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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MARCH
1893.

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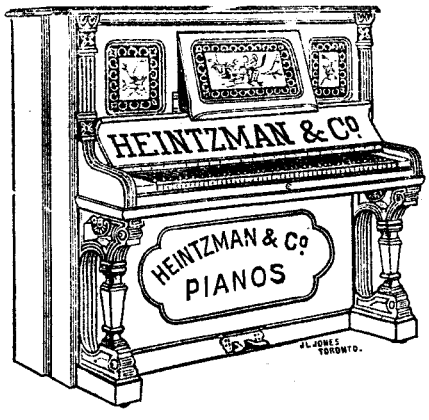

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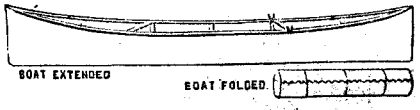

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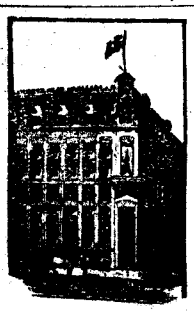

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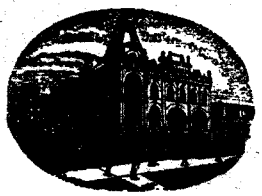

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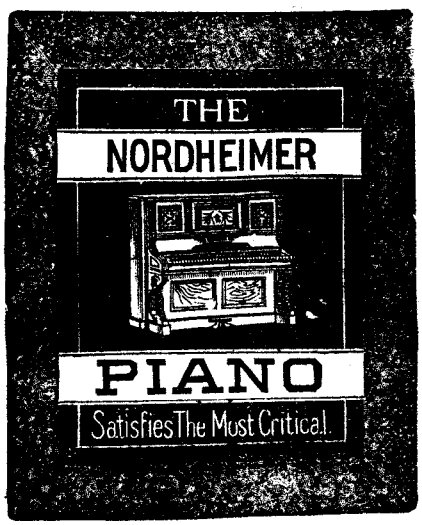

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"Yes, Mummie; give her my love, and say I never look at a little black pig without thinking of HER!"—*Punch*

The publishers of *The National Magazine* have acquired *The Magazine of American History*, which was edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb until her death on January 3rd last. With the February issue these two leading historical journals are merged into one, and the name, *Magazine of American History*, that of the older periodical, now in its 29th volume, is retained.

"La Tour and Acadia" embraces one of the most interesting episodes in the history both of Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. This romantic story as presented in the February number of the *Magazine of American History* differs somewhat from that of Mr. Parkman in the January *Atlantic*. Mr. Allaben sympathizes with La Tour, which is also the attitude which Winthrop, as Governor of Massachussetts, maintained at the beginning of the feud.

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

MARCH, 1893.

Volume II. No. 2.

CONTENTS:

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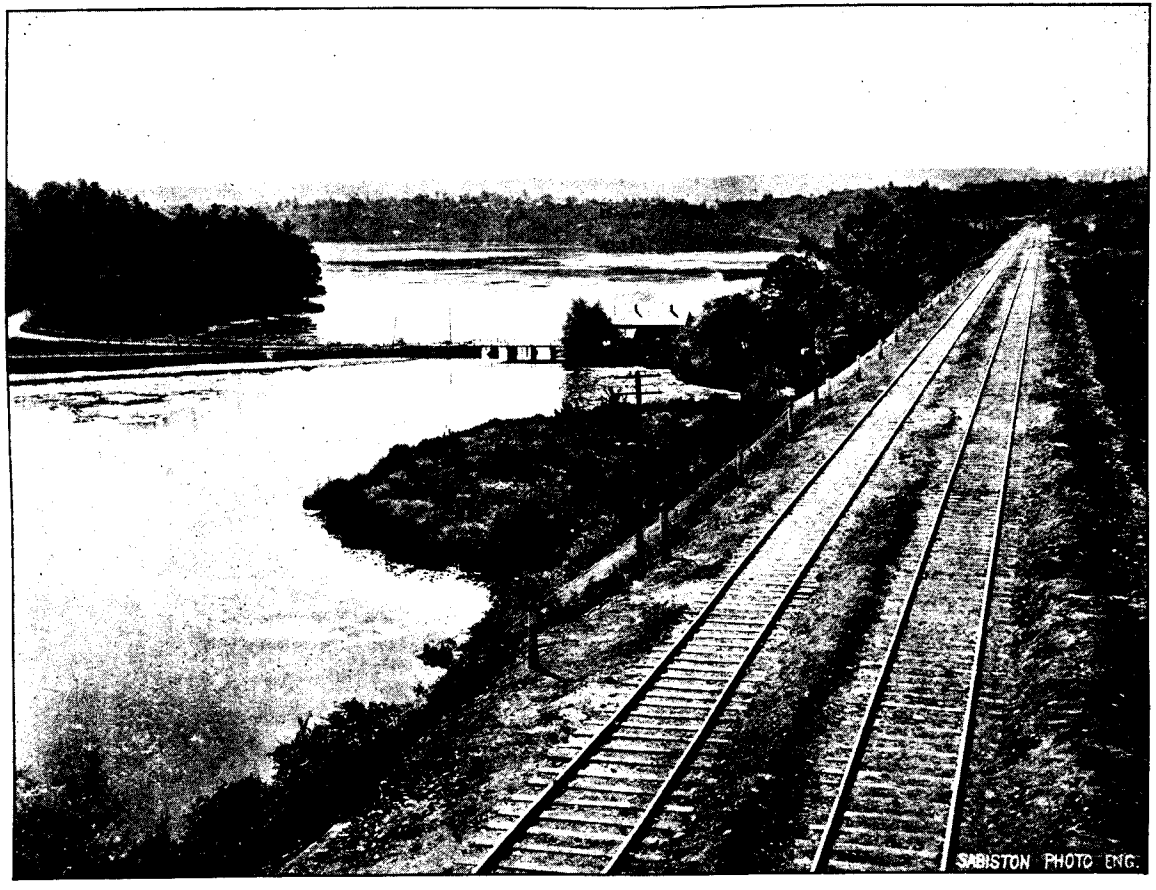


SCENE ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY NEAR HAMILTON, ONT.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

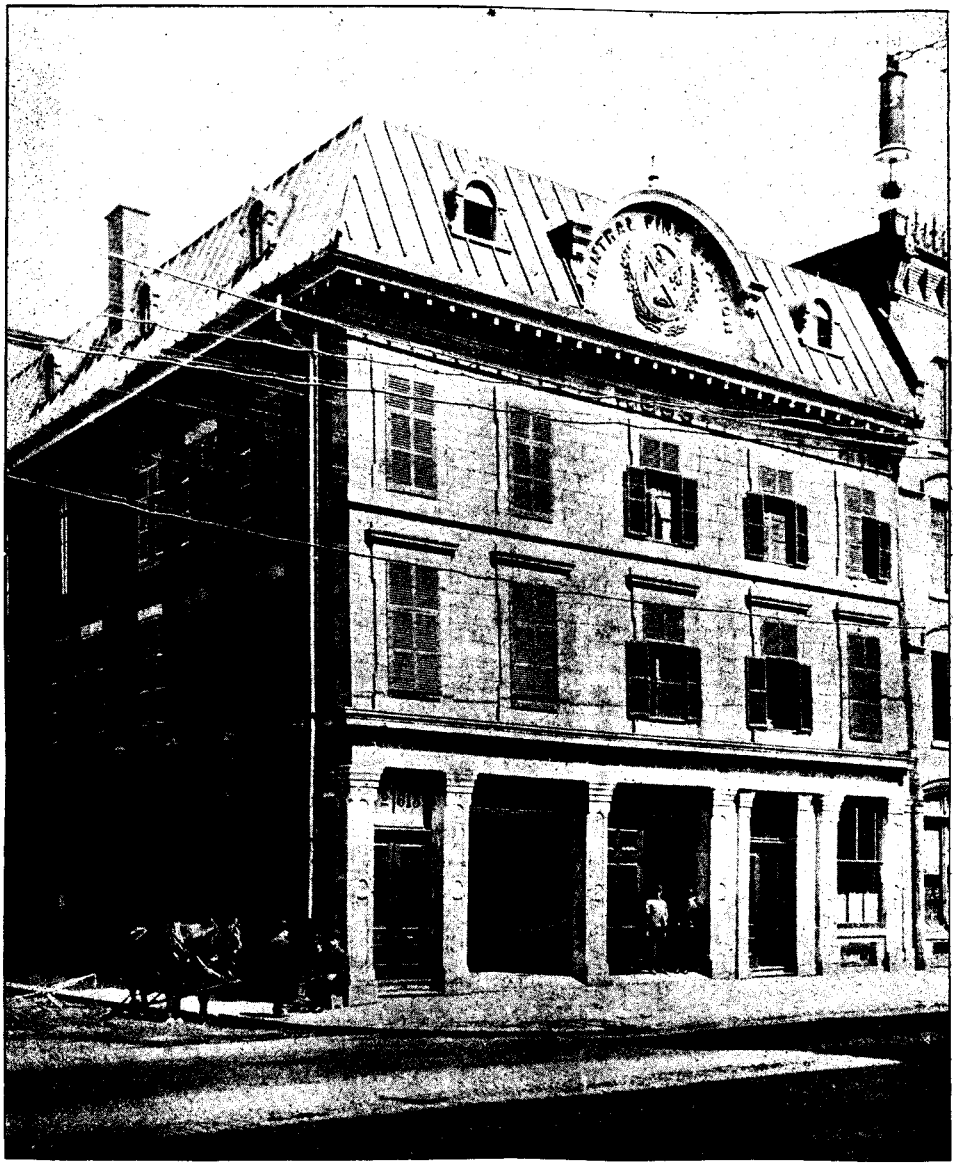
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. II. MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MARCH, 1893. No. 2.

Montreal Fire Brigade

WE are all born with a love for a life of action grafted in our hearts. It is this that impels a right thinking boy to tear frantically through the streets, trying to keep pace with the helmeted firemen as they career along in response to an alarm. Could you read the mind of that boy, you would probably find that he held the life of a fireman to be unquestionably a delightful one. Possibly he would sooner be a soldier or a sailor, but he envies these men who mount a wheeled hose-reel and drive at full speed through busy streets, ringing a bell to clear a passage for themselves. But nowadays we have a system whereby we educate the boy and reconcile him to become a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant. If when his years and his girth have increased, he possesses a big bank account, we bow before him. This system is a beautiful thing because, without it, the activity of youth would doubtless desire to excel in deeds, the doing of which might involve queer complications, and no bank account. Howbeit, despite our method of training the young idea, the ideals of early days lie latent. One has but to watch a grown man, when a fire alarm sounds, in order to know that this is true—and there is something that stirs the soul in the popular view of a fireman's life. We see him careering through our streets at all hours of the day and night, and we know that he is always ready to risk life and limb in the protection of property, the owner of which he neither knows nor cares to know. It is the purpose of this article to look briefly at him behind the scenes as well as when he appears in public with his axe and helmet. It is manifestly impossible to do him full justice in a sketch as incomplete as this one must necessarily be. But, because of the love for the latent ideal aforesaid, a terse account relative to the Montreal Fire Brigade may possibly be of interest.

Prior to the year 1863, property in Montreal was protected from fire by a volunteer force. Then, men were roused from their beds, or from the doings of their daily lives, by the ringing of alarm bells—and business was in a great measure suspended while the citizens rallied to fight the flames. Hand engines were used in those days, and forty men formed the complement for each engine. Forty muscular men make a force that is not to be



Central Fire Station, Craig Street.

despised, and they contrived to pump out a strong stream of water for some time—but muscles were apt to become overtaxed, and the volume of water to vary in consequence. When the alarm bells rang, the first available horse (provided it didn't belong to a doctor) was pressed into service to haul the equipment to the scene of action. The owner of the animal might or might not protest, but he must submit perforce—and he could get indemnified in due course by filing his claim at the City Hall. The water supply was by no means perfect in Montreal, in the days of the volunteer force. Indeed it was largely in the hands of a body of men who owned vehicles, which are commonly called water-carts. The corporation had a standing reward for the first water puncheon that put in an appearance to feed the engines. This was supplemented by a smaller sum to those that came later. Consequently, as may be imagined, there insued a great rush of "drawers of water" when the fire bells rang out. Of course the river furnished the volunteer brigade with a sup-

ply in many instances, and in others a well would often be available.

Mr. Henry Lyman was a leading spirit in the volunteer force, and Mr. Alfred Perry distinguished himself at innumerable fires. The latter is reported as having a talent for organizing men in moments of excitement. For instance it befell that he was in Paris during the great Exhibition in the time of the Emperor Napoleon III. He was there exhibiting a fire engine built by his brother, and it chanced that one of the public buildings took fire. The spirit moved Mr. Perry to fight the flames even as was his duty, being a member of the Montreal Volunteer Fire Brigade. Therefore he secured the assistance of a crowd, broke into the Exhibition Building and brought forth the engine built by his brother; with this he did such good service that the Emperor presented him with a medal. Amongst the members of the Montreal Fire Brigade, as it stands to-day, Assistant Chiefs Naud, Jackson, and Buckingham, belonged to the old volunteer force—also Capt. Rock of No. 11 Station, and Vincent King, who is Assistant Chief Jackson's driver.

On the first day of May, 1863, the Montreal Fire Brigade was organized as a regular paid force, with nine stations and thirty alarm boxes in different parts of the city, and twenty-seven men all told. To-day we find sixteen stations, 210 alarm boxes, and 160 men.

From the records in the City Hall, we find that 93 alarms occurred in the year 1861. Of these 54 were inside the city, 4 without, and 35 were false alarms. In contrast, we discover 807 alarms in the year 1891, whereof 8 were outside the city and 78 false alarms.

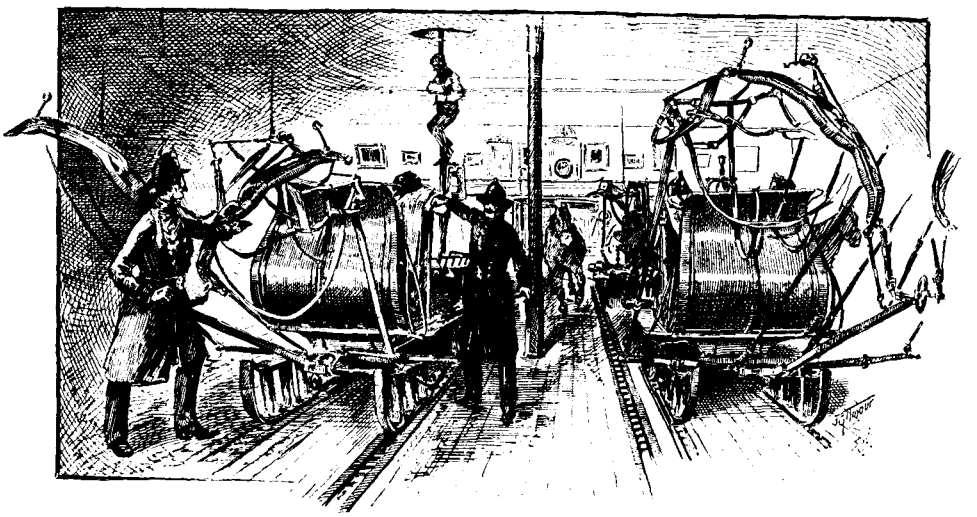
The stations of to-day are fitted with automatic inventions whereby, when an alarm sounds, the following events come to pass :—The clock stops, the doors of the stalls fly open, the halters attaching the horses unbuckle, and the animals, trained to that end, rush forth and wait, each in front of its allotted vehicle. Then the harness, suspended over the places where the beasts are taught to stand, drops upon their backs. The collar is so constructed that a slight pressure snaps it around the animal's neck, the reins are made fast to the bit by means of a flexible steel spring fastening, and the belly band is also snapped secure. Of course each man is drilled to know his own particular duty. The driver mounts the box, and, when the harness is literally snapped on the horse's back as aforesaid, he gives the reins a sharp jerk. This opens the street door and at the same time detaches the harness from the gear whereby it was suspended from the ceiling—and it also signals to the intelligent beasts that the time for actual starting has come. Then the other men spring upon their assigned vehicles, and the grand gallop through the streets to the scene of action ensues. These events that take so long to describe, are done in a marvellously short space of time. Eight seconds after the stroke of the alarm sees the detachment on the street *en route* to the box whence the signal sounded—think of it, eight seconds ! Truly this is a fast age.

The men sleep in the station, in a dormitory. Each man has a small iron bedstead, a chair, and a cupboard for his own use. They are obliged to make their beds every morning, and to tidy-up generally. One finds it hard to believe, when one glances over the spotlessly neat perspective of their sleeping apartment, that the hand of a woman has not been at work there. The dormitory is usually on the floor, immediately over the place where the equipment is kept. The men sleep in their clothes, with their top-boots placed conveniently near. One man always keeps watch in the room below. When an alarm sounds, the first thing is for all hands to haul on their heavy boots. Then a rush ensues for a man-hole that is cut in the floor of the dormitory. This has a sliding-pole of polished brass running through the centre, stretching from the ceiling overhead to the ground-flat where the reels, engines and things are. The men slide down this brass sliding-pole swiftly and safely ; the horses are already standing in position and the snapping and automatic maneuvring ensues, as before described. Coats, gloves and helmets are always kept on the vehicles, and they are usually donned long after the wild rush to fight the flames has commenced. They have systematized things so that the actual time lost in answering a night alarm is only a couple of seconds longer than when one occurs in the light of day.

The Brigade is on duty night and day. The only leave allowed, save in exceptional cases, is one afternoon, from one until six, and one evening, from six until eleven o'clock, every week. And should the absentee hear the alarm stroke during this leave, he must tear himself away from the bosom of his family, and assist

his companions in fighting the fire fiend; Sunday is in no wise different from other days. In addition to the opportunities of seeing his wife and family, above-mentioned, the fireman is allowed one hour at meal time. The captain is, for the most part, more fortunately situated, as he has quarters set apart for himself and family in the particular station under his charge.

One may see from the things aforesaid, that the life that seems so attractive when viewed through the glamour that is lent by the galloping of steeds, the ringing of bells, and the frantic excitement of citizens, great and small, is not altogether to be envied. For it is not nice to be on duty for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, with only one afternoon and an evening off every week. This particularly when one has a home to go to which is brightened by the presence of a wife and children. Decidedly it is not. But there is the spice of danger, the excitement of constant alarms, and the fierce joy of combat—the things in short that make small boys and grown men regard firemen as heroes—as indeed they are! For if it is heroic to do one's duty without the dread of danger, it is doubly so, in men's eyes, to die in the doing, which is no unusual occurrence.



At the sound of the Alarm

For example, take the fire that burned the Woodware Manufacturing Company's place on St. Urbain street, in April, 1876. The alarm sounded early on a Sunday morning, and was promptly responded to by the brigade. It is a simple tale! It happened that part of the wall of the burning building fell and buried three firemen beneath it. Those of their comrades that saw this thing, rushed to he rescue. In this they were joined by several citizens. It was known that the rest of the wall might tumble down upon them at any moment. You see they did not dream of allowing their mates to perish without making an effort to save them—and it happened that the rest of the wall did fall. Of course no time was lost in digging beneath the ruins, and ultimately all were exhumed. The three that had suffered from the first falling of the wall lived—eleven of their would-be rescuers lost their lives. This, I repeat, is a simple tale. But it manifests that there are brave hearts amongst those paid to fight the fire fiend in Montreal. Many other instances might be mentioned; indeed they are all too common. Allusion is made to the above because the number that perished is unusually large.

Apart from the actual danger to life and limb, there is the discomfort. It is no small thing to jump from a warm bed on a cold winter's night, to mount the driver's seat on a hose reel sleigh, and to go tearing full tilt through the streets, too busy managing the horse to find leisure even to put on a coat. It means the loss of a second or more to finish dressing before starting. Maybe that space of time would involve letting the detachment from another station reach the destination first. For there is a friendly rivalry in these things. Then again, when the temperature is very low, strange results befall. The hose freezes

On the way to a fire.

and refuses to work ; ultimately it has to be towed back to the station, a long snake-like thing, plugged with solid ice. The men are necessarily exposed to the streams of water that are turned upon the burning building. This freezes, and their clothing becomes caked. They cease to look like beings of flesh and blood in consequence, and come to resemble perambulating ice columns. Ultimately their trowsers crack at the knee, because being continually on the move, there is a constant strain on the ice formation, that has eaten into the fibres of the cloth. In due course this strain overtaxes the strength of the material, wherefore it breaks with a break that resembles the cut of a keen knife. The same thing occurs with other portions of their apparel ; but ordinarily the knee is affected first. Since the advent of the present chief, Alderman Stevenson (who is Chairman of the Fire Committee) has ordered rubber coats and boots to be supplied, which is a great improvement on the old order of things. A few smart blows and the ice peels in cakes from the impervious surface of these. But in the days when the department served out pilot cloth pea-jackets and leather boots, it was not easy for the men to remove their clothing after a fire in winter. Sometimes they doused the buttons with boiling water, to make them flexible ; frequently they were obliged to cut them off altogether.

Chief Benoit has, of course, sole direction of the force in case of fire. But to systematize the work and provide for the supression of two or more fires in different parts of the city at the same time, he has three assistant chiefs, to each of whom a separate district has been assigned. Thus, Mr. John Naud has charge of the eastern, Mr. Edward Jackson the central, and Mr. John Beckingham the western district. When an alarm sounds in either one of the above named quarters the assistant chief responsible for that quarter must be on hand. He gives his orders to the captains of the different stations in his district who in their turn pass them on to the men immediately under their command. In the event of a serious fire, a second alarm is sounded, and the entire brigade rallies to assist.

The city makes a provision for the widows of members of the force who die in the service ; and there is a Firemen's Benevolent Association whereby the men themselves contrive that a further donation be given.

Last year, two physicians, Doctors deCotret and Lamoureux, were engaged by the Department, on regular salaries, to attend to the men when indisposed from any cause. Two veterinary surgeons, Messrs. Bruneau and Patterson, are also on hand when the horses require attenion.

Z. Benoit, Chief of Montreal Fire Brigade.

Hard at work.

Number four station, Captain Prevost, situated on Chaboillez Square, is the largest and best equipped in the city. It has a force of 19 men all told, and 9 horses. The smallest is No. 13, Captain Naud, which is located in Hochelaga, on Desery street, with a compliment of 6 men and 2 horses.

