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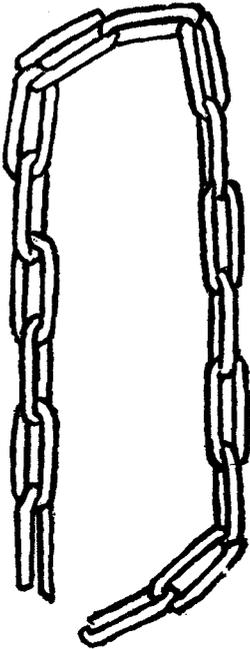
# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE



JANUARY,  
1897.

PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS,  
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# Broken Chain



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# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

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FREDERIC W. FALLS, - - Editor.

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# FROM THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

**W**ITH this number MASSEY'S MAGAZINE completes its third volume. We now have a very much larger circle of readers than any literary monthly published in Canada. We believe our pride is pardonable as we point to the success we have achieved. To have gained a welcome to so many thousands of Canadian homes in the first eighteen months of a new publication is a phenomenal record, unparalleled in the history of periodical publication in the Dominion. In addition to our large list of subscribers, during the past winter an average of over 6,000 copies monthly have been handled by the leading newsdealers from one end of the country to the other and on the railway trains—the largest regular single-copy sale, we believe, of any Canadian literary publication.

All this has been accomplished in the face of the keenest competition, and in spite of serious handicap caused by the flood of cheap periodicals which pour in upon Canadian readers from England, and more particularly from the United States. These foreign periodicals pay no duty, and have full advantage of our liberal postage facilities. Further, the United States publisher, having such a large field, and being able to distribute his initial cost of publication over an enormous circulation, impossible of attainment in Canada, is thus able to produce at a minimum cost—to say nothing of the fact that he obtains his paper and other supplies and appliances at a much lower price. We are not complaining, though the race for popularity is, undoubtedly, an unfair one. That our efforts have been appreciated, is abundantly proven by what we have achieved and by the many letters kindly written us by appreciative friends in every province. We have honestly tried to fulfil

the pledges we have made from time to time, and, if possible, do even a little better. How far we have succeeded the wide-spread popularity of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE bears testimony.

And now as to the future. We propose an arrangement which will give a new impetus to literary effort, and which will place in the hands of the readers of our Dominion a literary monthly magazine of the highest character—full of Canadian national sentiment and spirit—enterprising, progressive and up-to-date in the best sense of that expression. Beginning with July next, our subscribers and counter patrons will receive

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FRONTPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1897

"THE MACKLIN SCHOOLHOUSE."

DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

See "Gilson's Love Affair"

# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

## ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

**D**URING the past century, and even for a longer time, the deserts of the Soudan have been the reservoir in which the forces

of fanaticism, of rapine and violence have been collected to pour down upon the fertile valleys of Egypt. From 1820 to 1883, this territory, including Nubia and the Central African provinces as far south as the head waters of the Nile, formed a rather unmanageable and rebellious dependency of the Khedive; after a successful revolt of the Mahdi in 1884, the garrisons and governors were withdrawn from the territory south of Wady Halfa. But both before and after that date the border districts of Egypt were incessantly harassed by sanguinary raids of the restless desert Arabs, who only required the stimulus of a favorable opportunity and the bond of a common leader to sweep the provinces of Upper Egypt with their numbers and fanaticism.

Such an occasion was the revolution in the Delta, headed by Arabi Pasha, and such a leader was the pretended Mahdi. Such an occasion, too, was the disastrous

Italian campaign in Abyssinia, but the leader was wanting, and while the Kalifa Abdullahi endeavored to rouse his oppressed subjects to action, and concocted his schemes with King Menelik, the Anglo-Egyptian expeditionary force was already penetrating his dominions.

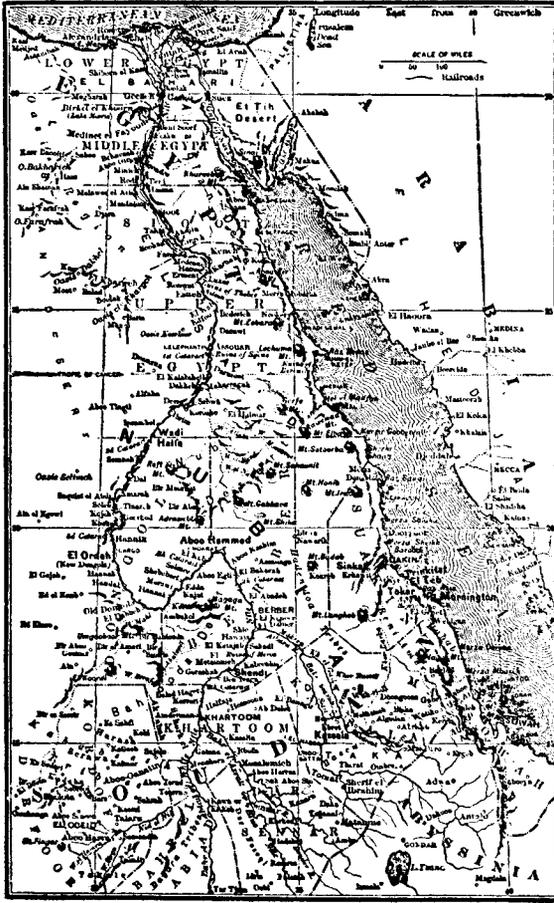
While the direct causes of last summer's campaign were of recent origin, yet the Soudan question has so long been the dismay of Egyptian politicians, that, to fully understand the position of the British War Office, it is necessary to look back more



"CHINESE" GORDON.

than a decade and a half.

In 1881, Egypt suffered from the uncommon complaint of a sovereign in advance of his people. The Khedive Tewfik possessed rather more enlightenment than executive tact, and by his



MAP OF EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN—SHOWING TERRITORY IN 1883.

favor to foreigners he provoked the formation of the "Egyptian Party," which adopted as its rallying-cry and motto, "Egypt for the Egyptians." At the head of this party was Arabi Pasha, the Minister of War, who presently abused his position and his popularity to practically depose the Khedive and to seize the supreme power himself. Tewfik was confined at Ramleh, and Arabi busied himself in strengthening the harbor defences of Alexandria, anticipating an armed interference by England or France.

These defences at length became openly menacing to the British fleet, and Arabi was ordered to discontinue them. On his refusal, Alexandria was bombarded, the forts demolished and the

rebel forces were obliged to evacuate the town. With as little delay as was possible, British regiments were sent to Africa, and with an army of English and Egyptian troops, Lord Wolseley completely defeated Arabi's forces at Tel-el-Kebir. The surrender of Cairo. The surrender of Cairo was demanded and received, and Tewfik was reinstated upon the throne.

It was sufficiently plain to every one that to leave Egypt to her own resources at that critical period would be to abandon her to anarchy, and England was compelled to undertake the difficult and delicate task of a protectorate over an already dependent kingdom. France, which was nominally associated with England in the preservation of Egyptian order, but which had shirked the cost and responsibility of action, now demanded a share in the administration of affairs, a demand which it did not suit the purposes of the British Government to grant. Thus opposed, France raised an outcry against *perfidie Albion* and

for the speedy abolition of the protectorate, which cry has continued down to the present day.

In the management of Egyptian finances, however, she was given a share, along with the other five great European powers. These finances were found to be in a hopelessly entangled condition, and were placed in the hands of a commission consisting of representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, Germany and Italy, and known as the Caisse de la Dette. While the jealousies of the different nations involved sometimes led to difficulties in the council, the same causes tended to prevent mismanagement and fraud, and the results of the system adopted is shown to-day in the gratifying balance over expenditure.



ISMAIL PASHA.

But however difficult the management of Egypt itself, the ministers of England found, directly, the control of the nominally subordinate province of the Soudan to be doubly so. That rather irregularly defined region along the upper waters of the Nile had for sixty years been slowly drained of its resources by the extortionate rule of the Egyptian governors and the *razzias* of the slave hunters. In 1882 the inhabitants had reached the last state of wretchedness, and only waited the appearance of a leader to break into revolt. That leader presented himself, and was received with an enthusiasm that shook the corrupt Egyptian administration to its base. This was the so-called Mahdi.

The real Mahdi, a descendant of the family of Mahomet, had disappeared from the sight of men nearly a thousand years before, leaving the promise that he would one day return to subordinate the world to the authority of Islam. Mahomet Achemet, the son of a carpenter of Dongola, after becoming deeply versed in the theology of the Koran, gave himself out as the expected deliverer and proclaimed a holy war against the Infidel. It was the spark in the powder-magazine, and the Soudanese rose in thousands and rallied to his side. After defeating several bodies of Egyptian

troops sent to take him, he invaded the Province of Kordofan in 1883, and set up his own government over Upper Nubia.

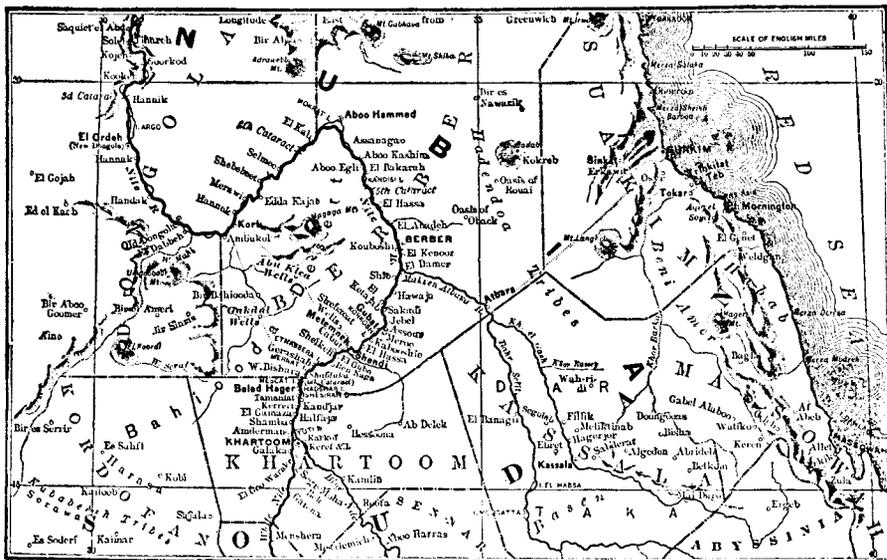
There is no doubt but that the crimes of the Egyptian officials had been such as to excuse or to justify the most sanguinary vengeance, and for this reason among others, England declined to give any assistance in the recovery of the disaffected territory. However, the Khedive, on his own responsibility, despatched a force of Egyptian troops into the desert, under the command of the ill-fated Hicks Pasha. The result of the expedition is well known. Worn out by want of food, of water and of repose, the wretched Fellaheen troops were overwhelmed by the Mahdists and slain almost to a man, the British officers sharing their fate.

It now became clearly impossible to hold the Soudan against the tremendous power of the Mahdi, and England insisted that the garrisons should be withdrawn and the territory evacuated. Egypt was compelled to acquiesce, but the operation of withdrawal seemed likely to prove a difficult one. There were small but important garrisons at Berber, Dongola, and Suakin, at Kassala and at Khartoum, and, to arrange for their safe removal, it was judged most



أحمد عرابي بك

ARABI PASHA.



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE GORDON WAR, WITH BATTLEFIELDS MARKED.

advisable to send some British officer of renowned integrity and influence among the Soudanese into the enemy's country. This delicate and hazardous mission fell to the lot of that nineteenth century Bayard, General Gordon, who had already held high office in Upper Egypt.

The inspiring and melancholy story of Gordon's heroic defence of Khartoum, when it was found impossible to evacuate it, is still familiar to every one. For more than eight months, contending against every obstacle of famine, disease

and disaffection within, and a warlike and numerous enemy without, he held the city to the last, and fell, sword in hand, when the gates were treacherously opened to the foe on the night of the 26th of January, 1885. The expedition sent to his relief, under Lord Wolseley and General Stewart, arrived a few days too late. So nearly was it in time that it actually met Gordon's gunboats on the river, which he had sent down to meet the expedition and whose crews were still ignorant of the fall of their chief.

