n'ont . . . que très rarement l'instinct d'embrasser leurs maris . . .*" and this is evidently a wise provision of nature.

The thoughtful reader will at once see that were the passions of women equal in strength to those of men, their social *status* would be infinitely lower than it is, even in the most uncivilized countries. Joined to this comparative feebleness of passion there is the inferior physical strength of women. Where they cannot rival man in the struggle for daily bread, they must be provided for; and they must therefore have some definite claim on those upon whom they are dependent. But this physical inferiority is scarcely found in the West Indies. The women work, and work well. There is therefore no danger of their being left behind in the struggle for existence. Then they take very little thought of the future. With them, "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." They have, also, no social position to lose by having illegitimate children; and so the most powerful aids to chastity are very much lacking in the West Indies.

The uneducated negro is deeply superstitious. It is his nature to be so. Writing of the "Irish peasant" in his "History of Our Own Times," Mr. Justin McCarthy says of him, "Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him. The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The streams, the valleys, the hills of his native land are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all living forms for him." The same may be said of the negro peasant. His mind is cast in a mysterious mould. The supernatural becomes the natural for him: they are one and indivisible. But instead of sneering at the superstitions of the negro, it would be better to enquire into their meaning. Perhaps, as Mr. Herbert Spencer trenchantly remarks, you may find in them something useful and instructive.\* The

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\*Instead of passing over as of no account or else regarding as purely mischievous, the superstitions of primitive man, we must enquire what part they play in social evolution; and must be prepared, if need be, to recognize their usefulness."—Herbert Spencer, "Principles of Sociology," Vol. II, page 230; 1893.



negro in Africa may sacrifice hundreds of human beings at the death of a king; but he does so because he believes in an after life, and if his king has attendants on earth, he thinks he must necessarily want them in the land of the dead. His belief in "obeah," or witchcraft, also illustrates a dominant conception of his mind. The gods are powerful, therefore they can do great harm to you, or prevent it being done. Therefore they must be propitiated, or charms must be got from them through their high priests. All this is clear to the negro. He no more "bows down to wood and stone" "in his blindness" than you do. Every action of his has some definite meaning for him.

But the religious ideas of the negro have undergone strange modifications since his introduction into the West Indies. He has come in contact with Christianity. He has been cut off wonderfully from his native land. The religious practices of his own country have been slowly repressed by the law. He has been taught about a God who punishes sin hereafter, of a Christ who died for him, of a heaven the bliss of which soars beyond the loftiest conception of man. But does he fully grasp all this? Will the mere teaching of a new religion revolutionize completely and at once all his old beliefs? Has this ever yet been the case with other peoples? As Miss Mary Kingsley points out, the negro has spent all his life in propitiating deities who either do not care for him, or are directly opposed to him; God, he is taught, does care for him, and naturally he looks for immediate benefits. He thinks he gets them when the rain falls, and his fields return abundant produce; but when lightning strikes a man dead, he also attributes this to the direct action of God. It is God who has struck that man. To appeal to him, vengeance or reward must be present and striking. Both hell and heaven are shadowy indistinct things of the future. His imagination is not keen, and therefore what would be terrible realities to other persons are not so to him.

Then he argues inwardly, why should he who is a Christian suffer? He does not speak out his thoughts as a rule, for religious conformity compels him to say "God's will be done." But he *thinks* for all that. Said a peasant, whose fields had been repeatedly robbed, to me one day: "It is true that God will punish the guilty, but then the innocent is punished at the same time. If a man robs my yams, he *may* go to prison, but I lose my yams all the same. I don't understand it." That's just it! He doesn't understand! Yet he knows that if he hung up an "obeah" charm in his field, few thieves would come near it. He will scarcely do that because he has been told, and believes that it is wrong. But his mind is in a whirl, and when he thinks at all, he is perpetually asking the question, "Why?"

The West Indian negro believes in God, but, as said above, his conception of Him is somewhat narrow. I do not believe that he thinks much about God as a God of love. No; God is rather something terrible to him. But Christ is different. He was a man on earth; he suffered and died. That means a great deal to the negro. He can understand the Man with all the best attributes of a man. Then again, his conception of Christ must be distinctly anthropomorphic, for he knows that Christ was in every respect physically like himself. He is taught, however, that God is not; but his conception of Him is distinctly material, and he pictures heaven as a land of gold and precious stones, and actually flowing with milk and honey! That is, he accepts the description in Revelations quite literally.

But do the lower orders of any European country think much differently? I should say not.

The negro was accustomed to rites and ceremonies in West Africa, and in the West Indies he regards Christian rites with almost as much zeal as he once did pagan customs in Africa. External ceremony always appeals to him. He likes much singing, and an elaborate display of religious zeal.

Thus, there is a great deal of religion in the West Indies, but little Christianity. For instance, Sunday is most religiously observed in the West Indies. The majority of the lower classes do not care to do anything in the shape of labour on that day. Large numbers attend places of worship, but their chief delight is to sit in the open air and sing hymns, and the more solemn and dolorous those hymns are, the better. To break the Sabbath day in the West Indies is a greater crime with the peasant than to tell a lie.

But it must not be gathered from the above remarks that the West Indian negro is incapable of becoming a real Christian. Not at all; for there are thousands of exceptions to the general rule, but I am dealing with the majority now; and also with the present time, not the future.

Now, whatever one chooses to think of the origin of our moral sentiments, it must be universally admitted that different systems of religion will have various effects on them. Immorality, for instance, is little thought of as a breach of a moral law in West Africa, and the chief reason of this is because it has never been condemned by the native religion. Where adultery is punished in that country it is because an injustice against a man's personal rights has been committed, not because of the heinousness of the deed *per se*. Similarly, stealing may be condemned from a utilitarian point of view, for it is certainly very annoying to have your things stolen; but West African religion has nothing to say against it. But reverence for the priesthood, for superiors, for elders, and for parents is almost an article of faith with the West African negro, and in nearly all these respects the force of heredity tells in his pure-blooded offspring.

It has ever been said that the negro is not honest, and the consensus of opinion in the West Indies is that the lower class negro is very much inclined to petty theft. He is not a burglar; he will not attack you on the highway for the purpose of robbing you; he

rarely thinks of taking your life for your money, yet he will rob his honest neighbour's "provision ground" without the slightest compunction. This prædial thieving is the chief crime of the lowest classes of the West Indian peasantry. No one suffers by it so much as the hard-working black planter, who may awake any morning to find the results of weeks of labour robbed from him in a single night.

It has sometimes been alleged that the West Indian negro cannot co-operate for any useful purpose; but this assertion is emphatically negatived by the numerous Friendly Societies and Unions that have been flourishing for the last thirty or forty years. This spirit of co-operation is yet in its infancy, so to speak; but, of course, a fully developed system of voluntary co-operation is the product of a corresponding state of civilization. The very fact that it exists here in an incipient stage is something hopeful, and I cannot concur either in the assertion that the negro is absolutely thriftless. It is scarcely fair to expect thrift from people who, in the majority of cases, have little to live upon. But even in this respect there is positive evidence in favour of the negro. Where did he get the money to buy the land he now owns in the West Indies? There is enough evidence to prove that he worked for it. Mr. Stewart in his "Account of Jamaica," first published in 1808, gave it as his opinion that a great part of the gold and silver coin then in the island was in the hands of the negroes, who had obtained it in exchange for the products of the small pieces of land they were allowed to cultivate for themselves during slavery. And if anyone chooses to take the trouble of looking through the official returns of the savings banks of the West Indies he will be able to judge for himself whether the negro is, on the whole, thrifty or not. Perhaps I can do no better than quote here a few sentences from a lecture on Jamaica delivered in April, 1880, before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Sir Anthony Musgrave, one of the best of

West Indian Governors. Said he: "There are indications, everywhere regarded as evidence of prosperity and thrift on the part of the working classes, to which we may point as testimony that the people in Jamaica, like their fellows elsewhere, are becoming mindful of the value of industry and the advantage of providence. In 1868 the number of depositors in the savings bank was 2,524, and the amount of their deposits £58,913. In 1879, after deducting some deposits on public accounts, there were 6,222 depositors, with a total amounting to £207,000."

The above remarks, although made with special reference to Jamaica, are far from being inapplicable to the other West Indian islands, and I could give statistics to show that, despite the terrible depressions and crises through which the West Indies have recently passed, there are many hopeful signs of increased thriftiness on the part of the common people.

The West Indian negro is intensely emotional, impulsive, polite, given to begging, very liberal, has no strict regard for the truth, is affectionate, is generally grateful for past kindnesses, and is cheerful. When enraged he does not reason, and is ungovernable. This, of course, is the trait of an undisciplined mind; yet his fury rarely ever lasts. He is not revengeful—impulsive people are not so as a rule. And though the women are given to begging, both sexes are liberal. (West Indian liberality has always been much lauded, but it must by no means be supposed that this hospitable feeling is only confined to one class.)

I have said that the negro has no strict regard for the truth. In this respect I must be understood to be speaking broadly of the majority. And, too, there is a sort of honour attached to a certain form of lying. Suppose, for instance, one man has seen another commit some petty misdemeanour, and tells of it, he is invariably regarded as a liar, although he has told but the strictest truth.\*

\* Speaking of people in a lower state of civilization than the West Indian peasantry, J.

That as a rule the negro is affectionate is unquestionable. Negro mothers are most attentive to their children. Infanticide is not common in the West Indies; and though Sir Spencer St. John in his book on Hayti gives it as his opinion that the dreadful infant mortality of that country is due to the sacrificing of children, most persons who are at all acquainted with West Indian diseases will at once concede that tetanus has more to do with it than any such inhuman cruelty.

That the negro is generally grateful is well substantiated by facts. There are numerous instances recorded of the fidelity of household slaves to their owners during many trying periods in the history of slavery. Slaves have given their lives for kind masters. They have protected their property, have fought their battles, have supported them in time of distress. Negro peasant women have been known to carry regularly a portion of the produce of their "fields" for their old slave mistresses after emancipation. They have sympathised with them in their distress, for above everything else the negro is sympathetic.

Carlyle has laid it down that the world is built upon a foundation of clothes; and if this *dictum* has application anywhere, it is in the West Indies. The negro is extremely fond of dress. He may go in rags during the week, but on Sunday he will dress like a prince if he can afford it. There is nothing on which he will more readily spend money than on fine wearing apparel. This trait has been long since recognized, and economists have dwelt upon it as an inducement to the negro to labour.

The negro is not a politician. In the towns where there is always a somewhat lively play of public opinion, he does take some interest in political matters. Not so in the country where he is far removed from the scene of

S. Mill ("Three Essays on Religion,") makes one or two remarks which apply here. "They have," says he, "a notion of not betraying to their hurt, as of hurting in any other way, persons to whom they are bound by some special tie of obligation."

such activity. And this is only natural. Political institutions are a thing of growth, and the institutions to which the negro has been accustomed in the past were generally supreme autocracies. In saying this, I am stating only a simple fact. It is not an argument for or against any particular form of government in the West Indies, for that subject does not concern me here.

I venture to think that I have given above the chief faults and virtues of the negro. To my thinking the virtues outnumber the faults. It is hard to expect anything better from the negro as he is at present circumstanced. Wise men do not look to gather grapes from thistles, and in the same way it is unwise to expect to reap much where, up to now, so little has been sown.

## IN WAR TIME.

SOUTHWARD are faces set—  
 The stirring music of the marching feet,  
 That woke the nations with its rhythmic beat,  
 Rings on the pavement yet.

Across the earth and sea  
 A long line stretches—men and men and men ;  
 We may not look upon the like again,  
 Nor braver sight could be !

Yonder among the guns,  
 The wine of life—and Britain knows its price—  
 Is poured out in a lavish sacrifice,  
 Where fall her precious ones.

This page of history—  
 Written in warriors' blood and women's tears ;  
 Ending the mighty volume of the years,  
 That make our century—

Will be a tale sublime,  
 When the great empire-heart grows calm again ;  
 Britannia's eyes, through all this stress and pain,  
 Look to that after-time.

*Effie I. Forster.*

By **TWENTY YEARS**  
ON THE **WAR PATH.**  
By **FREDERIC VILLIERS,** WAR ARTIST &  
CORRESPONDENT.

VIII.—THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THE first fight I was present at during the Russo-Turkish War was the passage of the Danube. When the crossing was effected between Simnitza and Sistova, Archibald Forbes and I joined General Arnoldi's cavalry brigade on the invasion of Turkey. The advance squadrons were dragoon, carrying rifles, bayonets and swords, in fact, mounted infantry or cavalry at will. There is no service during war that appeals to me more than that of the Uhlan, or scout, and Arnoldi's men acted as such for the invading force. To be in the very fire-front of an advance, always on the alert, to keep touch with the enemy, interrogating the peasantry, or cutting telegraph wires; in fact, to be here, there, and everywhere, is to me the best part of campaigning.

Arnoldi, though a staunch Russian, had, as his name suggested, Italian blood in his veins, and all the artistic feeling both in music and painting of that highly-gifted race. He was a keen aquarellist, and nothing did he like better than, after he had seen his men encamped for the day, to devote the remaining hours of daylight to a jaunt with me through the adjacent Bulgarian villages, and place our camp-stools in the front of some picturesque hut, and try to reproduce, with our

limited pigments, the marvellous hues of the paprika pods enshrouding the portals with crimson, yellow, and delicate greens, while the wondering inhabitants stood in motley groups round the crazy General, as they dubbed him.

Certainly the quaintest and most picturesque figure of the odd scene was Arnoldi himself, doubled up on his stool, arrayed in pink silk shirt, white kapi, and dark green trousers, with the broad stripe of red down their sides denoting his high rank.

When the sun was down we would light our pipes, shoulder our camp-stools, and trudge back to camp, just as if we were on a sketching picnic instead of the serious business of war. Sometimes Arnoldi and I would be so keen on sketching that we would not hesitate to pull out our sketch-books and colours on the line of march, and ride as far as we dared ahead of the squadrons and begin our work. Occasionally the General and I would be many hours in advance of our baggage, and once or twice so hard pressed were we for food that Arnoldi would request a passing Cossack to dismount and order him to empty his pockets of the dry pieces of black bread, which those hardy warriors always stored, in case of a long march, in their capacious trouser-pockets. It

was a quaint and amusing sight to see the trooper, at word from Arnoldi, come to the attention, then salute, and dive his hands into his nether garment, and produce, apparently, black cinders, which he would place in the hollow of his cap, and, with trembling hand, offer the ration to his General, when Arnoldi and I would consume the stale food with great relish. I suggested to the General that it was rather rough on the trooper to requisition his rations at a moment's notice, but he laughed with great glee and replied: "My dear Villiers, did you not notice that the soldier was trembling as he handed me his bread? Why, he was shaking with pleasure, and he will be the proudest man of his troop to-day for the honour we have done him in eating his crusts. You don't know the Russian soldier yet, my Villiers," continued the General. "If that man gets out of this campaign alive the one thing he will ever remember and talk to the children about—above heroic deeds and the glamour of the fighting—will be this little incident of his General munching those musty crusts out of his greasy trouser-pockets."

It was almost a perpetual picnic this, the beginning of the Russo-Turkish campaign. The weather was simply perfection for campaigning. The breath of summer was in the air. The days were bright and sunny, and at night one required no better bed than a patch of grass to stretch on and a blanket for a covering.

We met with no serious opposition on the march till we arrived outside the town of Bjela. The few Turks occupying the place were so astonished at seeing, as they thought, a force of Russian infantry so near at hand, that they immediately beat a retreat, for our men dismounted some little distance from the town, and in infantry formation crept up, with fixed bayonets, and completely surprised the enemy.

Bjela nestled in a gorge dividing a belt of hills, standing rather abruptly out of the rolling plain across which we had advanced. As our men were

skirmishing over the heights, driving the rear-guard of the Turkish force out of the town, the principal Bulgarian residents of the place and the chief dignitaries of the Orthodox Church were advancing towards the General and his staff, proffering them bread and salt, while an aged priest held up a large metal crucifix which the General and his officers in deep reverence kissed. Shortly afterwards our troops took up a position on the heights to the left of the town.

Towards evening a number of the enemy's Circassian cavalry stood out against the blood-red after-glow of the sun like huge carrion crows on the purple horizon, hovering along the ridge in our immediate front till their figures began to be merged in the gathering gloom. And when night set in, flickering lights on our front and left and right betokened that the enemy had not retreated far, but were keeping a keen watch on our movements. The General had expected the infantry to follow close on our heels, for we were not strong enough to court attack; therefore, when the morning broke, and finding that the enemy had been closing round us during the night, so formidable did they look, Arnoldi immediately ordered our guns and baggage to retire behind the River Yantra, which ran below the town, and over which we had passed the previous night.

We stood by our horses all day long, our videttes occasionally taking potshots at the enemy as they gradually drew closer towards our flanks. We were anxiously waiting and watching till the sun was on the wane, when, to our intense delight, we descried afar over the plain a column of dust beginning to rise, gradually rolling nearer and nearer. Through this dust specks of fire sparkled as the yellow glow of the sun glinted on the lips of bayonets. Steadily the grey cloud approached, and soon white uniforms were distinctly visible, and the sound of the steady tramp, tramp of infantry came up from the plain. The dragoons sprinkling the heights of Bjela gave lusty cheers

as the long-looked-for relief at last passed under us into the town. The enemy, on seeing this strong reinforcement quietly melted away, and Bjela, practically without a shot, fell into the hands of the Russians.

The house in which Forbes and I had taken up our quarters, was at one end of the straggling township. My colleague had just started back to the Danube with my sketches and a budget of war news, and Arnoldi, knowing I was alone, was good enough to invite me to dine with him. I had to go the whole length of the town to Arnoldi's quarters, he having encamped on the other side of the Yantra. The infantry were rapidly taking up their position on the heights round Bjela. All through the evening the troops continued marching through the main street, and far into the night stragglers and malingerers were dragging their weary limbs over the hard, dusty plain to the various encampments.

When I returned from dining at the cavalry camp towards midnight, the road was apparently quite silent. Presently a light flashed up from one of the cellars of a store. On looking down its steps I discovered four soldiers staggering stupidly drunk, up to their ankles in liquor, which was still running from several casks they had broken open. On catching sight of me one of the men stumbled up to the level of the street and brought his rifle to the guard at the same time challenging me.

I answered in my best Russian, the purity of which immediately betrayed my ignorance of the tongue, whereon the sentry cried to his companion:

"Here's a Turk!" seized me and pushed me into the cellar, where his drunken companions at once surrounded and searched me.

I immediately held out my revolver, butt-end forward, to show non-belligerent intentions. They snatched it out of my grasp, and also relieved me of mysketch- and pocket-books and purse. Then they rudely hustled me up out of the cellar on to the road. They were all more or less intoxicated, two some-

what good-humouredly, but the others were sullen and ill-tempered. They held a querulous consultation as to their future dealings with me, and appeared to arrive at the conclusion to take me in the direction from whence I had come. At this I was much relieved, for I knew I should be nearing friends.

My captors placed me between them and we started. To my dismay, on arriving at the mill-dam in the centre of the town, the deep shadow of the old mill wheel seemed to suggest to the two sullen guards who were behind me that this was a fit and proper place to rid themselves of so irritating a burden as myself. Why not stab me in the back and slip me into the mill-race, for was I not keeping them from a further orgy? One ruffian suddenly clutched me by the shoulder and growled out "Halt!" while the other levelled his bayonet. I quickly caught the cold steel at the charge, forcing it aside with my hands, when, luckily, the good-humoured advance-guard turned round at the noise and, seeing the dastardly deed about to be perpetrated, rushed forward.

One struck the fellow who still clutched my shoulder a blow in the mouth. Then a quarrel ensued between my captors, the rear-guard explaining the advantage of a quietus for me, while the advance-guard objected strongly to this questionable proceeding (in which I fully concurred) to thus early in life sending me over to the great majority.

At last there seemed to be a compromise between them, and, thanks to my preservers, they further relieved my mind regarding my safety by remaining in the rear while my would-be assassins were compelled to trudge on in front. We eventually arrived at a bivouac of infantry, and I was dragged toward the blazing camp-fire.

As I warmed my hands at the flaming logs, the men crowded round and stared at this supposed Turk in disguise. In a short time an officer appeared on the scene. He did not seem much convinced of my innocence, in

spite of my story which was related to him in my best French and all the Russian I was acquainted with. Luckily a cavalry-man, one of Arnoldi's troopers, pushed his way to the front, and, recognizing me, told the crowd (which immediately made me a hero in their eyes) how, on the day of their arrival in Bjela, I went down into the town, and marshalled up to their thirsty bivouac a contingent of Bulgarians, carrying buckets of wine. This exploit of mine elicited a murmur of admiration, and I at once knew that I was with friends.

A cloak was spread for me by the fire, and a mug of tea handed me, in which I drank "to all honest soldiers." Presently, over the heads of those immediately around me was passed my revolver, then came my sketch book in the same manner, for the men who had arrested me were now out of favour and had quietly slunk away. Last, but not least, my purse arrived. I instinctively opened it and commenced counting the notes and coin. A howl of indignation went up from the honest fellows round me. I almost felt ashamed at my stupidity. The officer assured me that no Russian would steal. I arrested the question which readily came to my lips: "Then why take my purse?" Nevertheless, the coin had not been touched, though I believe that well-filled purse, by exciting the cupidity of the two sullen guards, nearly caused the death of me. The officer kindly gave me an escort to prevent further molestation, and I arrived at my house never more utterly fagged out in my life.

Throwing myself on to the ottoman I soon fell asleep. Presently I was disturbed by a soft, velvet touch on my face, then came a gentle pressure of my hands. Thinking I was in the throes of a pleasant nightmare, I sighed, and still sweetly slept. Now came a pinch on my right toe, quickly followed by rather a rough tweak of my nose. I sat up, rubbing my eyes till I was wide awake, when I discovered in a ray of soft moonlight, two lovely damsels in picturesque *robes-de-*

*nuit*, wringing their hands and sadly moaning.

On seeing that I was fully awake they rushed at me and shook me, fearing that I might fall asleep again. The fair creatures both pointed to the window, and in a tongue utterly unintelligible to me, rapidly began talking. Their faces were full of fear, and they seemed to be in great distress, so in spite—to say the least of it—of my compromising situation, I jumped out of bed, and was soon by their side, looking through the window. I soon became aware of a dull roar like the distant surging of the sea, and bright flashes of light threw sharp shadows into the room. On looking through the casement into the street, a weird scene was presented. From our house, which formed the *cul-de-sac* of the alley opening on to the main street, grim-looking beings staggered hither and thither. Their rough features were lit up by flaring torches, splinters of broken shutters or window-frames steeped in pitch, which many carried. By the light of fitful beacons the ruffians were looting the stores, and quite a number—the majority the worse for liquor—were making for our house.

I at once aroused Forbes' servant, Andreas, and asked him to stand by. The husband of one of the women who had followed them into the room, was crouching by the doorway, almost in a comatose condition with fear. By this time a considerable number of looters were collected in front of the house, many beating vigorously at the door with an iron bar.

"Andreas," I whispered, "throw open the window as if in surprise, and in a loud voice ask what the deuce they mean by attacking a Bulgarian house, and that a Russian Colonel is quartered here who must not be disturbed. I will put on my military cap and shake my fist at them."

This little ruse of mine succeeded for a time, the men apparently clearing off and leaving us in peace. Almost dead with sleep I fell back again on to the ottoman. The women clinging to each other, squatted on the floor,



while the man kept crossing himself and calling upon the saints.

I was soon awakened once more by a loud knocking at the gate below. The women were crying and clinging to me with all the fervour of the distressed ladies in the romantic drama; wherever I went they hung on to me for dear life. Dragging myself to the window I must say that an alarming sight presented itself. Six men, fierce with rage, their coarse features distorted with passion, were striving to force the gate. One ruffian had fallen, and was gasping in agonizing throes on the step. His companions on seeing us at the windows, shook their fists, yelling out that "I was a cursed Turk! The house was a Mohammedan house, and that we kept poisonous liquor to kill the Russians with."

One snatched a bottle from the grasp of the fallen man and hurled it in my direction. The frightened women with piteous cries of fear clung closer and closer to me. With the assistance of Andreas I shook them off, then stirred up the cowardly, whimpering husband with my foot, and told him to blockade the door with the furniture. Giving my revolver to the women, and bidding them shoot if once the door was forced, I left them, and hurried down the stairs into the yard. I requested Andreas to leave his revolver behind, for, being found unarmed, the soldiers might not take extreme measures with us. Andreas and I stood for a moment quietly behind the door, and then suddenly let it fly open. The angry crowd was taken aback by this sudden movement, and for a second or two my servant and I stood alone in the portal.

It was a curious sight we beheld. Two of the ruffians carried torches, the lurid glare falling on the faces of the men, showed me that most of them were sottish with drink. There was a confused babble of oaths as they recovered from their surprise, and then one with a black wine bottle in his hand staggered forward, and seizing Andreas by the arm, tried to force him to drink of its contents. Andreas,

who was not thirsty, declined to obey him. At this the others closed around him, and shouted, "The accursed Moslem shall drink his own vile poison, drink! Force it down his ugly throat!"

At this they seized his head. I then came to my servant's rescue, and in another moment the bottle was dashed to the ground and smashed, splashing its contents over my boots, and Andreas and I were dragged by the angry mob up the valley and on to the main street.

I cried to Andreas not to resist. but to work his way, if possible, to pilot the surging, frenzied soldiers, hanging on to us towards a sentry standing guard in the middle of the road. With our clothes almost torn from our backs, and bleeding with rough usage, we gradually worked the struggling mob towards the sentry. Then Andreas called to him, explaining who we were, and asked for succour.

The sentry came forward, and shouting "Halt!" demanded our release. The drunken crew around us, a little sobered by the sharp struggle, at last began to understand that they had made a mistake, especially when a few of the more sober saw the insignia of my profession attached to my arm, bearing the Imperial Russian Eagle, which in their fury they had not noticed. They stole sullenly away. Balked of their revenge on us, I could see that they intended to re-attack the house.

I hurried up to the camp above the town, told my story to the Colonel in command, and just as day was breaking I returned to the scene of my late adventure with a half-company of men and two officers, arriving in the nick of time to prevent the drunken ruffians from forcing the door of the room.

On the threshold of the gateway we found the corpse of the man who had fallen with the bottle. His face was livid, and his lips black and swollen. Curled up into a ball dead, a few yards further up the valley lay another of our assailants, also black at the mouth, and his hands fearfully blistered. How

did these wretched creatures come by their death? What was it they had been drinking? I looked at my splashed boots; dark spots stood out distinctly on the leather. On touching these my fingers broke through the material as if it were paper.

Andreas now came up and said: "What have these men been drinking? Look at my hands, sir!"

They were blistered in many places. We hurried upstairs and inquired of the landlord, who was now thoroughly

aroused from his state of absolute terror.

"What in the name of Bacchus was the wine he kept stored in his cellar?"

"Honoured stranger," said he, "my business is that of a leather-dresser, and in one of my cellars I keep vitriol in bottles for use in my trade, in another the wine of the country."

It was evidently not the wine of the country our irritated and violent friends had been drinking.

*To be Continued.*

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## INNOCENCE.

HAVE you ever guessed  
 How this world is blest  
 And redeemed from its sins, forsooth,  
 By the happy dreams  
 That shed their beams  
 From the smiling face of youth,  
 Ere the wise old world  
 Has its wisdom hurled  
 O'er the simple path of Truth?

A mild surprise,  
 In the laughing eyes  
 Of a smile so pure and free,  
 Showed never a thought  
 Of the dream it brought  
 To the selfish soul of me;  
 And my spirit shrank  
 From the nectar drank  
 In that cup of purity.

Subdued I felt  
 As I meekly knelt  
 At that holiest altar throne;  
 And in that hour  
 I prayed for power,  
 To my sordid soul unknown,  
 To worship Truth  
 In the heart of youth  
 Ere it has to wisdom grown.

*Frank Lawson.*

## A TRIP TO MEXICO.

*By Laura M. Boulton.*

IT is difficult, soon after crossing the Texas border into Mexico, to realize that one is still on the work-a-day North American Continent. Here there are quaint and mediæval, old-world cities, and very interesting mining towns founded early in the Spanish dominion. One is all the more appreciative of the charm of the land after crossing hundreds of miles of arid, treeless desert, where nothing flourishes except a little sage-grass and the ubiquitous lobster-cap.

Once in sight of the Sierra Madres, there is much of interest, though it is only when south of the Capital, amongst the high mountains, that the finest scenery in the country is traversed. Here the luxuriant tropical vegetation appeals strongly to northern eyes.

Some eight hundred miles from the frontier town of El Paso is Zacatecas, one of the oldest mining centres in the country. Its charter as a city was granted by Philip of Spain. There the first Bonanza silver mines of the New World were discovered, and a thriving town established, despite the drawbacks of a scarcity of water, and despite what even the optimistic guide-books describe as an "inclement climate."

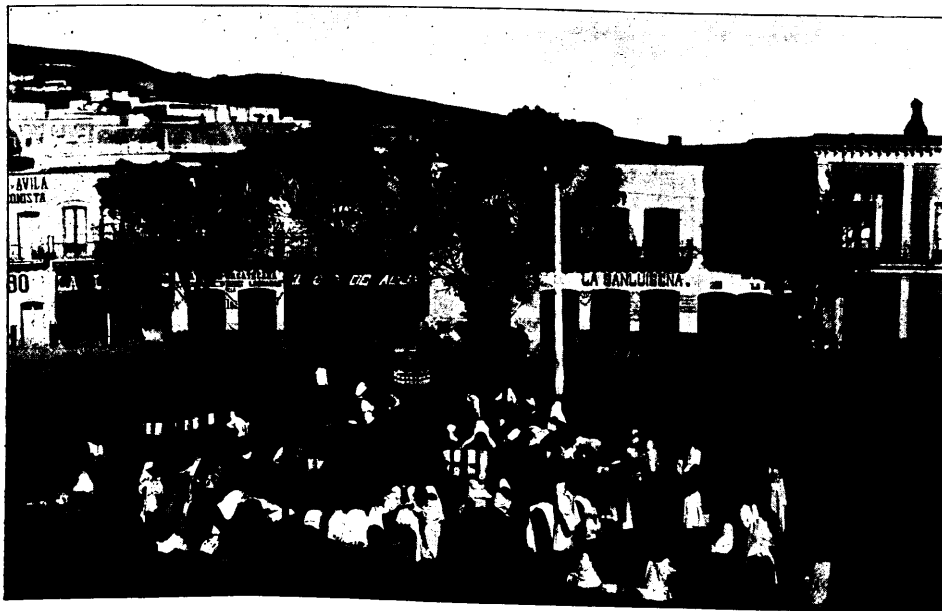
It is a very steep climb for the train up the Zacatecas hills, and it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to get "stalled" in the mountains for lack of power to draw the heavy coaches up the grade. In fact, a certain amount of philosophy is useful in travelling in this country, as time is no object, and trains arrive and depart in the most erratic fashion, with small regard for such mundane affairs as time-tables or connections.

The streets of Zacatecas are narrow and winding, paved with cobble-stones and crowded with water-carriers and

donkeys. The latter are laden with silver ore from the mines, or with picturesque-looking men, who wear huge sombreros, and are swathed to the eyes in gay serapes. This fashion gives these cavaliers a tragic and mysterious air, and makes them look like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, or near relations of Joseph and his brethren. The houses are flat-roofed, and either frescoed deeply or painted yellow, blue or violet, their courtyards filled with flowers and birds, with occasionally a background of painted canvas like the drop-scene in a theatre.

The Hotel Zacatecana, once the Augustin Monastery, has an imposing air, with its vast corridors, wide stone stairs, and stone-flagged court-yard, though the comforts of life to be found within its walls are not quite in keeping with its palatial appearance. The more or less ragged Mexicans who form the hotel staff, add to the incongruities in this "land of anachronisms." The ways of Mexican hotels in the smaller provincial towns are past finding out; there is no office and no visible manager. Once installed, and your name written on a blackboard, you are left severely alone, with no polite enquiries as to your wishes. When you are leaving, any odd hanger-on hands you a bill.