The following are the names of the chiefs of the brigade since the establishment of a permanent force :

Alexander Bertram, 1863—1875.
William Patton, 1875—1888.
Z. Benoit.

The officers of the brigade to-day are as under :

Chief—Z. Benoit.

Assistant Chiefs—John Naud ; E. Jackson ; John Beckingham.

Supply officer and superintendent of horses—Jos. Beaulieu.

Secretary—L. A. D'Amour.

The following may be of interest as showing the difference in the pay roll :

1864.	Pay roll per week.....	$ 270 00
1892.	" "	1767 00
1864.	Assistant Chief, per ann.	500 00
1892.	" "	1200 00
1863.	Captains of stations.....	365 00
1892.	" "	700 00
1863.	Regular privates, from..	
	.....$240.00 to	270 00

1892. Regular privates, from . . . . . $500.00 to 600 00

As hinted at commencement, it is impossible to do the brigade full justice in an article like this. If one reads the daily papers, one gets an idea of the work they are called upon to perform, and of the dangerous nature of that work. The nearest approach to the old time man of blood and war in these days is surely the fireman. He is used to danger, because it is in the ordinary course of his daily duty. He is trained to obey implicitly and to act unmindful of what may befall—and his life is subject to constant alarms.

WALTON S. SMITH.

A PORTRAIT.

I hold before me, in weak, trembling hands,
The fading portrait of a woman's face—
A picture not of young and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred head the sands

Of Time had dripped, until the gleaming strands
Shone wan with sprinkled white.—A band of lace
Circles the wrinkled throat in fond embrace
E'en as these boyish arms, years gone, their bands

Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her
As softly rained her lullaby upon
My drowsy ear in dreamland's golden drips,

And as I scan that face, now, thro' the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice long gone
Soft crooning thro' the portal of lost lips!

—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

LE VIOLON.

E VIOLON ; a queer name for a girl, was it not? but she was a very queer girl, and so the name was not amiss. What would you think of a "girl" of twenty-six who spent her days polishing old cents with a lead pencil, and whose greatest ambition was to own a penny as large as a saucer? That was "Le Violon's" favourite pastime and dream ; and she had a wooden match-box full of polished cents as bright as gold.

The villagers of Ste. ———, before they gave her her odd nickname called her "L'Innocente." "The Innocent," which somehow sounds much kinder than "The Idiot," as we should have been likely to dub her.

Her left hand was no larger than that of a child of three, and the stunted arm was almost powerless ; while her right hand was as large as a boxer's. She used to hold a cent in the dwarfed hand. and polish away with her slate pencil for hours, swaying back and forth in her low rocking chair, watching for somebody, who never seemed to come,—*and playing the violin !* Yes, she could polish cents and play the violin at the same time, which is more than we could do ; but, "Thereby hangs a tale." Months before her darkened life began her mother had a shock that eventually cost her life, and made our poor heroine what she was.

It was a wild night towards the end of September, and the young wife was sitting in the kitchen with her husband, listening to the roar of the thunder, and piously crossing herself as the lightning ever and anon lighted up the dark corners and smoke-blackened rafters, and showed her her husband's brown face laid lovingly against the old violin, as he played softly the air of that hymn of hymns the "Minuet Chrétien !" Dreamily she dwelt on the days to come, when a little child would lie on his breast, when their baby would claim the resting place of the village musician's violin. The thunder sounded nearer and nearer, and the lightning blazed so fiercely that she arose and went in search of the blessed palm and holy water to sprinkle each room as a protection against the storm ; but before she had time to reach them down there was a harsh cry from the violin, a snapping of the strings, and something told her even then, and too truly, that her little baby would never lie on its father's breast now, and that the village musician would never play again, that his soul had gone out in the storm. And the sound of the violin haunted her, day and night, till the hour when the baby came and she went away to him.

It was sad to think when looking at that deformed body, and remembering the darkened mind, that she was once the centre of many a hope unrealized, the object of two young hearts' waiting devotion,—that poor unloved creature who could never have been anything but a disappointment, and who vaguely felt her imperfections, but knew not why, nor what they were.

She was twenty-six when I first saw her, and even then she only knew a few words ; but long before she could pronounce at all she used to give forth strange inarticulate sounds, like those of a violin in inexperienced hands. When she was about ten she began to rebel against the seclusion in which her aunt Monique kept her, and at last, for the sake of peace, they had to allow her to wander about at her will ; she was much less trouble so, and always returned at night ; sometimes she would not leave the house for weeks.

Thus time went by till she was twenty-six years old, with nothing for which to hope, and nothing much to dread, for the blows and pinches of the village boys were a matter of course to her, and it seemed quite natural that they should stone and chase her when she met them in the fields,—but she was just as ready to take thorns out of the hands that beat her so unmercifully, as a dog is to lick his tyrant's hand. She was indeed like to a dog in her blind fidelity, her forgiveness of injuries, and her mute, uncomprehending, resigned suffering. Once, years before, her aunt had taken her to a village dance to see the frolic. When the first jig struck up she jumped from her chair in the corner, and stood watching the player intently till he wound up with the three sharp scrapes that the *habitant* employs as a "finale,"—with the grin of a *gamin*, she threw back her head, gave the sounds of tuning as her predecessor had

done, and then, in the shrill tone of the rustic's fiddle she gave out a jig that first half-paralyzed her hearers with amazement, but finally starting them dancing like wild dervishes. The fiddler was less in request after that, and she was no longer called "L'Innocente," but was known ever after as "Le Violin." When the boys goaded her to desperation she would turn on them and "play" on her violin without tuning it, emitting the most frightful discords, apparently to her great enjoyment, though not to that of her audience. "Le Violin's" airs often had a sweet simplicity all their own, and when big Philippe, the woodsman, came in the winter's evenings to court her cousin Zenaïde, she would sit rocking by the stove and entertain him with the best in her repertoire, without waiting for praise or thanks; only pausing to smile with happiness at him, or to tell him he was "*Si beau, si beau!*" Her words were few, but the expression of her eyes left no room for doubt of her devotion to him, the one being who treated her kindly without contempt, and who did not wonder in her presence where her ultimate destination would be when the Lord should kindly call her away from them. Philippe, though clumsy and rough in his ways, was very tender-hearted, and it pained him when the others threatened her with the asylum and scourgings when she was rebellious, and it pained him still more when old Monique would look at her and shake her head, saying: "There is no place for her here; and she can't go to heaven for she has no more merit than blame; perhaps, like the unbaptized children, her soul will become a white butterfly when she dies. "Le Violon" would listen with a pained wonder in her eyes, as she nursed her statuette of St. Joseph by the fire; but at one kind word and look from Philippe the shadow would disappear, and her future fate would be forgotten for one of his favourite tunes.

Now, Phillippe had charge of the floating timber that lay along the banks of the river near the village, waiting for the ships that carried it far away, and each log was to him a responsibility as great as its own weight. One wild wet day in the autumn, when the river and sky were cold and gray and the great waves dashed against the trunks of the pine trees that grow along the river road-side, Philippe took his flat and armed with a long timber hook, started in pursuit of some logs that had been washed over the booms. The tide had turned, and a long and trying chase was before him, but Philippe was as strong as he was honest, and pulled down the river with a will.

Meanwhile Monique and Zenaïde watched and waited in suspense that grew almost unbearable as the light began to fade; the storm grew in fierceness and yet he did not come. Darkness fell; the house shook with the fury of the wind; they could scarcely hear each other's voices for the roar of the waves, and old Monique dropping on her knees cried to Zenaïde: "Let us say the prayers for the dying—there is no longer any hope." "*Oh, ma mére!*" wailed Zenaïde, "could nobody go to his aid?" "*Hélas!* no boat could live in such a storm; nobody would venture even hours ago: *non, non;* he will sleep in Heaven to-night—Philippe will never return."

"Le Violon," rocking the statuette of St. Joseph listened, but said not a word.

While Monique and Zenaïde were sobbing the *De Profundis* for the soul that was passing away, Philip was battling with the great dark river alone. How long he had clung to the bow of the overturned flat he knew not; twice had the waves, breaking over him, washed him away from it, and he knew as he felt his strained muscles relax, and his grasp grow ever weaker that the third time would be the last. What use to struggle, he thought vaguely, it was only a matter of moments now; and yet—if he could but draw himself up on to the flat he would be comparatively safe; gathering his last strength for this last effort, and clinching the bow with a grip of desparation, he sprang from the water to his waist. It was a brave attempt, and a vain one, for his weight raised the boat's stern out of water and the bow plunged under with him. When it recovered its balance Philippe was holding weakly with only one hand now. One by one his fingers loosened their hold, and he drifted at his arm's length from the flat: "It is death at last," he thought. "*Adieu, Zenaïde!*"—when lo!—a sound!—had he gone mad in that awful struggle? No, no! he heard it too clearly, born on the wind! They were coming to save him, and the "Violon" had come too, to signal their approach! Only those who have passed through it can know the fierce strength that a gleam of hope gives to the drowning, even at the eleventh hour. Once more he gripped the flat as in a vice, and shouted with all his might. Nearer

and clearer sounded those shrill notes. There was an answering cry, and a splash, and, with a sigh of relief, he flung himself on the life-preserver—saved at last!

As his mind grew clearer he knew by the drawing that the float was tied to the boat, but no attempt was made to haul it in.

"Who's aboard?" he called.

"Le Violon"—with a meaningless laugh.

"Who else?"

"All alone"—vacantly.

All alone! She had come out all alone in that awful storm! Philippe, remembering her withered arm, could hardly credit it. Of course she had come with the wind and tide, but how had she managed the boat at all? It was marvelous that she should have guided it even the short distance from the village to the scene of his peril. He rested a few minutes in silence, and then drew himself feebly, hand over hand, along the rope till he reached the boat. Holding by the gunwale, he called:

"Le Violon, try to push the ballast-stones aft, and then sit astern yourself while I climb in or the boat will capsize,—do you understand?"

No answer; but he heard the thud of the heavy stones as she turned them over and over, pushing with knees and hand. It was no light work, and Philippe resting on the life-preserver had time to steel himself for the final effort.

"Is that the last?" he asked anxiously, after what seemed to him an age, as he heard her groan over the task.

"*Oui, oui!*"

"Then one shove, with all your strength, brave 'Le Violon,' and I shall be with you!" He heard the rasping of the stone on the boat's bottom, a laugh of glee, and a splash.

"Don't pitch over any more," he cried, "or my weight will upset the boat;" then bracing himself for the leap, he sprang at the bow, only to slip back. Again! and reached the boat, falling headlong into it in merciful unconsciousness.

The storm had abated, and the sun struggled faintly through the clouds, when Philippe reviving, looked about him, still half-dazed. There was only the rudder-oar in the boat, fastened securely at the stern,—where were the others? Like a flash came the thought:

"It was 'Le Violon" who saved me—she could but use one hand—great heaven! where *is* 'Le Violon?'"

That is what neither Philippe, nor you, nor I will ever know; but he could not doubt that she had lost her balance in her struggle with the last stone, and that that laugh and splash were the last he would ever hear of the poor creature who had given her life for him, because he had never beaten her, and spoke kindly to her sometimes.

Philippe and Zenaïde have been married some years now; and old Monique in the summer evenings, sitting rocking their children to sleep, still shakes her head drearily, and wonders whether "Le Violon" has found a place at last. Philippe and Zenaïde say nothing in reply; but their greatest treasure is a little statuette of St. Joseph, and an old match-box full of polished cents; and Philippe's little ones will never hurt a white butterfly.

BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

A Singing Girl.

Japanese Actors and Dancing Girls.

ACTORS are of various sorts and degrees in *Dai Nihon* or *Dai Nippon* as less refined people say. First in the social scale are those who perform at the 'No' or theatres devoted to the production of classical drama. Then there are the girls who belong to private troupes attached to fine clubs. These *geisha* or dancing girls are clever, well educated and beautiful, indeed if they had not the latter qualification they would seek some other means of livelihood. The actors at the Shiba or common theatres are looked down upon and despised. At these plebeian houses little comedies are played of which the plots are always more or less amusing, but the gestures curiously wooden and stiff—due it is said to the rigid following of tradition, for these characters were originally performed by the marionettes. This fact also accounts for the chorus, still retained but shut off from the stage within a little latticed place from whence from time to time they give vent to dismal wails supposed to be explanatory of the plot.

Just as in the early days of the English stage, men alone act and the female parts are played by boys. Though there are actresses too, men and women never play together at the principal theatres as it is supposed it would have an immoral tendency; yet the Shiba theatre owes its origin to two women, O'Kuni and O'Tsu, who were celebrated for this style of acting in the sixteenth century.

At the Shiba the best places cost about one dollar, the spectator purchasing a

Old Style Dancers.

"mat" or half a "mat," the latter being sufficient for one person and costing a yen (dollar). For the poorest place a native would pay a sum equal to ten cents. A "mat" means simply as much space as is occupied by one of those fine rice straw mats upon which the Japanese sit. As these are always the same size—six feet—the term has come to signify certain dimensions.

The theatres open at nine in the morning and close about six or seven in the evening, and the purchaser of a "mat" stays as long or as short a time as pleases him. Every one amuses him or herself according to his own sweet will, either talking to a friend or even standing up to look about. Parties consisting of mothers, fathers and children, bring their luncheon or buy sweetmeats from the men who go about selling those dreadful rice cakes that look so delicious and are such bitter deceptions. In spite of all this freedom there is no noise or roughness, every one as a matter of course quietly conducts himself as he best likes, either listening to the play or chatting with his neighbours.

The No theatres are very different. They have all the aristocratic patronages and are managed in accordance with the strictest decorum. The No dances are very ancient, and were first instituted in a religious spirit in the sixth century. They were intended to please the gods and the parts were taken only by noblemen. The No is the most famous of all the dances, and is attended by the nobility and gentry, who bring books and follow the play carefully, for it is classical and most highly esteemed. The subjects belong either to ancient history or mythology. It is usually played in sets with Kiyogen or farces as interludes. The first of the set is designed to gain the favour of Heaven, the second to foster love of the beautiful in nature, and the third, to drive away Oni or devils, is always played in armour.

The dresses are magnificent, gorgeous in colour and stiff with gold and silver brocade. Wigs and masks are always worn; the latter are centuries old and belonged to the companies who originated these sets. They are of thin lacquered wood, are most carefully kept, each one has its own soft silk bag and separate compartment into which it is slipped so soon as it is taken off. These dances are always the same, and are most conventional, tradition having laid down certain strict rules through which no one has the audacity to break, nor is it very likely that such a daring innovator would receive much encouragement.

The language being ancient Japanese is difficult to understand, and only a few of the very profound scholars could follow the plot without a book.

The first of the set is entitled Hachiman of the Bow. A venerable looking old man enters carrying a long brocade bag. He announces that he is an old attendant upon the shrine of Hachiman, the God of War, and that the bag contains a wonderful mulberry bow which he has long been desirous of presenting to the Mikado, but being merely a humble servitor he dare not approach his Imperial Majesty. By means of this sacred bow the gods earned for the country the well deserved title of Land of Great Peace. He recalls to his hearers the piety and devotion of the Empress Jingo, the mother of Hachiman, and it is owing to her prayers and sacrifices, he declares, that the people enjoy their present prosperity; then suddenly throwing off all disguise the Great God of War himself stands revealed. The effect is quite dramatic. The chorus chant praises of the gods, especially Hachiman. The second of the set is intended to cultivate a taste for the beauties of nature. It is founded on a legend of the twelfth cent-

ury. A hero named Tsuna was so celebrated for his great musical skill that the Mikado, with whom he was a great favorite, gave him a beautiful instrument named Azure Mountain. After Tsuna was killed in the civil wars the Emperor built a shrine to his memory and Azure Mountain was placed in it. As a further token of esteem his Majesty ordered a ceremonial funeral accompanied by magnificent music to last seven days. All that is recited by a priest of the shrine called Giyokei. The chorus chant of the loneliness of the spot, of the brooding, overcast night and the picturesque scenery. Presently Tsuna's ghost appears to thank all those who assisted at the obsequies. He withdraws only to reappear in a few moments and sing of his beloved Azure Mountain. Then the ghost begins to play so exquisitely, yet so softly, that the unitiated might think it was the gentle plash of the shower or the soft sighing of the wind through the trees, but Giyokei recognizes the sweet tones of Azure Mountain and cries out to know if it is really Tsuna himself. The ghost is dreadfully distressed that he has permitted carnal eyes to see him, and tells the priest that for this sin he will suffer torments when he returns to the dwelling of departed spirits. Once again the chorus sing of the beauties of nature in general and Fuzi in particular.

The last set played in armour is a legend of sword forging. A noted smith, called Munechika, is ordered to forge a weapon for the Emperor. The armourer feels overpowered at receiving such an august commission, and distrusts his ability to worthily fulfil it. Despairingly he calls upon his patron god for assistance. The god appears in human form, and tells the smith that he need have no doubts, for the supernatural aid will be granted him.

Japanese plays are very solemn affairs, and it sometimes takes two or three days to play out a single set, as they descend to the most minute and frequently tiresome details, and the Kiyogen are numerous, and, to the outsider, more interesting.

The Chou Kina Dance.

In an English book written about Japan many years ago, the author gives the plot of one which he saw, and which has been performed with additions and variations many times since. This little farce is called "The Theft of a Sword." A gentleman and his servant (Tarokaja) are strolling down the street one day, when the servant notices another gentleman just in front of them, wearing a very fine

HACHIMAN OF THE BOW.

Tsuna.

sword. Tarokaja suggests that if they could get possession of that weapon it would be a very fine thing. In this his master agrees, but says it is impossible. The servant, however, thinks he could manage it, if his master would lend him his own sword for a little while. To this the gentleman accedes, and Tarokaja waits until the stranger with the coveted weapon stops to look at some things in a shop. Now is his opportunity, Tarokaja thinks, and he steals up behind and lays his hand on the hilt of the stranger's sword, but the latter is not to be caught so easily, and quickly drawing he makes a fierce cut at the impudent knave, who takes to his heels in terror, leaving his master's weapon behind, which the gentleman picks up and walks off with. Tarokaja feels that he has come out of the scrape very second best, and though thankful to escape with his life, does not know exactly what to say to his master concerning the loss of his valued blade. He has not, however, run the gamut of his ingenuity yet, and though he tells his master ruefully enough of his accident, he has a plan by which they may regain not only the lost weapon, but the other also. Master and man start off together to put this idea in execution. They have no difficulty in finding the stranger, for he is admiring one of the beautiful temples near by. The servant steps in front of his intended victim, and attempts to bind him, but is immediately knocked down. His master tells him to get up and bind the gentleman from behind, which he endeavors to do, but is so awkward that he slips the noose over his master's head instead of that of the stranger, and manages to bring them both to the ground, while the stranger walks off laughing, and being the gainer of a fine sword.

Love and marriage are more often the themes, however. A rather good, but very long one, played a short time ago, was entitled "The Pipe-Mender," and was quite tragic in tone, which is unusual, as comedy is more popular in Kiyogen. A pretty young lady falls in love with a poor pipe mender, but her father has set his mind upon a certain nobleman for her husband. The 'go-between' arranges matters so that the girl thinks her father is deceived, and that she is about in reality to wed her lover. Not until she lifts her silken hood, at the end of the marriage ceremony, does she discover that it is she who has been deluded, and that she has married the man, not of her heart, but of her father's choice. However, it is too late to protest, and she departs to her husband's home quietly. After a short time she meets her old admirer again, who declares that he still

Geisha.

loves her, and they exchange vows of undiminished affection. Her husband discovers them and slays them both, only to find out that the seemingly low, uneducated man had formerly been his greatest friend, but who having met with a sudden loss of fortune, had been compelled to make a living as best he could. Stricken with remorse, the husband decides to commit hara-kiri (disembowelment), which he does after a good deal of wincing and screwing up of his courage. It may occur to some readers as curious that the gentleman does not kill himself because his wife was unfaithful and is now dead, but because he has slain his friend. Wives do not count for much in Japan; privileges they have few, and rights they have none.

A Koti Orchestra.

The actresses or dancing girls, *geisha*, attached to fine private clubs such as the Momeji Kahn of Tokyo are highly educated and bear a good character. They perform the old classical dramas such as the Nakarmura dance and their training is as arduous as that of the male actors. While in Tokyo I witnessed the Tokyo dance given at this club by the private troup. This drama is so difficult that though one of the foreigners present had been in Japan for ten years he told me that this was the first opportunity he had had of witnessing it.

It was played in a set of four and dealt chiefly with the adventures and romantic history of Yoshitsuné. The acting to my untutored eye was not impressive, due no doubt to my singular lack of taste. The dresses were gorgeous; white, scarlet and gold crape and brocade were worn by the three girls who played in the second part. The last of the set was founded on a legend very popular among the Japanese boys: the famous battle between Yoshitsuné and the giant Benke which took place on Gojo bridge. Yoshitsuné was taught to fence by the *tengu*, a mythical creature, half man and half bird, noted for its great agility. In this celebrated combat Yoshitsuné leaped so high in the air as to become completely invisible which so bewildered his unfortunate opponent that he was easily overcome.

Benke was represented by a very pretty, tall, slim girl whose principal weapon seemed to be a very handsome gilt fan. Yoshitsuné was a shorter, round-faced young woman whose countenance was painted into a fierce and terrible scowl. She wore a pair of very full pale green silk trousers and an extraordinary *obi* or sash that looked like two long rolls of wall-paper. In her hand she carried a long halberd which she flourished about and swung over her head. Benke jumped round and

A Geisha Performance

round in a small circle in a manner calculated to make one's head swim. Yoshitsuné's agility was represented by an extraordinary and apparently very difficult spring into the air, in which the actress, at first facing the audience, jumped, drawing up her feet and at the same time turning in the air, so that when she landed it was with her back to the spectators; this feat always produced a murmur of applause among the Japanese, who evidently admired it very much.

Benke collapsed after two or three of these and sank down on the floor completely overcome.

The music was furnished by three young women who wailed in tones that were harrowing but dramatic in the extreme.

A Dancing Girl.

The education of the *geisha* begins at the age of seven and is severe and unremitting; she is taught to dance, to play some one of the various native instruments and to sing in that high falsetto so sweet to the Japanese and so trying to Europeans. She may be easily recognized in the street by her swaying walk and extremely short step which is regarded as the height of refinement. It is said that to obtain this latter effect a cord is tied from one leg to the other so that a long step or stride is impossible.

HELEN E.
GREGORY-FLESHER.