This was the first occasion on which a military expedition had ever ascended the Nile, and Canada's share in the feat must not be forgotten. The long, light, whale-boats in which the troops were transported were navigated by a force of 500 Canadian *voyageurs*, assisted by blue-jackets and Kroomen.

On receiving the decisive intelligence, the force immediately began to retrace its steps, and reached Egypt in safety. The troops were withdrawn from the district south of the Second Cataract, and the vast territory of the Soudan abandoned to the semi-religious authority of the Mahdi. In the eastern deserts, on the coast of the Red Sea, there was sharp fighting for a time, in which the Fellaheen regiments again showed their utter worthlessness against the Mahdist



OSMAN DIGNA.



MAP SHOWING THE CONFINES OF EGYPT AFTER THE EVACUATION OF THE SUDAN IN 1885, THE EXTENT OF MAHDISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA, THE DERVISH ENCROACHMENTS ON ABYSSINIA AND THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE RECENT ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.



SLATIN PASHA.

hordes, and were not only defeated but massacred. To balance these disasters, General Graham, with a British force, inflicted severe punishment on the Arabs under the wily Osman Digna, and forced them to retire inland toward the Nile. Shortly after these events, operations were suspended, in May, '85, to be renewed no more until the spring of 1896.

Not long after the cessation of hostilities, the Mahdi died of small-pox, an event which dealt a fatal blow to his cause in the Soudan. Most of his followers chose to regard his death as a palpable refutation of his claims to sanctity, and, while many of them hastened to renounce the services of so dubious a prophet, others cherished in their hearts the seeds of doubt and sus-

picion. This sentiment of disloyalty was increased by the conduct of the Mahdi's successors. Achemet had named three rulers to succeed him, known as Kalifas, the third of whom presently assumed supreme power over the whole territory of the desert. This was the despotic and blood-thirsty Abdullahi, the present holder of the title. Perceiving the futility of an appeal to religious fanaticism to support his throne, in that low ebb of Mahdist sentiment, he resolved to establish a military tyranny, a reign of terror, in fact: which program he has faithfully carried out. He selected for the instrument of oppression his own powerful tribe of the Baggara. Upon them he lavished favors, immunities and rewards, and practically gave them the power of life and death over the other natives of the Soudan. Claiming to be the mouthpiece of Heaven, it became impiety to question his most outrageous decisions, and though his down-trodden subjects might deny the inspiration of the prophet, they were compelled to submit to the authority of the sovereign. The Soudan became the scene of an epoch of bloodshed and tyranny surpassing even the old days of the Egyptian *regime*. Individuals suspected of treason were summarily done away with; regiments or clans supposed to be disaffected were despatched on dangerous service, and it was contrived that few of the malcontents ever returned.

A few years of such treatment completely destroyed the unity, the cohesion and the spirit of the old followers of the Mahdi. Outside the Kalifa's own body-guard, not a chief or a regiment would have refused to join a rebellion that promised any chance of success. But such was the terror inspired through the whole country, that no one dared to lead, while all were ready to follow.

Abdullahi could not fail to perceive this atmosphere of disaffection, and, early in 1896, he grasped at a means of clearing it away. It was at the critical point of the Italian campaign in Abyssinia; the disasters of the foreigners had aroused widespread enthusiasm throughout the Soudan, and a spark of the old spirit seemed to exist, which might be fanned

into a flame. Abdullahi seized the moment, and decided to employ in a campaign against the Europeans the energies which might otherwise bring about his own deposition. So he announced that the time was ripe for the destruction of the Infidel, hoisted the Green Banner of the Holy War, and called his people to arms. A partial treaty was made with King Menelik, and a strong force of Dervishes under Osman Digna sent to lay siege to Kassala, which was held by an Italian garrison. At the same time, numerous bands of raiders prepared to invade Egypt.

Now, as Kassala is a point of great strategic importance, it was necessary that it should not pass beyond the control of Egypt, for whom Italy had held it in trust, as it were. Accordingly, both to relieve the imperilled city and to disperse the Dervishes who were gathering in force on the frontier, it was decided in London that a force of the Khedive's troops should advance to the regions of the Upper Nile. New Dongola was named as the object, but it was cautiously provided that the range of operations should be determined by the nature and extent of the resistance experienced, and the amount of difficulty experienced in keeping open the lines of communication.

It is said that the plan of campaign was fully arranged in the British War Office before the Khedive was informed of the existence of the scheme, and as the expedition was to consist of Egyptian troops, and to be paid for with Egyptian money, he naturally felt the omission a slight to his dignity. This caused him to demur a little to the British plans, but, as he was conscious of the benefits which Egypt would derive from even the reconquest of Dongola, he afterwards gave his full assent and sanction to the expedition.

France, however, on being informed of the project, at once put forward the theory that the campaign was designed to serve as an excuse for a prolongation of the British occupation, and that Khar-toum would prove the real destination, rather than Dongola. As this accusation was not met with a very spirited denial by the English press and ministry, it gained credence over the whole of

Europe, and caused considerable adverse criticism of England, who, in her policy of "splendid isolation," had claims on no one of the powers, except, perhaps, Italy. Thus when she announced that half a million sterling would be required from the Caisse de la Dette for the expenses of the campaign, France, with Russia, seized the opportunity to block the scheme as far as possible, and strenuously opposed the grant. The point was carried, however, by a vote of four to two—England, Germany, Austria and Italy favoring the measure—and the amount paid.

The bondholders of France thereupon entered suit against the Commission for the sum in question, affirming the necessity of a unanimous vote to legalize the payment of money from the reserve. England, meanwhile, without paying much attention to the difficulties of the financial question, was proceeding with her preparations for the campaign.

When the first information of these events reached the Dervish leaders, it was supposed that the attack would come from the direction of Suakin, and Osman Digna, with a considerable force, hurried to that district, where the first of the fighting took place. The Soudanese had taken up arms more readily than might have been expected, and though much of their zeal was doubtless due to their terror of the Kalifa, they were inspired by the anticipation that the Fellaheen troops of the Expedition would prove, as before, an easy prey. On learning their mistake, their ardor abated, and when the Anglo-Egyptian force had gained several successes, the tribesmen became so dispirited and disaffected that they had to be lashed forward to the fight with the Koorbash.

The story of the work of last summer and autumn has been told too often to be repeated here. It was deserving of more interest than it obtained, and cannot but be gratifying to English sentiment all over the world. It is, in fact, a most striking example of the effects of British military training. Though the Expedition was nominally an Egyptian one, composed chiefly of native troops, it was commanded by an Englishman, and was a part of that army which has for

ten years been under the influence of English officers and English discipline. The disgraceful behaviour of these troops in 1885 will be recollected, and some doubts were felt as to the advisability of allowing a Fellaheen army to go into the desert with so slender a backing of British soldiers. But, in fact, nothing has excited more admiration than the

It is difficult to believe that they are of the same race as the miserable fugitives who actually knelt before the pursuing enemy on the field of Teb, and offered their necks to the stroke.

As a piece of scientific warfare, nothing could have been more admirably arranged than the whole campaign. Nothing was left to chance; no contingency was un-



THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

gallant conduct of these same native troops, who vied with the English regiments in the faithful performance of their duty, sustained the hardships of climate, of privation and of disease with cheerful fortitude, and whose coolness and spirit in action would seem to render them the equal of any troops in the world.

provided for. The Sirdar, Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener, had formulated his plans to the smallest detail, and, splendidly supported as he was by his rank and file, they worked out with the precision of machinery. The half-million estimate proved inadequate to the expenses, and frequently he was impeded by a

lack of sufficient supplies and facilities for transport; the cholera infested his camp for several weeks, and storms of wind and rain, such as had previously been almost unknown in the Soudan, tore up his railway and wrecked his steamers. Yet, in spite of all these obstacles, he moved forward with a rapidity that completely disconcerted the Dervishes, and brought the Expedition to a triumphant close with a death-list smaller than might have been deemed possible for a campaign against such an enemy.

him to the head of that department of the Expedition in which he proved of such value. Repeated efforts were made by the Dervish leaders to induce him to return to their ranks, and the Kalifa himself is said to have expressed an opinion that the consequences of Slatin's escape would prove more disastrous than the loss of an army.

A remarkably striking feature in the history of the campaign is the change in the spirit and tactics of the enemy. The disastrous effects of the Kalifa's tyranny



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. H. KITCHENER,  
SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

To a great extent, Kitchener was enabled to plan with such accuracy by the splendid work of the Intelligence Department, of which Slatin Pasha was at the head. This remarkable man, the author of that luridly-entitled book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," had been for some ten years a prisoner among the Mahdists of the deserts, and was intimately acquainted with their chiefs, their sentiments and their condition. On his escape, not long ago, he placed all this information at the disposal of the British Government, which appointed

showed itself in the heavy desertions from the Dervish forces, and the decline of Mahdism in the complete absence of the old time reckless fanatic dash, in which the true believer took no account whatever of odds, but aimed solely at slaying as many of the infidels as possible before a shot won him his Paradise. The leaders tried in vain to revive this spirit. Abdullahi pronounced the cholera and the cyclone to be the hand of God showing itself against the foolhardy invaders, and the Emir of Berber declared that he had seen in a vision the

souls of the slain at Ferket banqueting with the Houris in Paradise. But the people doubted alike the Emir's vision and the Kalifa's theology, and Dervish loyalty diminished as the victorious force advanced.

At this time of writing, it is reported that the enemy have entirely evacuated Dongola Province and are massing around Omdurman and Khartoum, where there seems no intention to follow them at present. The plan of the campaign has been from the first to secure every foot of vantage gained. Where Egyptian power has come, it has come to stay. The forts at Akasheh are a sign of this, and the railroad, constructed with such marvellous rapidity from Wady Halfa up the river, is an indication that every Soudanese can understand. In accordance with this policy, it has been determined to strengthen and garrison Dongola, to appoint British and Egyptian officials to reform the government, and to restore it, as far as possible, to its one-time flourishing condition. When this is accomplished, the frontier may be

pushed yet farther southward, and there is no doubt but that ultimately Khartoum, the "Queen of the Soudan," will pass once more into the hands of Egypt.

Mindful of her former connection with English operations on the Nile, Canada has not been behind in the present campaign. We must not forget, nor is there any danger of our forgetting, the splendid offer of the Eighth New Brunswick Hussars for service in the Soudan—service which for danger and hardship is unsurpassed by any in the world. For a variety of reasons the English War Office judged it inadvisable to accept their offer, partly because more experienced cavalry would be required for work of such difficulty, and partly because it was considered unwise to remove one of Canada's crack regiments at a time when the military reorganization of the colony had been decided upon. This, however, was not the fault of the Eighth Hussars, and their offer displays a patriotism and spirit of which Canadians may well be proud.

*Frank L. Pollock.*



## ANARCHY.

I SAW a city filled with lust and shame,  
 Where men, like wolves, slunk through the grim half-light;  
 And sudden, in the midst of it, there came  
 One who spake boldly for the cause of Right.

And speaking, fell before that brutish race  
 Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,  
 While brute Dishonor, with her bloodless face  
 Stood by, and smote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word  
 Hath not been uttered! Our own King are we!"  
 And God stretched forth his finger as He heard,  
 And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

*John McCrae.*

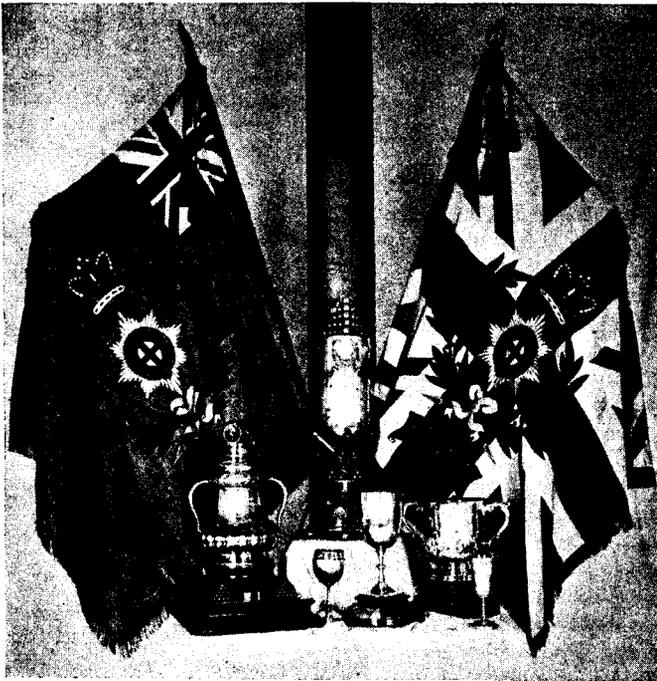
3RD (NEW BRUNSWICK) REGIMENT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY.  
1793-1896.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN B. M. BAXTER.