A few hours' journey across the Zacatecas hills brings one to Aguas Calientes (hot waters), about midnight. At present a night-time arrival in any small Mexican town cannot be recommended to those afflicted with nerves. The natives are really well-meaning, but until one is a little accustomed to them, their manners and appearance are a little startling. A truculent-looking Mexican met us at Aguas station, and presumably offered to show the way to the Hotel Paris. Shouldering our bags he rapidly walked



MEXICO—PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT ZACATECAS.

ahead of us. Suddenly the guide plunged into a dark court-yard and vanished, leaving his charges alone to contemplate the beauties of Aguas by moonlight in the lonely square. It was consoling to remember that murder and robbery are not as prevalent as in former days in Mexico, owing to President Diaz's way of dealing with offenders. A criminal foolish enough to be caught is first shot and then tried, and this summary method has rather discouraged brigandage. As our guide remained conspicuous by his absence, there was plenty of time to notice the illuminated clock on the Municipal Palace on the other side of the square, and the beauty of the open belfry of a neighbouring church. At last a muffled figure approached us, and was made to understand that we wished to be shown to an hotel, any hotel—as standing in the Plaza of Aguas at one in the morning was beginning to be tiresome. This man proved to be quite intelligent, and at once escorted us to a hotel whose proprietor spoke French. Our bags were restored, but no explanation was forthcoming of the so-called guide.

Aguas by daylight was found to be

a charming little town with delightful baths, where the hot water comes bubbling from springs. The bath-houses, open to the sky above, have quite a Pompeiian air, with their blue and white tiled floors, and flights of stone steps leading from one's dressing-room to the water. Aguas is headquarters for linen drawn-work of the most lace-like designs. The makers of this bring it to the railway station, where they add to the general confusion by selling their wares.

A Mexican station is most entertaining, as the poorer classes travel incessantly, and are to be seen at most places crowding into the second and third class carriages, laden with a miscellaneous collection of cooking pots, babies, and large bundles of bedding containing the household gods. Smoking, and eating *dulce* are the chief delights of these people, and whenever the train stops, vendors of unpleasant-looking mixtures readily dispose of these dainties. The large trays carried on men's heads are soon deprived of their loads of sweet potatoes, fried in grease, or some other equally sticky and tasty delicacy.



CATACOMBS AT GUANAJUATO.

We sincerely hoped to reach our next destination, Guanajuato, by daylight, but the train was delayed at Santa Maria, whose shrine last year was visited by 70,000 pilgrims. The railway officials seemed quite unable to cope with the enormous crowds awaiting transportation. Thousands of people were encamped on either side of the line, and the train was simply captured by the mob. When it was no longer possible to force one other individual in by the doors, the men hoisted women on their shoulders and forcibly shoved them through the windows. The sight of two scarlet-clad legs finally disappearing after one supreme shove, made us wonder where

the owner landed. The conductor confessed his inability to collect tickets from the packed humanity in the third class carriages.

Some of the male pilgrims were extremely smart in tan-coloured leather suits with silver buttons down the sides of the trousers, short silver embroidered coats, and large sombrero of beaver. The women in the northern part of Mexico are not nearly so picturesque as the men, they wear light-coloured cotton or muslin skirts, and a blue or black reboso draped on their head and shoulders.

Guanajuato, most picturesque of mining towns, is huddled into a winding gorge of the hills, so narrow that steps lead up the steep slopes to houses, built one over the other in the most inaccessible looking places. It is more than three miles from the station and can only be reached by muletrams, which tear along the dark, narrow road at break-neck speed. These trams are drawn by four, and sometimes six mules, and one man holds the reins while another perpetually lashes the animals. At last we arrived at the little three-cornered Plaza of Guanajuata, and found quarters in the Waldorf-As-

toria of the place, called the Hotel de la Union. Few of the rooms there have windows, an upper panel of the doors opening to let in light and air from the courtyard, where doves and a screaming parrot held an animated debate.

Standing next to the old Spanish Cathedral in glaring incongruity is a modern opera-house of French design, built at enormous cost, and so



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL, GUADALAJARA.

far not opened, though finished two years ago. Huge stone lions guard the entrance, and bronze figures of the Muses adorn the top of the façade. The interior has a charming foyer and boxes, but is decorated in the worst possible taste and the crudest colours. The public gardens here are filled with roses, violets, lilies and bougainvilleas, shaded by feathery pepper trees with their bunches of red berries. On either side of these pretty gardens the 'haute noblesse' of Guanajuato have their summer residences.

Distinctly less pleasing, but a neces-

The Mint and the de Flores Reduction Works are extremely interesting. In the latter the primitive method of three hundred and fifty years ago of crushing and reducing ore is still adhered to by these conservative people, and the work is done by blindfolded mules, after what is called the "Patio" process, where the muddy mass of ore is trodden for weeks by the patient animals, knee-deep in the mixture.

Travelling through Mexico early in December one has the good fortune to witness some of the "fiestas" or fêtes



MEXICO—SCENE OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION.

sary evil from a guide's point of view, is a visit to the Catacombs. These are situated on a high hill, surrounded by walls of great height and depth, containing receptacles for coffins. In a long vaulted, underground gallery, are placed the skeletons of those whose relatives did not pay for a permanent place in the walls above, and whose remains at the end of five years were removed to make room for others.

Volumes could be written of mining traditions concerning the days when silver "was accounted as nothing."

in honor of the patron Saint of the country, Our Lady of Guadalupe. To her memory beautiful chapels are dedicated, where pilgrims throng from all parts of the country. The decorations in these buildings are frequently of the most costly description, a chancel rail of solid silver being by no means uncommon. The plans of most of the cathedrals and churches in Mexico were drawn in Spain. The stone carvings on the façades are often of great beauty, and the interiors though tawdry in decoration contain choirs of



CITY OF MEXICO—CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

inlaid woods or of carved Spanish mahogany and silver.

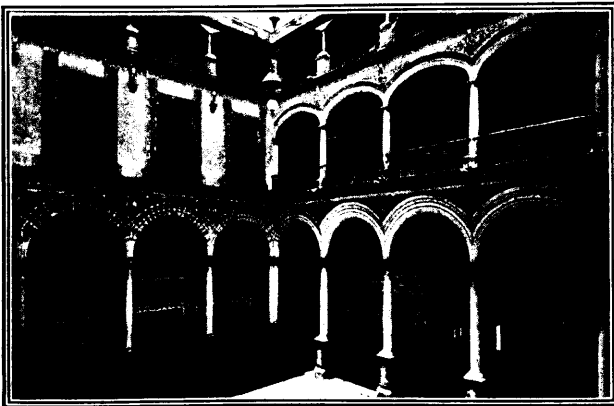
The Christmas decorations in some of the innumerable churches were deliciously original, angels in white muslin frocks and blue sashes being prominent features, with whom the Apostles in doublet and hose looked a little out of keeping. Votive offerings hanging before shrines were numerous, wax arms and legs and braids of hair forming a large proportion. The gayest of music cheers the worshippers; selections from Norma, Lucia and Il Trovatore are frequently heard; and even in the Cathedral of the Capital itself, a two-step played upon a piano was heard during High Mass.

At Guadalajara where a "Fiesta"

no hardship.

Few people know that in the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Guadalajara is to be seen the original painting of Murillo's Assumption, which has oddly enough found a resting place in the Cathedral of a Mexican town. This Cathedral and the Degollada Theatre were injured by the earthquake on the 20th of January, 1900, the shock of which was registered by the seismograph in a Canadian Observatory.

Of more modern interest than the old Spanish towns just described, though it was an Indian town at the time of the Conquest, is Queretaro, where the unfortunate Maximilian made a last stand against his unwilling subjects. Here his brief dream of a Mexican Empire ended on the Cerro de Las Campanas, June 19th, 1867, when in company with his Generals, Mejia and Miramon, he was shot facing the city. Three large stones mark the place where they fell, and a chapel is in course of erection by a Mexican gentleman of Imperialistic sympathies. From this hill there is a fine view of the city, the sunny plain surrounding it and the mountains beyond. In the



CITY OF MEXICO—A HOTEL COURTYARD.

building of the State Legislature are carefully preserved many melancholy relics of the Emperor, including the rough blood-stained coffin in which his body was first placed after his execution. The almost entire absence of any mementoes of poor Carlotta is quite striking, though she too bore her part in the brief Empire. With the exception of a very inadequate looking bath described as her property in the National Museum at the Capital, no trace of her is to be seen, not even a portrait, while those of Maximilian are many and varied. Little as the people desired an Empire, the symbols of majesty are proudly pointed out, and include a state coach of crimson and gold, a copy of one belonging to the Emperor of Russia, and an immense silver dinner service of truly imperial proportions.

The usual Fiesta was at its height at Queretaro. As our fortress-like windows overlooked the market place where it was held, one could look down upon the surging mob that surrounded the gaming-tables where roulette and rouge et noir, always prominent features of religious feasts in Mexico, did a thriving trade. Flaring torches lit up the stalls of the vendors of "dulcé" (sweets of all kinds) and of "tortillas" (large flat pancakes of corn and chili), while "pulque," that most repellant of national drinks to a foreigner was apparently as nectar in the estimation of the crowd.

Large opal mines are near Queretaro, and the lovely stones form one of its staple commodities, though Hungarian opals are frequently palmed off on the unwary purchaser.

The traveller who enters the City of Mexico by the Mexican Central Rail-



CITY OF MEXICO—AN AVENUE OF CYPRESSES IN THE PARK AT CHAPULTEPEC.

way has a chance to see the canal of Nochistongo. This canal was designed and begun late in the 16th century as a tunnel through the hills to drain the Mexican lakes. The Capital was constantly being inundated, and some remedy was necessary. Scarcely was it completed at the cost of hundreds of lives and millions of money when the roof fell in and the gallery was stopped up. Many years later it was decided to make it into an immense canal through the mountains and the tunnel was opened and walled for a distance of twelve miles. It is now so covered with vegetation that it looks like a



natural gorge being immensely wide and nearly 200 feet deep.

We varied our usual programme by arriving at daybreak in the City of Mexico, an unfair advantage to take of a place that does not look its best *en déshabille*. Later in the day one sees that it would compare favourably with the European capitals. Its wide streets, princely houses and well-appointed carriages are an unexpected sight in this southern land, where many of the provincial towns though extremely picturesque, have a rather down-at-heel appearance.

Sunday, 17th December, 1899, was the occasion of a great bull-fight to inaugurate the season. Toreadors had been imported from Spain. Early in the afternoon the Mexican world and his wife turned out *en masse* on their way to the bull-ring where Fuentes and Minuto, the celebrated toreadors had an immense success, from a Spanish point of view, though the tortured horses left to die in the ring could probably tell another tale.

The Bois of Mexico is the Paseo de la Reforma, a drive of nearly three miles through an avenue of tall Eucalyptus trees. Down this road passed the heroes of the bull-fight that sunny afternoon, in their quaint and brilliant costumes. Mounted picadors in short coats, with broad sashes of all colours, their hair in a long queue, and Spanish turbans on their heads; matadors, equally brilliant and more odd-looking; and, bringing up the rear, a victoria and pair with cockaded men-servants. In this carriage sat two haughty individuals, the successful toreadors, in costumes glittering with gold and silver embroidery. They received the greetings of the crowd with cold indifference.

The City of Mexico has many amusements to offer its pleasure-loving inhabitants besides the weekly bull-fights. Second in favour to that sport is a Spanish ball game called "Fronton," somewhat resembling "Fives," but much more difficult and scientific. The betting on the different players runs high as the bookies, wearing scarlet

caps, walk up and down selling the players and shouting the odds.

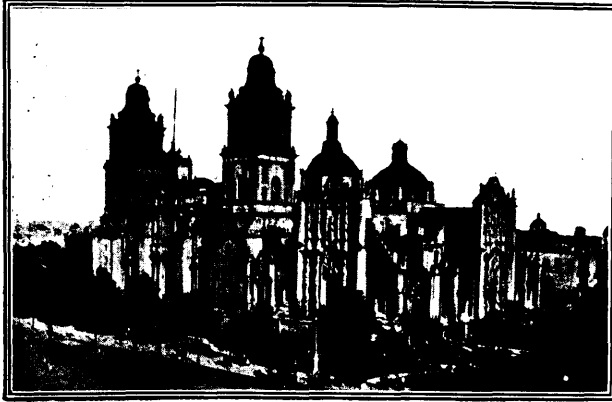
A Polo Club is to be found there, and also a Jockey Club, the latter with charming quarters in a blue and white tiled building, the towers of which were brought from Constantinople. The Monte Carlo of Mexico is in the Tivoli Gardens, a suburban resort, where gambling, especially in baccarat, is indulged in to an enormous extent. Gambling is the national amusement, from the highest in the land to the ragged street arabs who risk their small coins at stalls in the street. All the gaming establishments in the country are controlled by one man, who makes an enormous income from the monopoly.

The Paseo ends at the Park of Chapultepec, where stands the castle on a rocky height in a grove of huge cypresses. Wide marble-flagged terraces surround the castle, and on the top is a roof-garden, where heliotrope, roses and enormous shrubs of pink geranium flourish, and from which can be obtained an unsurpassed view of valley and snow-clad mountains.

The state-rooms are as they were left by Maximilian, the Imperial monogram and crown on all the appointments. A painful illustration of Republican simplicity is afforded by the guide who shows visitors through this lovely place; no liveried menial is he, but a ragged, bare-footed Mexican, apparently suffering from the dry season, and consequent scarcity of water, and looking strangely out of place in the abode of kings.

Driving in the park and Paseo is regulated by the most stringent rules. Mounted soldiers, generously armed, are stationed at brief intervals from each other through the whole length of the drive, to control the movements of the hundreds of carriages and horsemen which are daily to be seen there between the hours of five and seven p.m. A picturesque café stands at the end of the Paseo, where coffee and ices can be enjoyed while listening to the music of a good military band.

In the National Museum is a unique



CITY OF MEXICO—THE CATHEDRAL.

collection of Aztec monoliths, including the immense sacrificial stone, covered with barbaric carvings, only found within the last few years. Huge stone figures, deities of the Sun, Moon and Water, creatures of Buddha-like appearance, and countless grotesque images are in the same place. The Government has lately taken up the work of excavating on ancient sites, and many additions are constantly being made to the relics of an extinct people.

The Academy of Fine Arts contains some good pictures by native artists and much prized treasures by Murillo, Rubens and Velasquez, presented by Spanish grandees after the Conquest. In one of the galleries, lined with pictures of saints and martyrs of pious memory, hangs a portrait of Byron, looking very Byronic and quite out of his class. And again, in a still more unlikely place was this poet's picture seen, viz., in a dingy stall of the "Thieves' Market," where a motley collection of rubbish as well as some valuable articles are offered for sale every Sunday morning.

The funerals of the poor are conducted on quite original lines in the Capital. The coffin

is carried on a special tram drawn by mules. Another tram follows containing the mourning relations, who, judging by their appearance, regard the whole affair as a very superior kind of picnic.

With the exception of the Hotel Sanz, *table d'hôte* is unknown, but there are numerous cafés and restaurants where the enterprising traveller can order national dishes in which garlic and oil play a

prominent part.

At some of the theatres, of music-hall type, a rather good custom prevails of selling tickets for one *tanda* (act) at a time, so that you need only pay for the turn you wish to see. The writer was present at the "Principal" the night that a ballet was presented for the first time to a Mexican audience, with some misgivings by the management, as the people are not chary of expressing their candid opinions. The ballet was of the most elementary description; and, as the verdict of the pit and stalls did not agree on this occasion, the nervous *première danseuse* and her assistants were greeted with a mingled storm of applause and hisses from the crowded house.



CITY OF MEXICO—THE ALAMEDA.



MEXICO—THE VIGA CANAL.

Among the many excursions into the environs of Mexico is one to the Viga Canal, on which one can travel for miles in a Mexican edition of a Venetian gondola, flat-bottomed, canopied, and poled by two men. The interest of the trip lies in the procession of market-boats laden with fruits, flowers and vegetables from Santa Anita, whose once celebrated floating gardens have now taken firm root in the shallow water. Santa Anita reminded one of pictures of African villages; the bamboo huts were roofed with straw, and the inhabitants decidedly aboriginal in appearance.

Not far from the Capital are many delightful winter resorts easily reached by those who find the high altitude of Mexico City trying. Only forty-seven miles away, over the mountains, lies Cuernavaca, possessing a climate and surroundings that leave nothing to be desired. Here was the favourite home of Cortes, and in later days Maximilian too built a small villa some distance from the town, to which he used to drive along the good coach road across the mountains that is no longer kept in repair. The scenery on the way alone repays a visit to Cuernavaca. As the train slowly climbs the 10,000 feet the

eyes rest on a glorious panorama of mountain, valley, lake and river. Here and there little villages far below look like painted squares on a map.

The ascent continues through deep cuttings of rock, adorned with festoons of maiden hair fern, and brilliant orchid-like flowers clinging to the walls, whilst the towering snow-clad mountains Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl remain



MEXICO—BADA GARDENS, CUERNAVACA.

ever in sight, clear-cut against the turquoise sky. A poetical Indian legend tells us that Popocatepetl, the loftier of the two, is perpetually mourning over and guarding his dead sweetheart, the "White Woman" on her snowy bier. "Races have come and gone, but Popocatepetl has not taken nor forgotten one porphyry wrinkle for them all. His look is high and Indian-stern as it was when the first European . . . came prying into the crater for sulphur to make the gunpowder for the Conquest."

Cuernavaca itself is the quaintest

siveness. The Falls of San Antonio are greatly prized in a country where water is such a luxury, and a steep and rocky climb, 120 feet down to the bottom of the gorge, is rewarded by the setting of the picture, though the amount of water that comes over the rocks is very moderate during the dry season.

At Orizaba alone the Rincon Grande is always a raging torrent between its narrow banks. This river is fed by the snow-topped volcano that towers over the village. In this vicinity are large plantations of sugar-cane, coffee and



MEXICO—STREET IN VERA CRUZ, SHOWING BUZZARDS.

place. It is built on a hill between two deep gorges, with red-roofed houses and streets and lanes made shady with oleander and poinsettia trees in blossom. The Borda Gardens are here, whose terraced walks and wide stone steps leading to pools and mountains have an Italian air, the winding paths roofed with climbing roses and jessamine on trellis work. The caretakers of these charming gardens, by way of contrast to their beauty, have, near the entrance, put a decorative frieze of dead wild cats in various stages of dried repul-

banas, employing hundreds of men and owned by wealthy individuals who live in Paris and leave their estates in the hands of agents.

Even in a flying trip time should be made for the journey to Vera Cruz, on account of the magnificent mountain scenery through which the Mexican Railway, familiarly known as the "Queen's Own," passes. This line is evidently built on a system suggested by Elihu Vedders "swirls," as we frequently met the engine, apparently retracing its steps, "one wheel on the

horns of the mountain, and one on the edge of the pit," while thousands of feet below a river rushes through the narrow gorge.

One realizes that this is the veritable tropics when at the stations great bouquets of orchids as well as of roses, narcissus and tuberoses are offered for sale for a mere trifle.

Vera Cruz itself has no intrinsic merits, being chiefly remarkable for its northerners, which blow from October to "March," and its bad smells. Most of the scavenger work is done by buzzards which sit in flocks on the housetops or strut about the roads waiting for dainty morsels to float past in the open drains, that run down the sides of the streets. Some distance out in the harbour is the Island and Fort of San Juan de Ulua, now used as a prison, where the convicts, miserably clad and looking ill-fed, are allowed to crowd about the visitors and offer for sale trifles made from cocoanuts in order to buy tobacco. Their apparent freedom is explained by the fact that any attempts to reach the mainland by swimming are futile as sharks abound in the sea. A small man-of-war, the *Zaragossa*, part of Mexico's little navy, was lying in the harbour. Visitors were courteously shown over it, and the mechanism of the Maxim and Creuzot guns explained by a young Spaniard in well-meant English.

A huge dredge is constantly at work, taking out sand and making Vera Cruz a safe port for vessels to enter, and the most interesting relics of the Spanish occupation are frequently brought to the surface, such as old coins, silver dishes and odds and ends that have been at the bottom of the sea for many long years.

The return journey from the coast can be made on the Inter-Oceanic Railway. Like the Mexican, it is a narrow-gauge line with Birmingham-built carriages, now shaky and old. It has also the proud record of having, at least, one accident a week in the mountain slopes. One official who has three times been hurled with the whole train down the Barranca or gorge, thought

the matter scarcely worth mentioning.

Mexicans are the most imperturbable people, nothing surprises them or makes any impression on their impassive demeanour. Nothing new, nothing true, and it doesn't signify, is distinctly written on their swarthy faces. This attitude may serve to explain the construction of a foot-bridge across a deep ravine near Jalapa, four strands of barbed wire and a few planks loosely placed on the wire being considered an admirable passage way. To any one cursed with an imagination its sketchy appearance suggested hideous possibilities.

A few hours' journey from Vera Cruz is Jalapa, renowned for its pretty women and frequent rains. It has a background of mountain topped by the volcano of Orizaba. This little town, being on the highway from the coast to the Capital, was of some importance to the Spaniards. They maintained large garrisons in the vicinity and regularly patrolled the road from Vera Cruz to Puebla, that city of churches and tiles, whose climate and situation offer small room for improvement. From the Fort of Guadalupe three snow-crowned volcanoes are in plain view, which make the lesser heights around the valley, though only just below the snow line, seem of comparatively modest dimensions.

The lavish use of glazed tiles, blue, yellow, red or white on domes and towers as well as on the entire exterior of houses, has a brilliant and refreshingly clean effect in the clear, sunny atmosphere. Though formerly called the "City of the Angels," the history of Puebla is distinctly military, and no place in Mexico, except the Capital, has seen so much of the fortunes of war. The interior of its Cathedral is imposing, in fact the finest in the country, although the Spanish custom of placing the choir in the centre rather spoils the effect. The floor is of coloured marbles, and the interior of the choir, entered through richly-carved doors, is of marquetry work and contains beautiful gratings of wrought iron. In the domed chapter room are

hangings of Gobelins tapestry, presented by Charles Fifth of Spain.

Eight miles from Puebla, across the Atoyac valley, stands the ancient Pyramid of Cholula, considered to be the oldest and most important in Mexico. This pyramid at a distance looks like a natural hill, but closer inspection shows the adobe bricks of which it is composed. On the top of it, reached by steep flights of stone steps, is a comparatively modern chapel, where once stood the temple of a Toltec deity. This was promptly destroyed by the Spaniards, who followed the arts of "missionary and marauder" with great zeal, and were vandals enough to obliterate almost all traces of the primitive civilization and peoples that preceded them. Modern research has so far not shed any light upon the origin of Cholula. It has been suggested that the pyramid was built by Fire-Worshippers who chose this site for their Temple, as it was near the volcano of Popocatepetl, the "smoking mountain."

A pilgrimage to Cholula is considered by the Faithful to be a very worthy deed. It is a remarkable sight to see devout people going on their knees from the top of the steps across the rough stones of the courtyard, right up to the foot of the altar, and there placing a stiff little bunch of flowers or a burning taper. Though the power of the priesthood has been considerably curtailed under President Diaz, the religious enthusiasm of the masses is still very warm, and at whatever time one entered one of the countless churches, kneeling figures were always to be seen at one or other of the shrines and altars.

The most accessible ruined temples and palaces in Mexico are to be found at Mitla, far south of the Capital, under the Southern Cross. To reach the vicinity of these ruins the Mexican Southern R.R. follows the route of one of the exploring parties sent by the energetic Cortes to spy out the land. Instead of through difficult mountain passes and on high bridges crossing gorges, the line runs through the bot-

tom of the canyons, following the river in its endless curves. The towering bluffs on either side are covered with a peculiar kind of cacti of gigantic size, and most grotesque appearance, called *organos*.

The little town of Oaxaca, now the terminus of the railway, was unearthed by the Spaniards, and from it Cortes took his title of Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, conferred upon him for his distinguished services by Charles V. of Spain. It was a rich inheritance, with its timber, marble, and onyx, as well as the tropical fruits of the earth. There some of his descendants still live.

About 25 miles east of Oaxaca is the village of Mitla, where the ancient temples, whose origin has puzzled many generations, are still standing, despite the ravages of time, earthquakes and modern vandalism. The Mexican Government has at last become alive to the importance of preserving these ruins from further destruction, and has placed their safe-keeping in the hands of responsible people. An organized attempt is now being made to excavate carefully in the hope of finding some clue to their builders.

The 25 mile drive to Mitla, in a conveyance drawn by eight mules, is most amusing and interesting, suggesting a journey to the "back-of-beyond." Our Jehu was quite up-to-date as far as driving was concerned, unlike his compatriot at Lake Chapala, who, being unable to reach his leaders with a whip, kept stones beside him which he chucked at their heads at intervals as a gentle reminder. The road lies through queer little villages composed of bamboo huts roofed with straw. The inhabitants are extremely good-looking, especially the statuesque women, clothed in a single white garment, low-necked and short-sleeved, that sets off their bronze skin to perfection. The men, also dressed in white, seem to have reached that happy state when "no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame," as they ate and gambled under the village fig trees, or



MEXICO—FACADE OF A PALACE IN THE RUINS OF MITLA.

attained a state of Nirvana on a sunny seat smoking the inevitable cigarette.

At Mitla comfortable quarters are to be found at La Sorpresa. It is only a short walk from there to the ruins, to which one is followed by a flock of small children in the airiest clothing, who loudly demand "centavos," and offer the visitor little clay heads of Sphinx-like character, which are con-

stantly being dug up in the vicinity. . . . To call the decoration of these halls and temples "mosaics," is rather a misnomer, as it is really "relievo" work of intricate and most effective design. In the Hall of Monoliths, the huge stone pillars have neither base nor capital, and the doorways are formed of equally large blocks, fitted into each other without any kind of mortar. Some traces of Egyptian-looking heads on the stone-work are in a building used as a stable by the village priest, and the dilapidated entrance of the little school-house is supported by six magnificent pillars of so-called porphyry.

The Spaniards pulled one of the buildings to pieces, and erected a church out of the debris, still used as a place of worship, where a very massive silver lamp, hanging in the centre, is the only sign of former greatness.

Although to reach Mitla involves rather a long journey, it is well worth the time and trouble. Much of the charm will be gone when the ruins are approached by a trolley, as



MEXICO—THE HALL OF MONOLITHS IN THE RUINS OF MITLA.



MEXICO - A HOTEL DINING-ROOM AT PUEBLA.

is not unlikely in the near future.

So little is known of the history of Mexico prior to its invasion by the Spaniards, early in the 16th century, that the traveller's interest is necessarily centred in the country in its still intensely Spanish aspect. Few traces of its former people are to be found, and then only in the shape of these ruined palaces and temples in the south, and the pyramids of Cholula and of the Sun and Moon, and also the huge stone Aztec idols and rude instruments now in the museum at the capital.

The beautiful architecture to be found in all parts of Mexico is due to the Spaniards who left their mark on the land in the building of convents and monasteries, churches, aqueducts and palaces. The stately convents and

monasteries have been turned to baser uses since the final expulsion of the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans from the country nearly fifty years ago, and are now used as hotels.

The great strides made in some respects in Mexico of late are due to the administration of President Diaz, who, for twenty years, has been at the head of affairs. This is a remarkable record for a country which in fifty-nine years of this century was governed by fifty-two presidents, emperors and other rulers. Despot, he is called by some, but his is a despotism which has imposed at least some nineteenth century ways and means on a people that still clings fiercely to the traditions of nearly four hundred years ago.







FROM A PASTING.

GOOD MORNING!

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XIV.—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

SCARCELY two years ago, a tall, sunburnt young Canadian came down to New York, fresh from the wilds of Lake Temiscamingue. With him he brought a heartful of hope and a pocketful of manuscript. The name of this young Canadian was Arthur Stringer. He had youth, energy, ambition and a buoyant temperament. In two years he has succeeded in making a name for himself second to no other Canadian of his years. Before very long he broke into that established stronghold of American literature, *Harper's Magazine*, and Mr. Henry Alden, the veteran editor of the old-time publishing house, at once set his seal of approval on the offerings of the young poet. Now it is no uncommon thing to find his work, both prose and verse, in the different magazines. Word has gone about that there is a new Canadian poet. It is no wonder a New York wag once said that you can't throw a snow-ball in Canada without hitting a poet.

Mr. Stringer was born in the town of Chatham, Ont., on February 26th, 1874. His literary tendencies came to him through his mother, who, before her death, had written a number of beautiful lyrics. His maternal grandfather, too, was a Dublin barrister and somewhat of an author in a small way in his own day. The poet's father, Hugh Arbuthnott Stringer, was the captain of a lake vessel at the time of the young author's birth, and perhaps thus it was that there has been innate in the breast of the son a love for the Canadian Great Lakes, about which he has sung so often and so well. In a study of life on the lakes he wrote not long ago: "Next to have been born beside the sea itself, I hold it the best gift of the gods to have been cubbed in the lap of the Great Lakes. What sun-browned child of summer

who has splashed in them, what boy who has tumbled over their rollers, what youth who has trafficked from quiet Canadian ports to busy American cities, can ever forget those scenes on God's great canvas?"

Both in his heart and in his work Arthur Stringer has ever cherished a fond remembrance for the home of his early youth. And herein lies one pleasing feature of our "Sons Beyond the Border." Amid the busy scenes of metropolitan life they never quite shake off the influence of their former environment. In Mr. Stringer's case this is especially marked. His work, no matter whereof he writes or sings, is fundamentally and characteristically Canadian. In a life marked with much roving he seems always to have gloried in the land of his birth:

"Where golden and green and dusk,  
thro' the pines we half forget,



IN HIS COLLEGE DAYS.



ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Lie the Hills of grey Remembrance  
and the Valleys of Regret."

Mr. Stringer's education began at the London Collegiate Institute. Even there one finds a few straws to show which way the wind blew, for there he was the guiding spirit of a short-lived but unique school magazine. On graduating from the Collegiate Institute he entered Toronto University, and from that time his literary career may be said to date. One fine day he invaded the editorial sanctum of *The Week*, wherein the jovial Mr. Thomas Moberley presided, and soon after his first poem went out to Canadian readers. It was that irregular but remarkably beautiful little lyric on "Indian Summer." He became a

frequent contributor to *The Week*, and also printed a few poems in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. From his busy pen, too, appeared a number of prose studies in the *Varsity*.

Shortly after leaving Toronto University he published his first volume of poems, entitled "Watchers of Twilight." It consisted of one, long, over-ambitious, transcendental work in blank verse, full of all those failings which Coleridge has said should be in every young man of promise, and also a number of lyrics. His second volume was published a year later and was called "Pauline and Other Poems." Both books, I believe, are now out of print. In the meantime the young writer had journeyed over to England to take up a course of study at Oxford University. Doubtless he has been greatly influenced by the classic associations of that venerable institution of learning, for I can recall nothing more delightful than his series of descriptive articles on life at Oxford. From

Oxford he turned his restless feet to the Continent, about which he wandered for a summer.

Now poets, like other human beings, must live. Poetry is not the most remunerative vocation in the world, however honorable it may be deemed. So when Mr. Brierley reorganized the old Montreal *Herald* and offered Mr. Stringer a position on his staff, the young dreamer got a chance to subdue his overstock of idealism in the stern battle of journalism. But a broader sphere of activity was soon open to him. The American Press Association of New York wanted a man to do special work of a high literary order, and Mr. Stringer was mentioned as the man to undertake it. He was

accordingly invited to come to New York, and he is now hard at work in Gotham shaping out his career.

Mr. Stringer is still a young man, but his has been a busy life. His latter day verse does not come so frequently as of old, but it comes with the stamp of careful workmanship on it. A little volume of quatrains from his pen not long ago delighted his many admirers; in fact more than one critic has pointed out his power in handling the quatrain, that distinctively modern form of verse.