EL-SIE! The call came quaveringly from the low house on the knoll to the woman who stood at the spring below, her red wooden pail poised on the top rail of the zig-zag fence.

She was tall and thin. Her faded blue dress hung in scant folds about her, and her grey-streaked hair was drawn smoothly away from her face, to roll tightly on her neck. She raised the heavy pail slowly and walked up the hill with it in her left hand, her right arm extended to balance herself, the moving right hand filled with violets. Inside the kitchen door she placed the pail on a wooden block.

"Whatever's kep' you, girl?" cried her mother, who was moulding biscuit at the table. "Joe aint to home ner Tom you know, so you'll hev to git up them cows. You wont hev to go fur, most likely they'll be a-comin down the lane."

At forty-two Elsie still unhesitatingly obeyed her mother, and the old lady, who never attempted to control her sons' actions, delighted in ruling her house and Elsie.

When the younger woman had put on her flappy, yellow sun-bonnet and had gone out again, her mother, turning towards the shelves, where her pans were kept, espied the violets, as Elsie had placed them. "Wal if that Elsie don't beat all," was her out-spoken comment, "She's allus a luggin' in some trash er other. An into my best yeller bowl too. That old cracked cup's good enough for sech weeds," transferring the violets as she spoke. "She never seems to think she's getting old for sich child's play. But here, I'm talkin' to myself agin. Joe ud give it to me, if he heered me," as she bustled to the oven door.

"Whatever keeps them boys," she said later, "everything's spoilin'. They're mostly keen enough for their suppers, to be home on time."——"There, there they be now, and somebody with 'em too. Land sake who kin that young whippersnapper be?"

The men drove up and Joe and the stranger, getting out of the wagon, came to the door. "This here's Mr. Hamilton, mother," he said. "He thinks of stoppin' with us a bit if youse kin keep him."

Mr. Hamilton held out his hand. It was much whiter and softer than Mrs. Lee's.

"I should like to remain here for a short time Mrs. Lee," he said, "I could, of course, have stayed at the Corners, but I preferred going elsewhere."

"Wal you'll hev to take pot-luck with us, but we'll make you as comfortable as we kin; come in, come in."

Mrs. Lee's excessive curiosity brought out a great deal of information about Arthur Hamilton during supper. He came from Kingston. "Land sake, you're more'n a hundred miles from home," was the old lady's comment on that. Years before, his father had got a tract of land near the Corners in some business exchange. He had never considered it as being worth cultivation, but of late his attention had been drawn to it and he had sent his son to superintend the draining, clearing and working of the land. Mrs. Lee's questions about his age he parried skilfully. He did not care to sanction, what his beardless, pink and white cheeks asserted, that he was barely twenty years

The call came quaveringly from the low house on the knoll to the woman who stood at the spring below.—See page 84.

of age. To turn her attention, he began to ask for himself. "You have only two sons, Mrs. Lee?" he asked.

"Yes, just Tom and Joe and—and Elsie's my only daughter. We're all the wimmin folks of this family," with a wave of her hand towards Elsie. "My man's been dead this fifteen year," she went on, "and one boy too. He was allus so tender like, I never expected to raise him. We had the two deaths right at oncet. I knowed some of us would go soon after my man, for, as he died on Saturday, we had to keep the corpse over Sunday, and I've never knowed that sign to fail, an' so little Sammy was took three weeks after."

On Arthur's part he would rather have the old lady talk than not. He did not hear all that she said, but it somehow kept him from the homesickness, which, as manly as he tried to be, would creep over him, when he saw darkness settling down outside, and when he thought that a whole summer in that place was before him. His thoughts went far afield and when he came back to what was around him, the old woman was saying, "Elsie, she's been down to Merriville oncet for a visit. It's the only time she's ever bin away from home. I cal'clate I got a girl who aint fond of much gaddin' about," and the old woman laughed a laugh of highest satisfaction. "Elsie keeps on talkin' 'bout her visit yet, though its most twenty year ago, now."

Arthur looked over at Elsie, watching her face come out from the shadows, as the glow from the little glass lamp she was lighting increased. Only away from this place and those people once in her life, and that twenty years ago! Her face, small wonder that it was sallow and wrinkled. Her hair was grey. It might have been pretty once; those little waves and crinkles, that would come in spite of careful smoothing, seemed to say that. His mother would perhaps have been of the same age as this woman if she had lived, but what a contrast they would

surely have presented He wondered if the pretty stilishly-dressed sister at home would ever look like this faded woman. He was certain, though, that Grace Hamilton had usually more pleasure crowded into a day, than Elsie Lee had had in her forty years of life.

Arthur Hamilton came from his work one night just at dusk. Elsie was getting water at the spring and he stopped to help her. The long, low house was outlined on the knoll in front of them. At their feet the spring bubbled up and plashed over the low side of the curb into the little brook, faintly visible, murmuring and rippling away through the meadow to their right, until it was lost in a group of green, fringing willows. Over head the wind sighed softly through the great trees, bringing a faint perfume from the blossom-laden boughs of the orchard on the left, just across the lane.

"You have rather a pretty place here, Miss Lee," Arthur said.

"I kind o' think so sometimes," she answered, "but I don't know much about pretty places. This has been just so ever since I kin remember."

"It could be made really fine, Miss Lee, with this splendid hill for terracing and this spring and—and, why you have every advantage of situation, I am sure."

"Tom and Joe they're well satisfied to leave it so, but I'd like to hev a new house any ways," said Elsie.

"Oh the house is all right as it is," he answered. "It is a picture in itself, beside the new piles of brick and wood, so common now-a-days."

"Yes, mebbe so," she answered in her soft drawling voice, "but I seen some nice houses down to Merriville and I've allus wanted one like some of them."

"I've allus been a wantin' to go back there," she went on, after a pause, "but I aint somehow made out to do it."

"It has been such a long time since," said Arthur, "I wonder you have not forgotten all about your visit."

"Why you see I aint had anything else like that happen to remember, so's I could fergit."

"But don't you find life here lonesome and dreary?" said Arthur, his tones full of boyish sympathy.

"Why no," she answered. "This is my home you see, and I've allus got so much to do, my mind aint never free to feel onhappy; but I must be a-gettin' indoors with this water, there's the bread to be sot to-night."

II.

Tolder's, the tavern at the "Corners," stood beside the road, half a mile below the Lee farm. Across the road was a grove of trees, crowning the steep bank of a stream, that purled along its rocky bed far below. The house itself was old and guiltless of paint. One of its red brick chimneys was partly toppled over on the roof. Around the house ran a shaky looking verandah, following which, at the south-west corner of the house, one came upon a short flight of ricketty, wooden steps, leading down into an underground room, excavated and furnished for the landlord and his special cronies. This was the "Red Parlor," though there was nothing about the room to give it the attribute of redness, nor the dignity of a parlor, but such was its name and the men, who were privileged to gather there, were the "Knights of the Red Parlor."

Within the bar of Tolder's one evening, sat a group of these jovial comrades, enveloping themselves in a blue cloud from their pipes.

"Boys, I've got a bit of news fer you," said a young rakish-looking fellow.

"Out with it Jack," said one.

"Got a fortune left from your uncle in the Old Country?"

"Goin' to get married, John Henry?"

"No he aint. Costs money to get a license, an' pay the preacher."

"Let up there boys. Perhaps Jack does know a little bit of somethin'. Go ahead Jack."

Jack was well used to this coarse chaffing, so, not in the least angered, he went on—, "When I was over to Wilding last week, I of course put up bag and baggage at the preacher's, you know."

A loud burst of laughter greeted this, mingled with cries of "Tony Jack," "Gittin' too high up fer us, Jack," "How's the Bishop, Johnnie?" "Come away now, what you givin' us?"

"Well you see boys, I dug a little ditch fer his lordship, so natully I et with the quality in the kitchen, and slep' in the room off it. But that aint the point. Us fellers knows well that Parson Jim's son aint no sneakin' saint."

"You bet he aint," said one.

"Well," Jack proceeded, "I was there diggin' the ditch through their back lot and once Jim Junyor, who, as you might know, didn't want to speak much round to me in sight of any one, well he worked it cunnin' one day to hev a talk, and

while he was there he whips out a letter from his pocket. "Jack," says he, "here's a little canary up your way, that aint long out of his cage. The guvnor's been planning to send me to the North West this summer, and whilst I was agoin' through his desk, jest to get ahead of his plans, and be ready fer him you see, I came acrost this here letter 'mongst the others. And when I'd taken it all in, I says to myself, I'll pop it out to Jack, he'll mebbe hev some use fer it."

"It appears that some rich old coon in Kingston has one son, a youngster 'bout twenty years old and this young feller got in with a lot of jolly fellers, and ez them green ones are apt to do, he went it hard and fast. Lost money on every thing, never seemed to hev no luck in that line. Finally the old gent got tired of his doin's and he shipped him off to these parts, to over-see a gang of men that's workin' on the Cranberry Mash east of Bear Crick, you know. He's a boardin' down to Lee's."

"Now that's my news," he said, taking his feet from the chair round and replacing his pipe.

There was silence for a moment, each man revolving certain thoughts in his mind.

"I've seen the chap," said one at last. "He's been down to the post office oncet or twicet. Dresses as if his guvner was pretty well fixed. Guess we'd better make his acquaintance, boys. He'll likely be lonesome coming from the city to this little place," with a knowing leer round the group.

"He'll never be much lonesome ez long ez Mam Lee has her tongue in good runnin' order," put in Jack.

Afterwards, just as they were leaving the "Red Parlor," Tolder called Jack aside. "What's that chap's name, Jack?" he asked. "Hamilton, Arthur Hamilton, if I remember right what Jim Junyor said," answered Jack. "And he's only twenty, you say. Well we'll hev to shear pretty judicious mebbee."

"Oh the old feller's good fer anything," said Jack with a grimace.

These men seemed to shrink from acknowledging their object before the whole company. Perhaps some latent sense of right and wrong gave them a feeling of shame, or perhaps the habit of concealment from outsiders made them cautious.

It did not take long to find a way to a close acquaintance with Arthur Hamilton. He had grown weary of the long, lonely evenings at Lee's and though he at first disliked the company at Tolder's, yet, their fawning flatteries, their good humor, and above all, the close attention they paid to every word he said, won his immature judgement completely. As Tolder himself had said, "they must shear judicious" and the first clip of the scissors was scarcely felt by this stray lamb. So he came to spending nearly all his evenings at Tolder's. His comrades having, like himself, night hours only for leisure, his work was not materially neglected.

"'Pears to me the little whipper-snapper's relishin' Tolderses more'n he thought he would at first," sarcastically remarked Mrs. Lee one night, when the hour for retiring had come, and Arthur, as usual of late, was absent.

"Ez long ez he pays his way, we need'nt be partic'ler where he spends his time, mother," said Joe.

"Mebbe not, mebbe not," she answered; "but they ain't any quality folks down there, and ther ain't no tellin' what he'll head into. Ef he was my boy"—an expressive closing of the lips said the rest.

III.

Up in her little low-roofed room one night, Elsie knelt at the window, looking out over the sleeping world, bathed in the bright light of a full moon. The trees waved their leaves brightly, as the wind sighed through them, making dancing shadows on the grass; the zigzag fence held ghostly shadows in the corners; outside the fence the road lay white and distinct.

Years ago, during the one memorable visit of her life, Elsie had met one who had gained all her simple heart. But she was so shy, so utterly unacquainted with the world and love, that she shrank from the least advances. Sometime after her return home, he ventured to follow her, but Joe and Tom, never dreaming that plain, quiet Elsie was the stronger attraction, kept him with themselves. In their own way these two stolid men reverenced woman, but to think of taking a wife was beyond them. Why, Elsie and her mother kept the meals going regularly, and that was as much as a wife could do. So the stranger, as faint of heart as Elsie herself, went away at last, without a word. Her one-love dream had ended, and the old monotony of work lay before her,

making her, if possible, more quiet than ever.

With Arthur Hamilton coming, the old life had suddenly brightened, like to a gleam of sunshine suddenly glinting across a dark room. All the pent-up affection of her nature was lavished on Arthur, though to him she appeared as reserved as ever. All the delicacies she knew how to prepare were made for him, and his room was kept in spotless order, and always there was a little bunch of flowers on the old-fashioned bureau. As tenderly as his dead mother could have done, did she watch over him, and from jealousy of the companions who were so attractive, she came to agony of mind, all the keener that it was from so true a heart, to think that he was being led astray.

This night she was waiting, as she had so often waited, for his home coming. At last he came, his unsteady steps supported by two companions, who opened the wide gate, and then left him to find his way alone. A sudden temptation to go down and say to him all that was in her heart, to implore him to go away from the place and from those evil men, came over her. The impulse was strong, but the force of habit, of the reserve which all her life had enfolded her, was yet stronger, and she struggled until the unsteady steps in the hall and the noisy closing of a door told her that it was too late this time. But that half-formed resolve, that first lifting from old habits, was but the beginning of the end.

There came a dark, stormy night, when Elsie could bear it no longer. When the family were all asleep, she came downstairs, with her shawl wrapped about her, softly opened the kitchen door, and bravely facing the lashing rain and the sharp flashes of lightning, walked swiftly away to the "Corners." She made excuses for herself as she walked along, talking aloud, as if in answer to some one. "Why, how ever 'ud he get home if I didn't go? Them there fellers could never help him along sech a night ez this. If he fell into the gully I'd call myself to blame. Why, I'm an old maid, and he's just a boy. Anyway I'm goin' right after him."

When she reached Tolder's the house was in darkness, save where the one side and the two front windows of the bar-room showed a dim light. She leaned against one of the verandah posts waiting, she hardly knew for what. At last the door opened, and Elsie shrank into the darkness, as the noisy, drunken men came out. The six "knights" came first, on their way to the 'parlor.' Arthur was the last one to come, and, as he turned to close the door, Elsie made a swift step forward.

"You come home with me," she whispered. He started when she touched him, but his befogged brain could not clearly understand her. The others were out of sight now, so she said a little louder, with a persuasive pressure of his arm,—

"Come home with me. The storm's a-gettin' worse; come on." But the wolves had missed their prey. She had just time to crouch again out of the light, when Tolder came around the corner.

"Come on, Hamilton. What you hangin' back here for?" he said gruffly, and Arthur followed, obedient to the hand that grasped his arm.

There was nothing now but to wait there under the verandah, as far away as she could get from the flying rain drops, hiding her face in her shawl, to shut out the vivid lightning flashes.

A long, long time she sat there, her mind in a chaos of doubts. If her mother knew of this what might not happen, and the lashing stings of her mother's fury were no light things to encounter. And Tom and Joe—they would, she thought, turn her out of the house. "Sech an outlandish thing to do," she could hear Tom saying. "You'se allus was the fool o' the family." He had said those very words to her before, when she had once startled them all by a sudden assertion of independence. She had always remembered those words. But she was here,—there was no help now for that,—and here she meant to stay, till she could take Arthur home.

She had from early childhood been afraid of storms, the mystery of them increasing her fear. And this storm—when Elsie could not forbear to raise her head she would see the thick darkness quiver with a hissing, blue flame, showing the trees with their distinct leaves, on the bank of the gully opposite. Then came the thunder, sharp and quick, that hardly died away in long, booming rolls, ere the darkness was swept again to sight, and left with the vivid, writhing light. Through it all mingled the music of pattering rain-drops, now soft, and then swelling in a crescendo, borne away by the soughing blasts of wind.

Through it all Elsie sat, shivering at

every sound, moaning now and then in her terror. After weary waiting the men came back noisily, reeking with the fumes of tobacco and rum. Arthur never knew who guided his steps so tenderly up the lonely road that night, or who led him so quietly through the kitchen and up the stairway, to the open door of his room.

Next morning the sun shone through soft, cloudless azure. The birds twittered and sang from branches whose leaves were yet glossy with undried rain-drops. The tall flower bells still drooped, but the dandelion, the heartsease, and all the lowly ones, lifted their faces bravely, to be caressed by the cool sweet air.

Elsie came down at her wonted early hour. Her face did not show the fatigue of the night before, but she felt as one does who awakes for a moment unconscious of trouble, then suddenly realizes the weary burden of life, and the short sleep-given strength flees away. They took breakfast alone. Mrs. Lee broke the silence.

"My land, I ain't never heard sech a torm az that las' night, for one good pell, an' that lightnin' jest kep' agoin' all he time."

"Jest like some wimmin's tongues," put in Joe, as he left the table, followed by his brother.

"Well it cooled the air, but it ain't done much for your temper," retorted his mother. When the men had gone out she continued to Elsie,—

"Where's that little feller? What's to hender him from gettin down to eat with us? I guess mebbe we're good as them fellers down to Tolderses. He got home all hours of the night too. I heered one of the boys ahelpin him up to bed. I aint goin to stand this sort of work much longer. If Tom and Joe theirselves didn't tipple a little now and then, I'd never a put up with it fer so long as I hev."

"What can you do about it, mother?" asked Elsie in a startled tone.

"Land sake, what foolish questions you kin ask, an' at your age to. Why I'll send fer his dad to come, or I'll send him flyin to live at Tolderses, that's what I kin do about it. I s'pose the old man encourages the little feller in it, or he'd never a took to sech ways so young."

Elsie said no more, but her work was done that day with a sinking heart. In the early evening, as she was going down

Shading her eyes with her hand, her sunbonnet pushed back, she looked more intently.—See page 90.

the lane, the cows leisurely straying just ahead, she saw a figure in the meadow, showing black against the radiance of the setting sun. Shading her eyes with her hand, her sunbonnet pushed back, she looked more intently. The creek lay like a silver ribbon between the green banks and the man over there would stand basking at it for a moment, then would walk on slowly, his hands clasped behind his back. A meadow lark, perched on the highest post of the fence, piped forth its sweetly anxious 'see-to-your-children,' startling Elsie into action. "Sic, run Rover! Sic, run!" she called to the dog and he obediently scampered after the cows, barking furiously. Elsie, independent now of any one's comments, climbed the fence and walked across the meadow. Arthur turned as he heard the soft swish of her skirts trailing over the long grass.

"Why, Miss Elsie, how you startled me," he cried.

Speech failed her now she was before him, but he went on.

"It's lovely out here, isn't it?"

"Yes," she assented, "I didn't know you ever come out here."

"I have been out once or twice before. It's a quiet place for thinking."

"I wish you'd think never to go down to Tolderses no more," Elsie blushed out desperately.

He looked at her wonderingly. Had she guessed what had been passing in his mind?

"Youse hadn't orter to go," she said pleadingly. "Taint right to throw yourself away like that."

Her words angered him, and in all the unreasoning self-confidence of a boy he cried "I was not aware that any one had a right to control my actions, least of all," —an ignorant country-bred woman—he was about to add in his passion, but fortunately recollecting himself in time. He had wounded her now almost beyond cure even by his anger, but she made one more effort, becoming braver with the difficulties she had to meet.

"Taint cause I want to hamper youse any, but it's fer your dead mother. She's awatchin you somewhere an—an' oh don't you go there any more," she cried stretching out her hands to him in humble appeal.

"Never mind," he said softening a little, "I know you mean well, but I can take care of myself, thank you, Miss Elsie." She went away then. It was useless to say more now, she felt.

Matters had almost reached a climax at Tolder's. That very day the landlord had called Arthur aside at the post office and had given him an ill-spelled, but indisputable statement of his losses since he had played with the "Knights of the Red Parlor." The sum which to Tolder was magnificent, did not appear so great to Arthur, but he dreaded the anger of his father, and to him this would have to go; for Tolder, in words which were few yet significant, demanded payment—and there was a letter from Judge Hamilton awaiting his son, a kind letter written out of the fulness of a thankful heart.

Arthur remembered his father's words, when he left home, "Arthur," he said, "I feel that I am to blame for some of your conduct, I feel that I have not kept watch over you, or that my love has failed to reach and help you in temptation. But my boy I have not to reproach myself with neglect of good instruction, while you were young; I am to blame in that, after you were older, I thought enough had been done, forgetting that then, temptations from college friends and society were most dangerous. I am sending you away from all this, to a summer of hard work, hoping that by God's help you may be reclaimed," and he had wept and had promised solemnly never again to touch liquor or venture money on cards. Then the letter said, 'I feel in my heart Arthur that you have kept your promise and you cannot know how much that thought cheers me. I look forward to seeing my son—my only son—a noble, upright man. Your angel mother is watching over you, I know.'

In bewilderment Arthur walked through the meadow after supper, where Elsie found him. "What possessed her to come here," he said, as he watched her until again she had reached the lane. "She must have been watching me of late. If her interference had taken the shape of money to pay those fellows, I'd have taken it more kindly perhaps. What made me such a fool as to go with them? Of course they're jolly fellows, and this is a debt of honour. Hang the luck anyway! This is the worst scrape I ever got into."

But these angry feelings gave way in a short time to remorse, bitter and deep. What if he had alienated himself from his father's heart—to go out from his home to meet the world alone; Judge Hamilton had said once, this must follow another transgression, hard as 't would be for him;

and to bear the scorn of his sister and the coldness of friends—Why! oh why had he ever let himself be drawn into this? One by one their subtle flatteries came to him, like grinning fiends. He saw now the pinnacle on which they had placed him, only to make his fall the heavier. His mother,—why both Elsie Lee and his father had spoken of her. Was it possible that she had been watching him through good and through evil all these years?

All that night and the next day he fought with himself, keeping away from Tolder's in the evening, going instead to the meadow again, where he threw himself full length in the long grass, his face upturned, his head resting on his clasped hands. From early childhood, Arthur had been accustomed to fight his battles alone. Even a trifling trouble had always been taken where no one could see or hear and conquered alone. So it was perhaps as well that he should now be far from home and friends, when the great decision of his life was made.

One hour, two hours passed and he was still there, moving now and then to loosen one of his hands to cover his burning tear-wet eyes. The late moon was showing a faintly luminous glow over the tree tops when Arthur arose, the struggle over, the turning for good or evil in his life passed. Next day he quietly told Elsie enough to make her understand the change.

But one task remained before he could start fully anew—that was to face the "Knights" and to settle with them. It could not be put off any longer, for Tolder had sent a peremptory message, by one of the farm hands, that he must see him at once. He went down, trying to be brave, but all speech failed him when he saw the men. The "Knights" had expected him. They had gathered early and were standing near some newly-filled trees, on the bank of the gully, when Arthur came in sight. They did not move, waiting for him to speak first. "Good evening," he said, trying hard to steady his voice. Tolder answered for the rest.