LITTLE more than a quarter of a century after the lilies of France had faded on the plains of Abraham, a wonderful change had been wrought in the affairs of the nations of Europe. Great Britain stood then in a

Greater Britain which we begin to realize to-day.

Much more had happened in the Old World. In France the divine right of kings had been suddenly translated into the divine right of everybody to be King,



THE COLORS AND TROPHIES OF THE CORPS.

JONES CUP.

BOTSFORD CUP

SHOEBURYNESS CUP.

The three smaller Cups were the gift of G. J. PINE, ESQ., of London, Eng.

state of "splendid isolation," but in marked contrast to her attitude of to-day. With reverses culminating at Yorktown, dominion over half a continent had passed away. Ship after ship had carried loyalist refugees to the portion of North America which remained "the King's dominions," and in dread and in doubt had been laid the foundation of that

and gradually, amid the thunder of artillery and the roar of the mob, one voice, always strident, always imperious, was beginning to make itself heard and obeyed. The hour of the "Little Corporal" was at hand, and the "persons exercising supreme authority in France" declared war against Great Britain. Over the ocean sped the messengers of

England warning her colonies to make preparations for defence. In New Brunswick the Loyalist population received the news with enthusiasm, and though the King, the Directory, the Republic, Napoleon and the Empire have long since passed away, yet there exists to-day an organization which had its beginning because of these troublous times, and whose name implies its purpose in the defence of the Empire. On the 4th day of May, 1793, in consequence of the despatches mentioned, and as a measure of safety, there was formed in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, the "Loyal Company of Artillery," consisting of eighty-nine men, under Captain John Colville, Lieutenant Thomas Gilbert and second Lieutenant John Ward, with Oliver Bourdette and John Chubb, Sergeants. The muster roll was completed not a day too soon, for on the 6th May news was received at St. John that a French privateer was cruising in the Bay of Fundy. The belligerent stranger did not visit the city where ample, though hurried, preparations had been made for her reception. From those days the Company of Militia Artillery has had a continuous existence as a company, a regiment, a brigade and a battalion, and is now again a regiment.

The limits of this article forbid detail, but it is interesting to note in passing that the first muster roll bears names of men who were prominent in the little town. The captain was for many years an alderman of the city; Lieutenant Ward was for fifty years a leading figure in the affairs of the community; and among the privates were many whose names have been handed down to the present generation as synonyms for sterling worth and high integrity.

Our new company had another alarm in the eventful year of its formation, but, like the previous occasion, nothing serious resulted. Next year more peaceful duties occupied their attention. The Province was visited by the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty, and on the 18th June, says the *Royal Gazette*,

"Prince William Street was lined on both sides from the landing to Mr. Chipman's house (where rooms were prepared for the reception of His Royal Highness)

by the Cadet Company in their uniform, the Artillery Company of the city, and several of the companies of the militia under arms, who made a very good appearance, and with which His Royal Highness appeared to be much pleased. Immediately upon his landing, royal salutes were fired by the Artillery Company of the city and from the armed brig *Union*, and His Royal Highness, with that complacency and dignity which so strongly marks his character, passed between the lines, and attended as he was received at the landing to Mr. Chipman's house."

The temporary abode of the Prince still stands, having twice entertained royalty within its walls. From the eminence on which it is situated may be seen the site of Fort La Tour, famous for its defence by the gallant French lady, whose name it bears; Fort Howe, in the garrison of which William Cobbett was a private soldier; and the old, gray Martello Tower on the Carleton Heights, which tells of preparation for the invasion of 1812.

In 1798 the struggle of Great Britain against the power of Napoleon became more intense. The resources of Parliament were at a low ebb, and the national existence was threatened. Subscriptions were asked for the support of the forces, and a ready response was made, in which £200,000 from the King mingled with the sixpences of the poor. The Artillery Company, by two officers and thirteen men, contributed nearly £100, and other members joined in raising the City and County of St. John Fund, which swelled the amount raised by the Company to £208 5s. 10d. Later in the year came the welcome intelligence of the battle of the Nile, which was celebrated with great enthusiasm, a salute from the Royal Artillery in garrison being returned by the City Artillery and the ship *William*, Captain Hunter, which had brought the news.

The muster rolls of 1809, 1810 and 1811 are extant, and show the Company to have been at that time composed of three officers and sixty-three men. In 1803, Thomas Gilbert had succeeded to the captaincy, John Ward becoming first lieutenant, and Andrew Crookshank being appointed second lieutenant. By 1809, John Ward had been transferred

and promoted to a majority in the infantry, and the command of the Company had devolved upon Andrew Crookshank, with William Donald first, and David Waterbury second, lieutenant. A return of the arms and accoutrements in 1808

Tower, an old and important landmark on the western side of St. John harbor, was built. The stones were carried from the sea beach half a mile away, up a steep hill and through a forest, the work being done by Imperial troops. No



LIEUT.-COL. HAYNE.

shows that the Company had then two 6-pr. guns complete, but the men were without muskets or side arms. The belts were only round belts, or a strap and frog which answered all purposes.

The next event of importance was the war of 1812, during which the Martello

active service was seen at St. John during the war, but there was naturally much excitement. The Artillery, with others, had to stand their draft, and shared in the work of garrisoning the town.

In 1816, Captain Crookshank having

died in the previous year, the question of succession to the command of the company gave rise to a lengthy correspondence between Major Ward and Lieut.-Col. Hailes, then administering the government of New Brunswick. Major Ward recommended the transfer of

minute guns on the occasion of the proclamation of King George the Fourth. The next year David Waterbury became captain; Caleb Ward first lieutenant, and John C. Waterbury second lieutenant. The coronation of the new king was celebrated at St. John on 24th Octo-

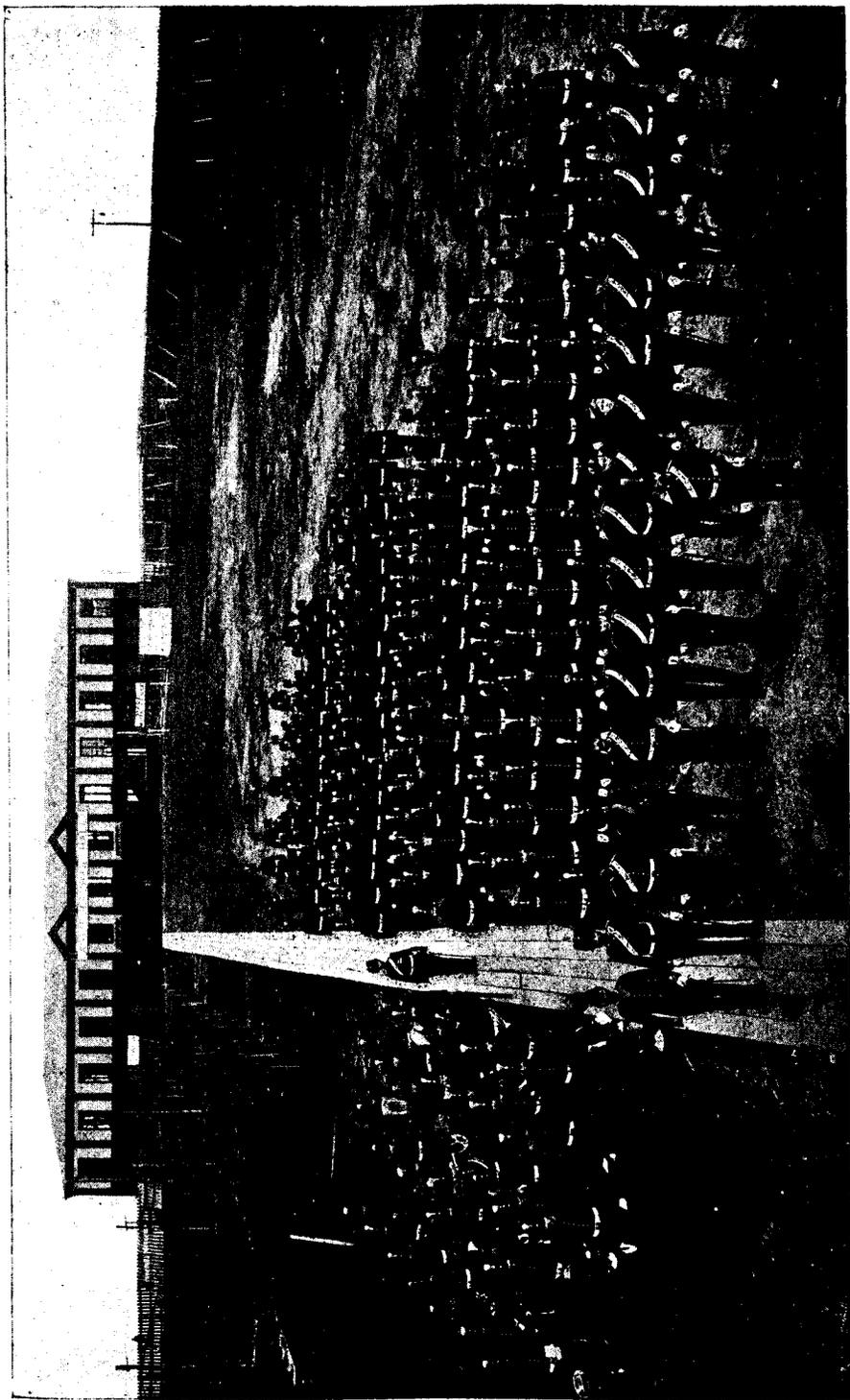


LIEUT.-COL. J. R. ARMSTRONG, COMMANDING 3RD REGIMENT C. A.

Captain James Potter from the Sea Fencible Company to the Artillery; the promotion of David Waterbury to first lieutenant, and the appointment of Caleb Ward as second lieutenant.

On 5th May, 1820, the company fired

ber, and a salute was fired by the company. In 1822, John C. Waterbury became captain, with Thomas T. Hanford and George Waterbury as lieutenants. Sir Howard Douglas, the new governor, on his arrival in St. John the following



3RD REGIMENT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY, ST. JOHN, N.B., 1896.

year, was received with a salute from the company, and, after a review of the militia, expressed himself as "very much pleased with the Artillery Company under Captain Waterbury, who performed their firing and movements with alacrity and precision, and proved themselves deserving of all the encouragement which could be shewn to them."

Thomas Barlow succeeded Captain Waterbury in 1827, and retained the command of the company for upwards of eleven years. Only a few weeks ago there died at St. John, John R. Marshall, an ex-chief of the police force, who joined Barlow's company in the year 1830, and for many years drilled with them in an old fire engine house on Dock Street. The company then had two 3-pr. guns, which were kept in the battery at Lower Cove.

The history of the Colville Company has now been told, most briefly, down to 1838, but there were, prior to that date, several other companies of artillery in the province. It is not easy to give details of them, nor to be certain that there are no omissions, as all the Militia Records of the province, prior to 1830, have been destroyed. In St. John, files of newspapers, almanacs, and, in some cases, correspondence and memoranda are available, but outside of that locality it is most difficult to trace the organizations. There appears, however, to have been a company of artillery in Charlotte county as early as 1822, of which William Whitlock was lieutenant. The name of Captain James Muir next appears, who was succeeded in the command by Wm. Whitlock in 1829. This Company became a part of the regiment in 1838, but another Charlotte county company, which can be traced back to about 1829, did not come into the regimental organization until 1840. A third company, apparently formed under Captain T. Armstrong, also merged in the regiment in 1838, while under Captain William T. Rose.