Now Mr. Stringer has a new volume, this time a volume of prose, the sort of prose that only the poet can write, delicate, sympathetic and human. This book is entitled "The Loom of Destiny," and is made up of a series of studies in child life. The volume has received a marked degree of attention from the critics, and deservedly, too, for the author in this case seems to have a more than ordinary grasp of

child psychology. That conservative magazine, the *New York Independent*, for instance, speaking of this book, said, "Mr. Stringer's genius is as clear and fine as sunshine on a waste of creaming ocean waves." The *New York Outlook*, too, speaking of his treatment of children said, "Never have they had such sympathetic record of their joys and sorrows." While the *Louisville Courier-Journal* went so far as to say, "These clear-cut sketches are equal to Barrie's "Sentimental Tommie or Kipling's treatment of the child in fiction."

So Mr. Stringer may be said to have emerged from the novitiate and is now in his "Sturm und Drang" period through which all true literary workers must pass. He has already done much. But it is to be hoped that what he may yet do will dwarf into insignificance by both its excellence and its quantity what he has already accomplished.

H. A. Bruce.

### A SONG OF LOVE.

LOVE reckons not by time—its May days of delight  
Are swifter than the falling stars that pass beyond  
our sight.

Love reckons not by time—its moments of despair  
Are years that march like prisoners, who drag the chains  
they wear.

Love counts not by the Sun—it hath no night or day—  
'Tis only light when love is near—'tis dark when love's  
away.

Love hath no measurements of height, or depth or space,  
And yet within a little grave it oft hath found a place.

Love is its own best law—its wrongs seek no redress;  
Love is forgiveness—and it only knoweth how to bless.

Virna Sheard.

## A NEW POET AND A NEW PLAY.

By E. R. Peacock, *Upper Canada College.*

MAN is by instinct a partisan, and usually extreme in his partisanship. Uncompromising judgments are apt to characterize his opinions of all who do not agree with him. In literary criticism, as in other things, men take sides, and woe to him whose work bears not the marks of their standards. "This will never do," said Jeffrey of Wordsworth, a hundred years ago, and the critical spirit of the foremost critic of his time has been that of most of his successors. In praise and in blame alike, they are extravagant—hysterical flattery or absolute condemnation—for the most part there has been no middle course. True, Matthew Arnold did sound a protest, and honestly try to judge men and their works by the standard of the best things in literature rather than by any preconceived literary dogmas, but even he was too prone to include under the scornful name of Philistines all who saw not eye to eye with him.

So sure is the critic of the soundness of his judgment that he often gets into a trick of omniscience, and not content with assigning an author his place in his own age, is pleased to settle it for eternity. But omniscience in mortals is a doubtful quality, and time often leaves the critic sadly in the lurch. Who now reads Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy"? Yet, some thirty years ago, this work went into its fiftieth edition, and a leading critic said, "it will live as long as the English language;" while the *Spectator* assured its readers that "he has won for himself the vacant throne waiting for him among the immortals, and \* \* \* \* \* has been adopted into the same rank with Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning."

I hope a similar fate does not await England's latest literary lion, Stephen Phillips, but certainly the reviewers

seem to have combined to praise him almost as Tupper was praised. Of his "Paolo and Francesca," the *Saturday Review* says, "It unquestionably places Mr. Phillips in the front rank of modern dramatists and of modern poets. It does more, it proclaims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art, with Sophocles and Dante. \* \* \* \* \*

He has given us a masterpiece of dramatic art, which has at once the severe restraint of Sophoclean tragedy, the plasticity, passion, and colour of our own romantic tragedy, a noble poem to brood over in the study, a dramatic spectacle which cannot fail to enthral a popular audience and which would in mere stage effect have done credit to the deftest of modern playwrights. He has produced a work for which I have little doubt Mr. Alexander will have cause to thank him, and a work which would, I have as little doubt, have found favour with the judges who crowned the 'Antigone' and the 'Philoctetes.'"

Such extravagant flattery, is surely the result of an emotional spasm which has momentarily paralyzed the critic's sense of proportion. Before considering the play however, let us glance at some of the poet's earlier work.

His chief interest is humanity, and certainly his work gives evidence that he has a natural gift for discerning the subtleties of character and reading the secrets of the soul. He loves, for instance, to pick out a face from the crowd on the streets of London and reveal the thoughts and emotions it but half conceals. Some of his efforts show the 'prentice hand and while striking are not poetic, but his later work proves this to be merely the fault of youth. Indeed, the steady advance in the power and poetic quality of his work is its most promising characteristic. The tragedy of human life, and the faith

which overcomes it, especially appeal to him and find expression in several poems, of which, perhaps, the finest is "The Wife," a gruesome but powerful tale. His two most ambitious efforts previous to "Paolo and Francesca," were "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa." The former elaborates a striking conception of Christ's relation to man and the sorrow it involves for Him. There are several fine passages, notably that in which Prometheus foretells the sorrows of Christ. But the blank verse moves a bit stiffly as yet, and there is a certain lack of felicity in the working out of the idea.

"Marpessa" is a Greek Idyll, based on Marpessa's choice of a lover. Apollo and Idas are rivals for her hand, and she chooses the mortal. The form of the poem is evidently suggested by the famous passage in Tennyson's "Ænone," describing the award of the apple of discord. The sentiments expressed, particularly Marpessa's reasons for her choice, are modern rather than Greek, but perhaps not more so than Athene's speech in Tennyson. The imagery and setting are Greek, while the execution is always delicate, and often exquisite. The verse is flexible and musical, yet dignified—hardly the verse yet of "Paolo and Francesca,"—but an immense advance on the earlier fragments.

There is a fine magic of style in Apollo's speech, which stirs the fancy; look for instance at the free mastery of rhythm in the following lines, and the large phrase, warm, ethereally imaginative like that of Keats:—

"We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon  
Shall flash and murmur, and cry from under us,  
And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet  
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all  
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom;—  
We two in heaven running, continents  
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,  
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm."

Idas' avowal of love is one of the finest passages in the book—a few lines will serve to indicate the subtle suggestion and delicate phrasing which picture so finely to the imagination the intangible charm of Marpessa.

"Not for this only do I love thee, but  
Because Infinity upon thee broods;  
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.  
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;  
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.  
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;  
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
It has been died for, though I know not when,  
It has been sung of, though I know not where.  
It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
And of sad sea-horizons;"

Before passing to the tragedy, just one more quotation to illustrate another side of Mr. Phillips' talent. It is a love lyric this time.

O to recall!  
What to recall?  
All the roses under snow?  
Not these.  
Stars that toward the water go?  
Not these.

O to recall!  
What to recall?  
All the greenness after rain?  
Not this.  
Joy that gleameth after pain?  
Not this.

O to recall!  
What to recall?  
Not the greenness nor delight,  
Not these;  
Not the roses out of sight,  
Not these.

O to recall!  
What to recall!  
Not the star in waters red,  
Not this:  
Laughter of a girl that's dead,  
O this!

"Paolo and Francesca" is a poetic tragedy in four acts written for the stage, at the request of Mr. Alexander, the well-known London actor. It possesses the directness and simplicity necessary for successful stage production, is lifelike in its action, and above all, has a clear, tragic plot-interest of sufficient depth and intensity to hold the attention and touch the sensibilities of the ordinary theatre audience. It is not a mere study play therefore. The theme is old, and yet ever new—it is that form of love which since the days of David and Bathsheba has offered perhaps the most fascinating inspiration

to the poet and to the dramatist—the love for another man's wife.

Mr. Phillips is a bold man indeed to seek success with a subject to which Dante has given a setting for all time. It is the story of the lovers whose unhappy fate and lasting devotion so deeply touched the Italian poet. With his wonderful directness and brevity Dante tells their tale in a few lines.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,  
Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :  
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
Love brought us to one death : Caina waits  
The soul who spilt our life,"

cries Francesca, and then to the poet's eager questioning she answers

"One day,  
For our delight we read of Launcelot,  
How him love thrall'd. Oft-times by that  
reading  
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point  
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
The wished smile so rapturously kiss'd  
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
From me shall separate, at once my lips  
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
We read no more."

Many others have tried the story, with but slight success. Mr. Phillips has chosen to treat it with the utmost simplicity, and throughout the play, there is a sense of calmly wielded power, of strength held in reserve which is admirable. The play opens abruptly, and from the first there is an atmosphere of impending tragedy which lends a sober background to the beauty of the action. The consciousness of fate grows upon one as the plot, swiftly and without unnecessary words, unfolds itself. One finds here the strong influence of Greek tragedy, so evident in the earlier volume. The dramatist never allows himself the pleasure of a poetic outburst, for the mere beauty of the poetry. Every speech springs from the action and is necessary for its development. On the other hand, he does not bind himself by all the laws of classic drama. The influence of Shakespeare is evident in the lighter relief scenes, in the prose

of the commonplace speeches and in the freedom and flexibility of the blank verse.

There are but four characters of much importance in the play:—Giovanni the stern warrior and ruler who would fain rest, but cannot, because

"Though I have sheathed the sword I am not tamed.

What I have snared, in that I set my teeth  
And lose with agony ; when hath the prey  
Writhed from our mastiff-fangs ?"

And his younger brother, Paolo, the handsome young soldier of fortune whom Giovanni loves with all the warmth of a strong nature, confined for sentiment to this love alone.

"We are, Francesca,  
A something more than brothers—fiercest  
friends :  
Concordia was our mother named, and ours  
Is but one heart, one honour, and one death."

Then there is Francesca, pledge of peace between the tyrants of Rimini and Ravenna ; a maid

"All dewy from her convent fetched,"  
a beautiful child who

"—hath but wondered up at the white  
clouds :  
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm  
sun :  
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister  
sounds."

Lastly, there is Lucrezia, a childless widow, cousin to Giovanni, and hither to his faithful housekeeper. She is a bitter, disappointed woman, "Childless and husbandless, yet bitter-true."

The story is briefly this :—Giovanni, tyrant of Rimini, a famous soldier tiring of strife, makes peace with Ravenna, and to cement the alliance, arranges a marriage with Francesca, the young daughter of the Tyrant of Ravenna. Busy with affairs of State, he sends his younger brother Paolo to conduct his bride to her new home. It is the old story of Launcelot and Guinevere, each learns unconsciously to love the other. Paolo realizes this, and true to his brother, seeks escape, on a pretext of war, but Giovanni demands that he remain and takes every opportunity of bringing the young pair together.

"I'd have you two as dear now to each other  
As both of you to me."

They fight bravely their growing passion, but fate is against them. We feel that their struggle is vain and we love and pardon them, even as Giovanni did while he killed them.

The blank verse is handled with a flexibility and in the supreme moments with a nervous energy, that is most effective.

*Gio. (Slowly releasing her arm.)*

Ah, gradual nature! let this thought come slow!

Accustom me by merciful degrees  
To this idea, which henceforth is my home:  
I am strong—yet cannot in one moment think it.

*Luc. (Softly.)* You speak as in a trance.

*Gio.* Bring me not back!

Like one that walks in sleep, if suddenly  
I wake, I die. (*With a cry.*) Paolo! Paolo!

*Luc.* Giovanni!

*Gio.* Paolo! ah, no, not there!

Not there, where only I was prone to love!  
Beautiful wast thou in the battle, boy!  
We came from the same womb, and we have slept

Together in the moonbeams! I have grown  
So close to him, my very flesh doth tear!  
Why, why, Lucrezia, I have lifted him  
Over rough places—he was but a child,  
A child that put his hand in mine! I reel—  
My little Paolo! (*He swoons off.*)

The moulding of those lines and the psychological depth of passion they express are evident reminiscences of the great master of dramatic language.

There are passages, of quieter beauty too, where we find the melody and tender grace which Tennyson first gave to blank verse.

*Pao. (Reading.)* "Now on that day it chanced that Launcelot,

Thinking to find the King, found Guinevere  
Alone; and when he saw her whom he loved,  
Whom he had met too late, yet loved the more;

Such was the tumult at his heart that he  
Could speak not, for her husband was his friend,

His dear familiar friend: and they two held  
No secret from each other until now;"

Several of the critics rank the play with those of Shakespeare, but this is adulation run wild. "Paolo and Francesca" is an admirable work and of uncommon merit. It is, however, the

work of a young man who, while he promises great things, must as yet confine himself within somewhat narrow limits both as regards dramatic movement and range of characterization. One misses, for instance, the wealth of close living characterization in Shakespeare. But four characters are at all carefully drawn; the rest are mere shadows. Then the plot is kept studiously free from those secondary intrigues and episodes which so add to the richness and interest of the older dramatist. Again, Shakespeare gives us not merely the plot, but a comprehensive picture of the time—its very life and thought, the questions and conflicts which then set men at variance. But here there is none of all that. The one deep ethical problem is sufficient, and fascinating enough it proves as the plot thickens.

Without foolishly belauding it, the play deserves the highest commendation. While filled with passages of rare power and beauty, it maintains throughout a level of excellence that is exceedingly high. There is no bathos, and but little that is commonplace. The poet holds himself well in hand, never talks at the top of his voice and gives the impression always of self control and power in reserve.

I know of few more moving passages, than the cry of the lonely Lucrezia.

"My husband dead and childless left,  
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,

And that vain milk like acid in me eats.  
Have I not in my thought trained little feet  
To venture, and taught little lips to move  
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?

\* \* \* \* \*

I am a woman, and this very flesh  
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,  
And I implore with vehemence these pains.

I know that children wound us, and surprise  
Even to utter death, till we at last  
Turn from a face to flowers: but this my heart  
Was ready for these pangs, and had foreseen.  
O! but I grudge the mother her last look  
Upon the coffined form—that pang is rich—  
Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.

And all these maimed wants and thwarted thoughts,

Eternal yearning, answered by the wind,  
Have dried in me belief and love and fear.  
I am become a danger and a menace,  
A wandering fire, a disappointed force,



A peril—do you hear, Giovanni?—O!  
It is such souls as mine that go to swell  
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,  
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

That is a true cry from a heart, sick with the yearning of a great desire unsatisfied. In contrast, note the lyrical swing and power of the picture of two souls in an ecstasy of satisfied love, defying alike human and divine vengeance. The passage indeed is a bold *absolutur* pronounced by the young poet from the penalty to which the stern justice of Dante dooms the pair in the Inferno.\*

*Pao.* "What can we fear, we two?  
O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound  
Together by that law which holds the stars  
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;  
By which the very sun enthral the earth,  
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.  
Even by such attraction we two rush  
Together through the everlasting years.  
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,  
How wilt Thou punish? For what ecstasy  
Together to be blown about the globe!  
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn  
Together!—where we are is endless fire.  
Three centuries shall in a moment pass,  
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!  
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,  
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,  
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part?"  
*Franc.* I lie out on your arm and say your name—

"Paolo!" "Paolo!"  
*Pao.* "Francesca!"

How those last broken sighings of passionate delight melt upon the ear and sink into the heart! He has a dainty touch in description too, this artist of the soul, and seems to have caught something of Dante's pregnant brevity, with a sweetness all his own.

*Pao.* "Now fades the last  
Star to the East: a mystic breathing comes:  
And all the leaves once quivered, and were still.

*Franc.* It is the first, the faint stir of the dawn.

*Pao.* So still it is that we might almost hear  
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world.

*Franc.* And all the rivers running to the sea."

\*The stormy blast of hell  
With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
Whirl'd round and dashed amain with sore  
annoy.

Inferno, Canto V.

The closing scene has been criticized as too quiet and restrained after the intense passion immediately before, but here again Mr. Phillips has preferred classical to more modern models, and the result justifies his decision. He scorns the factitious aid of the curtain at the supreme moment, and sinks to a quieter key at the close. After killing the lovers, Giovanni breaks into a wild frenzy, but grows gradually calm and closes in a tone of sad reverie.

In his madness he calls all the servants and sends some to bring in the bodies, then as he rushes wildly about, he cries:

"The curse, the curse of Cain!  
A restlessness has come into my blood.  
And I begin to wander from this hour  
Alone for evermore.  
*Luc.* (*Rushing to him.*) Giovanni, say  
Quickly some light thing, lest we both go mad!  
*Gio.* Be still! A second wedding here begins,  
And I would have all reverent and seemly:  
For they were nobly born, and deep in love.  
(*Enter blind Angela slowly.*)  
*Ang.* Will no one take my hand? Two lately dead  
Rushed past me in the air. O! Are there not  
Many within this room all standing still?  
What are they all expecting?  
*Gio.* Lead her aside:  
I hear the slow pace of advancing feet.

(*Enter servants bearing in Paolo and Francesca dead upon a litter.*)

*Luc.* Ah! ah! ah!

*Gio.* Break not out in lamentation!  
A pause. . . . *The servants set down the litter.*)

*Luc.* (*Going to litter.*) I have borne one child, and she has died in youth!

*Gio.* (*Going to litter.*) Not easily have we three come to this—

We three who now are dead. Unwillingly  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.  
(*He bends over the bodies and kisses them on the forehead. He is shaken.*)

*Luc.* What ails you now?

*Gio.* She takes away my strength.  
I did not know the dead could have such hair.  
Hide them. They look like children fast asleep!

(*The bodies are reverently covered over.*)

E. R. Peacock.

## AT THE GUARDHOUSE.\*

A BARRACK-ROOM LOVE STORY.

*By P. Y. Black.*

### I.

THE girl looked up at the sky petulantly. She kept in the shadow as much as possible, but the moon tonight was at the full, the sky was nearly cloudless, and thus her errand was rendered the more perilous. It was June, yet far above the small plateau on which the army post was built, snow lingered on the silent mountain peaks. These glimmered in the moonlight of a silvery whiteness, illusive and unearthly, as if the great and solemn summits were now, while men slept, the watching-place of guardian angels. The mountains leaped suddenly from the plateau, blackly boulder-flanked, with depths of dark and lowering woods. In a still deeper black was marked the line of the canyon's descent, where the melting snows of thousands of winters had bitten into the rock with deathless ferocity. At one solitary point upon that inky line, the girl noted where the moonbeams gleamed upon a cataract, whose foam sparkled in the light, a diamond set in ebony. Thence the waters tumbled down, until, from the roar of rage their tired voices softened and sank to the querulous babble of the creek as it ran below the bank on which she stood.

The girl delayed cautiously in the shadow of the last house on the creek's side, within the limits of the post. At last there fell upon her anxious ears the call of the trumpeter at the adjutant's office, almost immediately followed by the bugles at the flag-staff, with the first call for tattoo. She ran to the edge of the shadow, then tripped across the stepping-stones and vanished in the woods which covered the island formed by the fork-

ing of the stream just above the post.

It stretched a mile in length, of varying breadth. Over its whole surface a tangle of thicket spread and scrubby oaks, so that even by daylight a wanderer would be completely hidden in its recesses from the people of the post. By night a battalion could have scattered over it and remained unsuspected. The girl pushed her way boldly forward, undeterred by the silence of the thickets, the solitude and the darkness. She followed a rough and stony path as if she were certain of her road. Still, when she reached a little spring which bubbled in clear space just beside the path, she hesitated, put down the basket she had been carrying on her arm, and bent forward, listening intently. But from the thicket about her no sound came. The girl put her fingers in her mouth like a boy, and from her lips came one long, soft whistling note. A bird sprang from a bush near her, and aroused some others by its flight, otherwise there was no response. The girl stamped her foot angrily.

"He has gone without—seeing me," she muttered, and her lip quivered. She picked up the basket and started to go back, when she paused again. From the center of the island there floated through the night the music of a violin. The girl's face instantly changed from anger to relief and joy. She left the path and ran in the direction of the music. In a minute or two she had reached the player, and thrown one arm about his neck, while with the other she snatched away the bow.

"You foolish boy," she whispered. "They will hear you across the creek. Why did you bring the violin anyhow?"

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They will track you all the better if you are seen carrying it?"

"Could I go without it?" he asked in surprise. "Did you whistle? What time is it Katy?"

"Listen—taps."

They were silent, clasping each other's hands until the call ended. The violin-player sighed.

"I shall never hear it again," he said, "I hope."

"Well," said the girl practically, "If you don't want to hear the bugles again you must be off at once."

"Not yet, Katy dear," he said. "Give me the bow, and I will play you a farewell—no, not a farewell, only a song to the time when we will meet again."

The girl shook her head, and held the bow away from his reaching hand. The moonlight burst through the leaves above, and shone upon them. He was in the army uniform; his cap bore the band's device. He was very young, almost a boy. His form was slight; his smooth face was lit up by two great, far-a-way, brown eyes. The girl was different. Her wilful face was strong. Her black eyes glowed with passion and purpose; there seemed little in them to respond to the dreaminess of the lad's. Yet now she threw her arm around his neck and patted his cheek affectionately, protectingly.

"I believe you love your violin more than you do me," she whispered. "What an idea, Noel, it was for you to enlist. I always hated a deserter, but with you—it is different."

"I am free," he cried in exultation.

"Not quite yet," she said, petting his cheek as if he were a child; and then opened her basket.

"Eat, now," she said, "and I will tell you all I have heard. I don't think they would even bother to send out after you, if it were not for Lieut. Wynn, the adjutant. It is not as if you were a trooper in the ranks. You play the fiddle very beautifully, and the cornet in the band fairly well, but, you know, an able-bodied private is worth five of you."

"Katy!"

"Not to me, dear," she whispered. "No, they would let you go but you insulted the adjutant—"

"No."

"Well, you told him the nasty truth, which is the same thing, and you know what he is. I am afraid when he finds you missing at tattoo he will send out a detail. That is why I said you must be off at once. I have mapped out your road. You have plenty of money, but you ought to leave the violin behind."

"I couldn't," said he, quietly.

"Very well," she said, "but look."

From the bottom of the basket she took out some citizen clothes.

"Of course you won't keep to the trails," she said, "but, even on the plain, until you reach the railroad, you must not wear the uniform."

"You are my angel," he said. "I never thought of it—I just wished to go away, to be alone with the violin, far from those—those fellows—to be free."

"I know, dear," she said sympathetically, "I know. The army is no place for you. Now you must be off."

"Katy," he said, "couldn't you come too—now, I mean."

She shook her head, and laughed.

"When you are settled down, wherever it is, write and I will come—I promise, Noel."

"My dearest, it won't be long."

Before the last note of taps had died sadly away in the hills, there was silent bustle at the stables. Sleepy and growling men were throwing the saddles on the horses, and leading them out, until half a troop was formed. As they came Corp. Healy turned to the sergeant in charge.

"An what the devil's eating the adjutant now, sergeant?" he asked with a yawn.

"Deserter," said the sergeant briefly. "Faval of the band."

Healy swore gently.

"A bandsman! The wee man that plays the fiddle? Is it him we're making all this fuss about? Begad an' begob there's bin ten good men taken a walk in the year, an' we let 'em go, an' now we're after a half-built man, a

fiddler, whin the blankets is hungry for us! Let him go."

"So say I," said the sergeant sullenly. "Prepare to mount! Mount! Right by twos, march! No talking."

They left the post and silently trotted down the road to the creek. There they advanced by files, and crossed to the island. One by one they disappeared in the shadows of the scrub oaks.

"Katy, Katy," said the deserter. "I am free, yet not free. Until you come to me my heart must still be in the post with you."

He had eaten, had been in the thicket and changed his clothes, had received his last instructions from the girl on the road he should go, and now they were standing again in the moonlight, and his arms were around her.

They stayed a little while yet, and from across the creek came the hoarse voices of the sentries on post—"Half-past ten and all's well."

"Now, Noel, now! You must have a good start. They won't go after you until morning, and by that time you should have bought a horse and be well on the way to the railroad. Goodby, dear, goodbye! What! Listen! What was that?"

They separated suddenly, and stood, lips apart, listening. Down the island was a crushing of leaves and crashing of branches and the snort of a horse. The deserter's face blanched, and he threw his arms up despairingly.

"Already!" he cried. "They have suspected it already!"

The girl's face, too, was white, but she did not despair.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Make for the canyon—the mountain! Quick! They will only search the island! Quick! Quick! Fly! O, Noel, fly!"

He hesitated. He was bewildered.

"But where," he cried, "where is my violin?"

She took it from the rock and gave it him, impatiently.

"Fly," she said. "Oh, quick, quick, quick!"

The trampling of the horses was now distinctly heard, and the command of

Sergeant Holmes, "To ten yards close distance!" The girl pushed her lover from her, and at last he went. She turned and ran back to the creek. She sank down with a cry of despair. From the upper end of the island came the noise of more horses, of another command in another voice, that of Adjutant Wynn.

She listened breathlessly, and soon she heard a sharp challenge—"Who goes there? Halt, or you'll be fired on! Faval?"

There was a pause, and a momentary scuffle, and a petulant boyish cry of rage. Then came the officer's quiet searching voice,

"Got him? Ah! I fancy he must be cold lying out here. Take him to the guardhouse, sergeant, where he can get warm."

The girl, white and trembling, slipped silently across the stepping stones.

"You fool," said Sergeant Holmes to his prisoner, you should have been miles away. What made you hang around here? Do you suppose I wished to catch you?"

The unhappy musician looked up at the grim sergeant's scarred and ugly face wrathfully.

"You are farther away from her than ever now," he said.

## II.

Mrs. Malone's moods were at most times uncertain, but for weeks she had been without even a temporary relapse into amiability, unless, indeed, toward the morose and taciturn Sergt. Holmes. Katy Malone, her daughter, and First Sergt. Malone, her husband, found it more comfortable to be out of the house as much as possible. It was a month after the capture of Noel Faval when Mrs. Malone found herself alone with Holmes. That happened frequently. The sergeant's visits to Katy's home were the gossip of the post, for Holmes was not popular. Every one knew that his face was honorably scarred by an Indian knife, but chiefly because of his gloom, his unsociability, and the sudden storms of passion which convulsed him when crossed. Fifteen

years in the service, he had never made a friend, and, the men said, had saved the greater part of his pay. They added that his savings were the sole reason he was welcomed in the house of mother Malone.

"She's the divil iv a da'ter, sargeant, so she is," said Mrs. Malone in tears, "an ongrateful child, so she is. Luk what I've done for her—scraped an' saved, an' saved an' scraped an' sint her at last to the convent to be eddicated an' made a lady. It's yerself, sergeant, knows that same, sure, an' grateful is Michael Malone an' meself fur the help you gave. We're not ongrateful, an' it'll be paid back—"

"I wish you would say nothing about it," said Holmes, uneasily.

Mrs. Malone wiped her eyes and raised her finger.

"Yez ave been a good friend to Mike an' me an' to Katy," she said, "an' nivir a lad shall have the girl wid my lave, save yerself, Holmes, so there, an' the wee fiddler's out of the way anyhow. Should we be after hearin' the sintince of the court martial, sergeant?"

"The sentence? Faval? Any day, now," Holmes said.

"It'll be two years for sure," she went on, "maybe four, for spakin' back to the adjutant himself. Two years in the prison at Leavenworth will give Mistress Katy time to forget him. Ye must be patient Holmes, an' fur the bit o' money ye've lint me—"

"D—n the money," cried Holmes, jumping to his feet, "Do you want me to wait two years for her? Two years more? Have I been coming here so often for years, and yet you cannot understand? Mrs. Malone, Mrs. Malone, I can't wait. I can't wait longer. Since she was a child at the Post school I've loved her, and God knows that I'd give my life for her, to do the smallest thing she bid me—the smallest. She liked me once—she was learning to love me—I know it, but this, this thing, this half-French fiddler bewitched her. And now you want me to wait! Two years—I can't. I—I love her; I worship her. I—I'm

burning up—I'm mad about her!"

He frightened Mother Malone. He dropped back in his chair, hiding his face in his hands. Tears trickled through his fingers, and his big form shook. Mrs. Malone, calloused and withered by the long struggle of years, was not yet so hardened as not to be touched by the man's naked avowal.

"Whatever the boys says, Holmes," she said softly, "an' they're an ig'runt lot uv min, ye're a good man, an' a true man, an' Katy ye'll have if her mother has got a word to say."

The door burst open and a youngster came rushing in with a shout—little Herman of the band, son of the leader, and the delight and terror of the post.

"Mother Malone!" he shouted. "Have you any eggs? I want six eggs with fried ham—cut it thick—and have you any biscuits? Give us some strong coffee, too, with lots of milk, and charge it to me till pay day. Supper was rotten—mush and molasses. Halloa, Sergt. Holmes!"

"Ye rat!" cried Mrs. Malone. "Six eggs, he says, and cut the ham thick! An' him stuffed full of mush and molasses! Come here, ye wee divil, till I spank yez."

The boy was used to varied marks of affection, but he kicked vehemently as Mother Malone caught him up, lifted him high and kissed him loudly on each cheek.

"That's a nice way to behave to the men!" he cried, as he was let down, rubbing his blushing cheeks. "What would Malone say if I told him?"

"Eh! hark to him!" laughed Mother Malone, as she began to crack eggs on the edge of the frying pan. "Is there any news about Faval, Herman?"

Holmes was on the threshold, passing out, but turned to listen.

"Faval! Yes, it's a shame! No wonder he ran away, with the adjutant and the band sergeant down on him all the time, and he knows more—"

"What news?" asked Mrs. Malone impatiently, and Holmes stood waiting.

"Why, the order was read out at retreat—dishonorable discharge, forfeiting all pay and allowance and so on and three years in Leavenworth."

"Three years in Leavenworth!" cried Mrs. Malone. "Three years—well, well! Did ye hear that, Sergt. Holmes? There's many a thing will be forgotten in three years, Holmes."

But Holmes was already striding away through the gathering dusk.

Holmes turned his back on the post and strode out across the bluffs toward the river. For a long, long time now he had been used to take these solitary evening walks, rain or shine, to tire out the passion in his breast. Scared, alone in the world since he remembered anything, he had never loved a living thing until now, and having loved with all the might of a rushing, long suppressed flood, he found he had dashed himself against a rock. He had to-night but one clear thought in his throbbing head. Noel Faval was out of the way—out of the way—out of the way. The words rang in his ears. It gave him a chance. For the slim lad Faval he had nothing but contemptuous pity. He was out of the way. His bewitching music, his big brown eyes, his slender, graceful form would be heard and seen no more. That fancy would be forgotten, and he (Holmes) would have another chance. So mused the sergeant, and the devil of bitterness gradually gave place to the angel of hope, and at last by the bank of the river he came upon the girl. She was lying in the grass, her face buried in her arms, her black hair loose and her whole form shaken with great sobs. Holmes dropped on one knee beside her and dared in his agitation to lay his hand on her head.

"Katy," he said. "Katy dear!"

She sprang up; her great black eyes gleamed angrily on him; she clenched her hands.

"What do you want here?" she sobbed. "Can't you leave me alone? I hate you. It is you who did this!"

He hung his head passively, and quivered.

"What have I done to make you hate me, Katy?" he slowly whispered. "You didn't use to before—Faval came."

"And you arrested him!"

"Why did not the fool go away at once? What could I do? I was detailed; it was my duty."

"And now they have sentenced him to three years—him! He will die in the prison with those wretches; he will have no music, nothing. It is horrible! You have killed him, killed that boy!"

"Do you love him so much?"

The girl flushed in the starlight.

"What is that to you? I pity him."

A flash of renewed hope sprang from his heart to his eyes. Pity need not be love. For a moment his sight grew dim, and the next he was at her feet, clutching her dress.

"Katy," he cried. "It is done—it was his own fault. Forget him. He cannot have learned to love you as I have loved you for years. Listen, listen! Don't go away!"

The girl was in vain struggling to release her dress, frightened now.

"I am all the men say I am, perhaps," he cried, "surly and all that; but—listen—you are the cause. For love of you, and thinking of you, I keep alone. From the horror of losing you I am sometimes half mad. Listen to me, now, and tell me. Will ever any man love you as I love? Will any one do for you what I would do?"

"Leave me, leave me," she cried, but he clung to her.

"I cannot charm you and bewitch you with a pretty face and music, like Faval," he went on, unheeding her. "But I am a man, and a true man! I claim that! Try me; tell me what to do to prove how much I love you! Whatever it is I shall do it!"

The girl's thoughts all the evening had dwelt on one thing alone—her bewildered, anxious, wild thoughts. They were yet in her mind, and now they formed themselves, as at a word

of command, into a resolve. She whispered to the man at her feet :

"Do you love me so much?"