"Why we haint seen youse fer sech a long time, we thought youse ud never come to say good evenin' no more. Where you been keepin' yourself, hey?"

"Why I've been working as usual," Arthur replied, "and spending my nights at Lees"——"as usual" finished Tolder dryly. Arthur flushed a little at this but did not reply. The men suddenly grew friendly. They had thought he was trying to slip through their fingers, perhaps he was only taking time to arrange matters.

"Come over and hev a little something boys," said one, starting towards the tavern. "Come on Hamilton. Aint agettin' stuck up, air ye," as Arthur made no move to follow.

"No," he replied, "but I've made up my mind never to touch liquor again."

"The devil!" cried the man in his amazement, while into the faces of some of them crept cruel, twinkling lines. Tolder made a step forward.

"Well as you've made up your mind in such a deuce of a hurry about that, I'd just like to know if you've made up how to pay us fellers and that right soon, too."

"Yes," cried the others, crowding forward. "You aint goin' to leave us in the lurch. What you goin' to do about us?"

Arthur was never a coward. He saw the threatening faces of the men and knew that his strength opposed to theirs would be as nothing, but his courage rose with the danger and he spoke words, that had better have been left unsaid.

"Yes I've made up my mind about that too," he said, his voice ringing clear, "and I shall not pay you anything. You cannot take one cent from me."

"We can't?" cried Tolder, his face white with passion. "You're gettin' a little too majestic, I'm a-thinkin. No, young man, that high talk wont do. 'Twont go down with us. You just fork us over that money."

"I have no money of my own and never shall have for that purpose."

Tolder was taking the matter into his own hands, while the others prepared to speak if necessary.

"Hev ye told your guvner about our dues?"

"No, I have not as yet, but I intend to do so."

"And then he'll plank down the cash fer us?"

"No, he will not, I am under age, you would only get into trouble, if your doings were made known to him."

"Get into trouble, would we? I guess not much. The old man ud fork over that sum a good rather than hev the racket we ud raise about his pious, old ears."

Arthur did not reply. He was beginning to wonder vaguely how it all would end. He could see the faces of the men glaring savagely at him through the dusk. They pressed forward and he went back-

ward until he was almost on the edge of the bank.

"Now, youngster," said Tolder. "say what you're goin' to do pretty quick, or we'll make this a dear job for you."

"I defy you,"Arthur spoke calmly. He wondered himself at the power of his voice.

The glaring faces came closer—he could hear hissing curses and threats.

One heart-bound, and the hard-set face of Tolder was before him, then his brutal, uplifted hand swung through the air—— something went with a sickening crash through the shrubs down into the gully—a thud, as it struck one of the huge stones below. and then all was still—save where a startled bird twitted and chirped far down the bank.

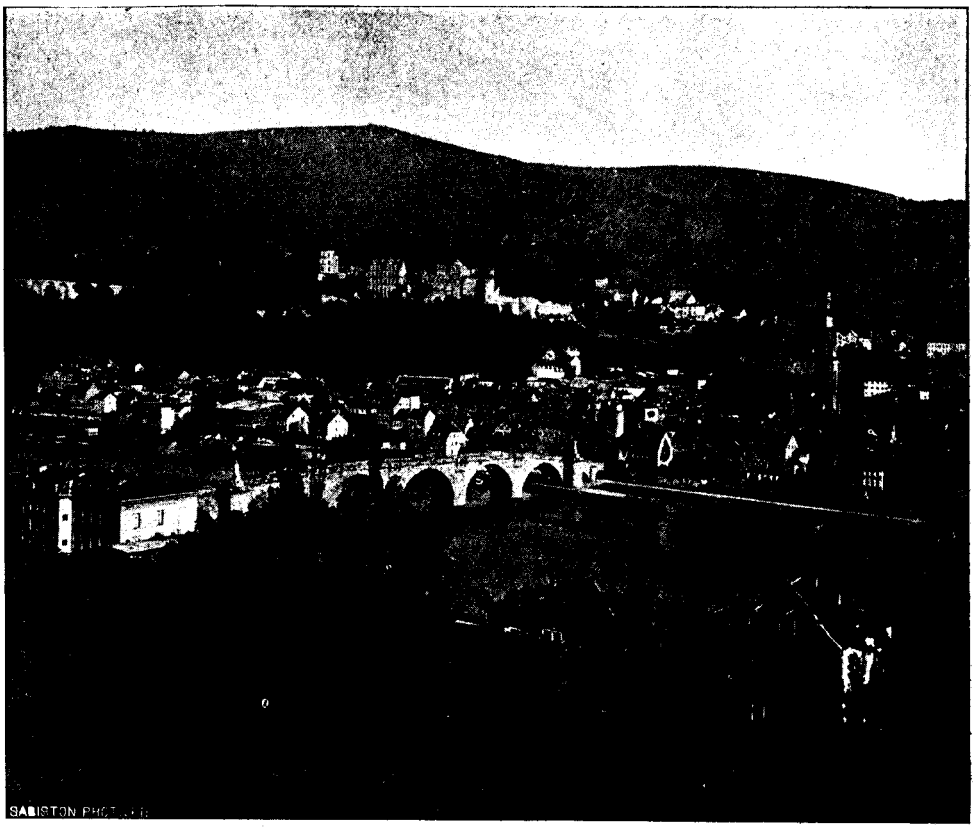
Tolder waited no longer than to give the blow. The others stood, too stunned to move. Murder had not been in their plans. Two gained courage, at last, to go down into the gully. Someone arose from the grass at their feet and went with them, but they hardly heeded. A dark mass lay on the stones down there. They looked a second time at it and drew back, looking wildly at one another, "It's—it's a woman" said one at last. "I know," said the third, who had raised her—"it is Elsie Lee."

* * * * * *

Our honeymoon which began some years ago was spent at the Lee farm. It was an odd resort but the place was sacred to my husband. The old tavern was in ruins. Shudderingly I peered down—the old wooden steps had disappeared—into the "red parlor." Over on the bank of the gully my husband showed me where, that awful night some one had pushed him aside so violently that he fell and herself stood to receive the awful blow that sent her to death down that steep bank. I knew all the story, but I loved him the more for all that had passed.

God help our young men and my own boys, if they grow to manhood, to shun the thing that shadows our fair Canadian land.

ELLA M. TRIMBLE.



Heidelberg.

Duelling Among the German Students.

THE devotion to athletic culture, now so extreme in American Universities that it has practically become a part of the curriculum, has, as yet, taken but feeble root among the German students. There all runs to intellect, and in consequence of this there is no hero-worship of the "Captain of the Eleven" or "One of the Eight." All the grand, old English games are unknown in Germany except in English settlements. But one branch of bodily exercise flourishes among the German students, which is regarded in England and America as a kind of barbarism—namely—which we call "Duelling," and the Germans, "Die Mensur"—an institution which one would certainly not expect to find among the most intellectual people in the world. The fact of its being a national custom implies that it is more than an occasional meeting in which aggrieved students settle their differences. The truth of the matter is that a real insult, or what an Englishman would consider such, is never settled by the 'Mensur,' but by actual duel with sabres, or with pistols. The 'Mensur' then is the athletic art of the sporting men among the students, and hence we find a great number of clubs whose highest aim is pre-eminence with the sword. In no other country in the world, I imagine, is there the same genuine club-spirit as among the German students. A man must be indeed fastidious if he cannot find there some club to his liking, whether his tastes be literary or convivial. While it is no uncommon thing to find a

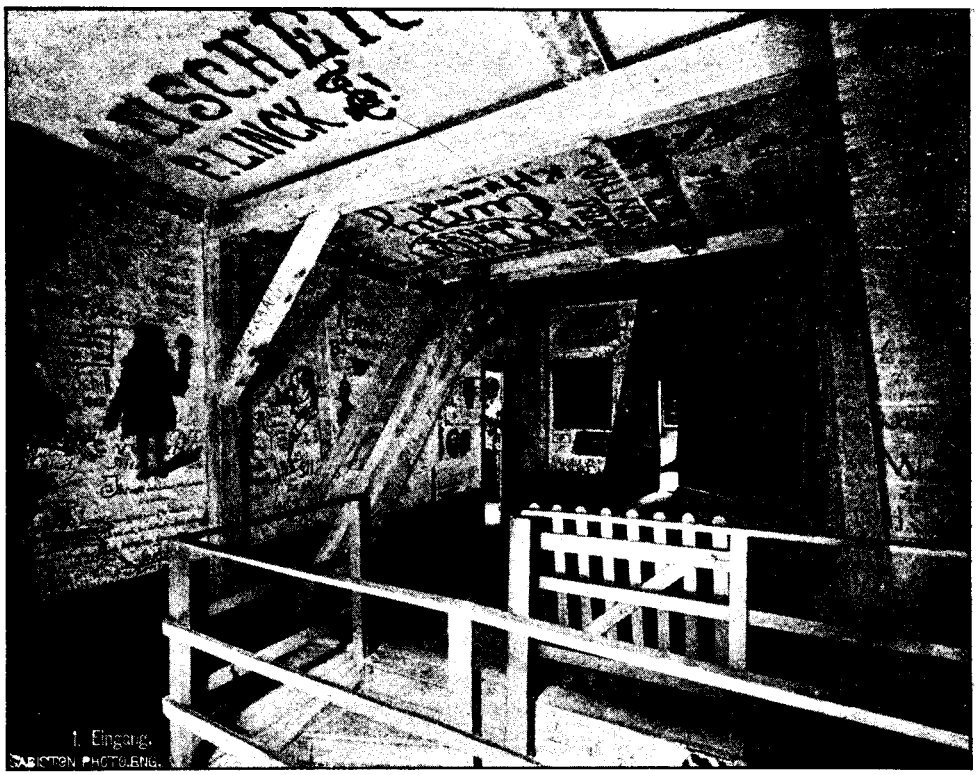
"AUF DIE MENSUR!"

"Union for the Study of Classical Philology" pay attention to the "Mensur," still we may divide the duelling bodies roughly into the 'Corps' and the 'Society' (Ver bindung.) The former is, as a rule, more exclusive, as one of the essential qualifications is high birth, or, the next best thing, unlimited money. No duellist who is quite unattached, however clever he may be with the sword, stands in high esteem; so little so in fact that he is called a 'Camel,' and defeat at a 'Camel's' hand is an everlasting disgrace. So here we have the nearest approach to an athletic spirit—(if we give the term 'athletics' a signification wide enough to include all bodily achievements) —that exists among the German students, and that too, in a comparatively small part of the vast body. The fame too, that crowns the successful one is but limited; he is the hero of his corps alone, and there it ends. But how hard he must work to attain this glory. However, anything is welcome to him after the 10 years of ceaseless work and crushing discipline that he has experienced in the "Gymnasium." His dream has been the free, careless, student life of which he has heard so much. He believes firmly in duelling, because he is full of spirit, and, like most Germans, defends a thing because it is traditional. So in choosing a university he does not consider where he can hear the best professors, but, rather, where the best duelling 'Corps' is to be found. Halle, Bonn, Heidelberg, or Freiburg are all famous in this way, and our sporting friend naturally chooses one of these, and, if he has the necessary qualifications, succeeds after a good deal of formality, in being made a member of a 'swell' Corps.

He immediately enters on systematic practice, working every day under a skilled master, and when he becomes somewhat initiated, must spend four hours a day with the sword. For the wrist must become like iron, the whole body firm and the eye true as steel. Such a corps as this fights nothing but challenge duels, whereas some of the "Societies" pit their men against each other on the principle of a cock-fight. So the new member will fight his first duel as soon as he offends some one, or is himself offended. These offences are very trifling and, in many cases, arise out of the desire to provoke a challenge. Jostling on the street or staring rudely are common causes of trouble. The offended one presents his card, and the deed is done. The next step is to hand in their names, stating the terms of the challenge, to a Duelling Committee, who arrange the date of the encounter, and as a rule do not announce it till the day before. This apparent secrecy is not owing to any fear of the intervention of the law, for though duelling is legally forbidden, the authorities do not try to check what is traditionally accepted as the students' right. Besides this the Kaiser says it fosters a martial spirit, and what he declares, must be right.

However, the civic powers interfere very little with the liberty of the student. In all ordinary cases of misbehaviour he is simply handed over by the police to the rector of the University, who confers a certain amount of distinction upon him by sentencing him to a term of confinement in the so-called "Carcer" or students' prison. In Heidelberg the Carcer was originally a part of the University, but it is now situated behind the main building, and is open to the inspection of tourists. Those who have expected to see a gloomy dungeon are soon undeceived, for a casual glance shows that it is a very merry abode. As a matter of fact, many students of the gayer sort rather enjoy the rest and the glory they gain from sojourning within these famous walls. While there they receive visits from their friends, who bring them the latest news, as well as their favourite beer. The general appearance of the hall-way and rooms (which are called by such facetious names as "Palais Royal" and "Sans-Souci,") testifies to the frame of mind in which the prisoners pass their time. Every inmate has left his mark in the shape of some artistic contribution to wall or ceiling. Each available space is crowded with drawings (generally of heads), names, monograms, hieroglyphic symbols of various corps, nonsense verses, and quotations from the classics, ancient and modern. Some of the latter are excellently chosen. For example, on the right of the entrance (which the illustration shows) is the line from Dante—"Lasciate ogni speranza," and at the head of the stairs the opening words of Goethe's Faust—"Again, ye hovering forms draw nigh!"—which has a peculiar fitness, if we substitute for "hovering" the more literal translation "staggering." On the whole it is not a means of punishment calculated to inspire dread.

The ceremony is strictly private and no outsider is admitted without a formal



The "Carcer," or Students' Prison.

invitation from a member. Last summer, in Heidelberg, a friend of mine, a duelling enthusiast, invited me to one of the regular afternoon meetings in which his Corps was to participate. At three o'clock I reached the little hotel, known to fame as the "Hirschgasse." It is prettily situated at the base of the hills of Neuenheim, the charming suburb of Heildelberg on the other side of the Neckar. Already cabs were rolling up with loads of students conspicuous by their club caps. I passed upstairs with them into a large room that smelt suggestively of carbolic. Two large sheets of tin on the floor marked the places where the stitching and bandaging were done. Otherwise the room looked bright and festive. The walls were covered with pictures of famous Corps of olden days, contrasting strangely in their old-fashioned dress with the smart men of the present. Several long drinking tables scattered about the room, each cut and slashed in a different way, were the property of the various Corps. From here we passed into the adjoining "Pauksaal" or duelling-hall. The deep stains on the floor showed the traces of many a hard-fought battle.

The large room was well-filled by the representatives of the two Corps concerned. They were chatting merrily about the prospects of the afternoon's sport, while they regaled themselves with draughts of strawberry "Bowle," which a jovial German matron was dispensing, and continued to dispense throughout the whole performance.

Suddenly all eyes turned to the door. The principals, representing the Vandalian and Suevian Corps, were coming in. Each was led by his second, who held high in the air his man's sword arm, an example of the German's love for the punctilious execution of the elegancies of tradition. They took up position at exactly a sword's length apart, in front of two small heavy chairs, that marked the limits. They were protected by heavy leather padding that covered the arms, chest and neck, while great iron guards covered the eyes. The illustration, though somewhat old-fashioned, gives a capital idea of a duel of the present day. The swords were without points, long

and very heavy, dull at the hilt, but very sharp a few inches from the end. The seconds were similarly equipped, except that in place of the eye-guards they wore caps with deep peaks. The Master of Ceremonies stood by ready to record every cut in a book. Two doctors reprpsenting the two Corps stood by, dressed in long white coats, and ready for action, as the supply of hot-water, sponges and other surgical necessaries showed. The Master of Ceremonies called "Silentium!" and proceeded to read the terms of the duel, which was to last fifty rounds, or until one of the doctors should proclaim his man unable to proceed. The length of the rounds depends entirely on the seconds, as either has the right to call "Halt!" whenever he thinks the opponent has been cut.

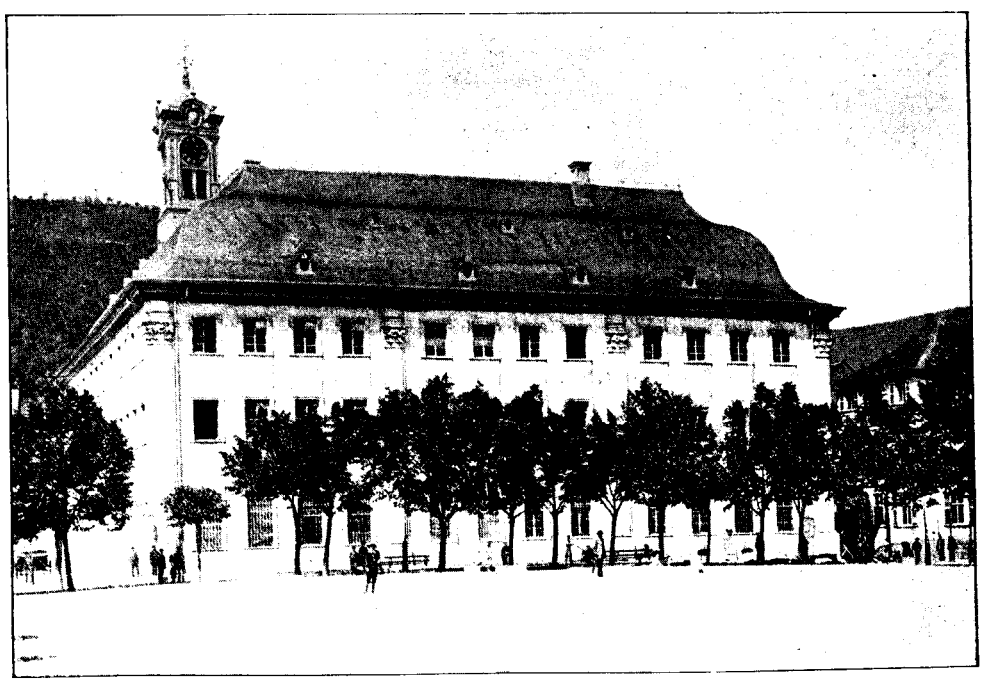
Stadt Garden, a favorite beer resort of the students.

"Auf die Menser!" (On the Mensur!") shouted the second of the Vandalian, who had been the challenging party. There was an instant of absolute and almost painful silence as the men crossed swords. The seconds stood each behind his man, holding back (in a merely formal way) his sword with his own. The four of them stood like figures in a tableau that bordered on the grotesque, so unearthly was their appearance. But the pale faces and the grim look of the eyes gleaming through the great iron guards showed, that for two at least, it was do or die. "Geht los!" "Break!" Where is the tableau now? Clak! Clak! and the swords rained blows so fast that only an experienced eye could follow the deft turn of the wrists that dealt such stunning strokes. True, it was all wrist work, but from wrists so hardened and muscled by daily work that it seemed as if the whole arm dealt the blow. High above the crash of steel rang the "Halt!" of the Suevian's second. A red stream was trickling down the Vandalian's face from an ugly gash across the temple. A careful entry was made of it by the Master of Ceremonies, and the doctor after a glance said "can go on." The second round opened with the same formalities, and again followed the lightning blows and the rapid parrying. But the body never moved backward or forward, right or left. They fought as if bound to the spot. One flinching motion of the head, the slightest attempt to dodge a blow, and disgrace would follow—if not expulsion from his Corps at any rate temporary isolation. The next few rounds were uneventful, but in the tenth the Vandalian's chin was cut to the bone from cheek to cheek, and the blood rushed over his whole body. The doctor assured himself that the *bone* was not injured and then cooly remarked "can go on." The unfortunate one had no voice in the matter himself. He was simply the creature of his Corps. About the 20th round, the tide of fortune turned for the Vandalian who was now disfigured for life, and he literally seamed the Suevian's head. The spectators watched every blow with the keenest interest, yet in absolute silence, never applauding, however brilliant the stroke might be. Round after round followed, some lasting only 2 or 3 seconds, and resulting in "nothing new," as the doctor tersely put it. By the 40th round they were pretty well exhausted, but it was just here that they exhibited what must call forth ad-

miration even from the most rabid enemies of duelling—I mean that bull-dog pluck or 'gameness,' call it what you will, that enables a man, weakened by excessive loss of blood, faint from the stunning blows of a heavy sword, to stand like a statue and fight almost mechanically to the bitter end, simply for the sentiment of honour. There is no deafening applause to urge him to a last effort, but instead of this the trying silence of severest criticism. Whatever he does he simply does his duty. Here surely we have an atmosphere free from the blight of professionalism. The 50th round was only a formal crossing of swords, followed by hand-shaking on the part of the principals. They were then led off to have their wounds attended to in the next room. A sorry sight they were, so covered with blood that they were hardly to be recognized by their friends. Now they had to go through the second ordeal, namely, the sewing of the cuts. Each doctor took his man and proceeded in a rough but merry way to attend to him. A critical crowd surrounded each chair to see if they could detect any sign of pain from the patients. The Vandalian had eighteen stitches put in his face and head, and the Suevian twelve. Only once did the former give any sign of feeling and then only a tremor of his whole body as his lower lip, which was hanging in shreds, was stitched together. In half an hour they were bandaged and walking about smoking, happy in the thought that they had scars of glory for life.

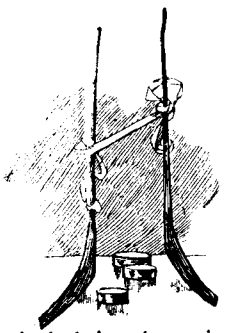
Barbarous! I suppose it is: Yet no one can help admiring absolute self-oblivion and disregard of pain, in the performance of duty, whether the idea of duty be true or false.

A. A. MACDONALD.

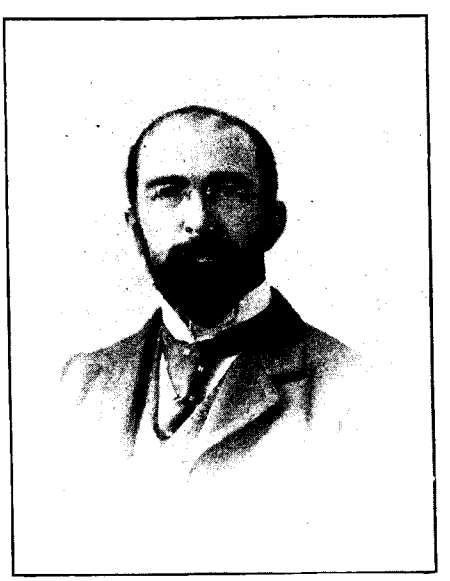


Main Building of Heildelberg University.