There was also some artillery in Westmoreland county, and there is a record of a salute fired by them under Captain Harris on the visit of Sir Howard Douglas in 1825, but though the names of some nineteen officers connected therewith

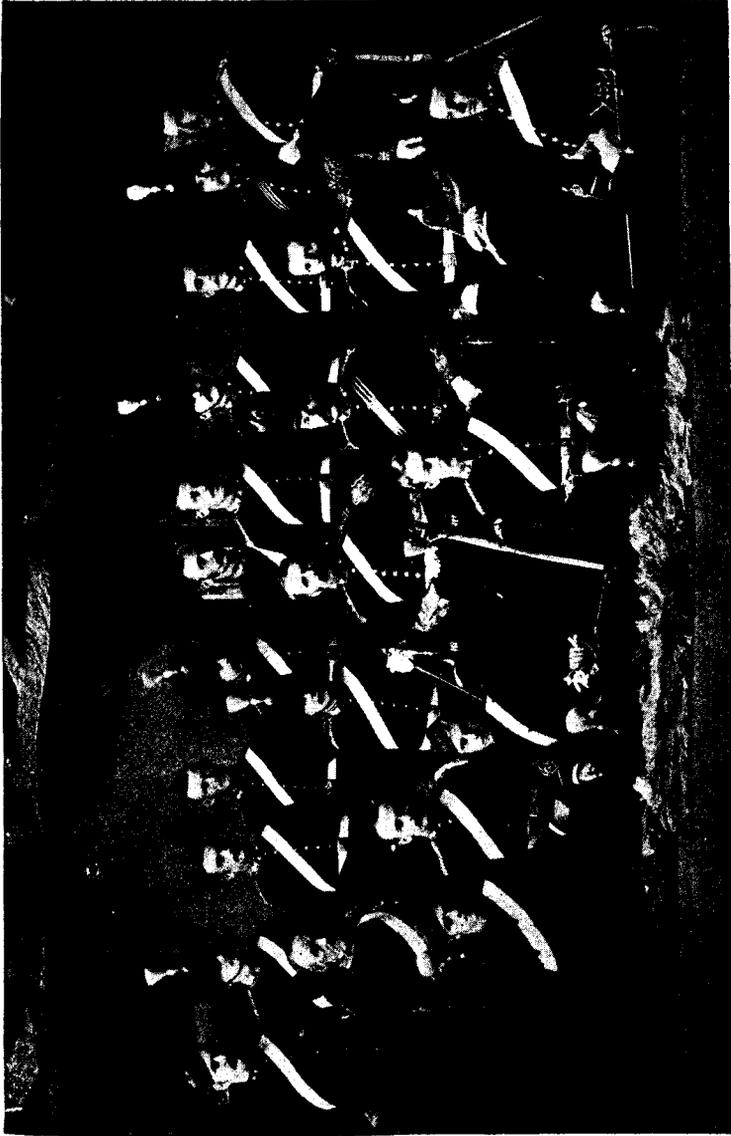
have been preserved by militia general orders, yet no connected account of their services can be given, as they never came into the regiment.

York county, containing the capital of the province, was naturally to the front in militia affairs, but the records are far from clear. Suffice it to say that the earliest mention of artillery officers at Fredericton is in 1824, and that in 1838 it contributed a company to the regiment.

Reverting to St. John, we find that in 1833 a second company was formed under Captain Thomas L. Nicholson, with John Pollok, Charters Simonds and William Ross as lieutenants. This company had its headquarters in the parish of Portland, now a part of the city of St. John. In 1834, a third company was raised, with Wm. Parker Ranney, captain; Wm. Hughson, Newton Ward Wallop (a grandson of Major Ward), Frederick A. Wiggins and Stephen Kent Foster as lieutenants. This was a city company, and was one of the "kid glove" organizations. The junior lieutenant of that appointment afterwards became the second commanding officer of the regiment and the senior militia officer in the Dominion.

Sometime during this period a sham fight took place between Barlow's and Nicholson's companies. Nicholson was entrenched and Barlow was attacking his position. The ammunition of the latter having run short, he came up to the enemy's lines and asked Captain Nicholson for a supply, "to keep the fun going." "March these prisoners to the rear," was the military response, and the valiant commander, foaming with rage, was obliged to submit to the carrying out of the order. He was soon released, and, with the desired ammunition and a grudge to repay, renewed the attack.

The last service performed by the artillery before their formation into a regiment, was the garrisoning of St. John and Fredericton, in conjunction with other militia troops, while the regiments of the line were being hurried forward to assist in the suppression of the rebellion led by M'Kenzie and Papineau in 1837. Probably the hasty call to arms convinced the authorities that better equipment and preparation for the work of



Lieut. Temple.    Capt. Baxter.    Capt. Crawford.    Capt. Jones.    Lieut. Armstrong    Asst.-Sur. Andrews.  
Capt. Harrison.    Capt. Steeves.    Lieut. White.    Lieut. Gordon.    Lieut. Gordon.    Capt. McLeod.  
Major Farmer.    Capt. and Paymaster Smith.    Lieut.-Col. Armstrong.    Surg. Daniel.    Major Gordon.    Major Gordon.  
Lieut. Scovill.    Lieut. Tilley.    Lieut. McLeod.    Lieut. Jones.    Lieut. Foster.

GROUP OF OFFICERS, 1893.

defence were needed, as on the 28th February, 1838, an important general order was issued, appointing Captain Richard Hayne, on the half pay of the Royal Staff Corps, and formerly of the Royal Artillery, to be lieutenant-colonel commandant of the militia artillery, and directing that this arm of the service be increased to ten companies and formed into a regiment entitled "The New Brunswick Regiment of Artillery." The regiment was distributed, two companies each at Fredericton and St. John; one each at St. Andrews and St. Stephen, and one each in the counties of Westmoreland, Northumberland, Kent and Carleton. Each company was to consist of one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, four non-commissioned officers and thirty-two privates. The officers belonging to the companies already formed were directed to consider themselves respectively attached to the same until further orders. The uniform of the corps was blue with red facings, similar to that worn by the Royal Artillery; the buttons struck with three guns, surmounted by a crown and encircled by the words: "New Brunswick Regiment of Artillery."

By an order of 8th May, 1838, Major George F. Street (unattached) was appointed major; Edward Pick, gentleman, to be adjutant, and J. W. Boyd, Esq., to be paymaster. On 25th June of the same year, Dr. J. Toldervy, surgeon of the 3rd Battalion of York County, was transferred to the regiment as surgeon. There was no quartermaster until 30th March, 1841, when E. B. Peters was appointed to that position.

The following were the officers of the companies which constituted the regiment:—At Fredericton: captain, John S. Shore; lieutenants, Donald McLeod and George M. Odell. At St. John: 1st (Colville) Company, lieutenant commanding, George Waterbury; second lieutenants, Robert Robertson and Charles J. Melick; 2nd Company, captain, William Parker Ranney; lieutenants, William Hughson, Newton Ward Wallop, Stephen Kent Foster and Frederick A. Wiggins. At St. Andrews: 1st Company, captain, William Whitlock; lieutenant, Thomas Berry. At St. Stephen: captain, William

T. Rose; first lieutenant, J. Campbell; second lieutenants, J. Maxwell and W. Andrews. At Woodstock: captain, A. K. Smedes Wetmore; lieutenant, R. Dibblee.

Soon after the formation of the regiment a second company was raised at Fredericton, and was accepted by general order of 8th May, 1838:—Captain, George F. Berton; lieutenant, James F. Berton; second lieutenant, Edward B. Peters; and on 25th June of the same year Captain Nicholson's Company at St. John was also included.

Captain Hayne, R. A., the first lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1804, and was educated at the Royal Academy, Woolwich. In 1820, as second lieutenant, R. A., he went with Sir Hudson Lowe to St. Helena, where Napoleon was at that time confined, and remained there until the ex-emperor's death. In 1831 he came to Canada with Colonel By, having been appointed to the Royal Staff Corps, and was there employed on the Rideau canal and other engineering works. He went to England in 1836, and came to New Brunswick in the following year as Commissioner to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company. He returned to England in 1870, and died at Dittesham, Devonshire, in 1874. His grandson, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Drury, R.C.A., served for some time in the present corps before receiving his appointment to the permanent force.

George F. Street, the first major, was a prominent figure in the politics of New Brunswick. A member of the "Family Compact," he was strenuously opposed to the Responsible Government, and exerted his great energies, though unsuccessfully, for the frustration of the schemes of the Reform party.

John Saunders Shore, a son of Colonel George Shore, the adjutant-general, afterwards went into the 24th Regiment and was killed at Chillianwalla, India.

Of the St. John officers, George Waterbury was a merchant on Nelson Street; Robert Robertson was a sailmaker, and Charles J. Melick, a tanner. William Parker Ranney was of the firm of Ranney & Sturdee, wholesale wine

merchants; William Hughson was a merchant, and Fred A. Wiggins was a son of the benevolent founder of the Wiggins' Orphan Institution of St. John. The life of Stephen Kent Foster was so largely identified with the corps that it must be dealt with elsewhere. Newton Ward Wallop was a grandson of the veteran Major John Ward, and son of Barton Wallop, a naval officer, grandson of the second Earl of Portsmouth. Captain Nicholson was the father of Lady Ritchie, widow of the late Sir William J. Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. Lieutenant, now Sir, John C. Allen, has recently retired from the Bench of New Brunswick, on which he sat for thirty years, during twenty years of which he presided as Chief Justice with dignity and honor.

The next year, 1839, witnessed what has since been known as the "Aroostook War," which arose out of a dispute as to the boundary line between the Province of New Brunswick and the State of Maine. The regiment tendered their services, and six officers, nineteen non-commissioned officers and eighty-five men were called out. A detachment proceeded to Woodstock, and was placed under command of Major Stow, R.A. The danger of war was happily averted, and the troops returned to their homes, being heartily thanked by Sir John Harvey for their steadiness and good conduct in the trying ordeal of a winter campaign. At this time Barlow's, Nicholson's and Ranney's companies numbered about 400 men, all uniformed at their own expense. It may easily be imagined that this incident gave a great impetus to volunteering.

In 1841, Captain Nicholson was promoted to a majority, the staff being increased to two majors. Among the long list of celebrations, salutes and reviews, there is space to refer but to one—the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the formation of the Colville Company. The day chosen was the 18th May, thereby also commemorating the 60th anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists at St. John. At noon Major Nicholson read an address to Major Ward, therein styled the "Father of the City," which was signed by all the officers of

the regiment. In the evening a ball was given by the corps, upon which the St. John *Courier* remarked that there were three survivors of the original roll of the Colville Company, viz.:—Major John Ward, who had been a lieutenant in the company, and Henry Anthony and Daniel Belding, who had been privates. It was also noted that the company was then attached to the New Brunswick Regiment of Artillery, and under the command of Captain Charles J. Melick. These statements are of great importance in that they show that the continuity of the first company had been preserved until the formation of the regiment.

In 1848, upon the death of Major Nicholson, the vacancy was filled by the promotion of Captain Stephen Kent Foster.

From 1853 to 1858, with the exception of a few salutes and appointments, there is not much to record concerning the regiment. In 1859, however, there was a general awakening of the militia, and recruiting began actively under the old officers. Captain Melick, of the old Colville Company, was promoted to a majority, vice Hon. G. F. Street, deceased, and was succeeded in the captaincy by Lewis Durant, who soon gave place to James G. Melick. In the Ranney Company, Lieutenant John R. Marshall was promoted to the captaincy. The Nicholson Company was not reorganized but several new companies were formed. One, since known as the "Prince of Wales," was raised by James Mount, who had been a sergeant in the Royal Artillery. On Mount's transfer to the adjutancy, George H. Pick, who for many years afterwards was identified with the corps, became captain. Two companies were raised in Carleton, a suburb of the city of St. John, one under Captain Josiah Adams, the present No. 2 Company, and the other under Captain John McLauchlan. The latter has long ago dropped out of existence. In Portland, Hurd Peters, the present City Engineer of St. John, raised the company now known as No. 3, while another was formed under Captain Richard Simonds, which no longer survives. Companies were also organized at Woodstock, Chatham, Gagetown and Fredericton,

While the Colville and Ranney companies were continued, and the field and staff officers of the regiment had never ceased to exercise their commands, the remainder of the corps was entirely reorganized and many changes were made, to the great benefit of the corps. Uniformity in dress was obtained, something which had never been accomplished before, and a competitive spirit was evoked which has ever since been productive of the greatest good to the force.