"I cannot tell how much."

"And you would do all you say—for me, for love of me!"

"Anything!" he cried, rising in a passion of hope, and seizing her hands.

"Save him!" she cried.

### III.

"Where's Katy?" Herman demanded, as he unceremoniously ran into Mother Malone's house.

"Dont be askin' me," cried Mrs. Malone querulously. "What are you wantin' wid Katy at this time of night? It'll be taps in a minute."

"Cause I was down at the guardhouse to see Faval to-night, and he's worryin' awful. He's to be taken to Leavenworth in a day or two. So I thought I'd just ask Katy—he was stuck on Katy just like me—to go and cheer him up a bit. I'm not jealous."

"Ye wee divil," howled Mother Malone, welcoming a chance to discharge her wrath upon somebody; "an it's mischief makin' ye're after, is it? Git out uv this! Git out now, afore I do yez harm!"

"What's eating you? I want some apples!"

The angry woman charged upon him. Herman grabbed an apple, upset the barrel, and fled screeching.

"Did yez ever hear the like?" Mrs. Malone muttered. "Katy to go and see Faval. Was iver the like?"

She did not know.

The guardhouse lay at the back of the post, on the bluff overlooking the meadows. The inner room was very full as a result of pay day. The sloping wooden platform on which the prisoners, wrapt in their blankets, slept, was lined with recumbent figures. Some of the long-sentence-men, however, for greater comfort, had made hammocks of their blankets and slung them by cords from hooks in the walls. The barred windows were few, and by one of these, in a corner, Faval

had slung his hammock beneath another man, who swung near the roof. Thus the window, open for the heat, was almost shut off from sight of the rest of the occupants and the wicket which separated the guard from the prisoners. An Indian scout had been brought in from the camp, a wild and savage sight. He lay outstretched on his back on the floor, howling lugubriously, and beating on the boards with extended fists. In his drunken muddle-headedness he had an idea that the white men were about to hang him and his howls sank to a long, horrible, wailing death song.

Amid the noise and the heat and the stench of the overcrowded room Faval was wide awake. For half an hour after taps so he remained, until the lamp at the door was removed. Soon the post recovered from its periodical outburst of pay-day riot, resumed its regular nightly air of repose, and the lonely sentries began their monotonous calls. Faval's window opened on the back of the guardhouse, and he could not see the sentry on number one. But very distinctly there came to his ears the methodical beat of the soldier's shoes on the porch, and at last his first proclamation to his brother sentries of the hour.

"Ten o'clock," Faval murmured.

"Two hours yet—it is a year!"

As the distant call came faintly from the far-away distant posts, and number one repeated "All's well!" the young musician stealthily reached from his hammock and grasped one of the window bars. It shook beneath the pressure of his slender fingers. "Easily!" he muttered, and then he huddled in his hammock as he heard the sentry challenge and quickly shout to the sergeant inside:

"Officer of the day! Turn out the guard!"

Had they suspected? Had they discovered?

"Never mind the guard!"

The trembling lad heard the officer step on the porch and the sergeant make his report. Faval perspired with fear. What was it? Were they talk-

ing about him? Would the sergeant, would Holmes, betray him and have him put in irons? It was likely. He had done as Katy had told him to do, but he could not understand when she said that Holmes was his friend. The officer went away, and, trembling, Faval crept from his hammock and slipped on shoes and clothes and stayed at the bars, peering out anxiously.

"He won't be back until early morning," the corporal of the guard remarked with a yawn. "Daddy Dodds is getting old and likes his snooze, even when he's officer of the day. Where are you off to, Holmes?"

The sergeant inside replied gruffly, as was his wont:

"There were so many prisoners coming in, I had no time to get my blankets. Take the keys till I come back."

He went out, but he did not go to the barracks for his blankets. It was dark and moonless now, and at the foot of the bluff he met the girl. She was very pale, but in her there was no sign of fear. Her eyes glittered with determination. He tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it and whispered:

"Not yet—not until it is done. Is he ready?"

"He ought to be ready. I have done all I can," he answered, a little sullenly. "At midnight I shall engage Number One's attention."

"I must see him," she said. "I must say goodbye. I know the window."

He flashed up at that with suspicious anger.

"What do you want to see him for?" he whispered sullenly. "You told me to save him, and I have, but—you are mine now. I don't want you to see him."

She laughed, and put her hand in his.

"I know, Holmes," she said. "You are true and—and I love you better than I ever did, but—"

He interrupted her by passionately kissing her hand, and stooping he could not note her frown.

"—but that poor boy! He loved me, too, and—let me say goodbye!"

He let her go, and she slipped up the bluff, and so to the barred window. At once Faval's hand caught hers.

"The bar?" she whispered.

"It's loose."

"The horses are at the cottonwood clump on the river. Noel, Noel, be careful!"

"My darling, I shall be there—or shot."

She was back with Holmes immediately, and, though her eyes sparkled, she wiped them with her handkerchief.

"Poor fellow," she said, and paused, and then went on, "and so he is gone forever. Thank you sergeant, I—I do like you now."

Holmes took her in his arms and kissed her.

"God bless you, Katy," he said, filled with love, "and may he forget me if I do not make you happy all my life."

He left her, dazed at that caress, and went back to his duty, and the girl looked after him with a smile and a sigh.

The night passed on, punctuated by the yawning sentries' calls. The men marvelled at the sergeant's unaccustomed cheerfulness. He chatted with them, and laughed. They remembered afterwards that for once they had heard Holmes laugh. He did not lie down. At twelve the sentry called the hour, and Holmes shortly afterwards left him, saying he would patrol around the guardhouse. At Faval's window he stopped. No noise came from within, save that of the prisoners' snores. He peered inside and made out that Faval's hammock was empty. One bar hung loose from its fastenings at the top. The sergeant put it in place softly.

"He is gone!" he thought. "Out of the way—out of the way—out of the way, and she is promised to me!"

The relief went out at one o'clock, and soon the tired sentries relieved came tramping in with the corporal. Holmes was lying on his bunk in the office, but not asleep. Sleep was far from his glad eyes. He heard the sentries gossip as they prepared to lay down.



"Any of the officers giving a party to-night?"

"Don't know—why?"

"'Cause a man and a woman galloped past on the river trail. I could just see them from Number Six. They were going B—bar ranch way, and I thought they'd maybe been visiting in officers' row."

Holmes raised his head—a man? That was all right. A woman? Who could they be? He sat on the edge of his cot. A terrible thought filled his mind. It could not be—yet, yet—dared she play that trick? For a minute he sat still, and then, without a word of excuse, he left the guardhouse. He went straight to Mother Malone's. The angry woman was still sitting there, awaiting her husband and daughter.

"Where is Katy?" the sergeant asked, and his face was so white that the scars stood out upon his brow and cheeks in scarlet.

"Where, indeed?" cried Mrs. Malone. "The baggage! She's not been in to-night! She'll leave my house! Holmes! Holmes! What is it? What has she done now?"

With a loud curse the sergeant turned on his heel and rushed off. He made straight for the stables of his troop and roused the stable sergeant by blows on the gate.

"My horse, by order of the officer of the day!" he hoarsely yelled. "A prisoner has escaped!"

#### IV.

If he had been capable of thought, capable of planning a sure revenge, he would first have roused the guard, and sent half a troop after the fugitives. Perhaps, indeed, he did not think, but felt that this was a matter which concerned him alone. Therefore he went swiftly at a gallop in pursuit, and the sleepy stable sergeant went back to bed, and the guard remained on watch, wondering where their sergeant had gone to, but unaware of the prisoner's escape.

The river road? He spurred his horse down the trail furiously until the post was far behind him. On his right

the river flowed; on his left the land rose in rippling bluffs, a gray-black mass in the starlight. For many miles in front of him he knew the long and lonely trail stretched drearily, without house, without town, for nigh 100 miles, when at last it ended at the railway. He was able with an effort, to consider that the two would spare their horses, knowing how far they had to go, and hardly expecting pursuit before guard mount in the morning, when the officer of the day would make his report. They had more than an hour's start, but if he pressed hard after them he should catch up soon. That settled, he urged his horse to the utmost, and gave himself up to the mad rage of jealousy and disappointment. He had known her from a child to be wilful and passionate and mischievous, but he had never, in his adoration, believed her capable of such deceit. He did not stop to think that love had forced himself to break his oath, to neglect his duty, to assist a prisoner under his charge to escape, to forfeit, if the truth became known, the trust of his officers and the name he had won in years of hard campaigning. He did not stop to think of what love might have forced her also to do. His mood was entirely selfish. He was wounded sorely, and he wished for nothing but revenge.

The dust scattered in clouds about him; the horse, in that hot night, soon was steaming wet. He never slackened pace. Now and again there was a creek to cross, and through them he dashed, heedless of mud-hole or rock or stump. Once a belated Indian freighter met him and grunted an astonished "How!" Holmes hardly saw him, nor answered his greeting. In an instant he was out of sight and hearing. So he rode, blind to all he passed, his eyes glaring ahead, his teeth grating, seeking revenge for the slight and the scorn and the lie.

They had travelled more quickly than he had reckoned they would, and the sky of the midsummer morning was turning slowly from gray to violet when he saw them, and drew the revolver he carried as being on guard

duty. He hailed them, and through the misty dimness of the dawn they saw him and spurred ahead with a cry of fear and surprise. His horse, the fleetest in the troop, drew up upon them; but, urged by terror, they pushed on to the utmost. The sergeant was within 200 yards of them when he leveled his revolver and fired. They were too far off for pistol shooting, but the shot resulted in bringing them to a standstill. He rode slowly up and reined in, facing them. The girl sat erect in her saddle, her bosom heaving, her eyes defying him. The musician looked at him with his big, brown, sorrowful eyes—despairing. Holmes looked only on the girl, and even as he did so that which had caused all his misery in the last few years, his great love for her, came back, sweeping in on him as a flood, washing away his wrath and disappointment and longing for revenge. It was Katy Malone who faced him, his pet in her school-days, the one thing he had ever loved. As he looked on her, flushed with exercise and indignation, he put his pistol back in the holster and the reins fell on his horse's neck. He cared nothing for the other's presence, but held out his arms in overwhelming despair, crying:

"Katy! Katy! Why have you done this?"

The girl paused a moment in surprise, for she had surely expected an outburst of colossal rage, but in a moment she regained her usual self-possession. She took the musician's hand in hers, in the protecting way she had used when she had met him in the island wood.

"Because I love him," she said, simply.

The sergeant's head drooped low over his horse, and his tall frame shook. When he looked up, his face was gray as the morning sky. All

light was gone from his eyes, even as the stars were disappearing in the heavens. He was calm now.

"You could not trust me to make you happy," he said, slowly. "I begin to understand. I want to know one thing. Did you care for me at all before—he—came?"

She shook her head.

"Never," she said.

He sat again erect, and looked up at the sky. In one instant his life stood revealed. "Lonely, lonely, lonely." Through all the years, from the first early questionings of himself, of who his mother was and who his father, through all the years of ill-used, soul-souring childhood, through all the years of unfriended, starving youth, through all the years of manhood, solitary and avoided by his comrades, he saw himself, babe, child, boy, man, unfriended and alone. Lonely, lonely, lonely! Friendless and unloved.

He looked at the young lovers, hand-in-hand. What good would it do to arrest him? She would only hate him the more. What good would it do to force her back? Besides, the escape must be known soon, and he, in turn, would be a prisoner. The sky was changing into blue; the sun was almost on the horizon, but round his soul the night grew very dark. For a while they watched him, wondering, and at last he looked at them, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Ride on," he said.

They did not move, hardly believing, until he waved his hands impatiently.

"Go," he said, "and—and God make you both happy!"

Without a parting word, they wheeled and fled.

He watched them disappear and, a moment after, the crack of a pistol rang out across the plain, and the sergeant's riderless horse, frightened, galloped back to the post.



## A SCRAP OF HISTORY.\*

BEING YE TRUE ACCOUNT OF YE CELEBRATED RIDE OF RICHARD TURPIN,  
ESQRE, FROM LONDON TO YORK, NOW FOR YE FIRST  
TIME MADE PUBLICK.

*By Robert Barr.*

DICK Turpin slouched into Kettie's restaurant on the Strand, flung his huge felt hat on a marble table, sat down, and sang out for a beefsteak rare and a gallon of ale, and that right speedily, he added. The waiter made all haste to serve him, for such is the effect of a life of kindness and doing good to others that Dick was always promptly obeyed, whoever else had to suffer delay, and when his mind and gentle eye casually surveyed the priming on his pistols, even landlords themselves had been known to jump in their eagerness to be of use to him.

Just as Dick had finished his frugal meal, Aristophenus Kettie himself tiptoed into the restaurant and whispered :

" Dick, my boy, the bobbies are deploying round the Strand entrance."

Richard, always a man of quick decision, arose at once, bowed to the company, and remarked with that suavity which was characteristic of him :

" Gentlemen, I beg to excuse me. I have an engagement elsewhere."

Mr. Turpin then slipped out by the back exit, where an hostler, true and trusty, awaited him, holding the highwayman's favourite mount, " White Wings." The night was pitch dark, but the lamp of the machine threw forward an ever enlarging cone of light, like one of those advertising devices then so popular in London.

" Is there plenty of oil in the lamp?"

" Yezzer."

" The repair kit and all the tools are in the toolbag?"

" Yezzer."

" The machine is well oiled and the tires pumped tight?"

" Yezzer."

" Well, I hope, for your sake, that everything is right, for if it is not, I shall puncture you with my pistol and deflate you of life."

" Yezzer."

Richard flung the man a sovereign, because, being a loyal man, he never dealt in any coin under the rank that designated the ruler of the realm. He mounted the wheel, which was geared to 162, and swiftly disappeared into the night. At the first street corner a policeman was waiting for him.

" Turn it up," shouted the officer, endeavouring to perform for the intrepid cyclist the action so tersely expressed by the slang phrase he had just given utterance to ; but Dick, who had been there before, deftly avoided him, and replied :

" If you are referring to the light, I have pleasure in informing you that it already complies with all the regulations."

The word had gone forth that, at all hazards, Dick Turpin was to be arrested that night, so the policeman, baffled in attempting to stop him, shrilly blew his whistle, which had the immediate effect of causing all the hansom cabs within hearing to concentrate rapidly on the spot, and by the time the harassed officer had disentangled the traffic, Dick was well on his way to the Great North road.

But the shrill whistle had effect on others than the cabbies. It was the signal to the metropolitan brigade of mounted police (cycle corps) and twelve of the record breakers were bending over handlebars in hot pursuit of the fugitive. This superb body of men were

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astride the celebrated Klondike bikes ("worth their weight in gold," see advertisement) and the betting was about even, although those in the know, freely offered two to one on Dick.

The police rode Clincher tires of course, for clincher was their business, while Dick preferred a Palmer, for he had ever made his living by the dropping of gold into his palm, although he preferred a single tube pistol when taking up a collection.

"I shall break the record or my neck," muttered Dick, as he sped through the darkness. As he glanced over his shoulder at the foot of a hill he saw a dozen twinkling lights coming over the brow behind him, like a constellation. "I hope every one I meet will have a bright lamp and keep to his own side of the road," and for the first time in his bold life a tremour of fear thrilled the stalwart frame of the highwayman, who well knew the predilection of the touring cyclist for racing down a part of the thoroughfare that should be kept sacred for those going in a contrary direction.

Over the top of the next hill only eleven lights glimmered, falling steadily to the rear; then but ten were visible, then nine, then eight.

"I knew those cops couldn't stand that pace," muttered Turpin; "it reminds one of the rhyme of the 'Nine little, eight little, seven little Injuns,'" and he began to trill merrily the refrain, experiencing that exalted exhilaration which a true cyclist feels when he is astride a perfect silent wheel spinning through the pure air of a peaceful country. Since midnight only one light followed him, but that hung on with great persistence. Dick for a moment thought of putting out his own lamp, waiting for his lone pursuer and pistoling him as he went by, but he reflected that, after all, this was a mean trick to play on a brother cyclist, for Dick was not without that feeling of fraternity which all genuine wheelmen possess. So, wishing to do as he would be done by, the merciful man dismounted, snipped asunder a strand of barbed wire that lined one side of

the road, pulled out staples until a sufficient length of the wire was set free, drew it taut across the thoroughfare and tied the loose end of the wire to a stake on the opposite side of the highway.

Remounting, he journeyed on toward the north, animated with that comforting sense of satisfaction which comes to one who, at some trouble to himself, has placed innocent diversion in the monotonous pathway of a fellow-traveller. We should not live for ourselves alone.

Just as a neighbouring steeple struck the hour of one, Dick, glancing backward, saw the one light suddenly disappear.

"How appropriate that was!" mused Dick. "The hour and the man! Thank goodness, the telegraph has not yet been invented. The road to York is now clear, and I have nothing to attend to but the making of a record which will never be forgotten. Another good man gone!" he added, as he saw that the lamp behind him was not relit.

Daylight found him going strong, far to the north; he first, the rest nowhere. He stopped at a wayside inn for breakfast, knowing it was a good hostelry, for the iron effigy of the three-winged wheel of the Cyclists' touring club was over the door.

"Are you a member of the C.T.C.?" asked the landlord.

"I am a member of no organization," replied the truthful Richard, "for I have just been resigning all night from the C.A.T.C.H."

After a good breakfast he proceeded merrily on his way, meeting many travellers, who gave him a cheerful "good morning." With none of them did he stop to converse, for the highway was too thronged to make a prolonged interview of financial advantage to him.

But at last he came to a lonely heath which the highroad bisected in a straight line, and about the centre of it, with no one else in sight for miles, he saw approaching him a young lady on a dainty wheel.

Richard sprang off and planted himself and his machine squarely across the thoroughfare.

The lady, thinking he wished to speak with her, which, indeed, was the case, slipped from her perch to the ground in that charmingly casual way in which some women dismount, seeming to suggest that she merely happens off.

"You wish to inquire the way, sir?" she asked in tones of exquisite sweetness.

"O, no, dear madame," replied Dick with one of his most correct bows, learned from his constant association with the aristocracy, whom he met incidentally on their travels, "I am, if I may be permitted to term myself so, an inspector of highways, and all roads lead—not to Rome in my case—but to profitable commerce. I must first apologize to you for not appearing in proper costume, a defect which I shall at once proceed to remedy," saying which he drew from his pocket a neatly fitting black silk mask, penetrated by two holes for the eyes, which he put over the upper part of his face, passing the strings to the back of his head and holding them there.

"Would you mind just tying these strings? a lady makes such a neat knot, and they are rather awkward for me to get at without a mirror."

"With pleasure," replied the girl, standing on tiptoe as she tied a dainty knot with deft fingers. "I should think it much handier to have the ends of the mask connected with a bit of elastic that you could slip over your head."

"I have often thought of it," assented the young man, "but I am rather a stickler for old-fashioned ways, and so I stick to the strings. I fear I am inclined to be conservative; I mix so much with the nobility, you know."

"Am I wrong in surmising that you are a highwayman? Perhaps the famous Mr. Turpin himself?"

"Quite right, madame; Dick Turpin, entirely at your service, at this moment accomplishing his celebrated ride to York, of which you have doubtless

read, who hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of that custom which it will always be his endeavour to deserve. I'm sorry I haven't a card with me, but I left town unexpectedly, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, rather in a hurry."

"How delightful!"

Dick drew forth a huge pistol, and with another low bow, said:

"But I am detaining you, madame. In the pleasures of social conversation let us not forget the realities of life. I must trouble you for your watch and any rings or other little trinkets that I can keep as a memento of this most charming meeting."

"I am so sorry," answered the girl, "but when I left home this morning I neglected to bring with me either watch or rings. One is so apt to break a watch if one has a fall, and rings are liable to be lost."

"They are indeed, madame, when I am on the road. Perhaps you have a purse? I shall be happy to relieve you of the care which it causes you."

After a good deal of searching about the folds of her dress, the young woman at last found her pocket and drew from it a purse which she handed to Dick, saying with a sigh:

"It contains £21."

"I accept it with as much gratitude, believe me, madame, as if it contained a thousand. The bicycle you ride I will leave with you, as I would not be found in the possession of such a machine at any price."

"Sir!" she cried, and for the first time during their colloquy there was a trace of indignation in her voice, "I would have you know that this is a 'Sweet Violet' machine, the very best in the market; the agent who sold it to me himself assured me of that."

"You should pay no attention to the ridiculous statements of interested parties. There is only one machine made in England, and that is the renowned 'White Wings,' made by a Coventry company (limited) of that name, formed last season, highly over-capitalized, by my respected fellow-worker, Howley. Alas, that I took to the road in-

stead of going into the company promoting business! Where I take a pound, he loots thousands; still I have the proud consciousness of being in the more honest line of trade. After all, a clear conscience is worth something."

"Is that a 'White Wings' you are riding?"

"It is, madame, and to its perfection I owe the pleasure of this privileged interview. Last night I outrode twelve Klondikes."

"I should have thought you would have gone in for a chainless safety," murmured the girl dreamily.

"What!" roared Dick, forgetting for the time that he stood in the presence of a lady, and for a moment losing his temper, "I thought you were a young person of some sense, even if you did ride a 'Sweet Violet,' but such an inconsiderate remark shows—"

"I am afraid, sir, you do not quite comprehend me. If you are caught you will be hung in chains, therefore I should suppose that you would prefer the luxury of a chainless life to the ignominy of a death in chains."

"Oh, ha ha!" laughed Dick. "I didn't see that. Very good, indeed. I must remember that joke and tell it to the boys in the club."

"It is a perfectly lovely machine that 'White Wings' of yours," the lady continued, regarding Dick's mount with entrancing eyes, while he stood aside from it and held it at arms-length that she might the better admire its proportions. "I would get one for myself if they weren't so dear."

"O, the first cost of an article is nothing when you get just what you

want. If the police are ever after you, you will not regret the initial expenditure."

"I would have you know," replied the young lady, drawing herself up proudly, "that I have no followers among the force."

"I wish I could say as much," said Turpin bitterly.

"What did you pay for your most excellent wheel?"

"This stood me in at £21; at least that's what the man from whom I took it said it cost."

"If I had that £21 you are taking care of for me I would go at once and invest it in a 'White Wings.'"

"Would you?" cried Dick with enthusiasm, for his weakest point was always his gallantry, and his next weakest his loyalty to his own make of wheel. "Then allow me to have the pleasure of handing back your money."

"Thank you kindly," said the girl sweetly, as she put her purse in her pocket. She sprang on her wheel, and cried over her shoulder, "I think those are two policeman approaching down the road; better not follow me, but do some scorching toward York."

Dick saw that he had already lost too much time, yet he stood there hesitating, wondering if after all he had not been befooled somehow. It was always thus with the tender-hearted man. His honesty was forever being taken advantage of by the unscrupulous of the opposite sex. He mounted his machine, and finished his journey to York, a poorer man by £21 than he had been at one point on the journey.



## A SOCIETY MYSTERY.

By C. M. Keys.

THEY were a strangely-assorted yet a well-met pair. She was a woman at twenty-one, but all the freshness of her girlish days yet dwelt upon her as if the goddess Youth were loth to resign such a delightful kingdom. Her art was as the art of the débutante to look at, but beneath it lay the subtlety and power of a woman's soul. Her beauty was that indescribable charm that dwells often on features not of strictly classic perfection. Indeed, those had been found who declared they saw no beauty in her save her perfect eyes—but those wondrous eyes—such eyes as man sees once, and finds in other orbs but paleness and the vapid light of insincerity—were surely dower of beauty no charm of feature could surpass.

Her life had been a series of semi-platonic friendships with men who worshipped her, and in her soul the faculty of friendship had grown so strong that no room seemed left for love.

He was a clever and, men said, a fast and reckless youth, but in the eyes of women he was all that heart could wish. Brilliant betimes and strangely thoughtful in his conversation, fascinating and scrupulously polite in his manner and address, they could not rate him but a social lion, and yet his insincerity and callous indifference to result could not but debar him from that close intimacy and confidence that even cautious matrons extend betimes to him who, while in society, is not in soul of it. People said of him, "Charming, but—don't trust him," and straightway in his hands the maidens that he met would lay their hearts and sigh, and mothers then, seeing the harm could not be easily undone, would smile at him and give dances for their daughters—and so he stayed and prospered in his careless course.

Such was his life, but who could read the hidden depths of that interminable character?

She was of those who choose their own friendships. When he came and offered her, not love like all the rest, but only friendship's offerings she chose him first and placed him by himself. She flung him favours far beyond the rest for was he not sincere and honest, while they tendered fortunes and gave but farthings?

For many months it lasted and people wondered, and strange rumours flew and kind friends tried in vain to see through it all and when they failed gave gladly their little quota to the tales that Rumour sped. Still the thing grew, till even she began to wonder what it meant to her—for in his eyes the light changed not, and even she could read it not.

One night it chanced that he was dining with a friend in a little curtained recess at one of the great restaurants of Boston. Into the next one came two fellow-clubmen of his own, and ordered wine and cigars and settled down to have a quiet chat. Almost the first word spoken was his own name, and Bert Hardy laid his hand upon his comrade's shoulder, and glanced silence at him.

"I wonder," began Lawford, "what Hardy is at, anyway. He still comes clubward for his wine and cigars; he still is '*le beau Bert*' at the theatres; he still goes off on jaunts betimes to deuce knows where, so he can't be in love; so what the deuce is it? I'm stumped!"

"Well, for a clubman, you are green! Hardy in love—what a joke! Did you ever hear of Billy Loscombe? Well, you remember how he fell in love I suppose—*et voilà tout*," and Hardy

heard the puffing of a cigar just lighted, then there was silence for a moment and Lawford sighed as he answered :

"I suppose it must be that—but Bella Kirkland—who would ever have thought it?"

"It is that, I tell you. I know Bert Hardy down to the ground. I know he has no more heart or conscience than the King of the Cannibal Isles. I know he broke Kate Simpson's heart two years ago—as fine a girl as ever turned a fellow's head—and left her lightly, without a qualm. Well, time will tell!"

"It must be so—but I like her, old man, and hate to stand by and watch it, and so do you."

"For heaven's sake, Harry, don't cross Hardy's path—for I like you, old man," replied the other mimicking his friend's tone—and then the subject changed.

Hardy signed to his friend and they left noiselessly and when they got outside he offered his hand and said: "Good-bye, Leffers, for good! It's a damned lie!" and turned and walked away, and Leffers stood and muttered—"For Heaven's sake, Hardy!" and then went home and kept quiet, like a wise man.

Bert Hardy walked and walked, and smoked and smoked for many an hour that night, and as he went his face grew harder and yet more beautiful till in the end he clenched his hands and swore a mighty oath that he would do it, though what the "it" was even the darkness heard not, for he spoke no other word.

The next night Bella Kirkland was reclining lazily before her grate-fire, in that dreamy state of rest that comes betimes to those who worship at the social buffet—only thinking, and lost in the sweetness of her thoughts. Her maid came up to tell her that Mr. Hardy wished to know whether he could see her.

"Send him up, and say that I am

out, Fanny," was the reply. Hardy came up into her little private sitting-room, and greeted her as he always did. He took a seat beside her, then fell silent, as was not his wont.

"What is it, Bertie—why so silent, pray? You generally plunge head first into things when you come to me. What troubles you to-night?" She laid her soft hand lightly on his brow, as a mother soothes her infant—a touch of the exquisite womanliness that was her chiefest power.

He started back at the touch and answered, half ashamed, "Only a foolish novel I have been reading, Bella. It is strange it should worry me at all. So commonplace, too, I suppose, but yet it bothers me. Shall I tell you the story, little girl?"

"Yes, please. Perhaps I can help you, if you will let me, Bertie."

"A simple story," he began in his usual soft and careless voice, "of a man scarcely out of his teens who met a girl once in the summer and, being by nature cursed with the love of flirting, started a flirtation with her. She was a perfect picture of loveliness such as one meets but once in all a lifetime, and her soul was the soul of one who had naught in her but pure womanliness. He pleased her first; then love awoke, and ever in her eyes dwelt trouble battling with tenderness." Hardy spoke hurriedly as if it hurt him to speak of it all—"And in the end his heart went out to her and bowed and worshipped and the tale seemed told. Her home was far away in Louisiana, and when she left him it was as if his life were torn in two, and he went back to college for his final year as one who dreams and wakes not.

"The next summer he was back again in the north where his home was, but she came not and on a sudden even her letters ceased. When again he wrote and still no answer came, he in the madness of his pain was preparing to go south and look for her, for any thought save that of infidelity seemed truth.

"One day a letter came—from her



sister. He trembled as he opened it and then the white sheet fluttered slowly to the ground." Hardy's eyes were rivetted on the fire's heart and his hands, unnoticed, clenched the chair arms hard—"and then as if a dying man were gathering up his strength he straightened up and thrust the letter in his pocket and greeted his sister with a smile and happy word as she came running to him.

"Daisy, dear, tell Jimmy not to bring the carriage—I am not going away—just yet."

"Daisy hurried off in glad surprise and left him and his misery. Again he took the letter from his pocket and read the message:

"I can give you nothing but the saddest news. Dorothy, our pet Dorothy, was killed by being thrown from Gipsy's back, a month ago, in Florida. Forgive my delay—I have been in a delirium of fever ever since, and mother, you know, knows nothing of the tie that bound you to her. Her last words, whispered in my ear, were for you and she died with your name on her lips. Farewell and comfort, my brother."

KATE.

"He left home a month after that and went to Boston and plunged into business and the pleasures of society, but hardness dwelt forever at his heart despite the mask of gaiety and careless levity. He lived fast and was accounted dangerous—but charming—in society." Poor Hardy hurried over his words as if he feared his power. "Many were the friendships that he formed and varied were the rôles he played.

"It chanced that he met one evening a girl with eyes such as once before he had met, and her he made a friend—such a friend as you are to me, Bella—and people wondered, for he was known as one whose friendship was

deceit while she was noble in her woman's purity and grace.

"One night he heard her name used lightly with his own and memory cried aloud in pain as her eyes passed before him and he came to her, his friend, and told her all about it, and how the world, the great cruel world"—Hardy's eyes never left hers now and his words were slow and tender—"with its many-mouthed babblings called her foul because her hand clasped his in friendship. He told her how in broken-hearted sadness her friendship had been all in all to him—the mainstay of his shattered life, and rose and kissed her once and left her and went out in the great world alone—forever, as he only is alone who dwells in solitude of spirit in the midst of myriad crowds. 'Do you understand Bella?' he whispered hoarsely as he speaks, whose words are clogged with pain."

She looked up, startled, half seeing but not understanding till he bent over her and kissed her once, then turned away and passed the curtained door and turned not back. Then it all burst upon her and she shot to her feet and stretched her arms abroad and cried aloud, "Bertie, my Bertie, I care not what they say. I love you Bertie—oh—you—love—" and faintness and silence fell upon but he came back no more.

Now of Bert Hardy, from that day to this no word has ever once been heard, for no one knew nor ever will know till the great books are opened what became of him other than this—that I who write am he, though a man of broken frame and hoary hair and dwelling far from Boston, and of different name. And thus before I die I write of him that was that all who knew him may know thus far of his story.



## THE FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

*By a Political Onlooker.*

SOME attention may conveniently be given to the political, that is the popular, view of a Governor-General's functions, as opposed to the strictly constitutional aspects. Democracy modifies constitutions. If sufficiently virile and determined it may overturn the most cherished maxims. The constitutional writers protest in alarmed terms against an attack on a sacred dogma made by a truculent, perhaps an ignorant, Democracy. When the latter has won, the constitutional writers, recovering their composure, merely issue a new edition embodying the fresh precedent.

The Canadian Dominion, being an aggregation of lesser sovereignties controlled by a federal structure of large dimensions, is the chief British colony. It exercises wide powers, and the tendency is toward the enhancement of those powers. The Governor-General is himself governed by a code of rules. There is the Act of 1867, the terms of his commission, and any special instructions he may receive. There is also the lore of the constitution, expounded in many text-books, in countless despatches and state papers, and partly defined in the Imperial Regulations for the Colonial Service. If doubt should arise respecting the application of principles he has the newspapers. Fortified by all this wise guidance a Governor-General may perform his official functions with the cheerful confidence that, on any given occasion, he can invoke the aid of some at least of these numerous directors.