HOCKEY IN ONTARIO.



OCKEY, comparatively speaking, is a new game all over Ontario with the notable exception of Ottawa. Ottawa, however, from its winter facilities and from the excellence of its teams for the last ten years or so, is generally included in the minds of Hockeyists with the Province of Quebec; the keenest interest of the Ottawa players and people centers in their games with the Montreal and Quebec city teams. In fact Ottawa has outstripped the rest of its Province and, except for an occasional allusion to it, it will not be touched on in a sketch of the game as played throughout the Province at large.



H. D. Warren,
President Ontario Hockey Association, 1892-3.

It would be quite the proper thing to be able to trace the game back to the good old days when all Hamilton used to play all Toronto on one end of Lake Ontario, and the winner used to go to the other end of the Lake to play all Kingston for the championship of the Province, with no bother about gate receipts and on the "grand old game" principle of no referee nor umpires; but alas history and truth prevent any such touching reminiscence.

Hockey skated up into Ontario from the Province of Quebec. It was quite old before it left home, but it came slowly at first. Its earliest stopping of importance seems to have been at Kingston in '85-'86. The critical and enthusiastic audiences that now throng to see a good game and applaud a quick "lift," or a dodgy run would laugh could they see a reproduction of the first match in Kingston. It was played between the Royal Military College and Queen's University. Some of the cadets, recruits of the previous fall, had learnt the game in Quebec schools and introduced it in '85, on the R. M. C. bay where "shinty" had held, until then, an uncertain foothold. Some of the senior cadets remembered that in Halifax they made simply wonderful sticks, far ahead of anything procurable in Montreal; so to Halifax went an order for sticks. Such beauties as they were when they turned up! Made out of small trees planed down, with roots for blades; warranted irresistible by any shin. Queen's University, the R. M. C. old time opponent in Football, was interviewed with the idea of playing a match and accepted a challenge provided that they should be furnished with sticks. The game was satisfactorily arranged for and came off on the harbour on a fenced-in, and yet open, rink. There was a large circular band-stand in the middle of the ice, directly between the goals, that quite prevented one end from being seen from the other. Out of this band stand grew an electric light pole. But what did these trifles matter? It was agreed for mutual accommodation that the offside rule should be waived. It was waived. So were the Halifax Hockey sticks. The game was very close. The band stand turned the scale in favour of Queen's, and they won by one goal, scored on a beautiful swipe from Lennox Irving, whilst the R. M. C. point and goal keeper were in retirement on a bench strapping on the latter's skate. They had relied on every thing being safe as they could see nothing but band stand, but the Queen's wily cover point, hove suddenly into sight and shot too quickly

Patterson. Kerr. Anderson. Cunningham. F. W. Harcourt, *Hon. Pres.* Smellie. McCarthy. Senkler.

OSGOODE HALL HOCKEY TEAM.

for them. The referee didn't ask the umpire if he had held up his hand, he had no hand, there was no umpire and no referee, but it was a decided win for Queen's.

The next year the game was better understood, and the match between the same two Colleges drew quite a crowd to Captain Dick's rink on William street. Offside play was disregarded only in the second half, and as the Cadets cover point and Captain W. H. Rose could "lift" better than the Queen's defence, and was really a first class player, he was able to feed his forwards, clustering about the Queen's goal, to such good effect, that the R. M. C. won by four goals to a black eye. Next year the game was properly played, and two close matches resulted in two hard won victories for the Cadets, but showed them that such men as Parkyn, now of the Victorias, Toronto; and Smellie and Cunningham, at present of Osgoode Hall, would soon make things too hot for them. In '88-'89 no matches were played owing to disappointing weather on the dates arranged for them.

Prior to the year '89-'90 a good covered rink was built in Kingston, so that the clubs there entered the Ontario Hockey Association in that year with every convenience in the way of play ground.

Although shinty had been played on Toronto Bay away back in the seventies, when annual matches between the Federal and Commerce banks used to be one of the events of the winter, as far as one can learn, Hockey as at present played, was introduced into Toronto somewhat in this wise: Mr. T. L. Paton, the well-known member of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association champion team, was in the Queen city some five or six years ago on business. In Mr. J. Massey's office he happened to mention to Mr. Massey and Mr. C. McHenry the fact that hockey was fast becoming the leading game in winter in Montreal, and suggested the idea of getting Torontonians interested in it. With characteristic energy he telegraphed Montreal that day for 18 sticks, a puck, and a few copies of the rules. On receipt of the material the next evening some ten skaters turned out on the Granite ice and had

a "little game." For the next few evenings they turned out again. Their elbows and hip-bones must have been sore after this and a few fingers skinless, for we hear of no regular games being played till the winter of '89. In this year the Victorias and Granites played a draw, and St. George's Club had matches with both of them. The following year these same clubs were again in the arena, and were joined by "C" School of Infantry. The Victorias and Granites again played a draw in the final match of a tournament in which all four clubs took part.

So large had the baby grown by this time that the "Rebels" from Ottawa came to see it, and had games with Granites and Victorias. They won these games, and considerable excitement was stirred up over them. The following year the Ontario Association was formed, and the Toronto clubs joined in a body.

This Association was formed in the winter of '90-91 for the purposes usual in athletic circles. Representatives from Lindsay, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Queen's University, the Royal Military College; "C" School, the Victoria, Granite, St. George's, Athletic and Osgoode Hall Clubs of Toronto, and from the Ottawa City and Rebel Clubs, answered the call to sticks and skates of Mr. C. R. Hamilton of the Victoria Club. The Association was moved into existence with great enthusiasm. It was however furnished with rather a weak constitution to begin with and things did not run quite as smoothly with it that year as they might have done. Queen's beat the R. M. C. and Lindsay, but were beaten by Ottawa. The Granites beat Osgoode Hall, also "C" School, who won from Victoria, but defaulted to St. George's through a misunderstanding, thus putting the St. George's Club into the final game with but one victory, that over the Athletics, to their credit. Ottawa won the series.

Great furtherance was given the sport in Toronto, by a visit at the close of that season from the champions for the year from Ottawa. They played the St. George's Club one Saturday afternoon, and Osgoode Hall on the evening of the same day. It is needless to say that Ottawa won both these games easily. So much was thought of their play, and the

G. F. Weatherhead. Hugh Fleming, *Sec'y.* F. Taylor.
S. Rayside. G. Gurtis, *Capt.* C. Giles, *Pres.*
R. MacLennan. W. Waldron.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY HOCKEY TEAM.

W. H. Rose,
Captain R. M. C. Team 85-6-91-92, Morrisburgh

possibilities of the game were made so evident, that all vowed they would play hockey the next winter, and a great many of them kept their word.

This brings us down to last year in Hockey history. The O. H. A. new comers were:- Galt, Insurance and Loan Team of Stratford, combined Banks, the Queen's Own Rifles, 'Varsity, Wanderers, and Granite Colts of Toronto, whereas Lindsay retired. Its first important move was to strengthen the constitution, and to amend the rules of the game. Decided improvement was made in these directions, but the O. H. A. is not constitutionally perfect yet. A useful advance was accomplished by delegating its executive powers to a sub-committee of three, who superintended the playing of the ties, and decided all disputes in regard to the annual competition. A committee of this size was so much more easily handled, and so much more rational than the whole executive had hitherto been, that the season was brought to a close without anything approaching a difficulty. The Wanderers beat the Victorias and fell before the Granites. "C" School won from the combined Banks, but was beaten by the Granite Colts, now Torontos, who also beat the Insurance and Loan team. After a very close game, necessitating playing extra time, Osgoode Hall, who had defeated the Q.O.R., won from 'Varsity, who had beaten the Athletics. The Granite Seniors beat Galt, Stratford's conquerors, in Hamilton, and Osgoode Hall won from Granite Seniors and Granite Colts, leaving them in the final match against Ottawa, who had triumphed over The Rebels and Queen's, the latter being winners at Kingston from the Cadets and Kingston City teams.

Party feeling had run high over the semi-final match between Osgoode Hall and the Granite Seniors. The Hall supporters were confident, some of them, that after this win by combination play, the Toronto team's chances against the Otttawas, the then holders of both the Quebec and Ontario championships, were fairly good. Alas for all such hopes! Ottawa played better by far than they had the year before, having developed their combination to an astonishing extent. How that puck did shoot from Russell to Bradley, from Bradley into the boards at the end of the ice, and from there out in front of goal to one of the Kirbys! It didn't matter which one. Either seemed to have electric connection with the umpire's arm, and every time the umpire's hand went up it meant a goal scored by Ottawa. Osgoode Hall scored four times, by dint of hard work, and Toronto learnt the lesson that short passing made no sort of a game, and that it was a great thing to be able to skate. Ottawa had again won the Cosby Cup.

Sergt. Heneker,
Royal Military College Team.

At the beginning of the current season applications poured in from all sides to the Association Secretary. The new members were London, Trinity College, St. Thomas, Cobourg and Peterborough. A junior series was started with eleven competitors. A system of dividing the Province into districts was adopted, and home and home matches between clubs in the same district was decided on as being the proper caper for the first round of ties. What a plethora of games of hockey this has showered upon us, particularly in Toronto! However, it is bound to improve the game, has done so already, and what splendid support the weather is giving the executive! Then there is the Toronto Junior Hockey League, that has been launched out in '93, "to further Hockey in the City of Toronto." Its constitution is very similar to that of the O.H.A., and its members are Clubs in Toronto, who may play on their teams any one but Seniors of Association standing. Mr. Geo. A. Cox, the Honorary President, has presented a handsome cup to be played for, and teams from Trinity, 'Varsity, Torontos, Capitals, Upper Canada College, Osgoode Hall, Victorias and Granites have started in the race for it. The College boys, with such men as McLennan and Rayside on their team, should come very nearly winning this, though the Granites will have a say in the matter.

The Bankers in Toronto have taken the sport up, and have a league of their own. They have been playing systematically for the last four winters. The Dominion Bank won the honours for the first two winters, and the Imperial Bank came out on the top last year, to fall this year before the Commerce. The series was found to take too long to play off in prior winter's, so this year the city's banks, with the exception of the larger ones, have combined forces. The Dominion bank play the best combination game, and with men like Jones of the Victoria's, and Walker, Walsh and Bethune on their seven, always put up a good game. The

Henderson. V. Armstrong, *Pres.* McVity. Jones.
Thompson. Cosby. Smith. Stevenson. Forsyth.
Parkyn.

VICTORIA HOCKEY CLUB TEAM, TORONTO.

C. S. M. Armstrong,
Captain Royal Military College Team 1892-93.

Commerce are strong individually and fast. Stevenson and Henderson of the Victorias play with this bank. The Imperial, under Captain Creelman, the O H. A. Treasurer, won last year, against the general expectation, and made a first-rate showing in their final game this winter. "The Western Association," an intricate organization, defeated the Commerce in one match, and played the Dominion very close, and with more team work, would have given a better account of themselves. The Banker's annual hockey dinner is one of the events of the season, when the Seniors and Juniors interchange convivial ideas on ice and drafts.

In Toronto to-day there are in the Ontario Hockey Association competitions seven Senior and six Junior teams.

It is really almost impossible to rank the Senior teams in order of merit, as one's schoolmaster would have said. The Granite, Victoria, Toronto University, and Osgoode Hall may be considered as having the best sevens in the Senior League. The Torontos also play good hockey. W. Windeyer at point is a dashing hockeyist, but their players are younger than the members of the other teams, and their lack of weight as a result rather handicaps them. Trinity University play a strong game on their own rink where their short passing and playing into the sides and ends is more deadly than on larger ice. Their lack of speed tells against them on other rinks.

The Granites play a hard game, and impress one with the idea that they mean to win if sticking to it will do it. Their defence with Meharg and Carruthers at point and cover-point will be an exceedingly strong one, and the game played by Walker and Shanklin on the forward line is bound to bother most defences that they will be pitted against. Walker is a very quick dodgy skater and is an adept at getting the puck out of tight places. He passes well to Shanklin, and the latter goes down the ice towards his opponent's goal doubled up like a ball. He, Shanklin, is such a strong stick handler and so firm on his feet, that, although he may be momentarily checked, he seldom loses the puck till it is time to pass across in front of goal for a shot. Walker then generally turns up to shoot. Carruthers, quite a lad, gives wonderful promise. His shooting and quick lifting at cover point are as good as one sees. It is generally conceded, however, that lack of combined play is this team's weakness.

The Victorias, at all events in their prime, played the best style of game of any of Toronto's teams. Their captain, Mr. C. C. Smith, has played with the Ottawa and Quebec city teams, and has instilled a good portion of his knowledge into his men. Another case of wise man from the East. The attack they pursue is started by passing the puck to one of the outside forwards; he takes it as far as he can without being checked, and then passes right across the ice to the other outside forward. This man takes it down till within reasonable scoring distance when he "middles" it. The advantages of this style of game are obvious. Cover point attempts to check the man coming down one side, he stops the man, perhaps, but the puck in the meantime is away across the ice to the forward on the other side. Point goes out to meet this man, then both the defence men are drawn from in front of their goal and puck is shot across to the attacking centre forwards, who have a clear shot on the goal keeper. Parkyn, one of the centre forwards for the Victorias is an old Queen's and Varsity man. Henderson and Stevenson learnt the game in Montreal. It seems no time since the latter won the race for boys under fifteen in the Victoria Rink there. The goal keeper of the Victoria team is perhaps the best man of their seven. He is a veritable cork hermetically sealed between his posts. The Varsity in one of their games against the Vics seem to have adopted a good practicable method of getting at the wine, to follow out the analogy, namely that of shoving in the cork, by charging McVity. Calculating

W. Meharg, *Capt.* H. D. Warren, *Pres.* G. Higinbotham G. Irving, *Manager.*
Jos. Walker. Shanklin. Jos. Irving. G. Carruthers. F. Dixon.

GRANITE SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, TORONTO 1892-93.

the number of goals that this player has saved for his team would furnish unbounded scope to a hockey statistician. His whole body repels the puck, it has but to touch him to fly off like sparks from trolley cars. It was hard luck that Captain Smith, one of the best outside forwards in the country, should have had to lay off through injuries to a bad knee. His loss was a sad blow to his team who would otherwise have stood a splendid chance of winning the Toronto series. Toronto University play, what may be said of most of the Varsity's teams, a hard plucky game. Sheppard, Barr and J. Gilmour on the forward line pass well, and are fast, Sheppard in particular being a hard man to check. Wilson, their point, who by the way is another Queen's man, seems to be able to get the puck every time. Varsity's weak point is their inability to shoot on the forward line, and they do not use the ends of the rink enough. Their goal-keeper, W. Thompson of Association Football renown, uses his head and feet to great advantage and takes risks by running out of goal in the most surprising way without any serious results.

Osgoode Hall were rather a disappointment at the opening of the season. They were undoubtedly the best team in Toronto at the close of last winter and it was rumoured that this year they would be stronger than ever. They did not settle down till they had been beaten more times than they could afford. The race between themselves and the Granites for the District Championship caused keen excitement and it would indeed have been hard to foretell the result. Their forwards do not keep their places sufficiently and, though excelling in shooting, often lose a good chance for a goal by not "being there." J. F. Smellie, captain of the team, who has been playing the game since he wore short trowsers and a Scotch cap, is one of the most effective forwards playing in Toronto today. His strength, endurance and shooting powers are more than extraordinary. A. B. Cunningham, captain of Queen's College last year, is a man of phenomenal reach, particularly dangerous in front of goal as he is able to get rid of the puck at lightning speed before seemingly, it has come to him. Osgoode Hall too, fail on combination work. "C"

School is the only other club that has a senior team in the present Toronto District. Their worth is not to be judged by their wins. They are at a disadvantage in having but few players to draw from in the Infantry School, but make up for their lack of success by the sportsmanlike way in which they accept defeat and by the good-will they display towards their conquerors. The secretary of the O. H. A., Captain J. H. Laurie is captain of the "C" School team. Rather a funny thing which may serve to instance the spirit in which the soldiers play, occurred in their game against the Victoria Club in January. When the referee's whistle blew for the face-off it was noticed that the New Fort had but six men to the Victoria's seven. They were one man short, and their opponents to their disgust, had refused to drop a man. In the course of the game one of Vic's left the ice, hurt. What did "C" School do? They put off a man and finished the game playing five against six!

The O. H. A. brought forth much fruit in Kingston, and the building of the new rink there proved a great boon. Queen's College stands high in Ontario annals and though beaten by Ottawa, have succumbed to no other team. Last year both Osgoode Hall and 'Varsity fell before them, and this year their team is again determined to be near the top. Curtis at point is a hard man to shoot past, and a harder man to skate past. McLennan, a comparative novice, will soon take his place among the "Stars." Waldron is a very neat stick handler and stays in his place well.

The R.M.C. have a better team this year than they have had for some time. C.S.M. Armstrong, at point, has a wonderful faculty of stopping the puck with his feet. Heneker on the forward line plays a fast unselfish game, but has no regard for the opposing goal keeper. The Limestones are spoken of as a sure winner for the junior series. Harty is a better man than a great many seniors.

All the Kingston small boys have sticks and even the fair sex indulge in the sport. The only people that seem averse to giving the game full swing are the rink authorities, who say that there are too many games to be played. What say you to this, O Mighty O. H. A.?

LONDON HOCKEY TEAM.

The active spirits in the organization of the present London Club numbered amongst them Messrs. Beltz, Lind, Skicy and Jack Brown. This year the banks and merchants joined forces, and entered teams in the O. H. A. series. Mr. Wolferstan G. Thomas, the President of the new club, has been well known in sporting circles since he captained McGill University football team, say ten years ago. Their team was considerably handicapped by the loss, in the beginning of the season, of Fred Beltz, its captain, who unfortunately had his leg broken in a practice game. Campbell Becher, a promising goal-keeper, had also to join the spectators owing to a severe strain. The London players speak highly of their rink. It has the advantage of being well boarded at the sides and has ample ice surface they say. Although novices comparatively, some of the Forest city men play good hockey. Their point, Jack Brown, plays a cool game and seems to know where to wait for the puck and what to do with it when he gets it.

In this year's western district of the O. H. A., St. Thomas, Galt and Stratford are London's companions. Galt in all probability will win the first round of ties against these other clubs. Waud's playing for Galt is that of a past master of hockey. He is credited with scoring seventeen goals out of twenty tallied by his team against London, the other night. St. Thomas' "Star" is McDonald, who plays forward and is captain. Stratford "puts up" a hard game, but as is to be expected, have not yet mastered the finer points of combination work. The game is popular throughout Western Ontario and plenty of people are willing to risk catching sore throats and other spectators' ills for the sake of seeing their respective teams win, or, sometimes, lose. It is to be regretted that the Galt and St. Thomas rinks are not quite up to the mark. With an improvement in this direction is sure to come an advance in the game.

Hamilton is rather behindhand in hockey circles. This is not a usual position for it to take in sporting matters and no doubt in a few winters its hockey team will be the equal of its football fifteen. The club at present at the head of affairs is "The Thistle Hockey Club." It was organized late last season by Messrs. Rupert Watson and W. E. Boyd. These prime movers were handicapped at first by a lack of interest in the pastime and by the further fact that "The Thistle Curling Rink," where the game is played, was designed simply for a curling rink. However, its popularity is more general now, and under the energetic management of so many football men as are now its devotees, hockey is bound to grow. The Thistle Club intend entering the O. H. A. next year. Its members are principally football men. The club's first game was played against the Niagara Falls aggregation on the latter's ice in January last. The home team won, but intend going to Hamilton to play a return match in the course of the winter, when perhaps the tables may be turned. The "Thistle" officers for the year are:—President, William Southam; Secretary-Treasurer, W. E. Boyd; Committee, R. Southam, W. Marshall, H. Lyle, E. S. Glassco and D. M. Cameron.

The banks and insurance companies are also taking up the game, and we hear already of a match between The Canada Life Assurance Co. and the Bank of Montreal resulting in a win for the former.

Get your skates on, Hamilton, and be sure and wear football colours.

Besides those already mentioned there are hockey clubs in Barrie, Brockville, Cornwall, Aultsville, Morrisburgh, Ayr, in fact almost everywhere throughout the Province where ice and skates can be found. Hockey is now the winter sport of all who go in for what is generally termed violent exercise. The Association is recognized as the governing body in the Province and should be careful of using its power with judgment, as with it in a great measure, lies the success or failure of the pastime that has now such a strong hold. A friendly spirit of the most undoubted kind should be fostered by its members towards their competitors, and the game should be played for its own sake and not entirely for the sake of winning. Rough play and slashing should be discountenanced. With this end in view, taking into consideration the size of the average rink in our part of the world, would it not be advisable to reduce the number of players on a team to six? The various clubs should attempt to lighten the burdens of the executive, particularly those of the match committee, by settling any trifling dispute between themselves without reference to the higher powers. Let us have as few protests as possible.

Among the great points in favour of

hockey are, that it is one of the best of games to watch, and calls forth in a player all the qualities that a healthy sport should bring out. Self-control, strength, pluck, quickness of thought, speed, and good physical condition, are more or less essentials to an exponent. Again, good team play generally wins from good individual play alone. Hockey is a game that every one can enjoy, either as player or spectator. What satisfaction it is to a novice to gradually advance from the *a priori* idea of hitting the puck, to the more scientific lift; and what sport to the gallery to watch the gyrations resulting from a body check, or to see a pass cleanly taken at top speed. Good exercise it is too, there are so few stoppages in a game; in fact it is about as hard play as one, with anything else to do, cares to go in for.

The game, as yet, has not received proper treatment at the hands of rink authorities. To begin with, the rinks are nearly all too small; new ice is almost unknown, even for matches; the lighting is only moderate, and practice hours scanty or inconvenient. However, it is to be hoped that in the future it will "draw" so well that a strong club will be able to demand good terms for its players. Given a proper chance, Hockey is sure to maintain its position as our foremost winter sport, in its particular line, and in a few years teams from this part of Canada will be able to hold their own against our instructors in the game in the Province of Quebec.

W. A. H. KERR.

A HOCKEY SONG.

Come, cross your blades upon the ice,
  The air is keen, the watchers wait ;
And eager as a cat for mice,
  Around the puck the forwards skate.
Line up ! In goal ! The game is faced !
  The puck's in play, the ice doth ring
  Beneath the skates that seem to sing :
We have no time to-night to waste !