In 1860, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the province, and was welcomed as enthusiastically as had been the Duke of Kent on his visit more than half a century before. The militia and especially the artillery did their share of the work, and for a week afterwards salutes rang out from the guns of the regiment all through the province. The corps was highly praised in general orders for their efficiency and the services which they had rendered.

1861 was another eventful year for the regiment. It was signalized by the formation of what was probably, the finest company which has ever worn the uniform of the corps. To this day the recollection of Captain B. Lester Peters'—"the Kid Glove"—Battery is a matter of pride with the citizens of St. John. For style and discipline it ranked as a crack company, and was only rivalled at all by that of Captain Pick. It is also from this date that the garrison gun work of the corps begins, Captain Peters' Battery having been specially organized for that purpose. The regiment long afterwards continued to use the field guns, and it was really not until after confederation that they were wholly discarded and the drill confined to garrison ordnance.

The other important event of the year was the presentation to the regiment of a set of colors, certainly an unusual trophy for artillery. On the 18th of December of that year they were presented to the corps, and though not now used are still in possession of the commanding officer. In the absence of Colonel Hayne, the commandant of the regiment, the colors were received by Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, who referred to the organization of the nucleus

of the regiment on the 4th May, 1793, and to its first officers. The colors were consecrated by the Rev. Dr. Gray, and the address of presentation was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. John H. Gray. The Queen's color is a Union Jack with the crown worked in floss and 1793 beneath worked in figures of gold. The regimental color is a blue ensign, in the centre is a figure with the letters "New Brunswick" encircled by a wreath and surmounted by the crown wrought in floss and having 1793 in figures of gold underneath.

Once again the province was thrown into a state of excitement, when in 1861, news was received of the stoppage of the *Trent* on the high seas by *U. S. S. San Jacinto*, and the taking from her of the Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy. By February of the next year troops were poured into New Brunswick and hurried overland to Canada, the artillery and local militia doing garrison duty meanwhile.

A list of rifle competitions, inspections, balls and other ephemeral history fills in the space from 1862 to 1865, when another change occurred which proved of importance to the corps. Since 1838 Lieutenant-Colonel Hayne had nominally held the command of the regiment, though in later years the active duties were performed by Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Foster. On the 22nd March, 1865, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayne became Colonel Commandant, and Lieutenant-Colonel Foster was promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, which he held for eighteen years.

The next year, 1866, was destined to try the mettle of our volunteers. Though the Fenian invasion did not in the Maritime Provinces, assume such serious proportions as in Upper Canada, yet the alarm was very general and well founded. In St. John there was almost a panic. A run occurred upon the Savings Bank. Inflammatory placards were secretly distributed and it was rumored that a day had been fixed for the invasion of the province. The volunteers were speedily called to arms, and the response was ready and courageous. St. Andrews and St. John, two important strategic points were strongly garris-

oned, and for nearly three months a force varying in strength was kept on duty. Three additional batteries were formed as a result of the scare, one under Captain Osburn at St. Andrews; one under Captain Edgar at Woodstock; and a third under Captain William T. Rose at St. Stephen. The regiment was especially thanked by general order for services rendered.

The militia of the Maritime Provinces remained practically on its ante-confederation footing until 1839. In the year previous the story of the Colville Company came to an end. Though by a very slender thread, at times, yet by one that holds, succession can be traced to the battery commanded by Captain Murray, but on 20th March, 1868, a militia order states that this battery, having completed the term of engagement, its services are dispensed with. It was soon afterwards reorganized, but its history is of no consequence to the continuity of the corps, as the first company can be clearly traced into the regiment in 1838, since which the regimental chain of officers and promotions is without a break to the present day. At the close of the provincial administration there were at St. John five batteries under Brevet-Major Pick, Brevet-Major M. H. Peters, Brevet-Major Farmer, Acting-Lieutenant Kerr and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel B. Lester Peters. At Woodstock there was Captain Edgar's Battery; at St. Stephen, Captain Clarke's; at St. Andrews, Captain Osburn's; at Chatham, Captain Gillespie's, and at St. George, Captain Boulton's. The latter was not in the regiment.

By general order of 26th of May, 1869, the regimental officers were gazetted to the same positions, the designation of the regiment being changed to the "New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery." Continuity of the organization was reorganized by the fact that, in every instance where an officer completed the period of service necessary for obtaining brevet rank, he obtained his step, the time being calculated from his appointment in the old provincial organization. By the new order, ten batteries were authorized, four in St. John and

vicinity, besides the batteries at St. Andrews, Woodstock, St. George, Chatham and St. Stephen, and another battery at St. George.

In 1872 and 1874 camps were held at St. John on the barrack square, but since that time the artillery have not, as a body, been under canvas. A Provincial Artillery Association was formed in 1873, and in 1876 the corps took part in the formation of the Dominion Association, since when the provincial organization ceased to exist. In 1876, the corps was called out in apprehension of a riot on the occasion of an Orange parade. There was not the slightest trouble, and since then the militia of St. John have not been called out for such a purpose.

The great fire of 20th June, 1877, was most destructive to St. John. The clothing of two batteries was destroyed as well as the homes of the men, but when a call was made for the guarding of the city there was a loyal response. Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, as senior officer, took charge of the force and superintended the work of the artillery in mining dangerous walls. In this service Sergeant Lamb, now of No. 1 Company, had a very narrow escape. A charge went off prematurely and he was buried in the *débris*. He was rescued by five comrades, who ran to his assistance undeterred by fear of another charge which was momentarily expected to explode. The militia were specially commended for the services performed during this trying time, when there was great temptation for each man to think and act for himself instead of for his fellow citizens.

Another war scare in 1878, caused Lieutenant-Colonel Foster to issue orders detailing the batteries for work at the defence of the city, so that in case the fear should be realized each officer and man would know his post. The efficiency of the corps was high, Lieutenant-Colonel Strange reporting that they and the Montreal Brigade were the only really efficient artillery in the Dominion. Captain Polleys, at St. Andrews, reorganized that battery, and a new company to take the place of No. 9 was raised by Captain Thos. W. Lander at

Fairville, St. John County. The services of the former battery were required the next year to assist the civil power in preserving order during the execution of, one Dowd, a murderer.

A visit of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General, and the Princess Louise, gave the corps an opportunity for display in 1879, and many other lesser events were participated in by it down to the celebration of the Loyalist Centennial in 1883, the details of which would add too greatly to the length of this sketch. On the 12th December of this year, Lieutenant-Colonel Foster retired, after nearly half a century's service as an officer of the corps, and much more than that as a member of the militia force. Consequent, upon his retirement the command of the brigade devolved upon Brevet-Lieut.-Col. M. H. Peters, who, being over the prescribed age, could not be promoted to the regular command.

In January, 1885, an important step was taken by the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Armstrong from the majority of the Princess Louise Hussars to the command of the artillery. While the promotion was an unusual one, yet the present state of the corps bears sufficient testimony to the wisdom of the course pursued.

The services of the artillery were offered for the North-West in 1885, but were not required. During the year the formation of a regimental band began, which has since become the leading military musical organization of the Maritime Provinces. In 1886, Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong commanded the Shoeburyness team, which was very successful and whose record has become a matter of history.

During Jubilee year the corps took part in all the celebrations, including the trooping of the colors, which was performed by the 62nd Battalion. In this year, two of the old and valued officers of the corps passed away, in the persons of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Peters and Lieutenant-Colonel S. K. Foster, and suitable resolutions were passed regarding them. Major A. J. Armstrong having been appointed district paymaster, he was succeeded by

Captain Geo. B. Seely, an officer who had done much to improve the efficiency of the corps, and whose early death in 1890 caused universal regret.

Within the last six years the corps built two drill sheds, one in Carleton and the other in Portland, each costing about \$1,200, of which amount the Government contributed \$250. In 1893, the centennial of the formation of the Colville Company was celebrated, the corps firing a salute of 100 guns in the morning of the 4th of May. In the evening a concert was given by the band of the corps, assisted by the best professional talent, and later in the year the men were entertained at a smoking concert. The "Centennial Group" of officers dates from this period.

On 20th July, 1894, the corps performed the interesting and unusual ceremony of laying at rest the colors of an old militia regiment. This was done in St. Paul's Church, St John, at the request of the ex-mayor, Thos. W. Peters, whose father had been Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Battalion St. John Light Infantry.

Changes in designation have been frequent in the corps. Just before the celebration of the centennial, the name was changed to the "New Brunswick Battalion of Garrison Artillery." At the close of 1895, a new title was given "New Brunswick Regiment of Artillery." This being, practically, a reversion to the title by which the corps was first known, the change was a welcome one to the regiment, but the unauthorized designation of the corps in the militia list as "3rd" is not so pleasing. Comparison with the other regiments of artillery as given in the list, shows that of Montreal to have been formed in 1856, and the 1st Brigade of Halifax, in September, 1869. The date assigned to the New Brunswick corps is May, 1869, but its history, prior to Confederation, is entitled to be recognized equally with that of Montreal. The origin of this system of numbering seems to have been in the fact that there were at one time two brigades in Halifax, denominated the "1st" and "2nd." The second became disorganized and was dropped, but the title "1st" through carelessness in com-

pilation of the militia list has been continued, giving it an entirely different effect from that at first intended.

Early in 1896, the corps published its history from 1793 to that year in a handsome form, for private distribution only. Copies have been sent to public institutions, officers of other corps, and ex-officers of the regiment. Already, about 300 copies have been distributed.

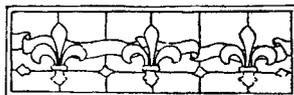
Immediately, upon the completion of this work, the corps set about the making of history for their second century and No. 1 Company, Captain Crawford has made a vigorous effort to win the first general efficiency prize for companies on the original establishment. Their score has never been surpassed in the regiment, to which the second prize has fallen six times since 1882. The corps has also some cups of its own which are competed for internally. One, the gift of Blair Botsford, Esq., is awarded annually to the company whose non-commissioned officers make the highest

points for their answer to questions. In case of a tie the decision depends on the answers to officers' questions. This year, a tie occurring, No. 2 Company was fortunate in securing the prize. The other cup is the gift of Major Geo. W. Jones, and is awarded upon the whole work of the companies, exclusive of the officers' questions. This year has resulted in the winning of the cup by No. 4 Company with 206 points out of a possible 212.

The average of the corps has always been high, and it is safe to say that it will be increased in the years to come. At present, there is not a vacancy among the officers, and the ranks, as well, are full. A photograph taken of this year's church parade shows almost full strength, and this was exceeded at subsequent battalion and inspection parades.

So, with a bright augury for the future, the sun of to-day shines upon the guns of 1793 and the colors of '61.

*John B. M. Baxter.*



## GILSON'S LOVE AFFAIR.

BY URO KAY.

**J**IMMIE GILSON was an orphan. He was about thirteen years old when we became acquainted at Macklin's School, in Macklin's settlement.

I was nearly two years his junior, but always felt that I was more at home in the world than he was because my parents were living.

Well do I remember the sense of pity I felt for him when I heard, at the close of our first day's acquaintance, that Jimmie Gilson was an orphan.

Only once in life can an idea sweep the soul as it does the first time; that was my earliest experience—Jimmie was my first orphan.

It seemed to me then, and perhaps my childish impression was not so far wrong after all, that being an orphan made a difference in his appearance. He was a doleful little body,—an elderly youngster.

His "make up" was peculiar anyway. In repose his face was respectable, as respectable as a two-story brick house with the shutters all closed; yet the sadness was always there, he always looked the orphan. But when he unfastened his face, in smiles, or in conversation, his appearance took on an air of general dilapidation—like the house with the shutters flapping and some of the sash out.