In his attitude toward his advisers on all Canadian questions he will know that there is one safe course: to abide by their counsel, or run the gauntlet of political hostility, of strictures in the press, of, perchance, dignified reproof from the Colonial Office in London. The popular view would be that

a Governor at war with his Ministers on any exclusively domestic issue, must necessarily be wrong. He might, in such a case, receive the embarrassing approbation of the politicians out of office. This would only complete his discomfiture. In extreme instances, the power of dismissal and of finding new advisers might be contemplated, but hardly ever seriously entertained. No federal Ministry, with a majority, has been dismissed. Dismissal, as the result of a Parliamentary defeat or an appeal to the constituencies, is accepted with reluctance. The convulsion that would follow forcible ejection by a Governor is painful even to consider. His functions, therefore, in Canadian affairs may be regarded as definitely fixed for all time: to give his advisers cordial co-operation and support, regardless of party, and as long as they keep within the law to accept any advice they tender. To have feelings is the luxury of an individual. A Governor-General in his official capacity is well equipped without them. If, for example, he were to cherish a preference for wording the statutes in intelligible English what pang he would needlessly create for himself! Toward all minor eccentricities of Parliaments and politicians a Governor, we may be sure, exhibits a wise toleration.

Of the eight Governors who have served in Canada since the foundation of the Dominion in 1867, Lord Dufferin had the most trying experience. During the terms of his immediate predecessors, Lord Monk and Lord Lisgar, no questions of prime importance between the Crown and the Executive arose. During that period there had been, in some degree, a coalition of parties. Materials had gradually been forming for a life-and-death struggle between the two old parties and in 1873, the year after Lord Dufferin's

arrival, the storm broke. He was violently assailed during 1873 for not dismissing his Ministers. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon him. In one or two public speeches, notably that at Halifax, and in his despatches to the Colonial Office he expounded in an admirable manner the wisdom of allowing Parliament, rather than the representative of the Crown, to be the judges of the Ministry. The Government resigned, anticipating a hostile verdict in the House of Commons, and a short period of peace ensued for the Governor. The threatened withdrawal of British Columbia from the Union again imposed a heavy burden upon Lord Dufferin. In this contest he proved once more the value to the country of a Governor, exercising the influence of Vice-regal authority, above party, and with British experience as a guide. It is doubtful if British Columbia could have been retained without Lord Dufferin's infinite tact and persuasive eloquence. Both questions were essentially connected with domestic politics. In the one case he was blamed for not employing his "reserved" power of dismissal. In the other he was greeted with acclamations for exercising functions that we would now deem an invasion of the duties of the Prime Minister. Thus inconsistent are popular judgments upon the actions of Governors-General.

But if public opinion—often capricious, usually ill-instructed—lacks consistency and foresight, there are two schools of thought with a fairly well-defined line of demarcation. One is prone to maintain the privileges and exalt the functions of the Governor-General. Associated usually with the Conservatives, although not in a strictly party sense, this doctrine is strengthened by the testimony of constitutional writers. They have studied intently the theory of the constitution. To them all the prerogatives of the Crown are none the less real because fallen into desuetude. In Canada, if public opinion is democratic and assertive of national independence in practice, it is respectful of a monarchy so illustrious

and so powerful as ours. The Governor-General, representing the Crown, could rely upon a potent element for support if he preserved the dignity, while asserting the full privileges, of his office. Moderate men might shake their heads. But in a conflict moderate men are scarcely a factor. On the other hand, the Liberal school—again using a word in no strict party sense—would minimize the powers of a Governor. Both in England and here, and more especially here, the ultimate goal of the leaders is absolute self-government. They are loyal to the Crown, but not being the guardians of established usage, of historical prerogative, of all the trappings and suits of hereditary monarchy, their natural disposition is to curtail and not to enlarge the attributes and functions of the Governor.

It is when the Governor-General's position as an Imperial officer comes into question that the whole subject attains the condition of grave importance. In Canadian affairs, as I have said, the popular view is that he must abide by the advice of his Ministers. Whatever constitutional authorities may say, any other course would be mischievous. But as an Imperial representative matters may come before him upon which the advice of his council cannot finally determine the issue. At the present time this is of peculiar significance. It happens that enthusiasm for the British Empire is the dominant note in Canadian opinion. In politics it is considered necessary to be Imperial to be successful. This state of affairs cannot affect the truth of a constitutional theory in the smallest degree. But statesmen know that the personal popularity of the Queen and her family throughout the British Dominions is a vital force. Constitutional maxims, it is conceivable, might be set at naught by a strong ruler with the people behind him. "Nice customs," says Shakespeare, "bow to great kings." In other words, the power that creates the constitution can create precedents or set aside rules. So a Governor-General in Canada, the

people being willing, might claim and exercise very extensive powers with a view to the protection and development of the Imperial interests, even in times of peace. This is a delicate point. Where is the line to be drawn as between Imperial and Canadian affairs? In the making of treaties, in the control of fleets and armies, in the fulfilment of international obligations, our Governments have not full powers. We are not a nation. The phrase lends itself to declamatory eloquence, but it is not true. A wise Governor-General, with wise counsellors, keeps these considerations in the background. To deny them, however, to assert the contrary, is not statesmanship. From the popular standpoint, therefore, surely the functions of our Governors, acting as Imperial officers, are to conciliate, to smooth over difficulties, to reconcile any supposed conflict of interest or opinion, and if any should arise—which Heaven forbid—to act merely as the representative of the Crown, as the official intermediary between the Imperial authorities and the Canadian Executive, allowing them to carry on the controversy and not by any act or word of his to intensify the strain or add to the confusion.

Yet, when all is said and done, the Governor-General is undoubtedly an Imperial officer, and while it is his constitutional duty to give his confidence to his Canada advisers, there must be occasions when he is responsible primarily to those who appointed him. As the guardian of the Imperial interests he may receive confidential despatches which he cannot, without express permission from the Secretary for the Colonies, show even to his Prime Minister. The answers would naturally be kept from his Cabinet. Mr. Blake, when Minister of Justice in 1876, secured the modification of the terms of the Governor-General's commission, enjoining that all his acts should be upon the advice of Ministers, "except in the rare instances in which, owing to the existence of substantial Imperial as distinguished from Canadian interests, it is considered that

full freedom of action is not vested in the Canadian people." Here is a recognition of the supremacy of the Crown, ample for all purposes. As the command of the naval and land forces, both the Imperial forces and local militia, is vested in the Queen, the Governor-General represents her in this respect. The administration of the militia, however, is carried on through a responsible Minister and not by the Governor himself. The Imperial officer, who commands the militia, is subordinate to the civil power. In time of war, however, when Canada might be the theatre of hostilities provision exists for the control of all the forces being vested in the Governor. There is not much room for serious controversy in this situation. The limitations of Canadian authority in treaty-making hardly affect the Governor-General or his functions. To meet the Canadian feeling in this respect it is now customary to appoint Canadians on international commissions relating to the affairs of this country. In these and all other matters the tendency is to enlarge the colonial power, which is both a sagacious and a practicable policy, since the strength of the Empire consists not in the strain which the connection between its various parts will stand, but in the good-will and cordiality evoked by generous and friendly treatment.

Lord Dufferin, who exercised by common consent the most important functions that can fall to the lot of a Governor-General, discharged his duties, not so as to magnify his office but to strengthen the Imperial tie. He drew, for the benefit of those who are easily soothed, a modest and comical picture of his functions. He compared a constitutional Governor to "the humble functionary we see superintending the working of some complicated mass of steam-driven machinery, who simply walks about with a little tin vessel of oil in his hand, and who pours in a drop here and a drop there as occasion or the creaking of a joint may require." This seeming humility was a pleasing sacrifice to the gullibility

of the general public. All the proceedings and the speeches of this very brilliant man show the possibilities of the office when it is filled by a master of diplomacy. It is improbable that the Canadian electorate of to-day is any more competent to decide constitutional niceties than in 1876, since the advent of manhood franchise has merely added to the sum of our stupidity and a Canadian Governor-General may easily draw to himself a considerable share of influence if he appeals over the heads

of the politicians to the people at large.

The newspaper press, which is superseding all other authorities, ecclesiastical, judicial and political by slow degrees, has not yet fixed the exact status of a Governor-General. So much depends upon whether the editor's party is in or out of office that we may have to wait long before it is finally determined for us by the press whether our Governors are menaces to public liberty, or merely amiable figures clothed in gorgeous uniforms.

## ROBERT BARR AND LITERATURE IN CANADA.

*By Walter James Brown.*

MR. ROBERT BARR'S articles on Literature in Canada, as they appeared in the November and December issues of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, have called forth considerable adverse criticism. These articles are admittedly subject to revision and correction. One discovers in them a tendency to carelessness, said to be the habit of men who contribute "stories" on innumerable subjects to the daily papers. No doubt Mr. Barr would have made a deeper, wider and more lasting impression if he had been more careful in his statements; but we cannot afford to lose sight of the main purpose of his effort, together with all the truth stated and implied, simply because his illustrations are inaccurate and one or two of his comparisons are overdrawn. These defects, so apparent to his critics, have been artfully used to turn aside our attention from the statement of actual conditions. Although this statement is not perfectly clear, yet it was written for the purpose of making us think. If it does this the effort was not in vain.

Upon analysis, the articles seem to suggest that there were four main ideas in the author's mind. (1) Educated Canadians lack independence of thought, and Canada underestimates

the value of things Canadian, particularly Canadian specialized ability. (2) The Canadian people are not great lovers of good literature if we judge by the quality and number of books they buy. (3) In view of the fact that young Canadian authors who are winning distinction have been forced to leave their native land to secure support, Canada does not exert itself to encourage the development of its literature. And (4) the Canadian public school systems are subject to radical improvement, especially in the matter of training our boys and girls to think and act with independence and to justly appreciate their native land. Mr. Barr's position may not be one with which we all agree, yet we ought to inquire most carefully into our conditions, and, if possible, ascertain their true status, and then, knowing the facts, look for avenues through which improvement may be expected.

The thoughtful observer, be he native or foreign born, often wonders why Canada with its wealth of natural resources, its excellent form of government, and its splendid people, has been so long in asserting itself. The country is far too contented with its snail pace, instead of marking each passing year with progress and achievement. As one stretches his

eye along the imaginary line which international law has designated the boundary between Canada and the United States, it is with difficulty that he understands why on one side of this line business should be active, great cities should spring up, and gigantic enterprises should be in successful operation; on the other, a land as rich or richer, a people as intelligent and free, and opportunities as numerous, that business is tardy, the great cities are as yet dozing towns and sleeping villages, and mammoth undertakings when suggested are not even considered. He notes with Mr. Barr, that, "Canada from its position on the map, its hardy climate, its grand natural scenery, its dramatic and historic associations should be the Scotland of America"; but it is not, and he wonders why. It seems that our ancestors who built New France upon America's shores, established for us an unfortunate precedent. They transplanted the traditions of their fathers into a new soil and endeavoured to duplicate Old World conditions. The Scotch, Irish, English and German Canadians followed the example set. In nearly all cases the Old World customs were allowed to become the rule of faith and action. Even now in many sections of our country, the language, customs and religion of the settlers' ancestors are regarded of more significance than improvement in agriculture, mining, commerce and education. As a people we have not been progressive. Our greatest need is to assert ourselves, to grasp our opportunities quickly and zealously, and become expert in solving every-day problems. Canada is perhaps the richest land in natural resources in all the world, yet its meagre population is scattered and comparatively poor; its form of government is the most flexible, most just and most zealous in its guardianship of the individual rights and liberties of man, yet the people have not multiplied, the world's oppressed have not heeded our solicitation, and the immigrant ships laden with the millions of

Europe's restless and energetic surplus have not been sighted off our shores.

The intense conservatism which was the chief corner-stone in building New France, which proved a remunerative principle in the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, which expressed itself in the Family Compact, and still asserted its power in the federation of the provinces, has not only permeated our industry and stayed the woodman's axe, the miner's drill and the farmer's plough, but it has filled the halls and libraries of our great seats of learning, and still insists that the Canadian youth shall spend the most impressionable years of his life turning the musty pages of antiquity.

In literature their ideas have a similar trend. A work is valued largely because of its age. If we were to listen to some of these patriarchs we would conclude that Milton was the last of the world's mighty intellects, and we ought to be sorry for him because he was born so late. One cannot help wondering where these men conceived the idea that literature is something which must be dead. The student of the philosophy of literature has a different conception. To him the literary work of each century indicates the intellectual progress and the rise in the scale of civilization made during the period. He understands very clearly that the literature of one age is not the literature of another, that the work of Homer is not to be measured by the same standard as the work of Shakespeare, that the literature of yesterday is not the literature of to-day. Students of the scriptures long ago discovered that there is order and progress written upon every page of the entire sixty-six volumes which we call the Bible. They discovered a harmony which indicated many writers but one Author, and a plan which revealed that the children of Abraham—of all peoples no doubt the most difficult to teach—were taught after many generations "to fear God and keep His commandments." When the proper time came

the Gentile nations were admitted to the school. This process of instruction is still going on. Psychologists have discovered that each individual man repeats in himself the struggles of the race; if he overcomes, the world is made better and civilization is advanced by virtue of his influence in behalf of right. In literature the same law holds. Homer lived and wrote to the race in its infancy. The child's life is the continual expression of the imagination, fairy tales are his chief delight. He peoples the houses, streets, fields, valleys and woodlands with the creations of his fancy. He interprets all natural phenomena in terms of persons and things. Just in such a manner Homer sang his song of the imagination, and the heroes of his ideal became the real heroes of the Greeks, and inspired that primitive people to make mighty strides toward civilization. Virgil copied Homer. He sang to the Romans, who caught the spirit of his theme and rose in majestic splendour to a high altitude of civil and military power. Then came the fall of the ancient empires, and the gradual assertion of the awakening West. After the "dark ages" the nations began once more to strive toward higher ideals. England, for example, passed through a series of evolutions, generation followed generation, through external and internal strife. As a nation her infancy was set hard with difficulties. Finally she emerged from the wars of childhood, and began to consider herself and the stuff of which she was made. A Shakespeare arose, and with a few strokes of his pen revealed, in panoramic view, to the people of his time, what a curious thing human nature is. He showed them the reasons for all the struggles which had dwarfed the conscience and sapped the nation of its vitality. In his Richard III. uncontrolled ambition knows not right or wrong, nor do the greatest barriers stay its greed. In Macbeth a guilty conscience does not cease to torture, its fires will not be quenched. In Hamlet, that "tragedy of thought" is

illustrated the operations of a Divine Providence in human destiny. In King Lear man is seen in conflict with misfortune, and in Othello he is the victim of jealousy and treason. Each of Shakespeare's plays taught his age a specific lesson which has enabled the world since to judge more accurately and classify human nature more intelligently. England was centuries trying to overcome religious intolerance, and persecution followed upon persecution; but men found that force does not champion belief, and then "that mighty arc of song—the divine Milton," to whom "duty, 'stern daughter of the voice of God,' was ever paramount," lived and wrote to justify the ways of God to man, and to show how humanity may climb toward divinity. Wordsworth called the attention of his age to the resplendent beauty and charm of out-door life, and the riches of knowledge to be gained from nature as a teacher. Tennyson in his turn harmonized the work of his predecessors and then opened the secret chambers of the heart and laid bare the soul as it reveals itself in its struggles toward God.

Each period of the world's history, whether in England or elsewhere, has its distinct and characteristic literature. The literature of yesterday was abstract, to-day literature is concrete. We are not now so much concerned with the operations of the imagination in poetic fancy, or with the doctrinal theories of the theologians, or the hazy conceptions of the scientists as we are with the solution of the troublesome problems of our particular age. The study in which most men are now interested is the science of earning a living. The training which is most popular is that which assists men to strong and accurate thinking. The research which appeals to us is that made with a stern and practical purpose to give the worker justice. The religion men are longing for is the religion of Christ, not the theology of the schools, nor the classic fossilism of the churches, but the universal application of the law of love.

That which is literature to-day gathers the rays of light resulting from the experiences of the preceding centuries and focuses them upon the dark places of the earth, it concentrates the thought of the age upon the problems of how to reduce "man's inhumanity to man," which "makes countless thousands mourn," and throws a flood of sunshine upon the bitterness and toil which will reveal to us the final end and purpose of it all.

Canadians who think in the past and feel that their ideas must conform to those of another age cannot be independent in their thought, nor can they fully appreciate the literature of the present. It is high time that we as individuals and as a nation should break from our feet the fetters of the past. We should cease to bind our minds with the casings of antiquity, we should cut loose from prejudice, narrowness and provincialism, and become alive to the demands and opportunities of our country and our time.

As Canadians we should develop that kind of loyalty which will strengthen our valuation of all that may be found or produced in Canada, but we should at the same time avail ourselves of every opportunity and advantage offered by our proximity to the great and ambitious neighbouring republic. We should endeavour to keep more of our energetic young business and professional men within our borders, we should be kinder to our artists, musicians and authors and not compel them to seek elsewhere a home in order to make a living. We are even unkind to our own after we force them to abide under a different flag. A few weeks ago a high-class musical organization of Boston was offered at a very low price for one evening to a Toronto club. At a meeting of the club's executive committee the objection was raised that the organization was United States and the matter was then dropped. This is an example of extreme prejudice. The fact is, the leader of the musical organization and over half of the present members are Canadians, but they are under an Unit-

ed States name. It is a bitter pill, but we are forced to take it, that Canadian specialized ability in any line does not meet with general favour in Canada.

Mr. Barr's second point as to the quality and number of books our people read may not deserve the same kind of treatment as his first. It will doubtless be ascertained, if the matter were thoroughly examined, that on the whole Canadians read as much as any other nation under similar conditions. Seventy or seventy-five per cent of the population of the Dominion is engaged in agricultural pursuits. As a class they are not great readers, although among them will be found some of our ablest thinkers, best read and most scholarly men. A few years ago a farmer of average ability, a gentleman who had travelled a good deal and was supposed to possess a few accomplishments, came to visit the writer's father. While passing through the sitting-room one day, his eyes rested upon a small book-shelf which was built into the wall, in which the members of the family kept a few reference books and usually the books being read at the time. He looked them over and then turned to a member of the family present, with an expression which indicated that he thought those were all the books in the house, and said, "What a lot of books you have!" When he was informed that there were libraries in other sections of the house, he was astonished. Another case may be cited which illustrates a different state of things. During the past summer the writer became acquainted with a young lady who proved to be one of the best patrons of the city's libraries. Every other day she brought home an armful of books and returned them as soon. It was difficult to understand how she read so many volumes in a few hours. One day the following dialogue occurred:

"You seem to be an avidious reader. How do you manage to read so many books in so short a time? I usually spend days over a book of ordinary size, while you seem to finish it in one hour."



"You see our objects in reading are different. You read to cultivate your mind, I read to kill time. You read to increase your store of knowledge. With me it is different, all I want to know is, what a story is, who is the hero and who is the heroine, then—how it ends. I read every book that comes out."

In the first instance the gentleman had too few books, and in the last the young lady had too many. Librarians in our cities and towns tell us that comparatively few good books are called for, the people read mostly "trash." If we stop at a book store and ask for a strictly first-class work, we are told that the book will be secured if desired, but it is not kept in stock as few of that kind are ever called for. Our Sunday School libraries are ordinarily made up of books which give the attendants little or no trouble and owe their places on the shelves to the members of the committee having pronounced them "good books" written by well-meaning authors, on worthy themes, and published by reliable religious firms. Our public schools are without libraries, and those in the high schools and collegiate institutes are for reference only and in no way adequately meet the reading tastes and inclinations of the students. Even our college and university libraries are considered in most instances merely as adjuncts to the class-rooms, not as educational forces in themselves. The mastery of books seems to be a lost science. Only a few days ago a gentleman informed the writer that he was collecting a library. Inquiries were made regarding his plan, the books he had purchased, and those listed. Imagine the surprise when it was discovered that his idea of a library was a collection of books which would fill so much space on the shelves constructed by his generous carpenter. He had purchased complete sets in respectable bindings direct from the publishers, not a volume of which he had read or, so far as could be learned, intended to read. He is a collector of books, nothing more. The joys and

struggles of the intellectual life are unknown to him. One cannot buy a private library in a day, or in a year, it is the garnering of a life-time. Each book is carefully selected and more carefully read. It is prized because of its particular association and for its contribution to the intellectual make-up of its possessor. If one walks into a gentleman's study and glances over the book-shelves he immediately finds himself face to face with the real life of his host. He knows who that gentleman's great friends are, therefore he knows his life. To read and think over great books means to commune with the greater minds within, and to tone one's own life accordingly. What shall be said then of the smallness of those minds which devour literary "trash," or only the newspapers, or still worse only a local newspaper? The reason our people as a whole are not great readers is because comparatively few of them have access to and are interested in good books. This is not altogether their fault, for little has so far been done to stir up any general interest in good literature, and educated people apparently feel no responsibility in the matter. Mr. Barr's criticism, instead of arousing indignation, should stimulate us to discover the truth regarding our condition.

As one takes his biographical dictionary from his library shelf, he feels confident that Mr. Barr must be mistaken regarding Canadian authors leaving their native land; but when he discovers that of the fifty Canadians mentioned the majority of those living are residents of either the United States or Great Britain, he admits that Mr. Barr knew his ground before he suggested that Canada might exert itself more fruitfully in behalf of its own literature.

In considering the fourth point, it will be found that the Canadian public school systems compare very favourably with the other school systems of the world, yet it would be unfortunate were they not subject to improvement. As the country increases in intelligence

and the laws of education become better understood these systems will gradually meet the practical needs of the boys and girls more completely, and will give them greater value for the time they spend at school.

The important work in educating a child begins in the home. Before a boy reaches the school age he should know the fundamental principles of moral law, he should be familiar with the striking characteristics of his national history and should be schooled in the elements of patriotism. This part of his education rests almost entirely with his mother. He learns from her lips the great truths of life, and something of the opportunities for service his future citizenship will offer. How shall he acquire these early impressions and lay this broad and necessary foundation if his mother does not know the principles governing child life? Each home should be its own Kindergarten. Something is wrong with our system when this special training is given to a select few, every girl should have all that is practical and worth knowing in it. We have been working heretofore on a mistaken premises. It is true our girls should learn literature, art and music; but most of their lives will call for a wide and accurate knowledge of nursing, child-training and home-making.

When the boy goes to school he is often at a disadvantage, no matter how beautiful his home may be, the school usually has the appearance of a workshop, the rooms are out of proportion, there is nothing to suggest the beautiful, if any pictures at all are upon the walls they are of a poor sort. The school building is usually a pile of masonry put up with little attempt at architectural beauty or design. Most school yards are devoid of ornamentation. All might have a few flowers, shrubs and trees. The yard might be enclosed with a hedge, and in most cases a small garden could easily be attached which would teach the children the nature of flowers and vegetables and interest them in their cultivation. The boy meets another difficulty

in the person of his teacher. The child is expanding daily, each rising sun brings its flood of new impressions, and each hour is potent with influences which will in the aggregate make his character. His teacher often realizes, in some vague way, the importance of his work, but usually, if he is a young man, his interest in the school is only passive, his ambition is set upon some goal in the distance, he is not a teacher by choice or profession, the school room to him is only a stepping-stone to something beyond. The salary is so small he cannot afford to make this his life-work, so puts in his time without enthusiasm, and leaves at the first opportunity. Even ladies find the demands upon them excessive and leave the school room without a suggestion of regret. So the child becomes a boy, and the boy a man. He went to school it is true, he learned a few things inside the school room and over his books at home, but his real education was acquired out on the streets and in the fields. There he learned the practical things of life.

Our public school systems should lend themselves toward evolution in the direction of the practical. Why educate boys and girls away from the business of life? Some one must do the common, ordinary and necessary things—nothing is common or ordinary if done in the right spirit and with complete knowledge—why not all know how to do them and do them better? To be educated means more than passing through the grades of a public school, the forms of a high school, and the years of a university. It means a balanced and disciplined mind, developed senses and a facility in acquiring and utilizing knowledge. The public schools necessarily lay the foundations and give the impetus to future effort. They could render the children larger service by devoting more time to nature studies, and by taking the young scholars out into the fields, among the rocks, into the stone quarries, into public buildings, art galleries, and museums, and explain the objects of interest to them. Each school might

have a museum of its own containing articles of commerce, collections of birds and insects, specimens of rocks, Indian relics, grasses, weeds and flowers. Most of these could be collected by the scholars from year to year. The children should not be encouraged, much less forced to attempt so many subjects. The expert poultryman may find it a good plan to "cram" his fowls when he is fattening them for a special market; but information can not be given to young boys and girls in the same way expediently. The vast majority leave school before they are fourteen years of age, not because they are forced through circumstances to do so, nor because they are indifferent to education; but because there is no evident relationship between their school studies and the duties of this work-a-day world. This is the key to reform. Then the high schools should be twice as numerous and twice as full. They should build a practical structure upon the practical foundation. Manual training, agriculture, and domestic science, should have liberal treatment in every high school curriculum. Our ideas on education, like our books, need revision. Our theory that a boy should spend seven or eight years in the public school, four or five years in the high school, and four or more years at the university looks excellent on paper; but it is not just to the boy who leaves in either the first or second stage. It may be more just to the young man who has the money and inclination to spend four, five or more years after he leaves the university acquiring a professional education, and then is willing to wait for five or ten years longer before he can earn a living for himself.

Credit must be given to Mr. Barr for his courage in bringing these matters to the attention of the Canadian people. Public men are usually dubious about undertaking or even suggesting reform. He is correct in suggesting that many of our educated men lack independence of thought. Their opinions are based on precedent, precedent on

conservatism, conservatism on tradition, and tradition on antiquity. He suggests that Canada does not recognize talent with any degree of appreciation. Ask the hundreds of ten-talent Canadians living abroad if this is true. He suggests again, that ordinary Canadians do not appreciate Canada. This cannot be ascertained exactly; but we venture to assert that nine out of ten of the young fellows who cross into Uncle Sam's dominions, like Peter of old, deny thrice, and with an oath that they ever knew Canada. They speak of the land of their birth not oftener than once in ten years, and their children are "red-hot" Americans. He is correct also in stating that we might buy more books of a better quality. We admit that newspapers in general, and local newspapers in particular are not the best possible food for the future Burns and Scott, who are growing up in our midst. A comprehensive travelling library system may meet the difficulty and take away this reproach. Mr. Barr is right when he claims that in order to have a Canadian literature we must have Canadian writers, we must keep them at home, we must encourage them by buying and reading their works; if we do this we shall need money to buy, and the inclination to read, a condition which depends upon the practical efficiency of our educational systems.

Canadians have reached that stage in their national history when it is necessary to do much hard thinking along many lines. Our fathers have been occupied in hewing down the forests, building roads and constructing the civil fabric upon which rests the safety, permanency and liberty of our people. Ours is a larger work and a greater task. The problems of race and religion; industry and commerce; transportation and communication; immigration and education—all these and more are awaiting solution. Canada needs less politics and more economics, less selfishness and more patriotism, less conservatism and more originality.

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

THE rebellion in Ashanti, in the hinterland of the Gold Coast, is evidently serious. Accurate news does not quickly reach the outer world, and so the exact facts are not known. It would seem, however, that the natives are besieging Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Governor, in Kumassi. It is reported also that the natives in Guman, a territory to the north-west of Ashanti, are in revolt, and that still other tribes are showing restlessness. The reason given for the uprising is the attempt of the British to secure possession of what is known as the "Golden Stool." This is a huge gold nugget which was acquired by the kings of Kumassi at the beginning of the century, and made the royal seat, and which has ever since been regarded by the natives as a sort of fetish which would ensure supremacy to its possessors. It has thus been a continual incentive to revolt. When King Premph was dispossessed by the British, the Golden Stool was carried off and secreted. Its hiding-place is said to have been revealed to Sir Frederick Hodgson, who sent a party to seize it, apparently without success. Whether or not he was needlessly going contrary to native susceptibilities cannot be determined without further information; but it is probable that an uprising was threatened and he felt called upon to take some action. Two points should be noted. Guman is partly within the French sphere of influence, and the possibility of intrigues is suggested. The other point of interest is that the troops employed by the British are native troops drawn from the native Constabulary and from the West African Frontier Force. They are said to be fine soldiers.

On May 14, Mr. Chamberlain introduced into the Imperial House of Commons "The Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act," and the bill was read a first time. This bill was first drafted at the famous Sydney Convention in 1891, and it has been redrafted at subsequent conventions. It was twice submitted to a referendum and in its present form was sanctioned by a large majority in the Colonies applying for federation. It is the second bill of the kind to come before the Imperial Parliament, the first being the British North America Act. This fact suggests a comparison, which on other grounds also must be most interesting to Canadians. The Australians have not altogether approved of our constitution. They have drawn, perhaps, more largely from the constitutions of the United States and Switzerland than from ours, and have added some original provisions. Only a few features



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.  
—Chicago News.



"A HARD PULL, ISN'T IT, WILLIAM?"

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

can be touched upon here. In the first place, they have taken some of their phraseology from the United States, and speak of a Commonwealth, States, and a House of Representatives, instead of a Dominion, Provinces and a House of Commons. Then their Senate is to be composed of six representatives from each State, no matter what its population, thus adopting the principle of the United States Constitution. The Swiss referendum is adopted for all constitutional amendments. After



UNCLE SAM TO DEWEY: "BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T TRANSFER IT?"

—*Detroit News.*

both Houses have considered such an amendment it is to be submitted to the people and a majority vote decides. It then goes to the Governor-General for his sanction. This is an important departure from the Canadian Constitution, under which an amendment must go to the British Parliament. The House of Representatives is to be composed of members elected from the different States in proportion to population, but no State is to have less than five. Senators are to be elected on exactly the same franchise, although not in proportion to population. A representative is elected for three years and a senator for six. In powers the two Houses are to be equal. A deadlock is guarded against by the provision that in case of a difference the measure may be introduced again within three months, and if the difference continues, both Houses may be dissolved. If the new Houses still differ they shall hold a joint session and settle the question by a majority vote. The British Cabinet system is to be preserved.

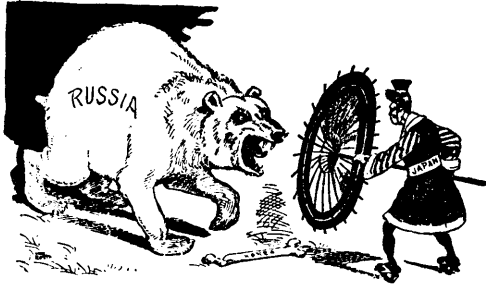


As read a first time in the House of Commons, the bill was exactly as it had been voted upon by the people of Australia. The British Government had wanted it changed in some respects, but the delegates who were sent with it to England said they had no power to change it, and the Colonial premiers, when appealed to by Mr. Chamberlain, claimed that they also were without the power. The people had decided, not only upon the substance, but also upon the letter of it, and only by a referendum could an amendment be agreed upon. But the British Government would not accept it as it stood, and so the plan was adopted of introducing it in its original form, amending it before making it law, and taking the risk that it would be approved when submitted to a new referendum in Australia. Objection centred about Clause 74. This clause prohibited any appeal from the High Court of Australia to the Queen-in-

Council, in any matter involving the interpretation of the new constitution. Only two exceptions were provided for: the one, when the public interests of another part of Her Majesty's Dominions were involved; and the other, allowing the Queen to exercise her prerogative to grant an appeal in certain classes of cases, subject to the right of the Parliament of Australia to limit these classes. This was regarded as stretching the formalities of Empire even to the breaking point. British sovereignty is still a real thing. To this clause Mr. Chamberlain practically confined his objections. There were other objectionable clauses, as, for example, that giving the Australian Parliament the power to make laws with respect to "external affairs," and to "the relations of the Commonwealth with the islands of the Pacific." But there would be danger in such matters only if the local Court had the power to interpret the Constitution. If an appeal should lie to an Imperial Court, any action contrary to Imperial interests might be prevented. It is for this reason that the fight is being made on Clause 74. The Liberals seem inclined to favour the passage of the bill just as drafted in Australia. The course of the measure will be watched with the greatest interest.