Away ! away ! the roof doth ring,
  Above the roar of party mirth ;
From side to side supporters fling
  Winged wit that mocks each other's worth.
And brown and blue eyes flash with pride,
  And cheeks are red, and white teeth gleam,
  And kerchiefs wave, and lassies scream
To see the forwards dash and glide !

Fleet Mercury goes hand in hand
  With Zero through the air to-night ;
They write their names upon the land,
  They set their seal on windows white.
But *here* they'd come not if they could ;
  'Twould set their icy souls aflame,
  They'd melt the ice, they'd mar the game —
We would not have them if they would !

Now over all, and in between,
  And fast as sudden thought can steer,
Our dashing cover-point hath been
  Ere yet the forwards deemed him near.
They charge, they check ; they ply their powers
  Of skill and strength—but 'tis in vain ;
      He cheats them all—the goal is plain —
    Shoot ! shoot ! Hurrah ! the game is ours !

Oh ! land half-wed to ice and snow,
  If I may praise ye in my rhymes,
It is to pity those who show
  Concern for us in burning climes.
With such strong sons, we well may sing
  Our Roman worth, that all may see
  A strong Olympic monarchy,
And our old lusty Winter—king !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Only One Wins

TIM BRYANT sat on the oat-box in the stable, and watched Jean Baptiste Renaud groom Josephine. With every stroke of the brush against the mare's side Baptiste stepped back and glanced admiringly at the effect of his work.

"Say, Mr. Renaud," Tim suddenly exclaimed, "don't you think she's a mighty fine girl?"

"You bet your life," was the emphatic response. "Hank Burough he t'ink so too."

"He hain't spoke to you yet?"

"We make some talk las' week."

"An' you're goin' to give her to him?"

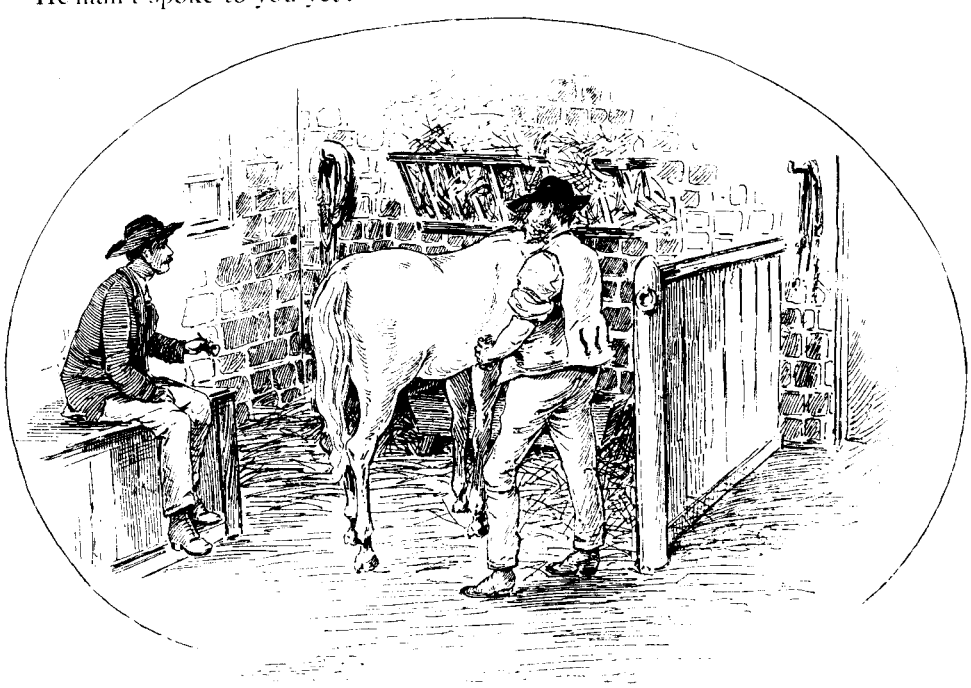
"Give her!" Baptiste shouted, dropping his brush and staring at the speaker in amazement. "Give her," he reiterated, in disgust. "Young man, you was took me for one big fool?"

"No, no, Mr. Renaud, not at all, but Hank Burroughs is counted on as a young man as any girl would jump at a chance of marrying, and if he wanted Celestine I supposed you would only be too willing to let him have her."

"Celestine! Whose been talk 'bout Celestine? He's de mare I was mean as Hank want to buy off me. I don't say not'ing on de matter of Celestine."

"I did."

"But I t'ink she was Josephine you was mean, a'int it?" He picked up the brush he had dropped in his surprise and looked at Tim anxiously. "Burrough he



"He looked at Tim anxiously."

don't want to make de marriage wid Celestine," he inquired, doubtingly.

"Don't he?" Tim answered knowingly. "He don't come up here twice a week regularly to talk to you about buying Josephine, does he? He don't talk to Celestine a couple of hours each time about buying Josephine, does he?"

"Maybe not. I don't t'ink of dat before. You tink he like Celestine?"

"Like her!" Tim laughed, almost angrily. "He worships the ground she stands on." And he's not the only one. There's young Sco t."

"Tom?"

Tim nodded his head.

"He take no interest on Celestine," Baptiste declared doubtfully.

"Of course he don't," Tim answered sarcastically. "He comes up here nearly every Sunday to see me and then forgets to say more than 'how-do.' Oh, no, he don't care anything about her."

Baptiste put the brush away and made a seat out of an empty water pail.

"She don't make no difference to you what Scott he's come here for, does she?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"I dunno. Didn't it ever strike you that I might like to marry Celestine, myself?"

"Tiens," Baptiste exclaimed. "You was want to make de marriage wid Celestine yourself?"

"That's what I said."

"I don't s'pose you was took dat way."

"Well I am. I'm taken bad just that way."

"You don't told me that?"

They sat there for a few minutes, neither speaking. "I spoke to her about it," said Tim at last, breaking the silence.

"Celestine she like it too?"

"She acted that way. We kind of kalkerlated we might as well get hitched, perviding you was willing. You h'aint any objections have you?"

Baptiste shrugged his shoulders. He did it eloquently. There were people who held that Baptiste Renaud could say more by simply shrugging his shoulders than most men could in five minutes talk. "You was took me on surprise," he said. "You say Scott he's come for make de marriage wid Celestine. He's got nice farm, Scott. Hank Burrough plenty money. You ain't got noting."

"That's pretty near being correct. I ain't got much, saving my muscle. I can work and there's nobody knows it better than you." He saw an opening for an adroit bit of flattery. "There ain't a man in the county as can follow you with a scythe, and you know I can come nigher doing it than anybody else."

Baptiste nodded his head gravely.

"Then there's other considerations," Tim went on, quick to see the point he had made. "Who's agoing to keep house for you? If she marries Hank she'll have to go and live with his folks, and if she marries Tom she'll have to go and live on his place. Then you'll have to hire help, and hired help is always more or less wanting in satisfaction," calmly ignoring the fact that he came himself under his own condemnation. "If your wife was alive it wouldn't so much matter, but where are you going to get anyone to make butter like Celestine. I guess you wouldn't take many more first prizes to the fair."

"Dat's so."

"Then you and me has always pulled along well together; always hoed rows 'longside each other with nary a rumpus."

"Yes," the old man assented.

"If I was to marry Celestine I could keep right on living with you, and things could go on just the same as usual."

"Dat was so. I don't t'nk of dat. I'll see 'bout it," he added shortly. "Let's go on de house and get some supper."

And they went in.

When they entered the door a girl rushed forward, and threw herself into the old man's arms.

"It's all right, isn't it?" she asked him eagerly.

"What's all right?" he asked in feigned astonishment. "I don't see anything was wrong."

She started back blushing. "Didn't Tim say anything to you, father?" She glanced reproachfully at the young man.

"What did you say to him?" she asked pleadingly. She put one arm around his neck and twisted his moustache with the other hand. "I'm not going to let go until you say 'yes.'"

"I don't tell him not'ng, for sure," he answered.

"Oh, you old humbug! You did! You told him 'yes,' of course. When he asked you you made a very deep bow, and then you buttoned the top button of your coat—you know you always do that when you are going to say anything important—and said," imitating his voice and gestures, "I am deeply gratified, Mr. Bryant, by your request, and am only

pleased to consent to an alliance with my daughter." She made another profound bow, laughing nervously all the time, and skipped across the room to where Tim was standing. "Didn't he do that ?" she asked, mischievously delighting in her father's consternation.

"You bad, bad girl," he said, shaking his finger at her. "Dey don't teach you make de fun of your father at de convent. Where's he's come from? What is de matter wid Scott ?" he demanded.

Celestine pouted. "He's not Tim. Besides, he has never asked me."

"And Burrough ?"

"Never mind him. It's Tim that I want."

"You want to make de marriage wid Tim ?"

"Can't you see that I do."

"Well, she do look dat way. I don't say 'no,' and I don't say 'yes.'"

"But you are going to say 'yes,' now ?"

"I s'pose she's all right." He took her hand and placed it in Tim's. "You will make one good husband, my boy. Some peoples on de village say as Baptiste Renaud don't 'mount to much, 'cause he's make his name wid de 'X,' but dis same Baptiste Renaud was know good man when he see one. Forty-seven years ago he was come on dis place from de backwood, poorer as you was, Tim. But he was work, and bye and bye he was going to make de marriage wid de daughter of the man he was work for. I can tink of dat day yet," and his voice trembled. "Your mudder, same as you, Celestine, was de prettiest girl on two county, and she was have no *beaux* but me, as was hardly speak on de English language. We was have de big wedding and de big dance, and we was going to have one more pretty soon as was bigger and better, and was have more style dan was on dat one. But first we was goin' to have some supper."

That evening Tim walked down to the post-office. On his way he stopped at the Burroughs' homestead, and inquiry at the house elicited the information that Hank was in the barn, and thither Tim proceeded. When he entered he heard the sound of voices coming from the stable adjoining, and recognized that of Hank saying : "The one who wins takes Celestine." The other voice, he recognized it as belonging to Tom Scott, replied, "all right."

Tim stopped short. "The one who wins takes Celestine," he repeated to himself. "What do they mean by that ?" he cogitated. "Thunderination !" he exclaimed, "they're deciding which one of them shall marry Celestine. I guess I ain't exactly wanted to assist, and so I'll git out."

And he departed noiselessly. "Won't those fellows feel sold when they get through deciding to find that they're too late," he chuckled to himself.

Half an hour later he formed one of a group of young men sitting on the verandah of the post-office store when Hank

"That is the work of that pet fox of yours."—See page 113.

Burroughs and Tom Scott came up together.

"Me and Tom's agreed," said Hank as he secured a seat, "that just about now is a good time for a squirrel hunt. What d'yer say, boys?"

The proposal met with an eager acceptance and in a few minutes the sides were organized with Tom and Hank as captains, rules agreed upon, and Silas Beaman, the post-master, chosen as referee and counter. The hunt was fixed for the next day, the defeated side to buy an oyster supper for the other.

Tim found Celestine the next morning ruefully examining a dead chicken. "There," she said indignantly when she saw him, "look at that! That is the work of that pet fox of yours. It's the third this week and to-day is only Thursday."

Tim was sympathetic. "It's too bad, ain't it." He placed his arm around her waist and took the dead chicken from her.

"Pretty dead, ain't it?"

"You've got to kill that fox, Tim," she declared.

"But he's such a cute little cuss."

"He is cute," she admitted, reluctantly. "But I want my chickens to pay for my wedding dress, and if you don't kill the fox I won't have any. Honestly, don't you think that the execution should take place right after breakfast?"

"Maybe it had. But what do I get for acting as executioner?"

"My thanks of course."

"And is that all?"

"Well, seeing that you were a good boy." She bent forward and kissed him, blushing fiery red, and then darting quickly away from him. As she turned she saw her father standing in the door. But Tim caught her again, and kissed her time after time. "How many times do you want to sign that fox's death warrant?" she asked, and at that moment he too saw the old man.

"Well," said the latter to himself, "I s'pose he's all right. He ain't got no money, he ain't got no relative, he ain't got no not'ing, but he's mighty good for de work."

At dinner time the fox had not been killed and Celestine reminded him of this fact. Then an idea suddenly came into his head. It would not be a bad thing to have that fox count in his score at the hunt. A fox counted a hundred points. He afterwards averred that the unfairness of the proceding never occurred to him. The idea settled the fate of the fox, however, and half an hour later it lay dead in the hollow of a log in the adjoining woods, ready to be called for later in the afternoon, while its slayer was leisurely making his way to the meeting ground.

When the saw-mill whistle blew for six o'clock, Mr. Beaman stood upon the verandah of his store and looking far down the road saw the first of the returning hunters. Six o'clock had been agreed upon as the meeting time with a quarter of an hour's grace for the stragglers. Ten minutes later Mr. Beaman, totalling up the scores, announced that five members of Hank's side had reported with a total score of 625. On Tom's side only three had come in, their score being 287.

"We are going to be licked," said Jim Stone, despondently, but two minutes later he felt more cheerful, for a couple of his side turned up and the score stood even points and even men.

Then there was some excitement, but it only lasted a brief moment. When it was learned that the two missing men were Hank Burroughs and Tim Bryant, Tom's friends relinquished all hope.

"Tim's a mighty nice young fellar, but he ain't no hunter, and when it comes to out-shooting Hank Burroughs he might as well try to fly," declared Jim Stone. And nobody disputed the statement.

The appearance of Hank cut the discussion short. The score was quickly figured up by Mr. Beaman. When it was announced as 121 there was a groan of despair from Tom's side.

Far down the road they saw Tim coming. As he drew near half a dozen voices eagerly queried, "How much have you got?"

"What's the score?" he demanded, ignoring the question.

"Our side wants 121 to tie and 122 to win."

"Whew!" was his comment.

"I thought so," said Jim.

"Let's see what you've got, Tim," said Mr. Beaman.

The first handful from the bag consisted of two squirrels.

"Ten," counted Mr. Beaman.

Seven chipmunks were successively produced.

"Twenty-one," said Mr. Beaman.

"He'll never do it," groaned Jim.

"Bag seems pretty full yet," said Tom hopefully.

"You want just a hundred, Tim," said Mr. Beaman.

"Guess we'll have to have them then," and he dragged forth the fox, amidst exclamations of surprise.

"Tied," his friends yelled. "Haven't you got anything else?"

"That's all."

"And who is going to pay for that oyster supper?" asked Jim Stone.

"I will," said Mr. Beaman. "I have a particular reason for doing it."

The supper was a great success. It was just as the dishes were removed that Mr. Beaman rose in his place at the head of the table and said: "Nobody ever supposed when we were waiting this afternoon for Tim to come in that he would come any where near to Hank Burroughs. But he did. He hasn't got much reputation as a shot but still now and then he happens to bring down some pretty big game, like that fox this afternoon. But as it happens that isn't the biggest thing he's shot lately, for I learned this afternoon from the lips of his future father-in-law of something else that he had done. And I know as you all will agree with me when I ask you to drink to the health of Tim Bryant and the future Mrs. Bryant, as is now Celestine Renaud."

Tim sat there, his face burning, and as Mr. Beaman concluded he looked across at Hank and Tom. They looked at him and in a moment they knew that Tim knew something about the squirrel hunt that was not generally known.

The toast was honored amidst thunderous applause and then Tim returned thanks in awkward fashion.

Hank and Tom came to him next day. "You're not going to split on us, are you Tim?"

"I don't know," he answered.

"We didn't know that you felt at all that way about Celestine. If we had we wouldn't have thought of it. But Tom knew I wanted her and I knew that Tom wanted her and so we came to the conclusion that we might as well decide as to which of us should have the first chance of asking her."

"Well, you see," said Tim, "I did my courting when there were nobody else around, and the fact is that we had things fixed between ourselves two weeks ago, but I just asked the old man the day before yesterday. I won't give you away."

"We don't feel exactly like congratulating you," said Tom, "but you have used us fair. It was a mighty good thing that that squirrel hunt was a tie."

Then Tim told them how that it came to be a tie.

The wedding did Stebbinsville credit, at least that was the opinion of the town, and nearly everybody in it was there, with the exception of the Methodist parson. He couldn't go because Baptiste persisted in having the dance right after the wedding. But his congregation were all there. There never has been another dance like it in the town since.

It was only the other day that Mrs. Bryant learned the story of the fox's head broach with the queer motto, "Only one wins," numbered among her wedding gifts.

EDWARD F. SLACK.

THE QUEEN'S WINTER HOME.

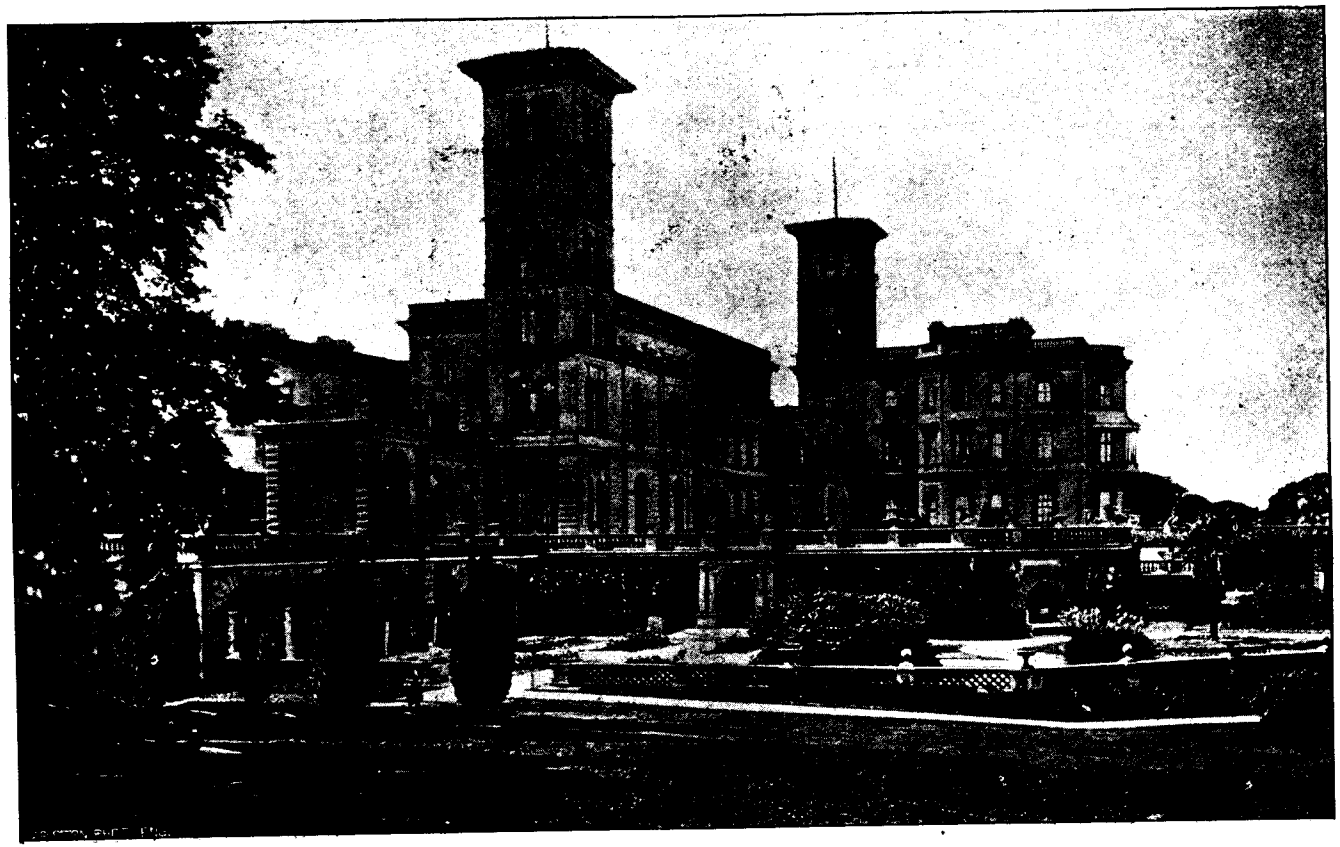
AFTER the sight of a Highland regiment, marching along to the music of the pipes, under blackened and riddled banners whose rags and tatters those who bear them would not exchange for the crown jewels, there is to me no sight more inspiriting than Portsmouth, with its stately battle ships that represent at once the strength and the glory of England. Steam, iron and modern explosives, have indeed played havoc with the picturesque side of naval armaments and naval warfare. It is perfectly useless to explain to any one with an artistic eye in his head and a romantic vein in his disposition that what is lost in size — in height especially — is gained in power. What does he care for that? Give him the floating castles with which Nelson won Trafalgar! Give him the tubs, even, in which the gallant hearts of Elizabethan days sallied out to meet the Spanish Armada! Leave something in a chase to the chance of the elements. Let the wind sweep along to fill the sails, and the ship, responding, fly over the waters like a thing of life! Let no black funnels mar the symmetry of the staunch masts; no base mechanical smoke mingle with the smoke of battle!

Corridor, Osborne House.

Invention, alas! cares little for romance, and has no traditions. Yet, after it has done its worst, the war ships of England are still to be admired as well as dreaded; and some of the most imposing you are sure to find lying off Portsmouth. A splendid view of them you have in crossing to or from the sunny island of the Wight. A great multitude of smaller craft in transports, traders, etc., are gathered near. Graceful yachts, their pennons streaming, flit hither and thither. Boats of high and low degree are everywhere. The sun shines, the waves sparkle. It is a brilliant and inspiriting pageant; and before you have had time to weary of playing your small part in it, you are at the pier at Ryde.

He who wishes to do justice to this beautiful island—and to himself—will eschew railways, and either coach, or ride, or walk. And for a *pied-à-terre*, *salut* Ryde, by all means. It is on a corner, to be sure, but a corner most convenient for entry or exit; and then the island is so small there is no advantage in being more centrally located. Ryde's pier is famous. Yet, once upon a time, passengers were brought ashore on the backs of sailors, and not always without accident. Near the pier, Ryde seems to you a place of club-houses and yachtsmen. Climb the streets, it is a place of hotels and lodging-houses. Go further, and it is a place of villas; further yet, it is a maze of green lanes. The whole island is a haunt of spring—of genuine, old-fashioned spring—and of the largest and fairest primroses in the world. If they ever vulgarize these flowers as they have vulgarized others, by candying and eating them, Isle of Wight primroses will rank with Parma violets.