It gave one a strange sensation to watch that orphan's face; one could feel it, or even imagine it; but to describe it that is not so easy a matter: however, it is necessary to give a few particulars since you must know Jimmie before you can appreciate his story.

Well! he was freckled—a little; but the freckles were unequally distributed, as though he had moved when they were being sprinkled on. Then his mouth, which was straight enough when at rest, opened wider at the right corner than the other whenever it opened at all. That produced a variety of effects. Two of his teeth were out, a top front tooth, and another whose absence would never be suspected till he laughed, when, in the irregular array of ivory, another opening was visible. Then, too, the wrinkles which clustered around the openest corner of his lips took on fantastic shapes, as though two spiders had made web patterns for them, one from the eye out, and the other from the lips outward, and the strands blended at the ear.

This affords only a faint idea of the effect, however, because spider webs do not stretch as these wrinkles did. One ear moved a little when he spoke. I was sorry for that because one could not watch him talking without thinking of horses.

There was, nevertheless, a goodness about his face that is seen only where an honest soul shines through the features, and Jimmie had an excellent heart. That was one of the perplexities I felt regarding him; why should a good boy be an orphan? and why should an orphan look like Jimmie Gilson?

But you scarcely know Jimmie yet. His body, like his face, was somewhat out of balance. His left leg was bowed slightly, and his left foot squinted inward, so that his right foot had to walk over it every step he took. Both knees were sprung a little; this latter deformity was caused by over work in the sugar bush where he had carried sap to the kettles for some years.

He was clad in homespun—a smock and pants. The pant legs were hung over one "ear" of his top boots; that

made the pants wrinkle up, and the boots wrinkle down. He was very much wrinkled, poor boy.

He was not so frail as his general look of dilapidation might lead one to think. I found that out very suddenly one day in a friendly tussle on the school ground. I really don't know what happened, but Jimmie seemed to uncoil like a complicated set of steel springs, and presently I discovered myself—at some distance—in sore amazement, while Jimmie's face was covered all over with that ragged smile of his.

Of his early life I never knew very much. When I went to Crenella he was already there living with his granfather, Barney Whackebash. Our road to Macklin's school lay in the same direction. We became friends in transit, so to speak, and the respect I conceived for him never needed modification. He was worthy.

Maclin's school was two and a half miles from the village, at the cross roads. It was a rude frame structure, that appreciated its aristocratic pine-board existence in that settlement of log houses. Its presence lent an air of refinement to the whole neighborhood, and gave Montgomery's bush, on the corner of which it was built, a classic air. It derived its name from a cluster of families which, in my childish fancy (for I was a town boy imported into new surroundings) I conceived were celebrated because of the Macklin triplets. There they were, older and bigger than I was, and all living. That was the wonder of the thing. To me that was the Macklins' glory, and reason sufficient for giving a name to the settlement.

Typical country school! in a typical country school house! The coarse wooden benches matched the coarse board floor, but the walls and ceiling were plastered. That's where the refinement came in. There were two small blackboards and a big box stove—all suffering from large cracks.

On the ceiling above the stove was some rude fresco work in ink. That was done by the boys without the consent of the teacher. Every boy knew how to do it. Our ink froze every night in winter. A stone bottle of frozen ink

tightly corked, if placed on a hot stove, soon ejected the cork with an explosive force that sent the ink to fresco the plaster, and the cork to wake the dead with its "pop." It had one other effect also; it excited the master. Teachers are accredited with studying human nature in their scholars. It is equally true that scholars sometimes study human nature in the teacher. The suspense on such occasions was always interesting, infrequently the teacher discovered the "artist;" then it was always more interesting.

It does one's heart good to turn memory's pages back and to review those days.

There was a group of four boys sitting together. Three of them are, to-day, influential pastors of city churches. One is a judge.

But to our hero! Jimmie was not a favorite with the girls; nor very popular with the boys. I used to think that was because he was an orphan. I felt Jimmie did not get justice, so I liked him a little more to make up.

One girl, however, did show Jimmie favor. She was clever, the smartest girl in her class, but, like Jimmie, not beautiful to look upon.

Her hair was off color. I'll not say what color it really was for that might be offensive to some fair reader, but it was a tint that was out of fashion that season in Macklin's settlement. Then she was freckled—worse than her lover. Her nose was thin and sharp, and one eye was very much crossed.

Sarah Saunders was "diplomatically isolated" I fear, on grounds somewhat similar to those which kept Jimmie from being much sought after.

To be perfectly candid, I knew very little about the friendship which existed between these school-mates, but like Dante's love for Beatrice, I fancy it was cherished chiefly on one side, though Jimmie had no doubt himself but that Sarah's heart was wide open on the Gilson side. It is, however, unsafe to make guesses about such matters as these, for they are always mysterious till the preacher ties the knot, then they look as simple as if neither could have helped it. Of course, they had opportunities of

unlocking each other's hearts and interchanging keys. There was one noon and two recesses every day for five days a week. At all events, come to pass it did, the orphan boy conceived the "sublimest passion" for Sarah, and Sarah smiled back on her lover.

All was beautiful, but, alas! their love, like the proverbial stream, ran smoothly only up to a certain event. I regret very deeply that I happened to have anything to do with that unfortunate occurrence, but I enter my protest beforehand that I did not know such destinies could hang on a simple game of fox and goose.

It will never be known, I suspect, how that game was started. The beginning of it is shrouded in mystery. I know that Jimmie and I did not sit together. I'm sure it was a rare thing for me to play games in school! I fancy it was for Jimmie, too, because his acquaintance with the game was so limited.

However, by some means or other, Jimmie's slate was duly lined into squares; our heads were snug together. He was making X's, I was making O's, and, according to the rules of the game, we were wiping out each other's men whenever opportunity enabled us lawfully to do so.

The game had proceeded some distance; we were very intent upon it; lost to all the rest of the world, yes, to all the rest of the school, when a dispute arose about the game.

"You can't do that."

"Yes, I can."

"I tell you, you can't."

"I can, I say."

"No, you——"

When, great heavens! we awoke to find ourselves amidst the silence of death, or, rather, of discovery. Every eye in the school was directed to our desk, and the master was half way down the aisle, tip-toeing towards us - the personification of outraged wrath. Jimmy slipped the slate under his desk, in the hope of escaping detection, but, of course, that was impossible; our exposure was complete.

"Is that the way you play fox and goose in school?" blazed the teacher.

"Please, sir, we weren't playing fox and goose," said Jimmie, with innocent honesty trembling over his rickety face.

"Let me see your slate."

Out came the slate, half the squares filled with O's and X's.

"Hold out your hand, sir. You will waste your time in school and then lie about it, will you?" and Hezekiah Johnston's wrathful ruler rained painfully on Jimmie's palms.

When justice had been meted out, the master walked back to his seat amidst a silence that could be felt. Only Jimmie's sobs broke the stillness, and they added impressiveness to the situation.

Soon school work fell into its usual routine. Jimmie, still rubbing his swollen hands between his knees, turned to me at the first opportunity and whispered: "I didn't know that was called fox and goose."

Well, I laughed. I have laughed a hundred times since to think of it. To escape Scott free, that was relief, but the reaction in passing from a state of terror into such a glimpse of the ridiculous was insuppressibly funny. I was sorry for him, but couldn't think of it just then, and even now, if I shut my eyes, I can feel that old schoolhouse reel as it did while I struggled to control my wicked laughter.

The event was bad enough in itself for the victim, but the deep shadow it cast on the life of poor Jimmie made it a calamity.

How a soul may suffer alone and in silence, unknown and unsympathized with, Jimmie's experience illustrates.

I was not aware that any particular disgrace attached to the incident, but, unfortunately, *all* did not know that Jimmie was innocent of falsehood.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quarter of a century!—that sounds longer than it seems when once it is passed.

My stay in the settlement was short; my path led out into the wider world,

but after twenty-five years took me back again for a visit to Macklin's settlement.

"Jimmie Gilson? Oh, yes, Gilson is still living."

"Where?"

"On the old homestead. When Whackembash died he left the place to Jimmie."

"Then he's farming?"

"Yes."

"Pretty well off?"

"Not so bad."

"Is he married?"

"No."

"An old bachelor! Well! I'll give him a call."

So I did.

Our meeting was joyous, pathetic, memorable. The old days were talked over, you know how, and especially that game of fox and goose.

Then I heard the story in all its fullness—in all its pathos.

"You see," said Jimmie, "she did not know about it; I suppose she thought I was lying. Maybe they teased her about it. She must have thought it disgraceful, for she never was friendly again. She used to nod to me sometimes, but not in her own way, and that hurt me—kind of pushed me farther away."

In the silence that followed I noticed the old sadness was there. I saw something else, too—a tear rolled down over his honest face.

I turned away my head.

After a time, his voice gaining confidence, he added: "So I never loved anybody else—and never will—Sarah's married now."

It may seem a little weak, to some, perhaps, a little foolish, but that night I could not sleep. The sadness of it all came back. I wished that I'd been a woman and could cry the feeling off, but I resisted the weakness, and have felt sorry for Jimmie ever since. Poor orphan!

*Uro Kay.*

# WYLESFORD LAKE



All night long the light is lying  
Silvery on the birches sighing,  
All night long the loons are crying  
Sweetly over Wylesford lake.

Berry-copse and brake encumber  
Greenside islands out of number,  
All night long the islands slumber,  
But my heart is wide awake.

Listening where the water teaches  
Magic to the shining beaches,  
Watching where the waveless reaches  
Hold communion with the sky,

Soon my spirit grows serener,  
Bearing saner, vision keener.  
In the night's benign demeanor  
Peace and wisdom venture nigh.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

## ANTHONY HOPE.

*An Interview.*

BY W. J. THOROLD.

THE following note is thoroughly characteristic:

"16, 7, '96.

"16 Buckingham Street,  
"Strand, W.C.

"DEAR MR. THOROLD,—To plead that I never had anything to say and have said it all many times already would be no use, would it? But you'll find it true when you come. I make one condition: the interview is for MASSEY'S MAGAZINE alone and is not to be published in England. Will Saturday at 12 suit you?

"Yours very sincerely,

"ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS."

Suppose you had received this note, how would you have answered it? Especially that first sentence? A reply would not be very difficult to the admirers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and the other children of its author's brain. The Saturday mentioned at about eleven-fifty found me on the crowded Strand looking for Buckingham Street, which every visitor to London has passed a hundred times but never noticed once. There is nothing about it to call one's attention, any more than there is about a crevice between the boards of a city sidewalk. When a seeker has found that royally-named street, he has found one of the dullest and most uninteresting thoroughfares of which any metropolis can refrain from boasting. The puzzle is to discover the reason why Anthony Hope should select it as the place for his workshop. But for this you will not have to search far. True, you would require to watch a long time from any of the windows for a dramatic scene to happen on that pavement. There is nothing suggestive or inspiring about the house or the neighborhood. Just here is where the nut cracks open. The creator of the fanciful kingdom of Zenda, with all its charm and romance of monarch and people—and English visitors—depends not upon



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HERBERT WARING AS "PRINCE  
MICHAEL" IN *THE PRISONER  
OF ZENDA*.

environment but upon his own imagination. He could write as well in the lamp of the Statue of Liberty in the Harbor of New York or in the heart of one of the pyramids of Egypt as he can in his rather prosy looking quarters not far from the Thames embankment. He does not visit the scenes of his plots, because they do not exist—many of them. Nor are the persons of his pocket theatres reproductions of those whom he has met by

tone I could muster that I had an appointment with him at twelve, she assured me he would come as the clock was striking and added that I might sit down and wait for him in his room if I wished. Of course I wished. This seemed a rare opportunity to use my eyes, ditto pencil and note-book.

"Two flights hup," this good angel went on, "hand the door is hunlocked."

After noticing a small plate with the



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ANTHONY HOPE.

(From his latest photograph.)

chance or in society. He is different in these respects from several of the other eminent novelists in England. The exquisite literary fabrics he deals in are spun out of his own mind.

Having arrived at number sixteen I encountered the janitress who, in answer to a question, said:

"Mr. 'Awkins is hout."