This difference of opinion on the question of appeal gave an opportunity to the Imperial Government to propose the formation of an Improved Court of Appeal for the whole Empire. Appeals from the British Isles now go to a committee of the House of Lords, while appeals from other portions of the Empire go to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The membership of these committees is much the same, but the bodies are distinct. The Govern-



DANGER!—DON'T INTERFERE WITH AN ANIMAL AT MEALTIME.

—New York Tribune.

ment propose to make one body of them, adding to the present membership a representative of Canada, South Africa, Australia and India. The colonial representatives would be made members of the Privy Council and life Peers, although their terms of office as judges would be seven years. The new Imperial Court of Appeal would be a committee of the House of Lords, the judicial functions of the Privy Council disappearing. This scheme has the one great recommendation of unifying the final interpretation of law for the whole Empire. There are other evident advantages from the Imperial standpoint. But may there not also be disadvantages? In some of its aspects the matter is too technical for discussion by any but experts, but it should be discussed. Canada



WHY THEY DO NOT INTERFERE!

—South African Review, Cape Town

will be affected, and it would be far from creditable to us if we did not fully acquaint ourselves with all that is involved, and, if necessary, let our voice be heard before the measure becomes law. We should ask, Why make the House of Lords the final Court instead of the Privy Council? The former is a committee of one of the Houses of Parliament; the latter embodies "the appellate jurisdiction of Her Majesty in Council." In practice the distinction may be of little importance. But should we not carefully watch anything that introduces a change, even in form, from the British Crown as the centre of the Empire to one of the Houses of Parliament? The English Liberals see objections from their point of view, and all that can here be done is to state the conviction that this is a matter Canadians should discuss.



On May 15, after seven months of as plucky and resourceful a defence as was ever made, Mafeking was relieved. The story of Baden-Powell and his men, and how they kept the flag of their country flying in that little frontier town, will be told while the world respects courage. The news of the relief caused unbounded satisfaction. There was something in the stand made by this little garrison that appealed more strongly to the imagination than any other event of the war. They continued to watch and fight and endure, day after day, week after week, month after

month, never lapsing into carelessness and never weakening in determination. That they could, a few days before their release, outwit and confound their besiegers in the last desperate attack, shows the stuff they were made of. It is one thing to finish, and another to finish with a display of full powers. They fought for honour. The time had passed when their resistance could have any appreciable effect on the course of the war. It had ceased to be necessary to occupy the attention of a

part of the enemy lest their concentration elsewhere should turn the scale; and Mafeking was never an important strategical point, like Ladysmith. The garrison was small and would not be worth any sacrifice for the sake of the increase in numbers it could bring to the British commander; and personal comfort would have been far better served by surrender. But they fought on because they would not yield. All honour to the defenders of

Mafeking! And chief honour to the man who directed and enheartened them.



What shall be said of the man who planned their relief? Lord Roberts has proved himself a commander of genius. The relief of Mafeking is only one evidence of the manner in which he can accomplish results. He telegraphed Baden-Powell some weeks before to hold out until the 18th of May,



OOM PAUL—"HI, THERE, TAKE THOSE KNOTS OUT OF YOUR TAIL, WILL YOU?"

ENGLAND—"HOW CAN I? YOU TIED THEM THERE YOURSELF."

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

and on the 17th help arrived. The delay at Bloemfontein was fully justified. Vast preparations had to be made. A relief force could not get through to Mafeking until the Boer flank was turned at Fourteen Streams. Before General Hunter could accomplish this, General Methuen must threaten the Boer lines at some point near Boshof; and the whole operation depended upon the main army of the Boers being occupied by Lord Roberts' advance. This advance, again, depended on clearing the Boers out of the south-eastern part of the Free State. This last was effected by the rapid and skilful moving of three divisions. The Boers escaped northward, but their capture was evidently not seriously counted on, for all the plans had been made for an advance which must have been delayed by another Paardeberg. On May 1, Lord Roberts was on the move. General Hunter crossed the Vaal on May 4, and the relief force

slipped round. Mafeking was, of course, not the chief objective of Lord Roberts' strategy, but it was an important object in as skilful a game of war as ever was played. On May 12 Lord Roberts entered Kroonstad, having marched nearly 130 miles in about 12 days. In his famous march on Candahar he covered 320 miles in 22 days, and brought in his men fresh and ready to fight; but he had only 10,000 men and took only such guns as could be carried on mules' backs, and had no transport waggons and fought no battles. On this greater march he had a vast army and heavy naval guns, and he was resisted wherever opportunity offered. All national anxiety about the war has disappeared. It is now only a question of time. With Buller moving up on the right and Hunter and Methuen sweeping both banks of the Vaal on the left, any very serious resistance to Lord Roberts' march to Pretoria seems impossible.

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## PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THERE is reported to be an interesting discussion now developing between London and Ottawa. The Canadian Government has had experience with several Imperial officers as commandants of the Canadian militia, and the experience has not been pleasing to them. These military officers are not always willing to allow the Minister of Militia to have his way with regard to militia affairs, and they enforce a military discipline at headquarters which interferes with democratic government as we have it in Canada. Under these circumstances, the Canadian Government, it is said, is anxious to have a Canadian soldier as General Officer Commanding. The Imperial authorities and the Governor-General are apparently willing to accept Major Drummond, who was formerly secretary to His Excellency, having come out to Canada in that character. Major Drummond went to

South Africa in a special capacity with the first Canadian Contingent. The Canadian Government does not seem anxious to accept this appointment. There may be two reasons for this: the one stated above, and a disinclination to accept every suggestion approved by the present Governor-General. Military men in Canada are awaiting the outcome of the correspondence with considerable interest.

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The disastrous fire in the twin cities of Hull and Ottawa, which rendered six thousand people homeless and destroyed twelve million dollars worth of property, has been the event of the month. A relief fund has been started, and the British public has had a chance to show its appreciation of colonial loyalty. The response has been most gratifying. Her Majesty contributed 500 guineas, and H.R.H.



the Prince of Wales, 250 guineas to the Fund started by the Lord Mayor of London at the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain. This Mansion House Fund already amounts to about £25,000. The London Stock Exchange Fund amounts to about £7,000. The Earl of Derby, a former Governor-General, sent £1,000. Lord Aberdeen sent his sympathy. Glasgow contributed £2,000 in a few hours after the opening of a fund. Capetown subscribed the same amount in three days, despite the demands which war is making on the purses there. Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, cabled a colonial contribution of \$25,000. The City of Liverpool sent £1,000. Mr. Chamberlain contributed 50 guineas. Detroit school children sent 706 pennies, and Oswego collected more than \$1,000.

This partial list shows that the Imperial feeling of Canada is reciprocated throughout the Empire, and that the Anglo-Saxons of the United States consider us worthy of their practical friendship.

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At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston, the committee on "Church Life and Work" inserted in its report a paragraph, which reads as follows :

The Synod deeply deploras the growing political corruption of the times, and would solemnly warn all our people to maintain such a high tone of character as will raise them above all suspicion of political corruption ; and we would hope that such legislation may be enacted and applied as will effectually deal with every phase of bribery.

This is a subject which touches our social life and is a proper subject for the consideration and comment of our spiritual advisers. The political methods of this country are showing signs of a loose American morality which are not hopeful. The evil of political corruption is to be seen in our municipal, provincial and federal politics. It is an evil which arises from the exercise of democratic government by a partially uneducated people. This lack of education is more than a lack of a

thorough school training. There is a lack of moral education. This our ministers and priests should supply, and should supply at once.

Perhaps the first people who require this education are the leaders and managers of the political parties, the men who collect and distribute party funds. If our leading clergymen could find out who these men are and endeavour to have them engage as party workers only those who are pledged against corruption, much good would be accomplished. The whole blame for the evil cannot be laid upon the poor man who accepts a five-dollar bill or a ton of coal for his vote.

The bonus system, the tax-exemption system and the spoils system are also responsible for political corruption. These might be mitigated by a continued agitation which would educate public opinion against them. These three systems are injuring our national life. Every person interested in good government and a righteous national life should denounce them and work against them.

We hear much of social reform. We hear it discussed in relation to the municipal and national life of other countries. We hear much of it in a theoretical sense. We should hear more of it in relation to Canada's national life, and from those who sit in the high places of our spiritual and educational institutions.

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We are a peculiar people. For years we have been complaining of the alien labour law of the United States which prevents Canadians going into the Republic under contract to do certain work. Some time ago, a Canadian who went into the United States to fill a position for which he had been engaged, was turned back by an alien labour law officer. There was an outcry in Canada. The Government's attention was drawn to the occurrence. The statesmen who control our political affairs remarked that they had expostulated with Washington, because it was understood that during the ne-

negotiations for a treaty between the two countries, there was an agreement that the alien labour laws of both countries should be dormant. The other day it was reported that some smart United Statesers had tried to steal our poor, innocent Doukhobors, for whom we have done so much. He had offered them work in California. When questioned about this in the House the other day, our Government, through the Hon. James Sutherland, stated that the Department of the Interior wrote the American agent at Pembina, U.S. A., that he ought to enforce the laws of his country and send back these aliens who were going in under contract. In other words, the offensive United States law which we have damned so often, is now our shield and buckler.

✱

The worst part of this incident is that it reveals another great failure in treaty-making. The Laurier Government acknowledges that the negotiations with the United States to settle the Alaskan boundary, the sealing dispute, the Fisheries Question, and all other international differences are broken off. This is a fair deduction from this alien labour law incident. The law was not to be enforced against us during the negotiations. Now we ask that it be enforced, showing that we acknowledge the negotiations are ended. It has thus been surely proven that the Liberals cannot secure more from Washington than the Conservatives. The latter made several brave attempts and failed ignominiously. The former have made one great attempt and the end of that attempt is not more glorious. The days of "looking to Washington" are ended. What shall we do next?

✱

Our friends in the republic have statesmanlike school-children even if their legislators and administrators cannot be accused of possessing such a virtue. The children of Philadelphia and New York, recognizing that the Cubans and Filipinos and Boers

are fighting for their freedom with the hated Anglo-Saxon oppressor, decided to send a message of sympathy to President Kruger at Pretoria. They signed a long sheet of paper with several thousand names, hired a messenger boy and sent him off amid great rejoicing. This generous act shows what education is doing for the young in the United States.

And Canada is not behind. The children of Windsor, Ont., are getting up a similar message of sympathy to be sent to Aguinaldo. We cannot afford to be laggards in such grand and noble work. All honour to the children of Windsor, Ontario! Kruger would be a national hero in the United States, and, therefore, why not Aguinaldo in Canada? We are housing the Doukhobor, the Galician, the Pole, Dr. Barnardo's boys, and all the European outcast classes, why should we not offer an asylum to this hero of a thousand battles in the Philippines?

When we have offered Aguinaldo this, the world will know that there are at least two fool-nations on the North American continent.

✱

The position of each of the political parties with reference to Preferential Trade has been more clearly defined during the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The Minister of Finance, as the representative of the Liberal Party, has announced an increase in the preference in favour of British goods. The discount off the duties charged on importations from Great Britain has been increased from twenty-five to thirty-three-and-one-third per cent.

The Conservative Party do not wholly approve of this generous treatment. It has embodied its modified approval in a resolution moved by Sir Charles Tupper and worded as follows:

"That this House is of opinion that a system of mutual trade preference between Great Britain and Ireland and the colonies would certainly stimulate increased production in and commerce between these countries, and

would promote and maintain the unity of the Empire, and that no measure of preference that falls short of the complete realization should be considered as final or satisfactory."

This resolution was voted down in the House of Commons on a strictly party vote.

The Liberals apparently approve of the preference of one-third as a measure of free-trade. The Conservatives, being protectionists, would grant the preference only upon being given a like preference in the British market; they would reduce the protection in one direction, only when it is being increased in another. The Liberals are thus working toward their ideal of free-trade "as they have it in Great Britain"; the Conservatives are maintaining their position as upholders of a tariff for the protection of native industries. These are the positions occupied by the respective parties for more than a quarter of a century.

✱

When the Liberal party made its appeal to the country in 1896, it was stated that, if it was successful in being transferred from the Opposition to the Treasury side, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would fill his Cabinet with strong men. The Liberal party was successful. Sir Wilfrid kept his promise, and the men of the Laurier Government are of more than ordinary calibre.

The Montreal *Star* states that if Sir Charles Tupper is called upon to form a government after the next general election, he will select men of unimpeachable character. This is a very necessary statement. Sir Charles Tupper will never lead the Conservative party to victory unless he gives assurance that some of the members of the Cabinet of 1895-6 are not to be recalled. There were at least three men in that Cabinet whom the Canadian people will not tolerate. The sooner Sir Charles passes his word that these men will be kept in the back-ground, the better for the Conservative party.

Sir Charles should beach his ship at once, and have these barnacles removed from the keel.

✱


A prominent Conservative remarked the other day that the Conservative party had some chance of winning if it were not for its two chief newspaper organs. This statement is only partially true. In the back townships the intelligent voter is not yet prepared for fair and courteous argument, and there these organs are useful. In the cities, it is doubtful if they are valuable. The same accusation might be made against any strenuous advocate of one side of politics, whether an orator or a newspaper.

The attitude of the party newspaper has recently found naive expression in an editorial in the *Times*, of Greenwood, B.C. Mr. Joseph Martin, the new Premier of British Columbia, is a Liberal, and the *Times* is also Liberal. There is a provincial general election coming on, and the editor of the *Times* was undecided as to the direction of the wind. His experience, as told by himself, reads:

"Believing it to be to the interests of the country to do everything in its power towards securing the re-election of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the *Times*, like other newspapers supporting the Liberal party, was undecided regarding the proper course to pursue. The *Times* was willing to sacrifice its opinions regarding the wisdom of supporting Mr. Martin if such a course was considered by the leaders to be in the best interests of the party. Under the circumstances we sought the advice of those who were in close touch with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and they advised us that Martin was not wanted, and that he should be turned down if possible."

Such is politics in Canada. We have some thirteen hundred newspapers in this country, and not more than a score make any claim to be independent in political matters. In other respects, our press is worthy of much praise. But if in the political way, the blind shall lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?

*John A. Cooper.*



# BOOK REVIEWS

## CURRENT FICTION.

THERE is still a lingering regret in some minds that Dr. Conan Doyle should have killed off Sherlock Holmes. The death of that incomparable detective has deprived them of the only personage in fiction or fact who could infer from the colour of a man's eyes how old his grandmother was, and to whom a torn piece of ribbon disclosed the whole character of its last owner. But Dr. Doyle has not lost the art of telling a good story, and he is able, without waste of words or a single faltering sentiment, to crowd into a brief tale a situation strong enough to form the groundwork for a long novel. His latest collection of thirteen stories\* are devoted chiefly to war and sport. They are impressive and entertaining, every one of them, and the reader with a taste for the heroic will not be turned empty away. In "The Croxley Master" we see once more the author's skill in depicting a prize-fight. "The Three Correspondents" is a timely picture of "our own correspondent" on dangerous duty, while "The Lord of Chateau Noir" and "The Striped Chest" are ordinary horrors touched up by a talented hand. And there are others. Emphatically a man's book.

To classify Max Pemberton's latest novel† as a woman's book, however, would hardly be accurate, since it is a love story, and neither sex is free from a taste for that kind of tale. Feo is a romantic maiden in a prosaic age. An opera-singer, who supports a selfish old rascal of a father, she is parted from

the man she loves, an Austrian prince. Driven away from Vienna to London by the machinations and threats of the Prince's family, Feo goes to Paris to keep an appointment with her lover. Her liberty and safety are threatened, and she escapes in a truly romantic way from the window of the house in which she is imprisoned. By the assistance of an Englishman who admires her, but who is willing to promote the happiness of the lovers, she is able to keep the appointment. The prince's father now appears on the scene, and the girl's sense of duty prompts her to release the prince from the engagement. At some length, for the author seems to imagine that the reader is skeptical, Feo justifies her resolution to give up love, wealth, position, and a life of ease. In what way can a writer of fiction reward such noble unselfishness and still leave the claims of romance satisfied? It would be cruel even to hint, but it must be said that if Austrian archdukes are so unmindful of the laws of conventionality as we find this one to be they have been much maligned, and there is hope for the happiness of the young princes, their sons.

The glamour which Mr. Stanley Weyman imparted to his romances of the days of Cardinal Richelieu is not to be found in his English stories, readable as these are. If Sophia\* were a maiden of Old France, it would require little persuading to believe that the perils through which she passes to ultimate peace and happiness were real. But England in 1742 is sufficiently modern, and connected by so many

\*The Green Flag. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†Feo. By Max Pemberton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\*Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

links with the times of our grandmothers that the spell which the author's art weaves for us is broken as soon as we have turned away from the book. But while reading the story, it must be confessed, one is well pleased with its vim and attractiveness. The Lady Betty, a flirt and hoyden combined, would under any circumstances and in any period be ripe for love-makings with adventurers, or elopements with strangers. From Sophia one expects more staid behaviour, and it is not until she happily escapes the clutches of the villain Hawksworth and falls into the chivalrous hands of Sir Hervey Coke that she gives evidence of those noble qualities that are, rightly or wrongly, associated with a well-trained English girl. To save her from shame and domestic misery, Sir Hervey offers her the protection of his name and home, while he promises to remain a friend and nothing more. In her desperation Sophia accepts these generous terms, but soon develops a fine passion for her husband whose studied coldness but fans the flame. In charge of the giddy Lady Betty she journeys from London into Sussex, and the alarms and dangers of the road, from which even two trustworthy men-servants fail to protect her, furnish a lively narrative when told by so experienced a writer as Mr. Weyman, to whom ferocious robbers and distressed damsels are but pawns in a game. We miss the political interest of "Shrewsbury," but the novel shows better work than "The Castle Inn," and ends with some pretty scenes between the scapegrace Sir Tom and Lady Betty. These are, in some respects, the most entertaining pages in the book.



#### ANDREW LANG ON SCOTLAND.

The first volume of Mr. Lang's new work\* might appropriately be named a History of the People of Scotland. From the earliest periods, when documentary evidence is fragmentary

and where it exists is obscure and faulty, the author evidently tries to recreate for the modern eye the conditions that prevailed in Scotland, and pictures with the skill of which he is a master, the social as well as the political state of the nation. This is, when all is said, a charming book, and its literary merits blind one to the defects that will no doubt be pointed out by competent judges. The author is learned and conscientious, and he writes with such evident enjoyment of his theme, with such a wealth of information, of tireless and seldom tiresome research, and of such poetic strength, that the reader is carried along by the sheer force of attraction. The history is brought down to the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots and the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and the author, in championing his own country against the long aggressions and usurpations of the English, is at all times a candid and even cynical critic of Scottish kings, clergy and nobles. He deems it necessary to explain that he has no animus against Knox or the early Reformers, which, indeed, any enlightened intelligence will admit, although we think he might have treated with less seriousness the brilliant theories of Froude, who ruthlessly sacrificed Scotland, as he did everyone and everything else, in order to make out Henry VIII. a great king and a valiant statesman. Mr. Lang draws upon his knowledge in a very delightful manner, and the narrative is full of little touches which a literary artist alone knows how to employ. At the close of a graphic description of Bannockburn, for instance, it is related: "Edward reached Dunbar, whence he took boat for Berwick. In his terror he vowed to build a college of Carmelites, students in theology. It is Oriel College today, with a Scot for Provost." To the book every student of Scottish history will turn with enjoyment.



#### ENGLISH HUMOUR.

Max O'Rell, in speaking of Sydney Smith's charge that it took a surgical

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\*History of Scotland, Vol. I. By Andrew Lang. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, remarked that this might be true of an English joke. But English humour is not so devoid of penetrating qualities as that. In Jerome K. Jerome's new book\* there is abundance of wholesome mirth, never rollicking, it must be confessed, seldom startling you into a loud laugh, but at the same time pure, natural fun. There may be something in the occasional feeling of the reader that there should be more "go" in the book. Like Sir Fretful Plagiary's new play, it certainly lacks incident. Two married men, accompanied by a bachelor friend, determine to take a holiday on the continent. They wish to leave their wives behind, and their wives, as it turns out, are willing to be left behind. The subsequent adventures of the party are described with a great deal of drollery. The comments of the Englishman on German institutions and people are at times better than being merely funny: they show a shrewd knowledge of the distinguishing characteristics of two nations springing mainly from the same parent stock but divided in the course of centuries by so many different influences. If English humour, as reflected in the pages of Jerome K. Jerome, ever seems a trifle wearisome to readers on this continent, this is probably due to the effect of the hideous and grotesque exaggerations which pass for humour here and soon vitiate a healthy taste.

#### RAILWAY CONTROL.

There is an injurious habit, to which Canada and other new countries are prone, of rushing at complex problems relating to industrial and political life and trying to solve them off-hand. There is the railway question, for example, about which some newspapers clamour and some politicians protest. In a series of text books on economic issues of the present day, Mr. Hendrick has written a well-balanced and

excellently condensed manual\* upon the systems of railway control now in vogue in the principal countries of the world. No mention is made of Canada, probably because no information is easily got at by the foreign student relating to the governing of our railways. The only writer in Canada who seems to have bestowed time and labour upon the study of our railway conditions is Mr. J. S. Willison, the editor of the *Globe*, whose writings on the subject are not easily accessible. He has prepared more than one able paper upon the question. In Mr. Hendrick's pages we learn much that even persons ignorant of the whole railway problem would naturally suspect: that railways came suddenly into our civilization in the early years of the present century, that control by the state was never reduced to a science, that each country has been earning its own experience without the production of any definite principles upon which we may settle as a basis. As a brief compendium of facts this little volume is, therefore, of value. It touches upon a question only next in importance to that of our system of government and, whatever disappointed critics may say about the press or the politicians in their relations to railways, the matter is one which the people can settle for themselves with little difficulty. Let them learn first the elementary facts of the case in such books as this.

#### RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Those who are interested in the subject of Russian literature will find material for reflection in a volume written for a series of short histories of literatures of the world. It is a convenient record of what, to the majority of Canadian readers, is comparatively unknown ground. The author, K. Waliszewski, relates with some skill† the development of Russian intellectualism. He is, no doubt, a profound

\*Three Men on Wheels. By Jerome K. Jerome. London: Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Railway Control by Commissions. By Frank Hendrick. New York: Putnam's.

†A History of Russian Literature. By K. Waliszewski. London: Heinemann.

believer in the greatness of his native country and from the safe distance of Paris is able to write with considerable freedom of the direct relation between Russia's rule and the product of her literary workers. It is useful to know the exact results—from a Russian's standpoint—of the policies of Catherine II., of Peter the Great, of Nicholas and Alexander in encouraging or repressing literary talent. To be told, briefly, but with sufficient clearness, of the work of Pouchkin, Gogol, Bielinski, Tourgueniev, Tolstoi (these, no doubt, are the correct if not always the conventional spellings), and others, is an introduction at any rate to the whole subject. A chapter on contemporary writers, and the circumstances under which they are permitted to pursue their labours, is also of much present interest. But it is impossible in a paragraph or two to offer anything like an adequate opinion upon a national literature as bold, strenuous, and original as the Russian. The attraction which some Russian writers possess for English readers is probably stimulated by curiosity, by vigour of thought and style, and by the fact that the Russian intellect, awakened to the possibilities of life by the spread of modern civilization, turns naturally to human problems—to the truth of religion, to the errors of creed, to sex relations, in fact, to the very questions that engross thinkers everywhere, no matter what the stage of social progress may be. That the note of tragedy is prominent suggests that the literary men touch at many points the deep disappointments that Russian rule entails. If the masses are happy under despotism, their lives do not inspire the writers, and they themselves do not read others, do not produce their own poets and chroniclers to sing or record the "simple annals of the poor." If English readers are dissatisfied with the restraints which conventionality and the law impose on their own writers, they will dip into foreign writers who propound with more startling directness those new ideas which threaten to revolutionize so many accepted notions, and who

depict with freedom what to some minds are the grosser aspects of life. There are, however, higher qualities in Russian literature which give it a place, and by these, it is charitable to suppose, modern taste is attracted. It was in 1834 that Bielinski, the Russian critic, applied to the existing situation this severe judgment: "Do we possess a literature? No, we have nothing but a book trade." It would not be true to-day, but one infers from M. Waliszewski that the outlook is not very promising. That might, at the moment, be said of other countries besides Russia.



#### HOW TO GET RICH.

If, as the press, the blue books and the politicians say, this country teems with mineral wealth, the young Canadian on the lookout for a "future"—and apt to look for it in the United States—will find a fine chance for him at home. Major Hamilton Merritt, now serving the Empire gallantly in South Africa, points a way. In short, he presses the button and you are expected to do the rest. He has, in a manual just published,\* told us how every man may be his own prospector and mine-owner. It would appear—to the mere literary critic—that all you have to do is to slip into a proper outfit, put a sufficient sum of money and this manual in your pocket, and in a reasonable period of time bloom out into a capitalist. The author, recollect, does not say this. It is deduced, legitimately, from the pages of as practical and useful a little work as we have seen for a long time. All the operations required for testing gold and silver ores in the field, and which, to a city youth not trained to the science, seem as mysterious as milking a cow, are described tersely, clearly and from actual experience by this soldier, who is also a distinguished mining engineer. The book is very valuable in the present stage of mineral

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\*Field Testing for Gold and Silver. By W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Son.

development in Canada, and will be appreciated accordingly by prospectors and miners, and by men who would like to be both.

HON. D. MILLS ON AFRICA.

It was expected that the Minister of Justice would write a thoughtful and trustworthy work on the British spheres of influence in Africa. He has done more; he has produced a narrative so clear and telling, so exhaustive without at all overburdening it with detail, that one is warranted in calling his new book\* a fascinating one. Mr. Mills is in sympathy with his subject. His historical reviews of earlier events have all the charm of rapid, easy narrative, and there is at every point the firm touch of the man who knows his mind and expresses it with confidence. It is, he says, chiefly to the diplomatic view of British advances in Africa that he has turned his attention, and his aim has been "to enlist the opinion of my countrymen on the side of the Parent State, which is the side of justice and enlightened progress." The task is excellently done. His long and careful analysis of the British-Boer controversy is emphatically one of the best pieces of writing in the voluminous literature of this subject. It will open the eyes of many a Canadian who has been treading the mazes of interminable newspaper articles and the misleading tracts of special pleaders. The progress of British influence in Egypt, in East Africa and Rhodesia, on the West Coast and at the Cape is traced with an impartial air at once convincing and attractive. There has been a struggle between England, France and Germany for paramountcy in Africa. By British statesmen errors have been made, and they have several times been distinctly outwitted. Mr. Mills shows how and where with precision. If British policy involves—as some timid souls fear—a kind of over-lordship of the world, we do not find that in Africa our policy has been pushed forward with the craft and arrogance our enemies attribute to us. In truth, no

better vindication could be found of the general fairness of the British course than in this story of the intermittent, often hap-hazard, way in which the flag has been hoisted over territories that are, from every point of view, the better for its being there. We trust that the Minister of Justice will be repaid for the research and intelligence that are displayed in these pages, and that his book will be read extensively in Canada.

CRANMER.

A volume on the Protestant Reformation in England is never without claims upon the reader,\* and Mr. Innes makes Cranmer the leading figure of his account of the movement. Not that the martyr-bishop was either the impulse of or the controlling mind in the Reformation, but he presided over the destinies of the Church of England when its ritual and doctrines were crystallized into very much the shapes they retain to-day, and his name is inseparable from the final victory of Protestantism in England. Cranmer, popular enough with the masses of the people in later days as the visible symbol of the national independence in religion, has been severely judged by Puritan, by Roman Catholic and by the High Church Anglican. Mr. Innes is by no means an apologist, and extenuates nothing in the wavering and indecision which appear to have marred the character of an otherwise able and disinterested reformer. He went too far for one party, not far enough for another, and he lived in times too cruel to be spared. The author also speaks with some moderation of the Reformation in England, and is not an out-and-out eulogist of all that was done in the name of that movement. He admits that in the absence of the report drawn up by Henry VIII's commissioners we cannot be positive of the internal condition of the monasteries, although there is no mistaking on which side Mr. Innes is ranged.

\*The English in Africa. By Hon. David Mills. Toronto: The Morang Co.

\*Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur D. Innes, M.A. Toronto: Publishers' Syndicate.





# IDLE MOMENTS



TEN MINUTES OF HAPPINESS.

HE was waiting on the main line platform of King's Cross for the next train to the North. He was a handsome fellow, fair in colouring, brown with exposure. As he paced up and down he was suddenly conscious of the steady and questioning regard of a pair of blue eyes, which looked shyly out from under long lashes, and did not turn away as they met his responsive glance. He dropped down on the seat beside his traps, the girl passed in front of him, turned, passed again, paused irresolutely, then stopped, and as he rose to his feet asked in a soft, sympathetic voice :

"Are you Mr. Brown?"

"I am."

"Mr. John Brown?"

"Commonly called Jack—I am."

"I'm Lizzie," said the girl simply, and to his delighted amazement she raised herself on tiptoe, and, lifting her face, kissed him with a sweet frankness that took away his breath.

"You didn't know me," she asserted, smiling and blushing; then adding, "Tom told me I was to be sure to—do it, you know."

"I'm most thankful to Tom, I'm sure."

"He said it would make you feel more at home, you know, not so strange with me. Do you feel strange with me?"

"Not at all, now, thank you. How did you know me?" asked the young man, as they sat down and he had a chance to study a young and very pretty face.

Lizzie smiled as she indicated the bag on the seat before them, clearly marked J.B., which letters were repeated on the dress-suit case.

"I thought it was you because you seemed to be waiting for someone, and you were so impatient, and when I

saw the letters on the bag I was sure."

"Ah, yes—I see. How long have you been here?"

"I must have come a little while before you did, I suppose, and I waited in the ladies' room until I thought your train was in. I didn't know you at first, the photograph isn't good."

"Indeed, that's strange. You really don't think it good?"

"Oh, no," with a deep breath. "When did you shave?"

"I? This morning, of course."

"I mean, when did you shave off your beard?"

"My— Oh, yes, my beard! When was it, now? It must have been some time ago."

"You should have told Tom. I might have made a mistake."

"Well, you see, I didn't think of that. Of course, I should have told him. What is the not-good photograph like?"

"Don't you remember? You sent two—the group and the other."

"I didn't remember sending the group. Which photograph was it?"

"The one you had taken in Dundee."

"Oh, that accounts for its not being good. I never had a good picture taken in Dundee. But what did you expect me to look like? How am I different?"

"You are younger and taller, and—thinner, and—" She was now studying his face as closely as he had studied hers, but more innocently.

"And?" he repeated softly, bending down to her.

"Less like the dad, and—Oh, different altogether!"

"Worse altogether?"

"N—no, better altogether," blushing, but laughing frankly and sweetly. Then, as the silence grew strangely long, and the bold, handsome eyes still dwelt on hers, "Tom said we'd have

to wait an hour or two for the train."

"So long as that?" Jack Brown responded, giving himself an inward shake. "I'm afraid you'll be very tired. Shall we walk up and down the platform a bit? And tell me about Tom."

The girl looked away, a sudden shadow in her eyes. He noticed her hesitation.

"Tom. Well—never mind him; I think I'll prefer—Lizzie!"

She laughed a little sadly, but shook her head. "Not after you know me; and I'm afraid you'll be as disappointed as Tom is when you realize that I really cannot learn one thing about music."

"Why should I be disappointed?"

"You all love it so."

"Not I; I don't care a rap for music—and know less than I care."

"You!"—blue eyes full of surprise were raised to his—"I thought you had the best voice in the family."

"Is that saying much?"

"Signor Marelli wanted Tom to go on the operatic stage," said Lizzie, gravely, "and your voice—"

"Rubbish! I have better use for my voice than singing. I much prefer talking and—making—"

"Have you heard from home lately?" asked, Lizzie, with sudden haste.