Excellent apartments can be had in Ryde at a moderate rate. The view from our windows alone was cheap at the price. Looking out over the waters, we saw the pageant in which we had so lately taken a part repeated for others; and our landlady struck a tragic note by pointing out the spot where the *Royal*

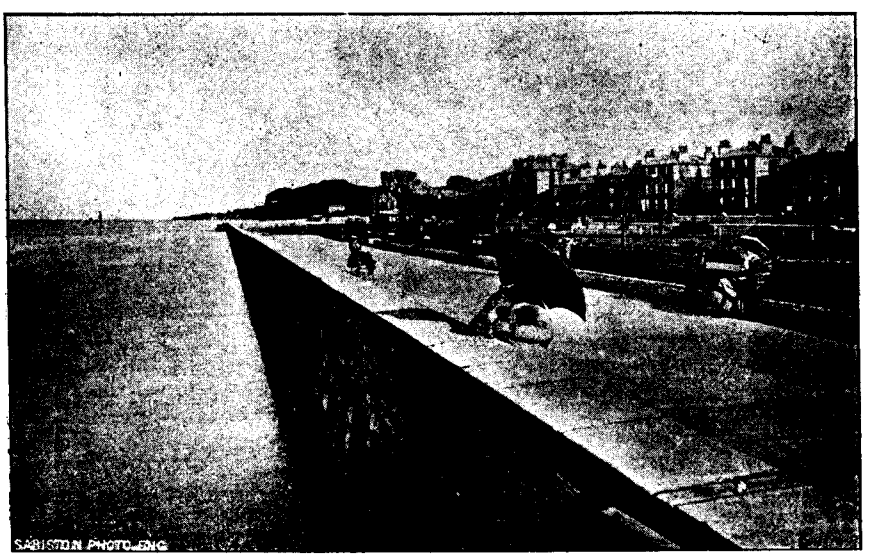


OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

George went down with "brave Kempenfeldt" and his "twice five hundred men." The reader will remember the incident, if only by Cowper's stirring lyric. The noble war-ship, the flagship of the Admiral when lying in these waters, was careened for purposes of repair, when a sudden breeze bore her over and down with all her gallant company.

But away with the tragedy now! The sea is smiling to-day, and we are going to coach down the eastern coast, by Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, to beautiful little Bonchurch in the south. We pass through Brading, and alight to see its ancient church, lately restored. It is supposed to include portions of the primitive building when in the first decade of the eighth century St. Wilfrid baptized the first Christian convert of the Wight. The church is interesting, too, as the scene of the labours of the Rev. Leigh Richmond; and the churchyard as the place of burial of "Jane, the Young Cottager," immortalized in his *Annals of the Poor*. Those only who, like ourselves, have had "Little Jane" and "The Dairyman's Daughter" served up with Hannah More and Josephus on fifty-two Sundays in the year, through all the period of childhood, can conceive how strange it seemed to stand by the small heroine's grave. We had scarcely felt in more ancient company had the mandate read, "There is Adam, and Eve his wife."

By Sandown—once the home of Wilkes, the demagogue—with its noble bay and long stretch of yellow sands, we reach Shanklin, loved by Keats. Shanklin is a congregation of cottages embowered in roses, and terminating seaward in bold precipices. Its Chine, or clift, is a romantic ravine, three hundred feet deep, its sides a mass of verdure. It is very pretty but, truth compels us to say, very small. You have a good many ups and downs for the small fee charged, but these are as little a matter of necessity as half-a-dozen staircases would be in a six-roomed house. A rusty photographer, just outside the entrance gate, is "taking" a rustic maiden. The latter, on seeing us, is not a whit disconcerted; but her swain, who stands near, looks decidedly sheepish and feels his huge red hands more of a superfluity than ever. The stream in the Chine is meagre, the place is fearfully damp. On the whole, one is amazed at Keat's enthusiasm. Other Chines there are, some like Shanklin, pretty; others, like Black Gang, grim.



The Esplanade at Ryde.

And now we are at the Undercliff, the favourite resort of invalids, those who have fled from fogs and east winds. The southern half of the Isle of Wight, as you will guess from the white cliffs that everywhere greet you, is of chalk formation; and once upon a time, long ago, a great mass of the slopes broke away and rushed into the sea, forming the lower shore known as the Undercliff. It is seven miles long—stretching between Lurcombe

Old Church, Bonchurch.

and Black Gang Chines—and half a mile wide. Boniface Down and St. Catharine's Hill, eight hundred feet high, guard it on the north; on the south its precipices are washed by the sea. The cliffs from which the mass was torn are here covered by the most luxuriant vegetation, there stand out in every fantastic semblance of ruined castle or ancient fortification. Landslips have by no means ceased. One, in 1799, hurled a hundred acres into the sea; a later convulsion disposed of thirty acres; and similar catastrophes have occurred in recent times.

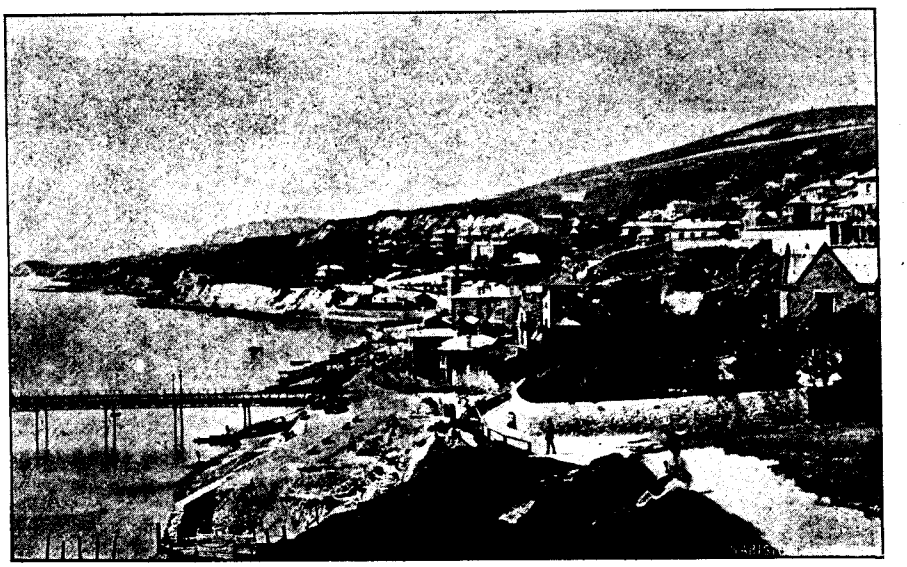
Of the towns and villages that have grown up on the Undercliff, Ventnor is the most important, Bonchurch the most beautiful. One cannot conceive of anything more lovely than the latter. The name is said to be derived from St. Boniface, who landed there A.D. 755; the bay on which it lies is still called Monk's Bay. There is a well, too, called after the same saint; dedicated to him by a bishop who by his intercession was miraculously saved from destruction while descending the downs on horseback, on a dark night. The well was said to possess miraculous powers of healing, and on the feast of its patron, maidens garlanded it with flowers and many pilgrims resorted to it in search of health for body or soul, or success in love. Bonchurch, though only a hamlet, has two noted churches and two noted churchyards. Of both churchyards could well be said, as was once said of another, "It must make one in love with death, to know one would be buried in so sweet a spot." Let those who think the place of the dead a place of garish display of the wealth or consequence of the living, make a pilgrimage to Bonchurch and take a lesson. The quaint little old church, built five hundred years ago, is one of the smallest in England—that of St. Lawrence, a few miles away from it, is said to be the very smallest. As you step in, you fancy yourself in the vestibule; you look for the door into the church, and thereby delight the guide who explains in triumph that this *is* the church. This little Norman structure of scarce thirty feet has two miniature galleries and a painting of the Last Judgment. Venerable elms with ivy-covered trunks droop over the graves of the sleepers, among whom are the highly-gifted Sterling and Adams, author of "The Shadow of the Cross."

* * * * *

Another day finds us driving westward from Ryde. We pass Quarr Abbey, one of the monastic foundations suppressed by Henry VIII.; we have already made acquaintance with the bones of some of the brethren, which, in doubtful taste, have been shown us as curiosities in Ryde Muse-

um. We reach Newport, said to be of Roman origin, and alight at the parish church, the successor of a very interesting one, dedicated to St. Thomas-a-Becket. The present building has inherited from the old a curious pulpit and other relics, but what we are in search of is Marochetti's beautiful monument to the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the ill-fated Charles I. The erection of this memorial is one of the many graceful acts of our present Sovereign. A full-length figure of the Princess rests on a recessed tomb, the cheek pressed against the Bible, the monarch's parting gift in a last sad interview before his execution. The monument bears the inscription :—"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle, on Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected—a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes—by Victoria R., 1856." The virtues were not imaginary, as are so many that live in marble ; the character of the Princess seems to have been as lovely as her life was brief.

A mile from Newport, erected on a steep hill, is the picturesque castle in which Elizabeth died, and in which her royal father was imprisoned. By an imposing archway, bearing Queen Elizabeth's initials, and the date, 1598, a stone bridge crossing an empty, but verdant moat, and a gateway carved with the rose of the House of York,—we reach the quadrangular courtyard. The apartments of Charles are on the left. They are roofless, but you can still trace their outlines, as also that of the window, now built up, by which Charles tried to escape. By the connivance of a devoted servant without the castle and a loyal warden within, the king was provided with the means of leaving his chamber, and horses waited to carry him to the coast. But the fatal Stuart self-will thwarted the plan. Instead of applying the acid and file to the bar of the window, Charles insisted that where his head could go his body could follow, and at the critical moment was caught by the shoulders and obliged to abandon the attempt.

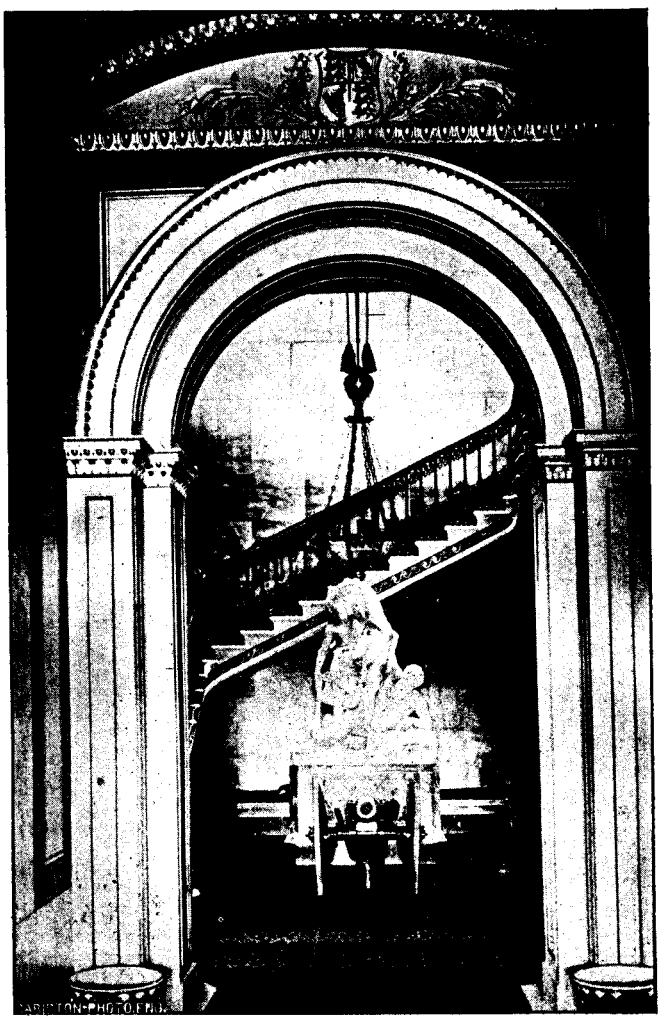


Ventnor.

The chapel, the ancient residence of the Governor, and especially the Norman keep, are all worth seeing ; but almost the first object asked for by visitors after the apartments of Charles is—the donkey! Over a well about 150 feet deep (there is another even deeper in the castle, but the stones from the ruins have filled it up) is a room, and in that room there is a tread-wheel ; and into that wheel, at the request of visitors, is introduced a veritable specimen of the genus ass. The animal gives you a knowing look, as much as to say—"Now watch me !" and then, never taking his eyes off you and never winking, he turns the wheel, draws up a bucket of water, and, that feat accomplished, gives

a triumphant bray, which because of his age and infirmity, is more like a cackle. It is allowed that these faithful servants sometimes die—for you are told of many that have seen fabulously long periods of service. Yet no visitor to the Castle ever beheld a young one. To each comer solemn asservation is made that the donkey that turns the wheel for him has turned the wheel and brayed for between thirty and forty years.

Cowes, north of Newport, at the mouth of the Medina river, is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club. The annual regatta is a splendid affair; the plate is given by the Queen. Osborne, Her Majesty's favourite winter residence is near. You have glimpses of its tower in the distance as you pass; but except for these glimpses it is to the public a veritable *terra incognita*, for they never enter within its grounds. The strict exclusion has given rise to a good deal of strangely unjust criticism from those who regard a Sovereign as a phenomenon that should be always on free exhibition, and who would deny to the highest in the land the rights which are claimed by the lowliest.



Interior View in Osborne House.

Returning to Ryde, we take in Arreton, with the home and grave of a humbler Elizabeth than the daughter of the Stuarts, yet none the less the daughter of a King—Elizabeth Walbridge, the "Dairyman's Daughter." These rural "God's-acres," with their host of verdant mounds—some nameless—most marked by headstones,

> "With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,"

are inexpressibly touching—not one but hundreds of them might be that in which Gray found his inspiration, and in each of them his beautiful and pathetic words say for you what you can only feel for yourself. At Arreton, the charm was rudely broken by a thin, sharp-faced American woman in an Indian shawl, accompanied by two heavy-looking girls in fur-lined circulars and broad-brimmed hats—as unlike the typical American girl as possible—whom she was evidently accompanying as bear-leader. After painting a very unnecessary antithesis with Arreton and Brading on one hand and Abbotsford and Stratford-on-Avon on the other, she summed up by asserting that she would rather be the Dairyman's Daughter than Shakespeare; and she was evidently disappointed when no one contradicted her. A youth in knickerbockers remarked in an aside to his companion, "I suppose she means *now*."

* * *

On yet another day—for we are never

weary of driving in the balmy air—we set off immediately after breakfast, bound for the extreme west of the island. The picturesque church of Brixton has two famous men associated with it—the brilliant Samuel Wiberforce and the saintly Ken. Those venerable ivy-covered parish churches, found wherever there is a village or a hamlet, throughout the land, and associated with all that is most sacred in the life of generation after generation, are even more than the great cathedrals, the glory and the hope of England.

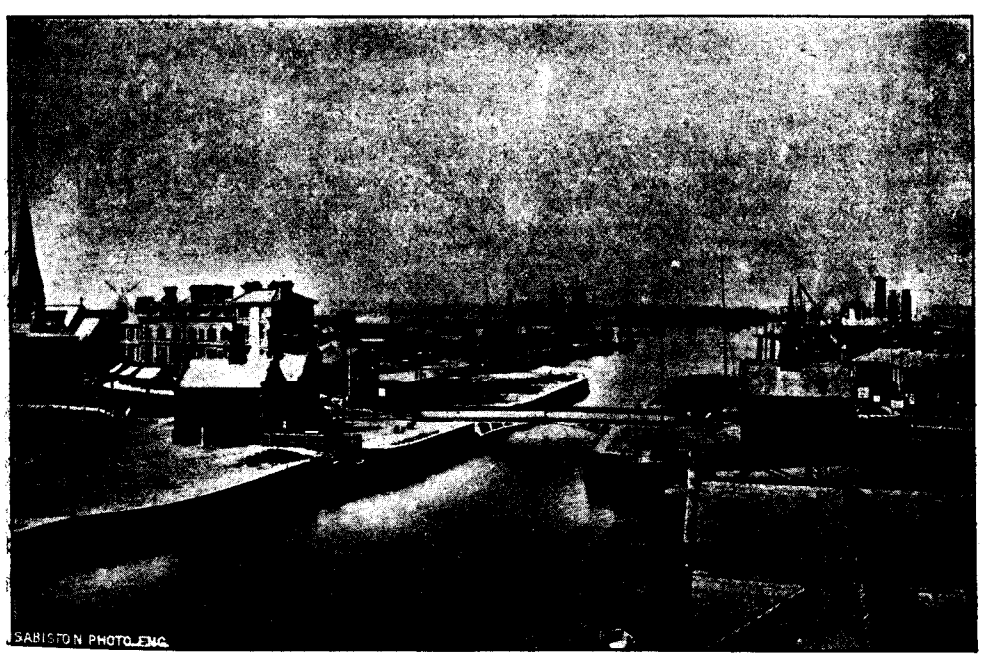
At Freshwater is the grandest coast scenery in the island, and with few exceptions as grand scenery of the kind as is to be found in Britain. The Yar river, running north, almost cuts off Freshwater parish. South of the peninsula is the semi-circular Freshwater Bay, with its fine beach, terminated east and west by giant cliffs of the most striking forms —long stretches of gray wall, solitary donjon towers, and one perfect gothic arch. Scratchell's Bay, with chalk cliffs six hundred feet high is on the extreme west. The cliffs contain a cave half their height, and run out to sea, where they terminate in the famous Needles. North of the Needles (of which there are five, though only three are of great size) is Alum Bay. There the cliffs are of tremendous height but arranged with a regularity that somewhat takes from their grandeur. The effect of sameness is, however, prevented by the rich variety of colour. With the gray chalk Nature, who loves beauty more than the most enthusiastic of her worshippers, has mingled other strata and formed with them an exquisite stretch of mosaic work in all the hues of the rainbow. In the twilight the brilliancy is wonderfully and beautifully toned into the soft rich hues which the old masters loved, and which we, moderns, try vainly to imitate.

Fresh water, of course, suggests Faringford, one of the late Laureate's famous homes; and the reader will remember how the sunny hue, like that of the Lincolnshire fens and the leafy South country, made its mark on the poet's mind and work, and gave to the latter an added grace. One does not need to be drowned, to

> "Suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

To my mind, the person who has not lived beside the sea, long enough to know it all by heart in all its moods, has not lived at all.

But alas for the famous man or woman who hopes to find the "elegant seclusion" of which we used to read. The tourist comes and the villa springs up; in the



Lowestoft.

ROYAL APARTMENTS, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

march of education even 'Arry becomes aware of the celebrity's existence, and takes his Mary Ann to have a look at him or her. It takes but a very little while to transform — or deform — a picturesque little hamlet into a bloated watering-place. There came a day when Tennyson fled from Farmingford, to seek elegant seclusion elsewhere. And the disappointed lion-hunters, unable to comprehend why a poet-laureate should not compose —as *le grand Monarque* took his meals and made his toilet—in public, called him churlish, and considered themselves defrauded of a right.

* * * * *

The value of this lovely island as a health resort has been questioned, and the general opinion now is that for persons suffering from pulmonary disease, the climate of the greater portion of it is too damp and enervating. This objection, fortunately, does not apply to the "most" charming part of it, Woodscliff. At Ventnor, now grown to a great size, are both public and private institutions for the cure or amelioration of consumption; and the results, if we may judge from statistics, are most gratifying. We fortunately, are not here as invalids; but none the less do we decide that should one ever build tabernacles in the isle, it shall be at Bonchurch. Here you may live an idyllic life; beginning the day with sunrise in the only and beautiful house which reverent worshippers have reared; breakfasting, lunching, and dining, with your diamond-paned windows open to the sea—the roses and honeysuckles springing in as the casements are thrown back; sitting for long hours on the cliffs, with your book, or pen, or pencil—not too busy to miss how the emerald of the waters changes into sapphire, and the sapphire into opal; the fishermen on the beach below sometimes rolling almost from vision, with their sails, and nets, and lobster baskets; the day softening into an enchanted twilight; the twilight into a serene and starry night.

We pass many such days in the island yet break in on them often. We take long drives to the places I have mentioned, until they seem to us as old friends; long walks, in which we discover all manner of lovely nooks. We linger through the freshness and fragrance of hawthorn and primrose and violet time, till the tender greens in the woods have deepened and the hedges are a maze of wild roses and blackberry brambles. The lark sings for us at evening; the nightingale makes sweeter the night. We know by heart the legends of Quarr Abbey; we test the virtues of the wishing well We make acquaintance with human nature, too. We develope enthusiastic interest in one little girl, two old women, and no less

Royal Yacht Club House Cowes.

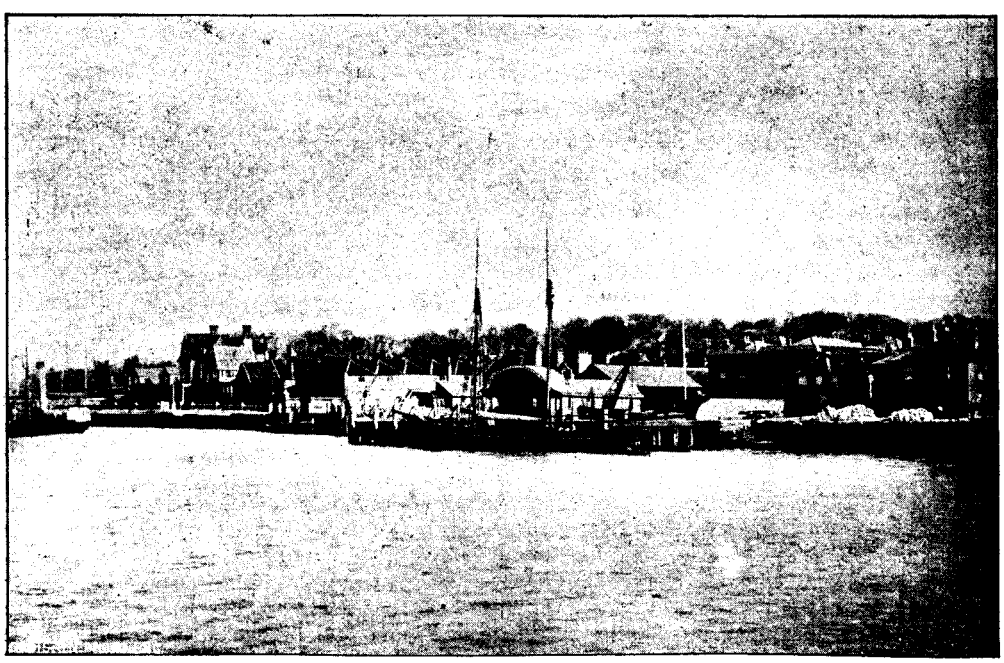
than five old men—so many, that we speak of "my old man," "your old man," and "our old men." We grow to respect rustic wit and learn that the Edis Ochiltrees and Mrs. Poysers are not all dead. One of our old women who has had a request in her eyes for days, lets it at length drop from her tongue: She could "die 'appy if Miss" (meaning the youngest of our party) "would make her dead-cap." "Miss" conquers the natural repugnance of youth and beauty to the task, and the old body is as pleased with the grim bit of gala attire as a belle with a *confection* from Worth, and is sure it will "become the corpse." My old man (originally from the north country, I believe), after looking moody for a week, is found, one morning, chuckling. His son, a sturdy young ploughman in Surrey, had chosen a daughter of Heth, an Irish girl, and had married her in spite of all remonstrances. The marriage ceremony was being performed. "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" asked the clergyman. There was a longer silence than is usual on such occasions, and it was broken by the bride—"the brazen huzzy," to quote her father-in-law—who cried, "Uf coorse!" "H'm!" growled the bridegroom, indignant at the interruption; then to the clergyman after another pause, "I've more'n half a mind to say naw!" The old man repeated this again and again, winding up at last with "Dod, sir, our Bill 'll dress* her!"