Upon my remarking in the suavest

simple inscription A. H. HAWKINS upon it, my knock brought the answer: "Come in!" Entering, I found myself face to face with the author. He looks about thirty, is nearly six feet tall, and with the exception of Fred Terry and George Alexander is perhaps the handsomest man I saw in London. He is undoubtedly one of the most modest and unassuming. But conceit is ever the badge



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GEORGE ALEXANDER AS "RUDOLF V" IN *THE PRISONER OF ZENDA*.



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EVELYN MILLARD AS "PRINCESS FLAVIA" IN *THE PRISONER OF ZENDA*.

of littleness. Unlike some of his contemporaries, Anthony Hope evinces no tendency to look upon himself as the greatest thing that ever happened. He is that *rara avis* in the modern apiary: the distinguished man who does not regard himself as a marvel.

In a remarkably short time he has climbed to a remarkably high place. He is a toiler. A brief *resumé* of his works will reveal the fact that no blood of the idler flows in his veins. After the publication in 1889 of "A Man of Mark," he wasted a lot of postage stamps trying a number of his short stories on various magazines. But only one or two ever got into type. But the temperature of this cold water was not low enough to chill his ardor. He kept at his desk and one day came forth from his den with his brief bag and in it the manuscript of "Father Stafford," which nearly every publisher in London declined with thanks. Finally it was issued from the press of the Cassells. But it was a financial failure. He then began contributing short tales to *The St. James' Gazette*, a journal that has given signal encouragement in their earlier days to the now famous authors of "The Play-Actress," "A Gentleman of France," and "The Seats of the Mighty." From these contributions of Hope, fifteen in all, the stories were selected that compose the volume entitled, "Sport Royal." Afterwards came "Mr. Witt's Widow," which was only a partial success, then "A Change of Air," and quickly following it "Half a Hero." He then set diligently to work upon "The God in the Car," but left it for "The Prisoner of Zenda." After completing the temporarily abandoned African tale he began writing "The Dolly Dialogues," that sparkled with such Parisian brilliance in *The Westminster Gazette*. Next appeared "The Indiscretion of the Duchess." To these he has now added "Phroso" and "The Heart of the Princess Osra," which he told me was likely to be dramatized. Not a bad showing this for seven years!

After some preliminary conversation and the lighting of the customary cigarettes which are the pipe of peace in the journalistic craft, I said:

"You were born in London, Mr. Hope,

were you not?" It is difficult to call him Mr. Hawkins.

"Yes," he answered. "In Clapton, in the East End."

"And that was—?"

"Thirty-three years ago."

"My purpose was to add something else," I hastened to explain.

"Was it? No matter—I make no secret of my age. What's the use?"

"Might I ask, Mr. Hawkins, where your education was obtained?"

"When in my ninth year, my father, who, as you know, is now the Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, moved to Leatherhead where he took St. John's School, an establishment for boys and intended exclusively for the sons of clergymen."

Some consider that from a certain standpoint it is a subject for brief comment that Anthony Hope did not enter the clerical profession. But he was destined to labor and achieve outside the pulpit's narrow curve.

"Then?"

"At thirteen," he continued, "I won a scholarship to Marlborough College. Few boys work hard at an English public school."

"But you were an exception?"

"Oh, no! I studied the prescribed text-books fairly well and played football a trifle better."

"A frank confession."

"But quite true, I assure you."

"And from Marlborough?"

"I passed to Baliol College, Oxford. There, as during all my boyhood and youth, my life was commonplace and uneventful."

"Nothing marked it off from those of other boys."

"Absolutely nothing. I was an example of the average. There were two things which I must acknowledge I had not."

"Yes?"

"Two things that are frequently considered to indicate future prominence: pugilistic encounters and literary ambitions. I did not even write poetry and read very little of anything."

"It is the more strange that you should afterwards take up literature as a vocation."

"Yes, it is—even to myself; for I had



PHOTO BY ALFRED ELLIS, LONDON.

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LILY HANBURY AS "ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN" IN *THE PRISONER OF ZENDA*.

not the slightest thought of ever doing so."

"How did it come about?"

"I'll tell you the story."

"I'm sure it would be interesting to hear."

"After graduating at the University of Oxford in 1885 I remained there during two terms coaching undergraduates, by which means I supported myself. The following year I came to London, read law at Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple. In 1887 I was called to the Bar."

"That was to be your profession?"

"Yes—I looked forward to no other career. Fortunately, though I regarded it differently at the time, I got very few cases. I might have done more business had I been willing to go about the country on circuit, but I preferred to remain comfortably at home in town. You see," with a gesture towards the street, "I am fond of quietness."

"Evidently," I acquiesced.

"While waiting for briefs in my office I started to write a story founded on incidents in the transactions of a swindling company in a South American Republic, partly to amuse myself and fill in the time, partly to increase my rather slender income."

"Did you spend much time at the Bar?"

"Five years," he replied.

"And you were induced to give it up by—"

"Success."

"The best of excuses—or reasons."

"In 1894 I discovered literature to be both more agreeable and more lucrative. By-the-way, 'The Prisoner of Zenda'—and here is the original manuscript," taking it out of a steel safe where he keeps such valuable treasures in case of fire—"was written in my chambers at the Temple."

"To look at those pages, which have charmed the English-speaking world with their simply yet artfully told romances so full of sentiment and adventure, was a privilege I shall not soon forget. There in Anthony Hope's small, neat and regular handwriting I saw the Princess Flavia tell of how she must kill the love that would not die and ask:

"Is love the only thing?"

And when still no answer came she went on:

"Your ring will always be on my finger, your heart in my heart, the touch of your lips on mine. But you must go and I must stay."

Then I read and heard Rudolph Rassendyll, her king, reply:

"My part is lighter; for your ring shall be on my finger and your heart in mine, and no touch save of your lips shall ever be on mine. So may God comfort you, my darling!"

"And kissing one another over and over again—and again—and again—whispering nothing but each other's names—they parted."

This and much more of that fascinating book I read in the few minutes spent glancing over the pages of the manuscript.

"As you know," I continued, "many magazine readers have aspirations in the way of authorship."

"Yes," with a genial smile—"that is, I have heard so."

"In your opinion what is the best training for a novelist?"

"You have certainly pronounced a problem."

"And you have certainly found a solution."

"The best training for a novelist?"

"Yes."

"Life. To live! Or to be more explicit: education for technique, and experience for knowledge—without which aspirations are of no avail. The former liberal, the latter wide, but neither superficial. Of course, ample natural endowments of mind and soul are presupposed."

"'A man of Mark' was your first book, was it not?"

"Yes—rather strange that my maiden effort should have its scenes laid in a South American Republic."

"Did you experience any difficulty in getting this published?"

"None."

"How fortunate!"

"The publisher accepted it at once."

"Indeed!"

"But I was my own publisher."

That seemed a bird of another plumage. After a moment he continued:

"I did not think that any business man would undertake the risk."

"You were very modest in your estimate of your work."

"It was not so much modesty that deterred me. Naturally, I thought the story at least was passable. But I knew I was unknown."

"Did its reception justify your course?"

"Perfectly. It was not a financial success, at the time."

"But artistically?"

"If the critics are the judges it would be hard to decide. *The National Observer* praised it. *The Saturday Review* slated it."

"Now that you have a number to choose from, which of your own novels do you think most of?"

"'The God in the Car,' though I am rather favorably disposed toward the one of which you have spoken so kindly."

I had previously mentioned my sincere admiration for "'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" The juggernaut tale of African millionaire, in which many think Cecil Rhodes is rather truthfully portrayed, is undoubtedly one of great insight and strength. But though their author likes it best, there can be little doubt but that the world, where hearts hold sway, loves most the human story of three months in the life of an English gentleman.

Resuming the conversation, I asked: "What style of drama do you consider will be in vogue next?"

"The best—be it problematic, romantic or tragic. The kind of play the people want is the strongest play."

"Might I enquire what you are working on at present?"

"My next novel, 'The Heart of the Princess Osra.'"

This, of course, is now on the market.

"When do you do most of your work?"

"During bankers' hours: from ten a.m. to four p.m."

"Where?"

"In this room."

Anthony Hope is one of the most methodical of men. He works as regularly as a clerk in an office and holds himself strictly to his hours. But he writes by time not space—does as much as he can per day, but never sets himself a certain amount to be done in a certain

time. His room is a very ordinary place, furnished very plainly and in true utilitarian fashion: a large and well-filled book-case, a commodious American writing-table, another small table, a few chairs and the safe with a combination lock. On the walls are photos of his brother and sister, of whom he is very fond, and of himself. Above the safe is Leslie Warde's original drawing of the author for "Vanity Fair." To the left of this is a large portrait of Gladstone.

Continuing, I said: "How does criticism affect you, Mr. Hawkins?"

"It is useful to me," he answered. "I read a great deal of it—mostly for practical purposes. I get valuable hints—sometimes—for my books: I learn what to avoid."

"If it is not a secret—"

"And I have but few."

"After 'Phroso' what is your next novel likely to be?"

"That usually ill-advised thing in fiction—a sequel."

"To 'The Prisoner'?"

"Yes."

"Where do you think will be the field for the novels of the future?"

"Well there are at present three distinct lines of effort. First, there is the racial: chiefly Scottish, Cornish, Manx. Then comes the historical novel, of which Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer Lytton are the great apostles. That will always be in demand, provided it is well done. The third is the realistic as exemplified in the works of George Moore. I consider that the successful novels of the next few years will be the cleverest that are produced along any of these three lines."

"Do you think many modern novels are written for posterity?"

"Possibly. But they'll never reach their destination. The fact is that very few volumes, old or new, are really read by succeeding generations. Not many books become classics, and not many classics are ever read."

"Do you devote much time to other authors, Mr. Hope?"

"Very little—should like to, but can't spare it. I am very fond of Meredith, Kipling, Morris and Stevenson."

"After finishing your books, many

wonder if you study poetry to any extent. Do you?"

"Rarely."

"Why not?"

"Because poetry requires too much mental exertion. Usually I study only books of reference. And I do not care to work hard to enjoy myself. Prose is more direct, simpler, calls for less effort—and I read for recreation."

"Have you any avocation?"

"Not now. Writing has become my profession and I do nothing else."

"What exercise do you take?"

"None—except occasionally a game of lawn tennis."

"And you used to be such an athlete."

"If report may be believed."

"And you think it may?"

"I fear so. At Oxford I was an ardent football player, was three-quarter back in the Baliol fifteen and helped my College to beat all others for two years running."

"Did you do any boating?"

"Scarcely ever went on the river. Rowing's too exclusive and occupies your time too much."

"To leave the field of sport and return to the domain of letters, as they say in essays. But first to go to the arena of politics—"

"Now I know what's coming."

"If you will permit me to mention," I ventured, "it is understood you once had political ambitions."

"During my term as President of the Oxford Union, in succession to Lord Robert Cecil, I developed some small talent as a debater. In 1892 I entered as a Parliamentary candidate for the Southern Division of South Bucks, which riding I contested as a Liberal candidate against Viscount Curzon. My defeat was a foregone conclusion. And when at Wycombe the announcement of the poll was no surprise to me. However, I confess having cherished strong aspirations in the direction of Westminster—

and that they have not all vanished. Perhaps the time may come some day when they'll be realized. Perhaps not. Who knows?"

"In the meantime—"

"I wait," with a meaningful glance, "and work."

"Then odds on a wager its coming. But the domain. Would you object to my asking how you came to conceive of your most noted book?"

"I would say in a moment if I could, but it is a mystery even to myself. The idea came one morning after a case in court. I began immediately to put it on paper. The whole story as a series of pictures was in my mind. It was panoramic. I saw at once the chance for a novel of the romantic sort laid in modern times. Then I thought and wrote, finally the book appeared, Edward Rose dramatized it, E. H. Sothorn and George Alexander presented it—and you know the rest."

"Well."

In a few minutes I rose to go, but could not keep my eyes off that safe. There it stood—a small, harmless, little, inanimate box, cold as steel can be. Nothing glowing about it, even in color. Yet it seemed a magnet; so much was in its heart, so much of life and romance. Mr. Hope observed my interest. He had already shown me a number of the manuscripts it contains, but had omitted reference to one.