"Home? N—no, I don't believe you would call it lately. Have you?"

"Tom had a letter written the day after you sailed."

"Sailed? Oh, yes, after I sailed. They were well?"

"Yes, thank you. Dad said the mother was a little blue, of course, but he was reading Shakespeare to her while she was knitting socks for all of you."

Jack looked ahead of him with a curious smile, wondering how the governor would read Shakespeare, and what sort of stockings his gay, handsome, frivolous mother would knit—especially if made to do them in the company of her husband. Who could this little creature be, with eyes like stars, high-held head, beautifully

shaped feet—where did she live? What relation was this fellow Tom? What was his place in the mind of this pretty girl, walking demurely by his side, whose soft kiss still burned where she had left it, whose liquid tones touched new chords in his at that moment empty heart?

As her shyness wore off, Lizzie prattled on very charmingly, telling her artless story most unconsciously. He had soon learned that she hated her lonely home, which was fifteen miles from anywhere—that the business was a most alarming and unpleasant one—that he whom she ventured, with a swift upward glance, to call John, and at his hasty entreaty, Jack, though she assured him that she had supposed he hated the latter name, was to live in the same house with her. All the trains seemed to be late, and at last Lizzie was persuaded to take lunch. Jack noticed that, although the gloves she drew off were cotton, the hands were small and delicate, the wrists beautifully turned.

Time passed unheeded, as he quoted poetry and the "Dolly Dialogues," told her of new pictures and old books, watching her pretty colour come and go as he played upon her imagination with light and skilful hand, and drew her out on all subjects but Tom. They still sat at the table, the sunlight from above falling on Lizzie's bare head, and turning her dark hair to gold, when Jack Brown noticed that a short, heavy man who had been walking up and down the room for some time, had come closer to their table, his eyes fixed on the girl who was studying the light through a red wine glass she held up as she listened and laughed.

Suddenly, as the man stopped before them, she turned a careless glance on him, and, the colour leaving her face, sprang up with nervously clasped hands.

"Are you Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Tom Brown?" asked a cold, stern, distinctly dour Scotch voice, and a pair of equally cold, pale blue eyes fixed themselves relentlessly upon the terrified young face.

Lizzie caught at the table, gave one bewildered, reproachful, appealing glance at her companion, and then faltered a "Yes," unseasoned by the kiss which Tom had commanded.

"I am John Brown, your brother-in-law. I have been looking for you for half-an-hour. Tom wrote that you would be watching for me when my train came in. This gentleman?"

"Your namesake, Mr. Brown. I hope that we may find ourselves of kin. Your sister-in-law has been waiting for you for some time, and I have taken advantage"—the words once spoken, he would fain have recalled them—"of our common name to look after her while she was waiting." Jack spoke with quick courtesy, but there was no response; the gloomy eyes, after one disapproving stare, returned to fix themselves, with still more of disapproval, on Mrs. Tom Brown's guilty, blushing face.

"You had best be gathering yourself together, Lizzy, to be ready for the train; you will need the gentleman no more."

With trembling fingers Lizzie pinned her hat in place, took up the little cotton gloves and followed her new-found relative out of the room. An entering crowd separated them, and Jack sprang forward.

"Lizzie," he whispered, catching her arm and drawing her to him; then, as she turned her reproachful eyes upon him, he answered unspoken words, "No, I'm not sorry—not a bit! What do you take me for? Do you think that I would be without it for the world? One more, little girl, just one—for myself, now—not for a mistake. Quick, child, I tell you I will have it."

She shook her head feebly, but let him draw her very close, till the sound of a voice made her shiver.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, eagerly; "is the other a brute, too? Come with me, my little darling; say the word and I'll kick that fellow into—"

"Your train, Lizzie," said the inexorable voice. And her little romance was over."—*Up to Date.*

#### MIXED EMOTIONS.

TO illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, annyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it, he said." "Oh—it's the grand Navy we've got!"—*London Chronicle.*

#### SOME DIFFERENCES.

WOMEN are creatures of the emotions. They love the tear of sensibility, and they'll have it, if they have to marry a beggar to get it.

The woman who refuses to marry a man because he's poor, has found a good excuse to give herself for keeping away from one she does not love.

Men put women on a pedestal, but they set the pedestal in the mud.

The man who fears to ask a woman to share his honest poverty insults the woman he loves, and dishonours himself.

A man has everything to lose in marriage.

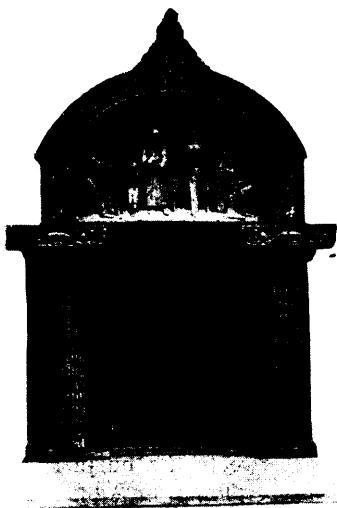
A woman has everything to gain.

A woman's friends hear of her marriage with a sigh of relief.

A man's friends learn of his wedding with a gasp of incredulity.—*Exchange.*

## FOR OVER A CENTURY.

THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY OF STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.



MAIN ENTRANCE.

THE making of books is an art. Excellence in an art depends to some extent on heredity. There is probably but one family in Canada connected with book-making which can trace its connection with the industry from father to son for over a century. The one family which can claim that distinction is the Brown family now doing business in Toronto under the name of The Brown Bros., Limited. The business history of the family is a romance.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a young man by the name of Thomas Brown served his apprenticeship with a famous bookseller named Wm. Charnley, in Newcastle, England. In 1774, young Brown was admitted a member of the Stationers' Company, Newcastle, by servitude. Being thus entitled to work for himself, he built up a good business and finally became known as "the father of the trade in the North of England." This fact is verified by Robert Robinson, author of "The Life and Times of Thomas Bewick," the famous wood engraver. This Robinson was an apprentice to Mr. Brown's son, and he gives Mr. Brown, senior, that title in the book to which reference has been made.

**Thomas Brown,  
1774-1822.**

An important document in connection with this gentleman is an indenture setting forth his admission as a free burgess of the town of Newcastle. This is still in the possession of the family. It recites the oath which a man took when he was admitted to this honour and ends as follows :

"Thomas Brown, apprentice to William Charnley, stationer, was this twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord God, 1774, admitted a free burgess of this Corporation, before the worshipful Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. and Alderman, and stands charged with a musket for the defence thereof."

This is a unique document and has been treasured by the family all these years. Thomas Brown

died in

**Thomas Brown, 1822.**

**1822 to 1856.**

The father

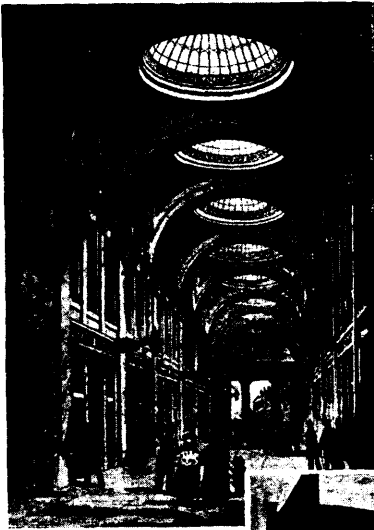
was succeeded

by a son of the same name, who seems to have been a clever bookman. He had been educated in London. In the book above referred to, the author says of him :



MR. RICHARD BROWN.

MR. ALBERT BROWN.



1830.—NEWCASTLE.

“Thomas Brown, bookbinder, removed from Nun’s Gate to the Royal Arcade soon after it was built, where he commenced business as a bookseller in connection with binding. He afterwards removed to Mozeley Street, and about 1846 emigrated to Toronto, Dominion of Canada.”

This same writer, Robert Robinson, is quoted by a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* of Newcastle, for June 29th, 1887, as follows:

“I have been fifty-three years a bookseller in Newcastle and am a native of the town. My apprenticeship to the mystery and craft of a book-binder and bookseller was served with Mr. Thomas Brown of the Royal Arcade. Mr. Brown’s father, who was a well-known personage, had kept a book-binder’s shop in the Nun’s Gate.”

Thomas Brown, left England in 1846 bringing with him to Canada his seven sons and two daughters. He came via New York, Albany, the Erie Canal, and by the steamer *Transit* from Lewiston to Toronto. His family have seen that city grow from a population of 18,000 to over 200,000. Soon after his arrival in Canada, Mr. Brown purchased the book and stationery business of a Mr. Payne on King Street. He continued this for ten years when he was succeeded by his three sons.

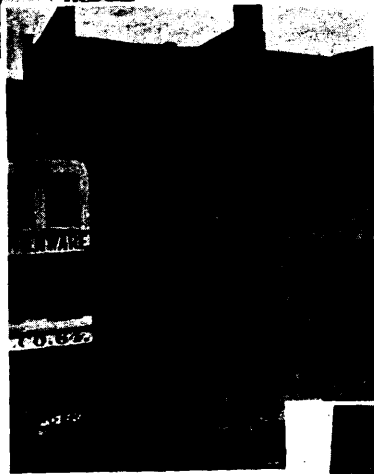
Thomas, John and Richard were the three young men upon whom the mantle fell nearly fifty years ago. They were all train-

ed from their earliest days in the mysteries of book-binding, stationery and bookselling, and they at once gained the measure of respect and confidence which had been given to their father. Thomas died in 1867, and John in 1882. Richard is still the head of the firm. He began his life work in 1848, when as a lad he entered the employ of Thomas Maclear, a bookseller on Yonge St. Maclear published the first Canadian editions of such books as Smith’s “Canada, Past, Present & Future,” “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” Kirwan’s “Letters,” etc. He was also well known as the publisher of the *Anglo-American Magazine* which ran through seven volumes. The magazine was considered a large undertaking and filled a considerable place in the literature of the day.

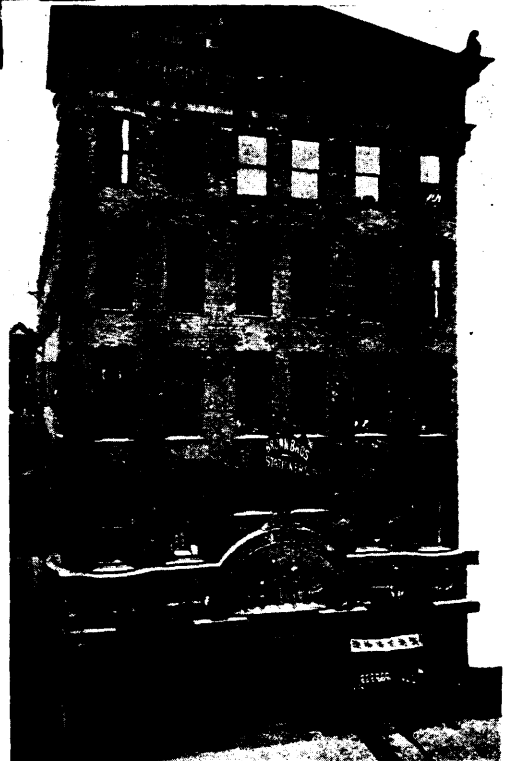
**The Brown Brothers, 1856-1900.**

Under such a man, Richard Brown learned the ABC of book-selling. In 1856 he joined with his brothers and has ever since maintained his reputation as one of the cleverest men in the stationery and book-binding profession in Canada. His portrait given on the first page of this article shows him to be still hearty and active. He yet directs the business with distinct acumen and unflagging energy.

From 1856 to 1900 the Brown Bros. occupied premises on King



1860.—TORONTO.



1900.—THE BROWN BROS'. NEW WAREHOUSE.

Street. At first one store; then two stores; then a large factory. Their business has grown

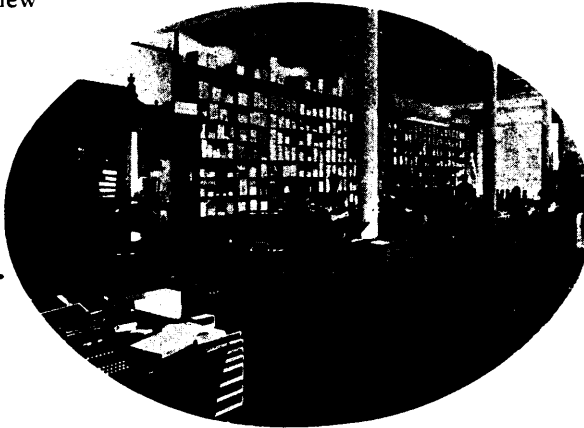
**Expansion.** with the country.

As bookbinding machinery was invented it was installed. New lines were added from time to time, and both a wholesale and retail trade was done in stationery, account books, leather goods, diaries, binders' and printers' supplies. Last year it was seen that their business could not be accommodated in the old premises, so a new site was secured on Wellington street and a handsome five-story building has been erected and just occupied. This is now the largest establishment of its kind in Canada.

The Brown Bros. have always displayed an enterprising spirit by sending specimens of their work to the



GENERAL OFFICES—GROUND FLOOR.



SALES DEPARTMENT.

various Exhibitions. They have been uniformly successful in winning prizes, diplomas and medals. They have still in their possession the book with which their father won the first prize at the first Exhibition (1846) ever held in

Toronto. Since then they have never failed in taking the prize at the yearly Exhibition. They won a medal at the Exhibition held in Montreal in connection with the opening of the Victoria Bridge in 1860. At the Centennial of Philadelphia they were awarded high honours. They have received three diplomas for exhibits at the City of Paris. They gained a medal and diploma at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886, and had the same success at the



THE SAMPLE ROOMS—GROUND FLOOR.

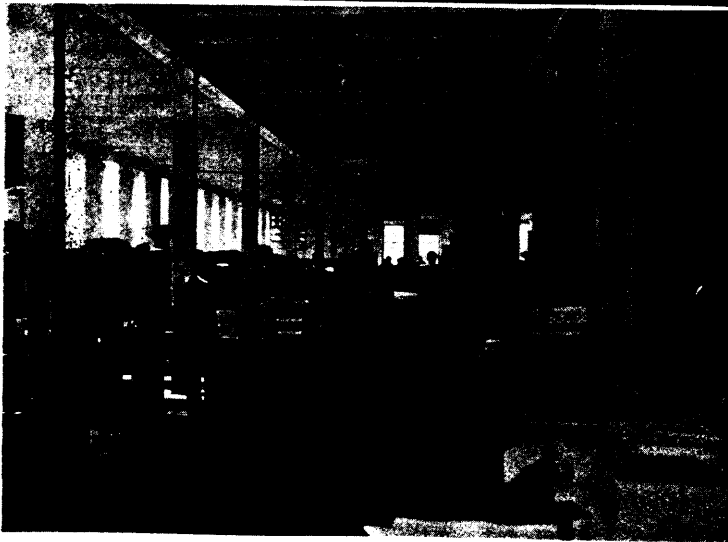
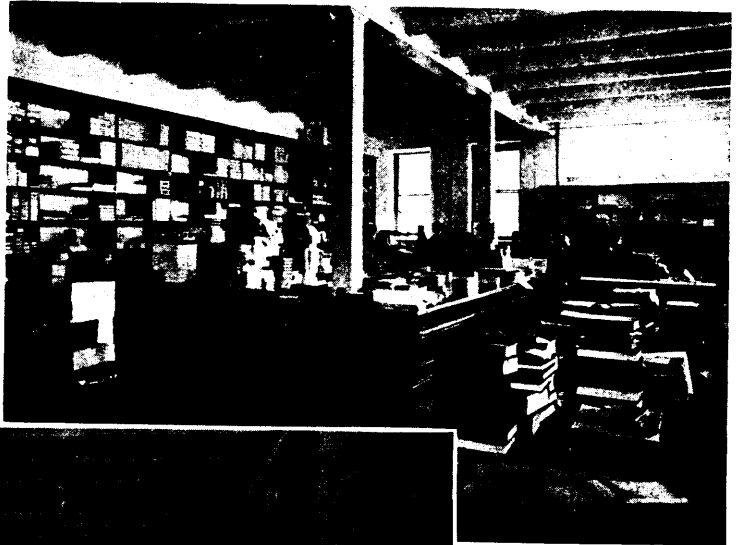
World's Fair in 1893. In the latter exhibit were some very striking specimens of inlaid work, full morocco, antique and the more common half-morocco, russia and calf. The Canadian binding proved itself superior in art value to that produced by United States firms. The aim of The Brown Bros. has been to produce neat, strong bindings with originality in design and thoroughness in workmanship.

Photographs cannot convey a true picture of

**The Making of a Book.** the size and magnitude of such an establishment as is now occu-

pied by a large manufacturing concern of this kind. Nor can photographs convey an idea of the numerous processes through which a book passes

olden times was done by hand ; now machines (see illustration) do the work very rapidly and even more neatly. The book then passes down to the third flat where it begins to show the work that is being put upon it. A machine takes away the squareness and "rounds" the back. Another machine presses it so that the back looks still more prominent. The edges are then



ORDER DEPARTMENT—  
FIRST FLOOR.

PRINTERS' AND BOOKBINDERS' SUPPLIES—FIRST FLOOR.

trimmed, and afterwards gilt or marbled. The cover has already been prepared in the finishing and embossing machines, and may be either of cloth or leather. The book and the cover are then bound and the last touches are given to the volume. In the case of leather-covered books this process is decidedly important.

before it is ready for the accountant or the reader. On the fifth flat of this two hundred foot building, the paper is found without a spot or blemish. Here it is ruled for whatever it is intended, a ledger, a day-book, or a diary. The sheets of paper are then taken to the fourth flat where they are folded into sections, sewn into a book, trimmed and paged. The paging in

Soon, after passing through a score of hands, and being kept in a heavy press for some time, the book is ready for shipment or the stock-room. The making of a book is no child's play.

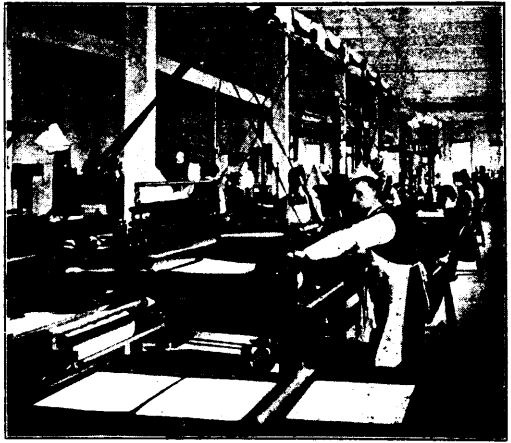
One of the most important lines of books made in this factory is the huge ledgers and other account Books intended for the use of the banks and large stock-companies.

The paper used is the best, the ruling is intricate, the binding must be firm and strong, and the finished appearance must be in harmony with the important businesses for which these books are prepared. The Brown Brothers practically control this binding of books for banks and railway companies. They also prepare a special line of Flat-opening account books and a line of patent Removable-Leaf perpetual ledgers.

Besides the making of books there are other kinds of work which keep the hundreds of people in this factory busy.

**Purses, Diaries, &c., &c.** workmen are making purses out of leather of all kinds, sealskin, morocco and russia, from Great

Britain and the Continent, or out of the popular alligator, which comes out of the Southern States.



RULING THE PAPER.

over two hundred varieties, including a line in all sizes bound in khaki. The latter is to be the novelty of the year.

Stationery and office supplies in great variety are another feature which, did space permit, should have more than passing mention. All kinds of paper with water-marks controlled by the Brown Bros. are to be found in stock. The bookbinder who wants supplies upon which he can rely will find here all sorts of plain and fancy leathers, various kinds of English and American binding cloth, marble paper, binders' board, pulp board, thread, tools and machinery. The printer can also secure anything from ordinary dodger paper and shipping tags to the finest of wedding cabinets.



SEWING THE BOOKS.

On the same floor a number of people are engaged in embossing note paper and envelopes.

The firm has just issued its thirty-seventh annual list of daily journals and pocket diaries. "The Canadian Diary" is the trade-mark of these goods which have helped to extend the reputation of the Brown Bros. Pocket diaries are bound in cloth or leather. There are



PAGING MACHINES—FOURTH FLOOR.





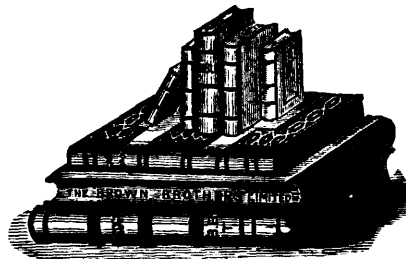
WHERE THE BOOKS ARE BOUND AND FINISHED.

In the show-rooms and stock-rooms are to be found goods from all over two Continents. The inquisitive person will find hundreds of interesting articles about which he would like to ask questions.

Reference has already been made to the Removable-Leaf Perpetual Ledger. This is one of those improvements designed to save time and labour. It is an example of the modern desire to do the greatest amount of work with the least amount of exertion. It is a ledger which keeps together all accounts of men whose names begin with A under the letter A, and so on through the alphabet. The binding of the ledger is permanent, while the leaves are renewable. After the leaves are filled up, they may be removed to what is termed the Transfer Binder which is a sort of storehouse for the filled pages or closed accounts. The Transfer Binder holds as many closed accounts as

a number of the old style ledgers which now lumber vaults and safes. Both the original Ledger and the Transfer Binder are provided with locks so that sheets can be removed or inserted at will and only by the person in charge. They are now being adopted by banks, insurance companies and leading mercantile houses.

The relation between employer and employee is, and always has been, most harmonious. Gray-headed employees and bright-faced boys and girls are working happily to demonstrate that there need be no friction between employer and employee. Around and through it all is the unseen system with its battery in the head of the firm—the system which makes possible the working out of a great business under one roof and one management, giving employment to hundreds of skilled workmen.



A  
**Remington  
Typewriter**

renders double the service  
of any other writing  
machine.



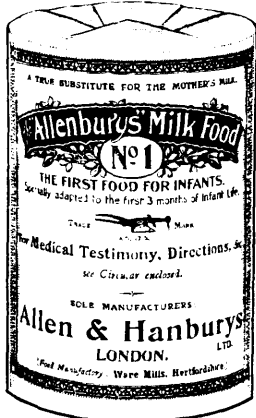
**REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER COMPANY**

6 Richmond Street East, Toronto.

OTTAWA BRANCH:—5 O'Connor Street.

**SPACKMAN & CO., General Dealers, 119 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal.**

The most successful and rational method of rearing infants by hand is with foods suited to the growing digestive powers of the child. The "Allenburys" Foods accomplish this, and their use has been attended with the happiest results. The children thrive and sleep well, and are contented and happy, being saved from the digestive and other troubles so common to young infants fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.



**The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1**

Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

**The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2**

Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

**The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3**

For infants of six months and upwards.

**PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT FREE.**

Canadian Agency:—W. LLOYD WOOD, TORONTO.

Don't argue  
with Dirt.

Use Pearline  
without Soap

Pearline *Best by Test*  
does away with the  
rubbing. Pearline does  
more than soap;—  
Soap gives you  
more to do.



At all Grocers.  
Millions use it.

Beware of substitutes claimed  
to be the same as, or as good  
as Pearline—they are not.

610



## YEARS AGO

We adopted the old-fashioned motto: "Honesty is the best principle." It has proved to be so. People have confidence in our trade marks—they know that goods that bear our sterling mark are  $\frac{925}{1000}$  fine. Is it not worth the trouble when investing in sterling silverware to see that this stamp is on it?



**Our Patterns Unsurpassed.**

**Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.,**

Wallingford, Conn., Toronto  
and Montreal, P.Q.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

# Chester



## Suspenders

### Good Judges Know

They are all that suspenders should be—stretch only when you do and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 D'castur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

## GETTING READY.

### Feeding Ahead of Hot Weather.

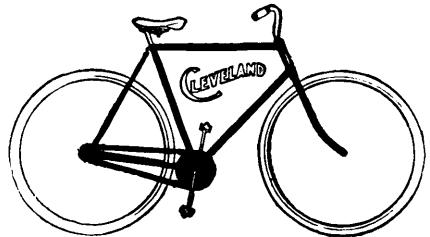
"Not quite so much meat in springtime; use the cereals, as they heat the blood less." Seasonable advice from an old practitioner.

If one uses some care as to food, the coming hot weather will be passed as comfortably as any season. In fact, a person possessed of a perfectly balanced set of nerves can be happy and comfortable under most any conditions.

The truest food for building up the nervous system to a perfect condition is Grape-Nuts. The makers are skilled in their art, and knowing that nature fills the brain and nerve centres with a soft gray matter which is used up more or less each day and must be replaced (or nervous prostration sets in), and also knowing that this gray matter is made by the combination of albumen and phosphate of potash, they select the parts of the field grains that contain the needed materials, manufacture them into a delicious food, ready cooked, predigested, and of a fascinating flavor.

The use of Grape-Nuts quickly proves that it really does rebuild and strengthen the nervous system in a most certain manner. It is sold by all grocers, and is in daily use in hundreds of thousands of the best families in America.

## The "Cleveland" Aim is a High One



and nothing in its construction is left to chance—in the smallest detail of the making—in the littlest part of its mechanism—perfection is sought after, and you'll find this favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one better" in improvements—new features and general equipment—see the hardened block pin which prevents the chain from wearing—see the combined ball and roller bearings—see the dust-proof skeleton gear case—the improved ball head spokes—and the combined coaster and brake—Agents Everywhere—Write for Catalogue.

Toronto Showrooms,  
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Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO & ORGAN HOUSE  
**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING**  
 188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY  
 BY BUYING FROM US.**

It is an admitted fact that we do the largest retail Organ and Piano business in Canada. This is simply because we give better value for the money than is obtainable elsewhere. We are enabled to do this because we have consolidated the interests of twelve different makers under one roof, one management and one expense. No matter what make of piano or organ you require put our assertion to the test by writing us for Catalogues and prices.

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188 YONGE ST.

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 Soap**

**FRAGRANT**

**CLEANSING**

The Montreal Local Council of the National Council of Women of Canada recommend Baby's Own Soap to young mothers for nursery use on account of its recognized purity.

USE **ALBERT** Soaps

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL.

# "A Woman Can Save"

A woman can save a great deal of money in the course of a year by buying Fry's Concentrated Cocoa for the household. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cents, and yet it makes fifty cups of pure, rich, strong Cocoa—*very* strengthening and *very* nourishing.

No artificial flavoring, no injurious drugs or chemicals in Fry's Cocoa—it is all Cocoa. It dissolves easily. Made by the largest Cocoa and Chocolate House in the World. Dealers sell it everywhere.

## Fry's Cocoa



For camp or home use, you may pay more but you cannot buy better than

# Clark's Canned Meats

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS ARE SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

Sold by Most High-Class Retailers in Canada.

WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL.



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From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,  
**SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,**  
 At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,  
 are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the  
 CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

**CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,  
 HYPERCÆMIA OF THE LIVER,  
 GALL STONES, DIABETES,  
 CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,  
 RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,**

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

## The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the  
 Signature of the Sole Agents,

**INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,**  
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 LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.


TO BE OBTAINED AT  
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It  
is  
the  
Best



**BESSON  
 & CO., Limited,**

*Used by the leading Musicians and  
 Bands throughout the world.*

**"Prototype"  
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P. GROSSMANN'S SONS, 65 James St. North,

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CHAS. LAVALLEE, 35 St. Lambert Hill,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

**A "Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.  
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

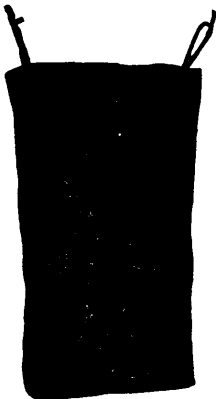
**PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.**



**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 51 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 *hauton* (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.  
Also found in N. Y. City at E. H. Macey's, Stern's, Elrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



**FEARMAN'S  
FAMOUS**



**ENGLISH  
BREAKFAST  
BACON**

**THE STANDARD OF  
EPICUREAN TASTE**  
For Sale by all Leading Grocers

**Sewing Machines  
of the Present**

are very different from those of the past. Very few users of sewing machines know the *technical differences*; patents have expired on generic features, but "the world moves," and radical improvements have been made in sewing machines, so that the one of to-day shows a tremendous improvement on its predecessor. Women who have used both kinds quickly realize the difference between a cheaply made imitation of some ancient type and the modern light-running machine which is easily adjusted, does all kinds of work, and is always ready to go. The Silent Singer of to-day is the latest result of constant improvement in mechanical excellence. For practical use it compares with the old-time sewing machines sold at department stores much as a modern railway train surpasses a stage-coach of the last century.

**Get a Singer. You can try one free.  
Old machines taken in exchange.**

SOLD ONLY BY

**The Singer Manufacturing Co.**

Salesrooms in every city in the world.



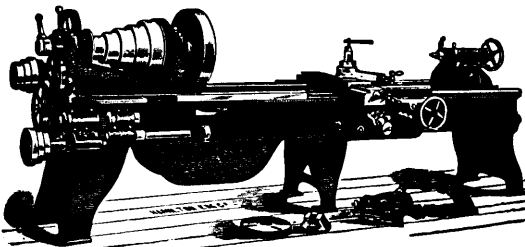
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**Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
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Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.



Correspondence Solicited.

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MUST be kept as clean as table dishes—if your food is to taste right.

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# Granite or Diamond

Enamelled Ware.

These makes are guaranteed pure—have a splendid finish, easily kept fresh and bright, and cost no more than others.

Better look up these labels next time you're shopping.

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WE EMPLOY EVERY METHOD OF MAKING PLATES FOR LETTER PRESS PRINTING

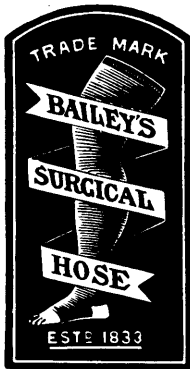


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## BAILEY'S Elastic Stockings

A badly fitting stocking, or one made of unsuitable material, is not only no good, it is positively harmful

"Varix," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free 5 cents.

New 80 page Catalogue of Surgical Appliances 5 cents. Wholesale Depot for Every Article for Sick Nursing. Established A.D. 1833. Nurse Catalogue, 165 pages. Wholesale prices. Send Professional Card.

**W. H. BAILEY & SON,  
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# TEABERRY

for the

# TEETH

That nasty taste in your mouth will be removed if you clean your teeth regularly with this well-tested, healthful and safe dentrifice. Not alone clean teeth—but beautiful white teeth will be yours by the use of Teaberry. The gums are hardened and your general health is made better— for what measure of ill-health comes from poorly cared-for teeth.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle.  
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

**30 PIECES** Beautiful **Silk Remnants**, 1 yard **Silk Ribbon**, with **Quilt pattern book**, also **Aluminum Thimble**, and package of **lace**, **all for 10c.**, postpaid, to introduce our fancy-goods list. Address H. C. BUCHANAN & CO., Dept. P., 58 Ann Street, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Anybody can learn to exert a magic influence over others. You can become proficient in curing diseases and bad habits of every nature. The acquirement of these powers brings happiness and health; develops will power; gratifies ambitions; gives one the key to personal and social success, and suggests many opportunities to make money.

If at all interested don't fail to write for the most wonderful book of the age, entitled "Wonders of Hypnotism," 100 pages, profusely illustrated. This work instructs you how to thoroughly master all the secrets of **Hypnotism**, **Magnetic Healing**, **Personal Magnetism** and **all Occult Sciences**. It is sent **Absolutely Free**. We guarantee you success. **New York Institute of Science**, Dept. A K 10, 39 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

## SIGNS OF PARALYSIS

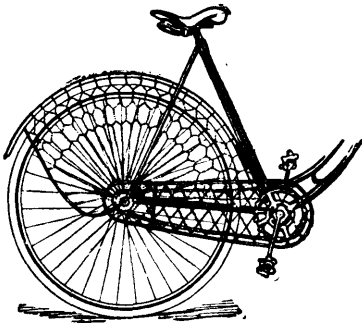
Can Be Discovered in Time.