* * * * * *

When we re-cross the waters, there is a scene worth seeing. His Imperial Majesty of Germany is on his way to the court of his Royal and Imperial grandmother of Great Britain, and the Emperor's vessel has just been sighted. Flags stream, blue-jackets man the yards, bands play, cannon thunder salutes. Our glasses are raised to see two of our own princes who pass near us in one of the royal yachts, when a many-coloured object comes between. It is the India shawl—the bear-leader within it; and she is holding forth to the poor bears who look more heavy and disgusted than ever. She is doubtless telling them that she would rather be "Little Jane" than the Prince of Wales.

ANGUS SUTHERLAND.

* Flog.



Trinity Pier, East Cowes.

IT is a pity that the first settlers in districts where Old World names have been given to New World places were so often ignorant of the right pronunciation of those names. The mispronunciation of the Nova Scotian Avon as Avon and of the Connecticut Thames as Tāmes must offend ears accustomed to the immemorial pronunciation of the historic English rivers after which the American ones are called. Warwick and Berwick are sounded Warrick and Berrick in England and Scotland, but the places of the same names in more than one State of the Union are pronounced as they are spelt. So are Derby in Connecticut and Berkeley in another State, though the educated classes in England pronounce these words as Darby and Barkeley. Belfast in Ireland is accented on the last syllable, Belfast in Maine upon the first. Bangor in Wales is accented on the first while its Yankee namesake is accented on both syllables, most emphatically upon the last. Bourbon county is commonly called Burbun or Borbun, and so is its indigenous and usually adulterated whisky — which is rather piling the agonies on the effete monarchy of France. Marlborough, the name of a Boston street and of several other places in the United States, is never pronounced there Maulbro, as it is in Great Britain.

* * *

According to Mr. Knowles, Tennyson insisted on "the imperative necessity of restraint in art." More potential orators, poets and actors miss their mark from lack of this restraint than perhaps from any other cause. At the time of his remark the Laureate had been speaking of poets who often went to seed from neither curbing their creativeness nor pruning their creations. But restraint is equally needed by writers and speakers in reserving their force. I have noticed a parliamentarian with great oratorical gifts who failed to produce deep effects on his hearers simply because he rose to too many climaxes. If a man is used to cry "Wolf!" when there is no wolf, his cry will be equally unheeded when the wolf arrives. If you are called on to thrill and throb in spurious or petty crises in a speech, you are very likely not to thrill and throb when the grand crisis has come. A great commander husbands his reserves for a crucial moment. When a spirited advance must be checked or the battle lost, he hurls them imposingly on the aggressive column ; or he may move them against a wavering wing of the enemy—fresh, steady, irresistible.

* * *

Canada is a country for whose cause, as Lord Rosebery said of the still grander cause of Imperial unity, it were worth living, or, if needs be, dying. My respect for a genuine "Canada First" man is, therefore, only second to my respect for the man who puts our Empire before Canada, our race before both, and mankind before them all. But most politicians who shout "Canada-First !" shout it merely as an expedient war-cry. In the heart of the average politician it is Constituency first, Province second, Dominion third, and Empire fourth or fifth. And over all these altruistic sentiments his selfishness usually reigns supreme ;—he is for self first, last and all the time. If we are ever to evolve a broad and general love of country, a Canadian and Pan-Britannic patriotism, it is clear that the people must lead the average politician.

* * *

Lord Lorne has been getting it hot in some English journals, very deservedly, in my opinion, for a letter of his which

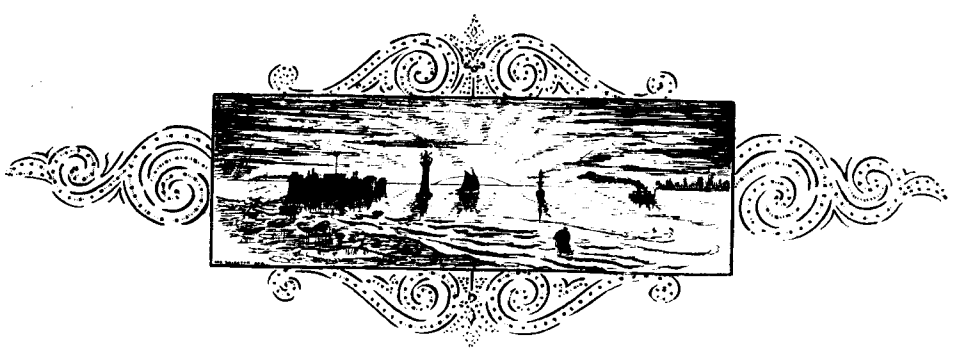
was read at the January meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, and which contains the following strange utterance :— "The representation given to them (the colonies) in any central council *must accord with their power of working evil or good to the Empire.* What is their power in these respects? Very large ; for Britain depends on foreign and colonial trade for her food supply, and a little carelessness on the part of the Colonies could cut off her food supplies. When we remember what a little British carelessness did to American commerce when the *Alabama* escaped to sea, we can estimate what would be the consequence to our commerce were a few such cruisers to be carelessly allowed to escape from the numerous Colonial ports. We could not effectually punish our Colonists for such carelessness, but they can most effectually punish us for not being in peaceful times careful of their interests as well as of our own. Therefore, 'our interests' mean in all cases something different than a selfish isolation. Unless these historical considerations can be set aside, it follows that, when the governments of great Colonies, who may be our good friends or do us infinite harm, ask of us a thing, we should give heed to their request." "Now," observes the organ of the Imperial Federation League, "we do venture very emphatically to protest against the whole idea and sentiment that pervades that passage of Lord Lorne's letter. And we make bold further to express the belief that it will be read with a feeling of moral repulsion not only by most Englishmen at home, but by every right-minded Englishman in the Colonies and every subject of the Queen throughout the Empire who is not a sworn foe to England and the English connection. Many people, and especially politicians, in the Colonies are not backward in milking the Mother Country all they can. * * * * But, all this notwithstanding, we altogether refuse to believe that any man or any body of men of repute in Canada, Australia, or any other colony would be base enough to act upon Lord Lorne's suggestion—that their strongest card to play in getting what they want out of the Mother Country lies in the 'evil' they could do her when beset by a foreign foe. Lord Lorne, in the same letter, goes on to say that 'to the comprehension of what is really and permanently our interest, the "creation of an atmosphere of mutual regard" is necessary. A pretty 'atmosphere of mutual regard,' truly would be created by the colonies threatening to 'punish' the Mother Country, in time of war, by letting an enemy's cruiser slip out of their ports to cut off her food supplies, if she fails to 'give heed to their request' when they 'ask a thing' of her in peace! Better a hundred times have them for open enemies than for such treacherous friends as that." A correspondent signing himself "Do Si Des" makes a still more fiery protest against the Marquis under the strong heading, "Incitement to Treachery." "The heir to a dukedom," says this correspondent, "married to a Princess of the Royal Blood of England, who has occupied the post of Governor-General of Canada and aspires to sit in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, writing from the Palace at Osborne to a meeting of colonists in London, suggests to them deliberate acts of the grossest treachery in time of war if the people of the United Kingdom do not now comply with their every wish, and places in their hands threat of these acts as a weapon with which to extort benefits for themselves from his own countrymen." The possible baseness hinted at by Lord Lorne is an insult to the honour of the Colonies. Any Colony afflicted with the viperous morality imagined by him should be promptly shaken off like a viper. And if the Mother Country should adopt Lord Lorne's suggestion and found her colonial policy on fear instead of justice, the sooner she resigned her colonial empire, the better for her safety and her fame. If she is to be startled like a snail, let her draw in all her horns and shrink into the vaunted security of her insular shell.

* * *

There is a difference between those two prominent imperial Federationists Mr. G. R. Parkin and Sir Charles Tupper. Mr. Parkin tells the Canadian people they must contribute to the imperial establishments if they wish to secure imperial representation and partnership, and the improved status and security accruing thereto. Sir Charles is not content with asking that fair allowance be made for Canada's contribution to the Empire in the shape of her transcontinental railway He tells Canadians they are already contributing enough or almost enough. He asks for imperial representation without taxation—he wants something for nothing or next to nothing. In Sir Charles

the instincts of the practical politician apparently predominate. Our parasitic status, if undignified and precarious, is cheap; and economy may outweigh all other considerations in unaroused constituencies. Mr. Parkin feels the humiliation and danger of incomplete citizenship more deeply; he sees inevitable change impending, and argues that partnership with the Empire is the most economical of the future conditions that are open to our choice. He has a higher opinion of his countrymen than Sir Charles. He trusts that ambitious manhood is not dead, but only sleeping, in the average Canadian constituency, and his vital concern is not that it be aroused in time for the next election, but in time to secure the unity of the Empire. In this respect he shares the faith of the greatest statesman of Nova Scotia, the Hon. Joseph Howe, a faith that is noble even if it should happen to be proved false. "But I will not for a moment," wrote Mr. Howe in his "Organization of the Empire," (London, 1866) "do my fellow-colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events if there are any communities of British origin anywhere, who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain where and who they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquility, when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



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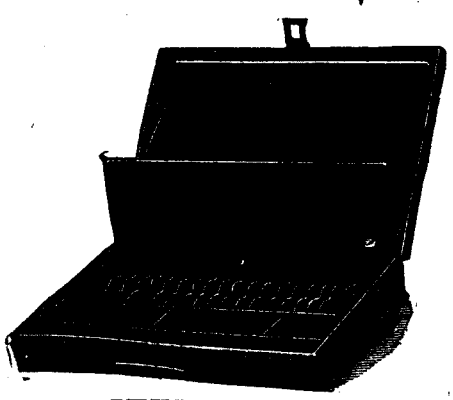
ARTISTS



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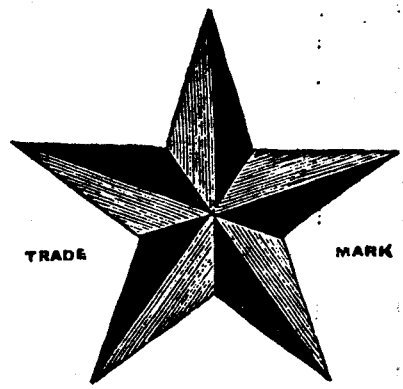

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THEY POSSESS EVERY GOOD QUALITY REQUISITE TO A FIRST CLASS PLATE.

USE EAGLE AND *RED* LABEL STAR FOR VIEWING AND GENERAL OUTDOOR WORK; *WHITE* LABEL STAR FOR INSTANTANEOUS EXPOSURES.

BRILLIANT! RAPID! RELIABLE!
Try them.

MANUFACTURED BY
ANDERSON, ROBINSON & CO.
TORONTO AND HAMILTON, ONT.
and for Sale by all LIVE dealers in Photo. Supplies

R. F. SMITH, 164 St. James St.,
Special Agent for MONTREAL.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH

We do not advertise that our Watches are other than just what they are, for this reason, people believe in us and deal with us. The Newspapers all endorse our advertisements and that we deal fairly and squarely by everybody, through them we offer this the **GREATEST WATCH BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.** This is the John C. Dueber's **BEST 14 KARAT** Full Engraved, Gold Filled Hunting Case warranted to wear 20 years. Dueber's own guarantee with each case. We fit in this Case the celebrated "DUEBER-HAMPDEN" Nickle Full-Jeweled movement, stem winding, adjusted. Warranted an accurate time-keeper for TEN YEARS.

OUR OFFER

We will send this watch to ANY PERSON (no money in advance) by express, C.O.D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION. We will send instructions to the Express Agent to allow you to examine and CARRY THE WATCH 3 DAYS before paying for it, then if perfectly satisfactory pay the Agent **$22.00** and the Watch is yours; otherwise let him return it at OUR EXPENSE. Open Face $20.00. Address

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO, CANADA

The Allison Advertising Co.

OF CANADA (Ltd.)

ROBERT MACKAY, PRESIDENT.
JOHN MAGOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
DAVID ROBERTSON TREASURER.
JOHN B. CLARKSON, SECRETARY.

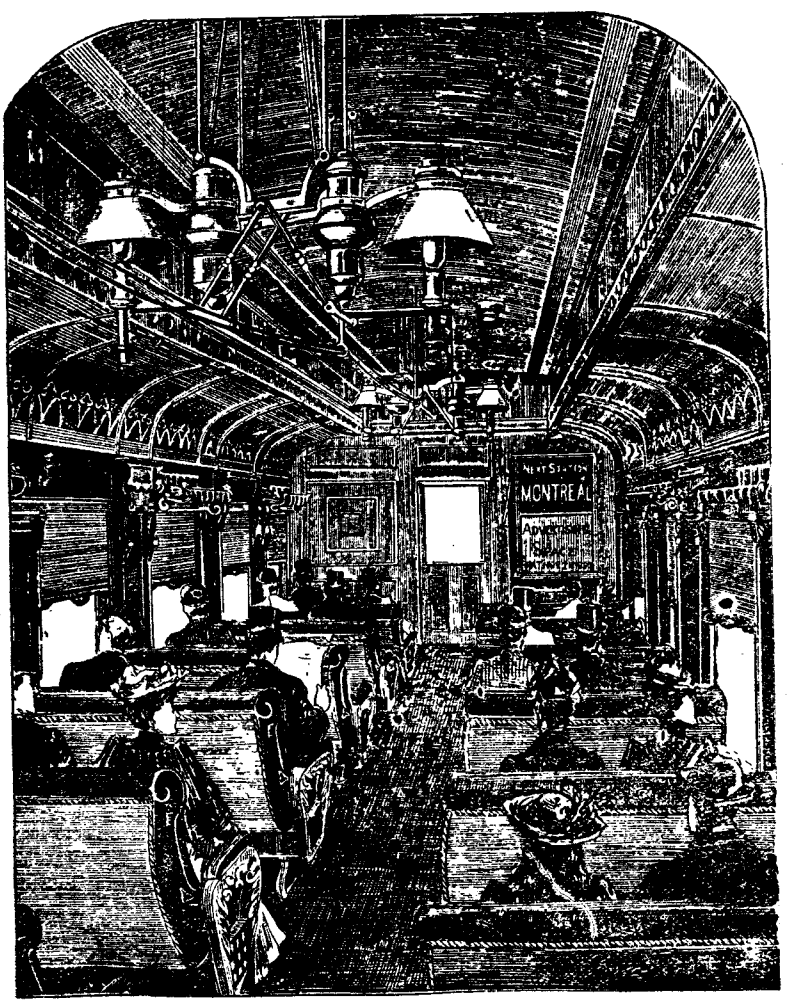
CAPITAL STOCK,
$100,000.

C. G. CLOUSTON, DIRECTOR
WM. CLARKE, "
W J. DAWSEY, "
HECTOR PREVOST, "

WE illustrate this week a STATION INDICATOR for railway cars, which is a great improvement on the prevailing system of having the names of the stations announced by the brakeman. This verbal system is unsaisfactory in many ways, and various forms of mechanical indicators have been designed; some worked simultaneously throughout the train and others worked automatically from the track.

The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make **The Allison Railway Station Indicator** the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1890.

Upon application we should be glad to quote prices on any number of plates. Address,

The Allison Advertising Co. of Canada [Ltd.]

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Company,

16 and 18 DeBRESOLES STREET, MONTREAL.

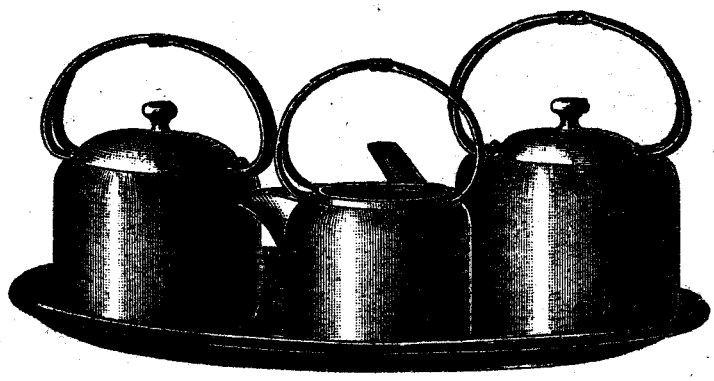
Head Office and Factories:

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

BRANCHES:

NEW YORK CITY, 36 East 14th Street, CHICAGO, ILL., 137 and 139 State Street,

PHILADELPHIA, 504 Commerce Street.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE

"CELEBRATED"

WM. ROGERS Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality Silver-plated Ware

——CONSISTING OF——

Tea Sets, Waiters, Cruets, Pickle Casters, Butter Dishes
Wine Stands, Epergnes, Fruit Stands, &c., &c.

THE TRADE ONLY SOLICITED.

16 and 18 DeBresoles Street, Montreal.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

CHOCOLAT MENIER

For Samples, sent free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, Agent, Montreal.

IF YOU WANT A PIANO OR AN ORGAN

You will save money by examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere; and I believe I can show you the largest assortment of fine instruments in Canada.

— IN STOCK NOW: —

New 7 1-3 Octave Upright Pianos,
From $175.

New 5 Octave Organs, fine case, with mirror,
From $50.

Fancy Grand and Upright Pianos, in rare woods,
Up to $1,200.

Church Organs, (4 styles),
From $450 to $1,500.

Second-hand Pianos,
From $50.

EASY TERMS. LOWEST PRICES.
PIANOS EXCHANGED.

☞ If you cannot come personally, please write for illustrated catalogue.

L. E. N. PRATTE
1676
NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

HAZELTON, FISCHER, DOMINION, BERLIN, REIMERS Pianos and Church Æolian Dominion and Berlin Organs.

The Best Investment,

And where to get it.

From the published statements of various Building and Loan Associations, we note that they estimate stock to mature in from seven-and-a-half to ten years, and that a monthly payment of from $6.00 to $10.00 for that period will produce $1,000,

Provided the owner of the shares both lives and pays.

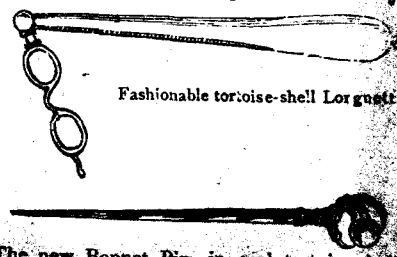
THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE will guarantee to a man aged 30 for a premium of $8.00 per month, an endowment policy of $1,000, which will mature in ten years, with profits estimated to amount to one-fifth of its face value, and should the death of the investor occur before maturity, the policy will mature at once for its full face value of $1,000.

Manufacturers Life Insurance Coy.
YONGE ST., COR. COLBORNE,
TORONTO.

NEW IMPORTATION — NEAPOLITAN TERRACOTTA.

V. SARNO,
JEWELLER.

Have you seen our novelties in
WATCHES?
The Finest and Cheapest in the City.

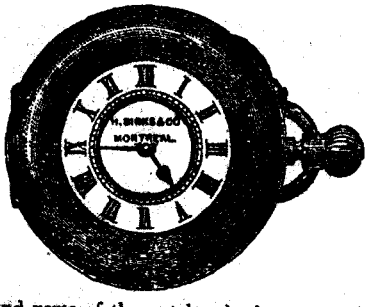


Fashionable tortoise-shell Lorgnett

The new Bonnet Pin, in real tortoise-shell, 95 cents.

ITALIAN HOUSE
2334 St. Catherine Street West.

HOW GOES THE WATCH?



A BOY will be as well pleased with one of our Steel or Silver cased watches, strong, well finished and reliable timekeepers, and costing from $6.00 to 12.00, and guaranteed, as

A BANKER with our $75.00 Hy. Birks & Sons 18kt. Gold Watch. This Watch is our specialty. It is adjusted to temperature and position, and owing to its simplicity, strength and durability is less apt to get out of order than more complicated movements. We recommend it as the most satisfactory watch which can be produced for the price.

We have a beautiful selection of Ladies' Watches, pretty and good ones, handsome ones, and gems of the watchmaker's art, at prices ranging from $20.00 to $150.00.

We make a specialty of filling orders from a distance. Write us, giving an idea of the article wanted and limit in price, and we will send a choice giving you the benefit in its selection of our trained taste.

Goods sent on approbation to responsible parties.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS,
235 & 237 St. James Street, - - - MONTREAL.

EASTLAKE
MANUFACTURED BY
METALLIC ROOFING CO
TORONTO
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
STEEL SHINGLES

LeMesurier's Darjeeling Teas,
(Direct from the Himalayas.)
At 45c, 65c and 80c Per lb.

Large reduction on 5 lbs. or over. Delivered at Montreal rates to any place in Quebec or Ontario.

INDIAN TEA DEPOT,
114 MANSFIELD ST., MONTREAL.

WE MAKE CRAYON PORTRAITS. WE WANT ACTIVE AND RESPONSIBLE AGENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. Address,

PHŒNIX PORTRAIT CO.,
Toronto, Ont

PORTRAITS

ENLARGED AND CAREFULLY FINISHED FROM OLD PICTURES, TINTYPES, ETC.

The Best Possible Results Guaranteed.

WM. NOTMAN & SON,
17 Bleury Street.

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL, will be found superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To Harden the Nipples commence using three months before confinement.— Price, 25 cts.

Should your Druggist not keep it send 31 cents in stamps to

C. J. COVERNTON & CO.
Druggists, Montreal.

FOR YOUR BAKING USE ONLY

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.
AN A.1. ARTICLE.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
THE TONIC OF THE DAY

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

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