"Numbness of the hands and arms, with premonitions of paralysis, kept by me while I was using coffee. I finally discovered it was caused by coffee; when I quit the coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee the numbness ceased entirely and I have been very well ever since. At that time I was unable to sleep, but now I sleep perfectly.

"Husband was also troubled from lack of sleep while he was drinking coffee, but now he uses Postum Food Coffee with me, and we both sleep perfectly. Our little boy had peculiar nervous spells and I stopped the use of coffee with him, and have been giving him all the Postum Food Coffee he cared for. He is perfectly well now.

"My sister was troubled with nervous headaches while she used coffee. She found how greatly improved we were from discontinuing it and using Postum Food Coffee, so she made the change, and is now rid of her nervous headaches. We are naturally strong advocates of Postum." Mrs. J. Walford, Castalia, Erie Co., Ohio.

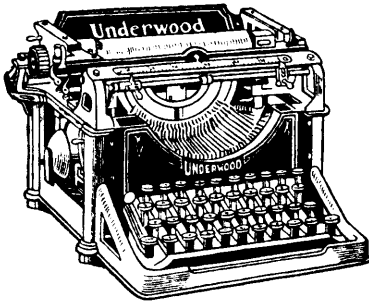
## Higher Priced or Lower Priced You Get the Most For Your Money



In a wheel with an established reputation for high quality as the **MASSEY-HARRIS**—you get the most up-to-date improvements—you get the best equipments—you get options enough to please any and every taste—you get the guarantee that goes with a "good name." If you haven't studied the Massey-Harris construction—call on the nearest agent—or write for a catalogue—tells you all about it.

Toronto Showrooms,  
109 YONGE STREET.

Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.



THE UNDERWOOD

woods purchased from you last September warrants me in placing my order for another lot of Ten machines of the latest improved Model.

While I can buy first-class second-hand machines at about half the rate you have quoted for the Underwood, I feel that it will pay in the end to secure the best available, and the pleasure and profit our students enjoy from the constant use of new machines prompts me to make this additional investment in their behalf.

Please let us have these as early as possible, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

W. H. SHAW, Principal,  
Central Business College,  
Toronto, Ont.

## The Underwood Typewriter...

*Read what the largest user of Typewriters in Canada, says:*

TORONTO, Ont., Mar. 15, 1900.

J. J. SEITZS, Esq.,

General Mgr. Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co., City.

Dear Sir:—I have concluded to place a few more machines in our Typewriting Department, and the splendid satisfaction given by the 40 new Under-

## About Hair Goods and Hair Dressing.

Anybody can sew together or make up hair or dress hair. But there is always a better way and room for improvement and perfection, especially in our line. A hair goods maker or hair dresser must have a fundamental knowledge of the art; it is not by learning the trade for two or three years and at two different places, that a man gets acquainted with the principle and details of the trade, especially when he comes green from the country: ignorant, uneducated, completely devoid of good manners and primitive in appearance. Such people, as a rule, as soon as they know a little, get their heads so swollen that nobody else knows anything. The ignorant always take great trouble to let everybody know how much they know. They belittle even their own masters, who have not only with the greatest trouble taught them the trade, but taught them also how to walk, how to talk, how to dress and good manners—examples we see every day. We never make any personal remarks unless provoked. But one of our confrères, whom above nicely fits, appears to know so much about our profession, that he calls his masters (who could boast if they would) the would-be "coiffeurs," and has the ignorance to give out that the Pompadour is a new style, which has been in vogue for over four years. And then boasts of having the largest place in America!

For new and original designs in Hair Goods, such as our latest Parted Front for summer wear, light and elegant, just out. Our Parted Bangs, Head Coverings, Waves, Ladies' and Gents' Wigs and Toupees. Our styles are perfection of nature—light, natural and best. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowest prices and best qualities. Send for our Catalogue. We exchange if not as represented or not suited. LADIES! do you wear a switch? Then use no other than Armand's Self-fastening Patent Switch. No stem, no card, no clumsiness; adjusts itself around a lady's own hair. It is the greatest success; get no other than Armand's Patent Self-fastening Switch. Price from \$4.00 up.

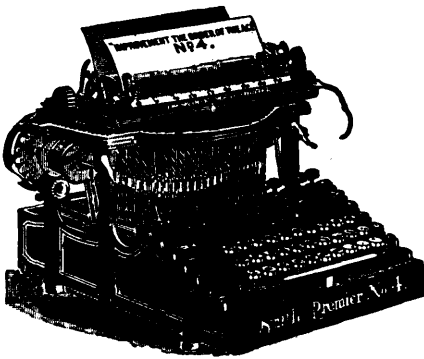
TEL. 2498.



Latest Style of Coiffure.

Designed by J. Trancle-Armand, and adopted by the American Hair Dressers as the Newest and Latest Coiffure.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge Street, corner Carlton, Toronto, Ont.



# The Smith Premier Typewriter

**THE BEST VALUE WRITING MACHINE**

Simple, Durable, Mechanically Correct

Factory and Home Office :

**SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.**

No. 4 Smith Premier has 84 Characters.

Write Canadian Representative Nearest  
You for Catalogue, etc.

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**Newsome & Gilbert**  
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**WINNIPEG, MAN.—W. J. ARNOTT & CO.**

## Rebuilt Typewriters

of all makes 50% below factory prices. Send for price list. Machines rented for practice or office use.

## ELLAM'S SELF RISING DUPLICATOR

which makes from 700 to 1000 copies per hour, either hand or typewriting music, drawing, etc. Supplies for all makes of duplicators.

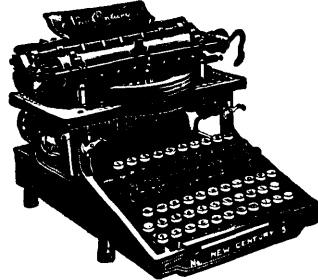
Price List on Application.

## Canadian Typewriter Exchange

45 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

The New Century,  
The Foremost Typewriter of the Age.

Velvet Touch,  
Easy Action  
Least Fatigue  
To Operator



Examine it  
And you  
Will Keep It.  
It Has  
No Equal.

Catalogue Free.  
American Writing Machine Co.,  
302 B'dway,  
New York.

ENDORSED BY MUSICIANS.

# The Pianola

Is an Instrument by means of which ANY ONE can play the Piano.

**CLAIMS.**

The Pianola provides a source of pleasure for everyone, whether he be novice or skilled musician.

It overcomes the difficulties of the unskilled by supplying the necessary technic to play any piece.

It satisfies the artistic demands of the musically cultured by allowing the player instantaneous control of the expression.

It responds to his will—the rendition has therefore a musical personality the same as when played with the human fingers.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

“The instrument works in every respect, absolutely perfect, and I am by this sensational and epoch-making invention more delighted than ever.”—*Emil Sauer*.

In a recent letter in which he orders two more Pianolas for friends in Germany

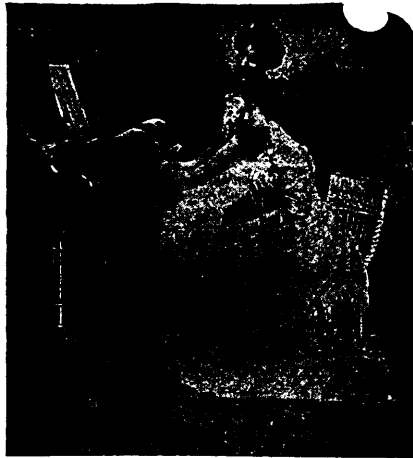
**SUBSTANTIATION.**

“Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays; but after a while he will perceive his error, because your instrument never plays false notes.” (Literal translation).—*Moszkowski*.

“I feel quite sure that nothing has more closely approached hand-playing.”—*Rosenthal*.

“I am astonished at the possibilities of the Pianola, and the inventor commands my most profound admiration in bringing out an instrument whose playing has the characteristics of the work of the human fingers.”—*De Pachmann*.

“In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate.”—*Emil Paur*.



Pianola in use with Upright Piano.

Write us for full particulars.

**PRICE \$275**

Can be bought by instalments if desired.

Wherever there is a Piano there should be a Pianola.

**The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited,**

Sole Representatives,

32 King Street West, TORONTO.

## When a Burglar's Haul

Consists of silver, bearing our well-known sterling silver trade mark, he rejoices. He knows as well as all dealers in Canada and the United States that this trade mark is a perfect guarantee of silver  $\frac{925}{1000}$  fine.



Purchasers of our sterling silver have in it an asset of permanent value.

Our patterns are unsurpassed.

### SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

**A. J. Whimbey, - Manager for Canada.**



*"Good things should be praised."*—SHAKESPEARE.

## "Portia"

A most aristocratic Notepaper, is one of our latest creations. This beautiful production of a smooth, unglazed surface, white, wove paper, with Envelopes to match, pleases the most fastidious correspondents and adorns the desk of many ladies noted for their *fin de siècle* taste and excellent discernment.

*Reject inferior notepapers. Insist that your stationer procures you the correct "Portia" manufactured by*

**THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited,**  
Manufacturing and Wholesale Stationers,  
TORONTO.

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## QUEEN OF RADIATORS.



COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY  
GOOD POINT & NO BOLTS NO PACKING  
THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO. LIMITED  
— TORONTO —

# FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGES

BURN COAL OR WOOD



**Handsomest and Best Working Ranges in the Market.**

- Thermometer** in oven door shows exact heat of oven.
- Ventilated Oven** draws fresh warm air in and carries away the fumes from roasting.
- Cemented Oven** insures baking on the bottom.
- Cast Iron Linings**, cannot crack or crumble.

**SAVE FUEL**

**The McClary Manufacturing Co.,**

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL,  
WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

**Pamphlet Free** from your local agent or our nearest house.

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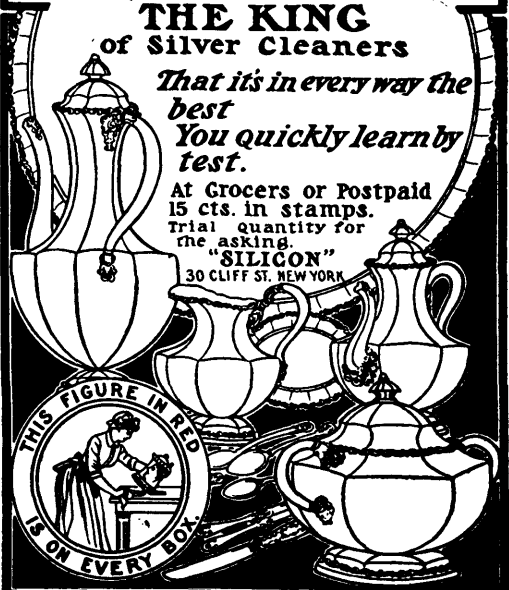
SILVER POLISH

**THE KING**  
of Silver Cleaners

*That it's in every way the best  
You quickly learn by test.*

At Grocers or Postpaid  
15 cts. in stamps.  
Trial quantity for the asking.

"SILICON"  
30 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK



Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada

# When in Want

of anything in the line or

**Blowers, Exhaust Fans, Shaving or Stock Conveyors**

Write to

**GEO. W. REED & CO.**  
Montreal



PURE AS THE NOTES  
OF A BIRD.




Toronto Ent. Co.

**BELL**  
**ORGANS AND PIANOS**

ARE OBJECTS OF BEAUTY,  
 THE CREATION OF ARTISTS,  
 THE PERFECTION OF WORKMANSHIP.  
 THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO., LIMITED, GUELPH, ONT.

USE THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA**  
**WATER**  
 "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"  
 FOR THE  
 HANDKERCHIEF  
 TOILET & BATH  
 REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

**TEABERRY**  
**FOR THE TEETH**  
 PLEASANT TO USE - HARMLESS  
 ARRESTS DECAY - AT ALL  
 DRUGGISTS - 25 CENTS A BOX  
 ZOPESA-CHEMICAL COY - TORONTO



A BEAUTIFUL HOME  
 IS  
 NEVER COMPLETE WITHOUT  
**THE IMPROVED**  
**HARTSHORN**  
**SHADE ROLLER**  
 The Improved Hartshorn is perfection itself, being the result of 50 years' experience in the manufacture of Shade Rollers by a concern that makes nothing else.  
 It requires no tacks, has unbreakable brackets and new end fittings. The Hartshorn being the best roller made, it is imitated and to protect yourself from cheap imitations it is necessary that you see that the autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn is on label of every roller you buy.  
**WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.**

# Wear Pember's Wigs

The Pember **Pompadour Bang** has no equal for simplicity, natural and stylish appearance.

The Pompadour style has recently been adopted by the American Hair Dressing Association as their latest *coiffure*. Some of our would-be *coiffures'* statements that the

Pompadour was out of date, are receiving a severe set back.

**Ladies of Canada**, the Pompadour is still supreme. We have them—full Pompadours and parted on either side or in the centre.

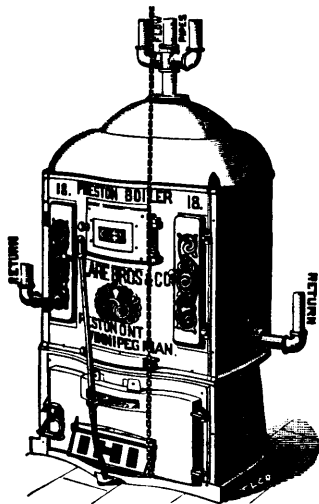


**W. T. Pember,** Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist.

127-129 and 77s Yonge Street, Toronto.



A PURE  
**GLYCERINE**  
**SOAP**  
*for the*  
**TOILET**  
*Manufactured by*  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**  
 TORONTO.



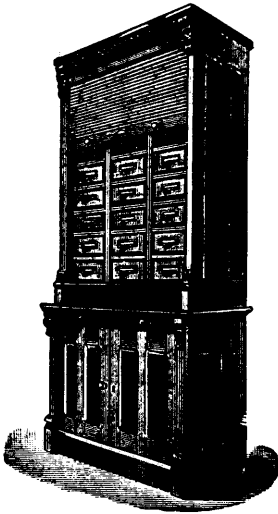
## People Who Think of Heating

their buildings with **HOT AIR** or **HOT WATER** should consult **CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT.**, if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of **SUPERIOR** quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

**CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.**

Toronto Agent—A. WELCH, 302 Queen West.

# DESKS

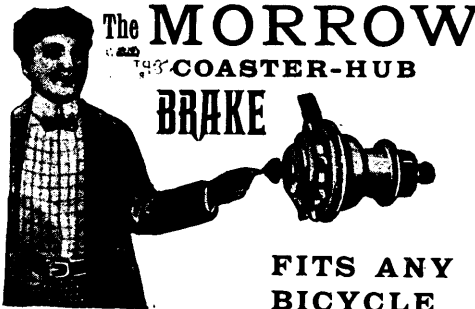


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The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Limited

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Factories, - - Newmarket, Ont.



WITH THIS YOU  
RIDE 50 MILES  
BUT PEDAL ONLY 35

Wheel Always Under Control

Thousands in use. Coast with your feet on the pedals. A slight back pressure applies the brake. No continuous strain on the leg muscles after brake is applied. You can coast down every little decline without removing your feet from the pedals. Adds 100 per cent. to the pleasures of cycling. Send for printed matter.

ALSO  
THE ECLIPSE  
ACETYLENE  
GAS LAMP

Superior to any yet shown. Best Generator made. Fool proof—simply can't get out of order. Illustrated pamphlet giving detailed information of both the brake and the lamp—free on request.



Sold by dealers throughout Canada.

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# ASTHMA

**WHY** is it generally thought that there is no cure for

**Asthma, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Shortness of Breath, Chest Diseases, Blood Spitting, etc. ?**

**ANSWER** Because the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

**Absolute Lasting Cure.**

SUFFERERS WILL RECEIVE, POST FREE,

**FREE OF CHARGE**

particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to Paul Weidhaas, Pulmonary Institute, 16 C Z, Buckingham Road, Brighton.

I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself; and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of special cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years) after having been

**Given up as Incurable.**

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following testimonial—one of scores received :



H. LIDGETT.  
FROM A PHOTO.

**ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.**

(Remarkable Confirmation of a Cure after 2 Years.)

(When the Treatment was applied for, Mr. Lidgett's complaint was thus described: The attacks come on quite suddenly, generally in the night, with a bad cough and sleep is quite impossible. Sometimes it is weeks together we do not get a night's rest. The attacks are accompanied with very heavy cold perspiration. His feet are generally hot and very damp. His breathing is generally quite clear in the day time. The attacks seem like a sort of spasm, and give him pain in the chest if they continue long. It is about six years since the attacks first commenced.) Later Mr. Lidgett wrote: After nine weeks of your Treatment I am happy to tell you I feel restored to health again, for I feel as well as ever I did.—A sufferer applied to Mr. Weidhaas for the address of Mr. H. Lidgett, and the sufferer said he received the following reply to his enquiry: Dear Sir,—It is quite true that I am cured of Asthma. I had suffered a good many years and was under five doctors, and they all said there was no cure for me. I could not sleep at night, very little rest. I got piled up with pillows. I went under his cure, and from the very first day, or I should say night, I had a good rest, and slept nearly all night, and did not get my wife out of bed, as I had done for many a year, to give me a powder to ease me, and I have never done since. That is nearly two years ago.

Yours, H. LIDGETT, Stockport.

Mr. Weidhaas is prepared to pay \$5,000 to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine extracts from the patients' own letters. The originals may be seen at this Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

# CURABLE



## ***I CROWN THEE "KING QUALITY"***

**T**HE KING QUALITY Shoe has all the merits of the best made shoe in America, made of the finest kid, oak sole leather, skilled workmanship and studied styles, with lasts modelled from nature's feet insure comfort, wear and elegance. Insist upon seeing the trade mark, "KING QUALITY," on each shoe, with stamped price on the sole, and then you know you are getting the best. The price is \$3.00; Goodyear Welt, cork insole, \$4.00; men's cork insole, bench made, \$4.50.


Do not be talked into a higher priced shoe, as these are as good as the best made, and anything cheaper must necessarily be taken out of the cost.

Manufactured only by


**The J. D. KING CO., Limited**

Tel. 2741

**TORONTO**



# COWAN'S



## HYGIENIC COCOA

After a thorough analysis, establishing its perfect purity and digestibility, the leading Physicians of Canada are recommending **Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa** to their patients. It enriches the blood and builds up the system. It is a perfect FOOD as well as DRINK.

*Drawn for Canadian Magazine*

# Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

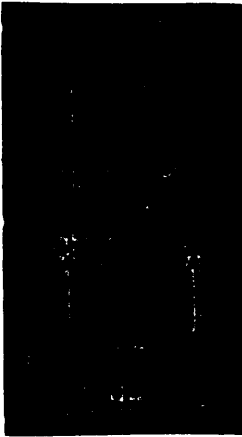
*Has Merit : Reputation : Superiority*

... FOR ...

## Constipation and Hemorrhoids

IT IS UNEXCELLED.

### Beware of Substitutes!



## The "SAFETY" Acetylene Gas Machine

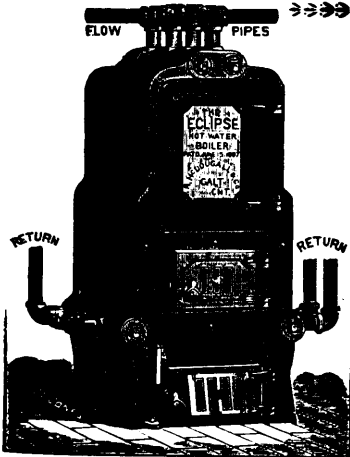
Manufactured by

THE SAFETY LIGHT AND HEAT CO.,  
DUNDAS, ONT.

Read what some of our friends say of us:—

Dear Sirs,—The 35 light machine supplied by your company and installed in our house "Dunain", at Port Hope in December last is giving unqualified satisfaction. We are outside the line of gas or electricity and the change from coal oil lamps to the brightness of Acetylene light is incomparable, while the running expense is only the same, considering the light obtained. The machine is easy to handle and we have had no trouble. Anyone who uses coal oil in their dwelling ought to put in Acetylene light; they will never regret it. No lamps to clean, no oil to smell, only ten minutes work every other day to change the carbide and have a far better light than the gas in any town.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, General Steamship and Tourist Agency,  
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## THE BEAUTY

Of an "ECLIPSE" Hot Water Boiler is the even temperature obtained in your house. It is very easily regulated, and with a moderate amount of fuel, the Eclipse does the rest. A post card will bring booklet giving full particulars from the manufacturers,

The R. McDOUGALL CO., Limited, GALT



TRADE MARK

is making new friends every day; you should see their letters—we will mail you copies of some if you will ask for them. One person has asked: "What do you mean by saying that your mattress is always

**"SENT ON SUSPICION."**

We mean just this: **Sleep on it 30 Nights** and if it is not all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

**Send for Our Handsomely Illustrated Book and Price List** whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best and cheapest* mattress in the world, and where you can buy one in your town.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 pounds.....	\$9.00
3 feet wide, 30 pounds.....	10.50
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 pounds.....	12.00
4 feet wide, 40 pounds.....	13.50
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 pounds.....	15.00

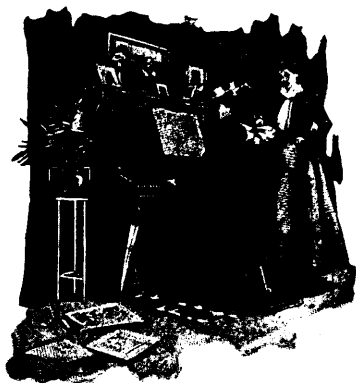
ALL  
6 FEET  
3 INCHES  
LONG.

Made in two parts, 75 cents extra. Express charges prepaid EVERYWHERE.

**TAKE CARE! DON'T BE CHEATED!** Some furniture dealers, when they have not the Ostermoor Mattress in stock, will try to sell you an inferior imitation as a substitute. Be wise, refuse it. Without the tag sewed into the mattress with our trade mark printed (see picture above) none is genuine. Only one dealer in every town has the Ostermoor Mattress for sale.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN CO., Limited, 293 Guy St., Montreal.**

*We have cushioned many churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."*



# The Whaley-Royce Pianos

Are Made as Near Perfect as the Finest Material and Skilled Labor can Make Them.

..ARE recognized throughout the Dominion as the Highest Type of Piano Making.

**SEE THEM, HEAR THEM**

and you will not wonder why.

Every Instrument Guaranteed for 7 Years.

**CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.**

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## BRASS BAND Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest Prices Ever Quoted. Fine Catalogue with 500 Illustrations Mailed Free.

WRITE US FOR ANYTHING IN MUSIC OR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

# WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

Western Branch, WINNIPEG, MAN.

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The "DOMINION"  
Pianos

60,000  
IN USE



*Canada is justly proud*

DOMINION Organ & Piano Co.

**Exquisite  
Flavor**

These are the four corners  
on which this famous In-  
dian tea has built up such  
an enormous trade in Eng-

**Great  
Strength**

land, and it is on the same foundation that the trade is being built  
in Canada.

# Ram Lal's PURE INDIAN TEA

This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the  
English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an ex-  
pensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more  
than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed  
packets only. Ask your grocer for

**Uniform  
Quality**

**Ram Lal's  
Pure Indian Tea**

**Delicate  
Aroma**



A pure hard Soap

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY



A SURE  
SIGN  
THAT  
PACKARD'S  
DRESSING

HAS  
BEEN  
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IS A HEALTHY,  
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SERVED AND  
GLOSSY SHOE.

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ALL COLORS:

BLACK,  
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BROWN,  
ETC.

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MONTREAL.



PONY SIZE, 15c.

For....  
Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
Colds, Coughs,  
Bronchitis.

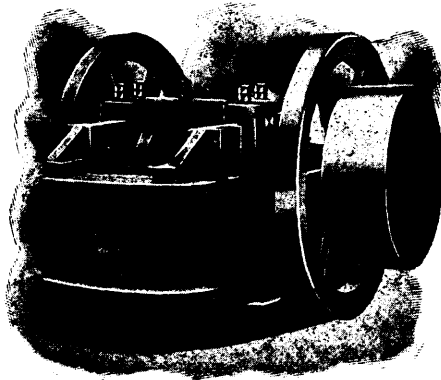
For 21 years the most  
successful GERMICIDE  
in contagious disease.  
Send for descriptive book-  
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estimonials and price list.  
*Sold by druggists generally.*

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,  
180 Fulton St., New York.

# The Farrel Crusher

1900 PATTERN - NEW STYLE B

The latest  
production of  
Specialists in  
Crushing  
Machinery



A good range  
of sizes.  
State your  
requirements and  
ask for prices.

EFFICIENT - DURABLE - SIGHTLY

Sole Canadian  
Manufacturers

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.,  
23 Lansdowne St., SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Branches in  
Principal Canadian  
Cities.

# A Good Complexion

[Depends on Good Digestion.]

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants.

It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly, unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion, and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many

articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary, take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want, and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion, and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores, and costs but 50 cents per package.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion.

## The Whole Secret

Of the Remarkable Success of a Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

A new remedy which may revolutionize the treatment of stomach troubles has been placed before the public, and bears the endorsement of many leading physicians and scientific men.

This preparation is not a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles, with which nine-tenths of our nation are more or less affected.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (free from animal impurities), Golden Seal and diastase. They are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many interesting experiments made with these tablets show that they possess remarkable digestive power, one grain of the active principle in one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of lean meat, eggs, oatmeal or similar wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines, without having any effect whatever in curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach. This is the secret and the whole secret of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most popular, safest and most widely sold of any treatment for stomach weakness.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, catarrh of the stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power, which is the one thing that weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to assist it by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics, which have absolutely no digestive power and do not claim to have any.

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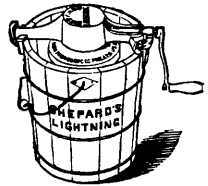


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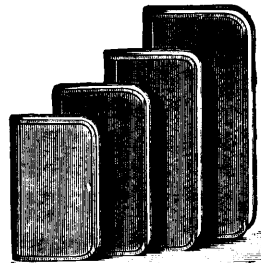
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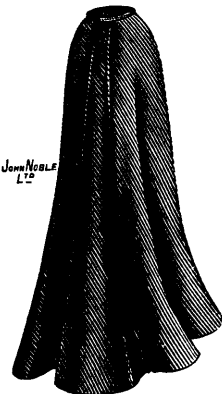


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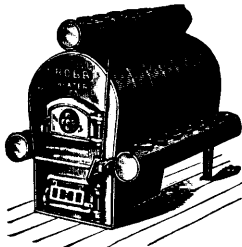
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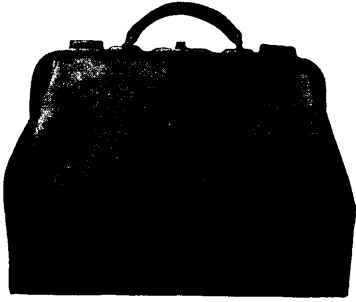
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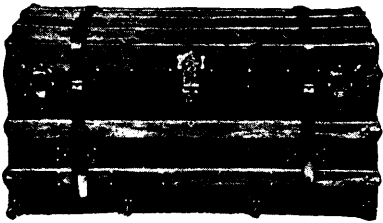
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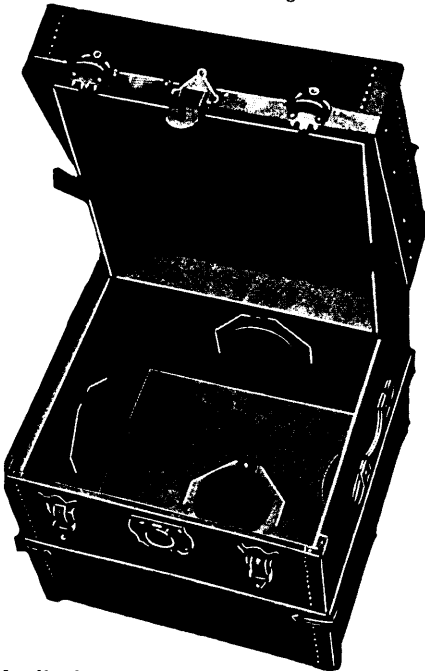




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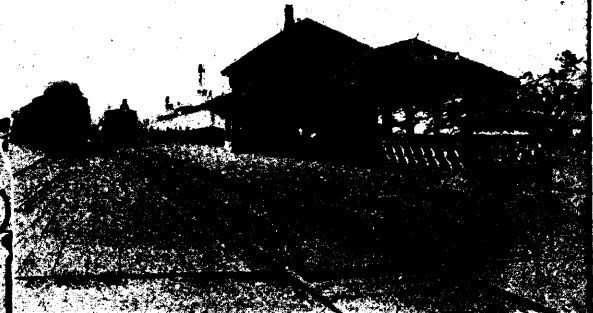
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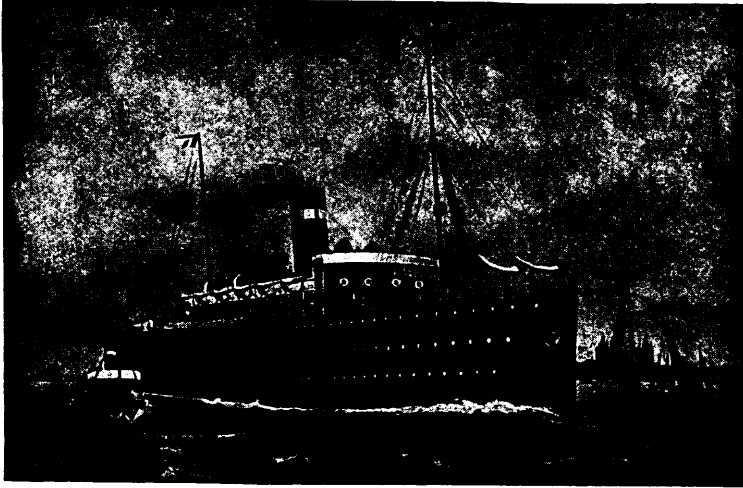
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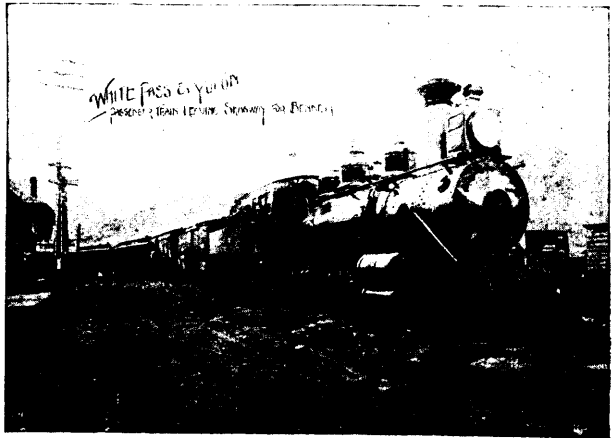
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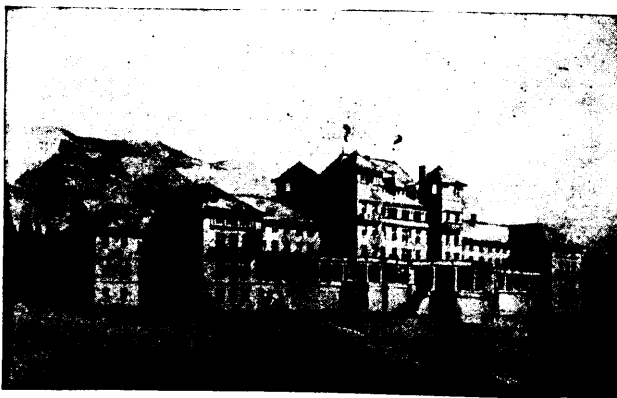
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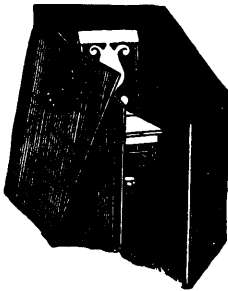
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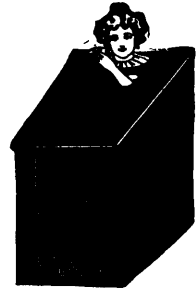
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