"But that," I said, touching it with my cane, "that with the blue pencil on it."

"A story I began but may never finish. It is my newest idea for a novel. And that blue pencil is my greatest friend. If the story is ever completed I think it will quite eclipse anything I—"

"Even 'The—?'"

"Yes. The plot is—but that would not be fair."

In another minute I was on the Strand.

*W. J. Thorold.*

## THE ONION IN THE WHEEL-RUT.

BY HENRY CBUIL WALSH.

### PART I.

FELIX DUMOUCHEL had been to the neighboring town; and departing at five in the morning gaily humming "*Le rejallissement du pensée*," he now returned at a suspiciously late hour, boisterously trolling "*En roulant ma boule*."

Diverging from the dusty main road at this point, that brought him back to St. Agapit again, he turned to the left and continued on by a short cross-road, and from thence downwards on a third, paralleling the first, more private than public from infrequent use, and surface-worn by nothing except a cow-path, and what rutting wheels now and then abashedly made upon close-cropped sod adorned with mullens and sagey-looking weeds, knee high.

Midway upon this grassy, mile-long stretch between cultivated fields, stood the house of the Dumouchels, towards which Felix, thirty, good-looking and muscular, bent his steps by the light of a waning moon.

Within thirty yards of this homestead he kicked something with his foot that rolled away for a short distance and then stopped. It was white, and Felix now picked it up.

An onion! Bah! He was about to throw it away, but the thing remained in his hand, as with the other he brushed off the damp earth still adhering it. A few feet further and Felix saved himself from falling by an effort, as his foot slipped sideways into a freshly made wheel-rut.

The rollicking pedestrian now stopped, and tried to think with a *whiskey blanc* brain. Immediately before him a small stream crossed the road, bridged by two logs resting lengthwise on their supports, on either side of which the ground declined to the level of each with bare, soft soil.

Felix looked about him, then at the

on on, and finally down around his feet? his air, meanwhile, being that of a man who, deep in his cups, feels confronted with a problem demanding solution.

"*Les Saintes!*" he remarked to himself, "the onions have not been gathered hereabouts as yet, and how comes this one?"

Then he knit his brow as he poked his boot-toe in an unfamiliar rut, at which he gazed whilst cogitating with a mixed mind.

Two minutes from halting he took his way forward again, and proceeded past a house he should have otherwise entered, till, when two arpents beyond it, he strode with increasing steadiness from mid-road to side—leaping the ditch—and looked over the rail fence.

"Ours are the first thrown up," he muttered, "and as for the old man carting them to the cellar before their time, *misere!* I would as soon expect to see apples on oaks. And for what those mischief-making women would take it upon themselves to do behind my back, that they might poke a finger at me—*Ah! Tor'ieu!*"

Felix, to see, was instantly sobered, and cleared the fence with a single spring. It would have fared hard with the author of his rage could he have laid hands on him at this moment, but the former could only impotently swear and storm in a loud voice, and shake his fist as he called on the Holy Virgin to witness this wrong-doing.

Where two days ago he had completed the best half of a week exposing the onion crop to the sun prior removal to the root-house, a gap in their white quantity nearest the gate was at once apparent, even beneath a now clouded moon, and, as the blazing eyes of Felix at once perceived, sufficient had been hastily gathered to form a respectable cart load.

Subsiding into silent wrath, Felix mechanically put both hands into his

side coat pockets; drawing forth from one a short clay pipe, and from the other a handful of loose, rough cut habitant shag. Cramming the bowl full and tight, he thrust the remainder of the *tabac Canadien* back into a pocket, searched in three others before he found a match and produced it, scratched it on the pipe he lit, and then, carefully skirting the onion patch, becoming cautious when utter carelessness might be expected, made his way to the gate. This was found, as usual, hooked, and passing out and closing it again, he stood on the planks bridging the ditch for field and road.

The tell-tale marks of trespassing wheel and shod hoof were still plainly visible to his eye in the moonlight, leading to the field side of the gate, and, turning away, a white object at his feet beside the post claimed his attention, and stooping down he picked it up—another onion. Turning slightly he flung it back to its fellows; after which he pulled at his pipe for quick puffs, as he spent the next five minutes leaning against the gate, hard in thought. Then he roused himself, shook the top ashes from his pipe, and began retracing his steps up the road.

## PART II.

At the end of a half-mile he had once more reached the cross-road, past which he continued on, this time slowly and savagely, with the air of a man who meant to verify unpleasant suspicion.

Three separate houses now to his left faced open fields, and leaving the middle of the road he approached the first of these beneath a row of soft maples, avoiding the gravel side-path, that he might noiselessly brush past the tree-trunks on turf.

Over a low, shabby picket fence Felix placed one leg and then the other, at the furthest convenient spot from the house, and stealthily fringing by the three short rows of celery, passed on between a few currant bushes beneath several *fameuse* apple trees, till he was clear of all, and had reached a dilapidated, straw-thatched shed into which ran two single wheel tracks, and the brain of Felix was but fired the more to find the door securely padlocked.

Taking his pipe from his mouth, its half-consumed contents were emptied to the ground, and which he trod underfoot with a twist of his boot. Then replacing his pipe in a pocket, Felix bethought himself of finding something with which to force out one of the staples.

Ah! but, Mother of God! he used half a dozen such locks of his own everyday at home. His keys! had he his keys with him? He searched feverishly in his pockets, *Le bon Dieu!* here they were; and with a hand as damp as his forehead he brought them forth.

One—two—three. *Diable!* would none fit? He tried the fitting fourth, and with an inspiring click the lock and arm hinged apart.

Exulting as he did so, Felix had the door open in a trice, and the odor which came to him without through crack and chink-hole as he fumbled at the lock, was now strong enough to start a delicate man sneezing.

Searching through his pockets for a match, Felix next felt the band of his hat for one where he so often carried some when working coatless in the fields, but the last had been used on his pipe, and the lack gave him this groping in pitchy darkness.

But he knew the place, did Felix; the woodpile was to the left, and—*sacré!*—here he nearly fell over a block from it.

Edging thence gingerly forward over crackling chips, the twelfth of a dozen paces wedged a foot firmly between the bare ground and left shaft attached to a roughly-fashioned Scotch cart.

A sidelong stride brought him to the wheel, and, reaching over, his hand now came into contact with sacking. Thrusting this aside, and peering over as well, a glance, and sweeping feel of his hand—aside from smell—at once indicated a three-quarter load of *onions blanc*.

Enough—the sacking was replaced as found, and in making his way back to the door, left purposely ajar, Felix knocked up against a saw-horse and sat down to think.

Ah! it was painful, bitterly painful, thought he. That dog of a Placide—robbing his only sister's sweetheart. He would not work, the idle, shiftless cur, but he would steal; and this was

stealing brought home to the heart with a vengeance.

A score of times had he already interposed to save Albina from the shame of Placide's disgrace, and taken money from his own pocket to do it. And this!—Felix grew wet of face to think of it. Something must be done—it should not be passed over; and between love and duty his soul sickened within him. The exposure! it would drive her forever from him, humiliated, hidden. Ah, that vile brother of her's! Within arm's reach he would now half-throttle the hound for his behaviour. *Misere! Misere!* Where would it all end?

Felix wiped his clammy brow with a silk handkerchief, and stood to his feet. He could see that the night was white without again, by the moonshine streaming in through various crevices. He would go home—there was nothing more to be done now; and who knows but that a dream might solve the difficulty. If M. le Curé sometimes received inspiration asleep, why should not he? But then the reverend father was a holy man, and the Blessed God might not speak to children of the Church as He would to a priest. But he would go home and brood the matter over on the morrow, and perhaps by that time the Evil One would have whispered slumber, and tempted him to something that, by crossing and sprinkling himself, might be turned to good account.

With sundry vague resolutions akin these, Felix passed out from the strong-smelling gloom into the mellow radiance of an August Canadian night, and turned to relock the door.

But when about to turn the key that fastened again, a sound immediately behind turned his head in that direction for a sight that gave him a shock; and his hands seemed frozen to what they were doing, in that he had to wrench them away before he could face about.

### PART III.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Albina Sabourin, coming closer, "is it you, Felix? Placide is not home yet, and I thought it was he. I have been sitting up with father, but he is at last asleep, and the night-air is so sweet to one from the sick-room. *Pauvre,*

*pauvre père,* how he suffers. And he was always such a dear, good man to me—so kind, so thoughtful. Ah, *bon Dieu!* what would I not give to share some of his pain—the anguish only his eyes betray. I fear—" But Albina stopped abruptly, and hastily brushed away the misty gathering with a corner of her apron. "But tell me—what are you doing here—alone—at this hour?"

A sudden parching ran up and down the throat of Felix that he could scarcely speak, and when he did, first wetting his lips, his voice was without depth.

"Truly, I was looking for the hames Placide borrowed of me. He forgot to return them, and to-morrow is market-day."

Albina was another woman in an instant.

"Felix" (how the one word stirred him), "it is not the truth."

Coming forward, she gently grasped each lapel of his coat, and looked straight up at him, her face close to his. Felix closed lips and teeth together hard, very hard, and did with as little breathing as possible.

"I have every trick of your voice by heart," she continued, "and this ring of it now is new. Why should you look for harness in a woodshed? You are hiding something from me. Fie, my Felix, as if you could not trust me. But I will see for myself."

Like flashing light an idea was born of the moment with Felix as, folding his arms, a backward step brought him plumb against the door, barring entrance.

"Listen, heart of my heart," said he. "As God is my witness, I have done no wrong, but my honor is at stake to-night. Do my bidding as I now ask it, and M. le Curé will have his fee within a month. Bring me the stable key from the kitchen and a few matches. Then retire to the house again and pray the Mother of Jesus for my success. Quick—be quick! nor look once from the house again after giving me these things, and all goes well."

Albina gave him a look of terror from a white face, and then turning around ran fleetly towards the house. A few seconds later, and placing what he desired with a trembling hand in his, she

looked appealingly up at him, but Felix only shook his head, and walked with short nervous strides to the stable, while Albina, unrequited as desired, faithfully disappeared the way she came.

Unlocking the door, Felix entered the stable, found the lantern where it always hung, lit it, and by its sickly yellow light harnessed the horse.

As busy as his hands were with straps and buckles, so was his brain with thought, for the one worked the other in Felix with a will.

If that rascally Placide, thought he, as he buckled the throat-latch, and now led the horse out, was only in bed and fast asleep—it lacked yet a quarter of twelve—the scheme was as good as carried out, but there was no knowing, as things were, when he might turn up, and that, too, perhaps, in a condition and mood that strikes first and argues afterwards.

But Felix, doggedly, took the chances of extreme risk, and seven minutes from the time the lantern was lit it was out again, the stable-door locked, key pocketed, and the horse between shafts in the woodshed.

The trying time of all was now to come, but Felix never hesitated, and immediately walked the horse out into the yard with its load. Then he also closed and locked the woodshed door, detached the key that fitted the lock from its ring, and placed it in a separate pocket; after which he very deliberately led the horse on, close-by, and past the house, out through the front gate, and on to the road. The gate was now closed in its turn, and taking the reins Felix seated himself on the back part of the right-hand shaft, and drove briskly off.

It was astonishing with what despatch and low result in noise all this had been accomplished; and once upon the road a slight clacking was all that was directly noticeable in sound from wheels that rolled over a level stretch of sandy, grass-grown surface.

Arrived at the field Felix dumped the onions back on the spot from whence they had been taken, and then with the shovel, his forethought had provided, speedily refilled the empty cart with as much of the light sandy loam in which the onions had been luxuriated, equal to the

emptied quantity of the latter; covering the substituted load, when he had finished, with the same sacking which so exactly had concealed the onions.

Half an hour later and Felix was back again, intensely satisfied to find everything as he had left it,

Without any loss of time when seconds were so valuable, he was quickly—quietly in all—through the gate and shut it, had turned and backed the animal and its load into the woodshed—trusting to Providence that Placide would fail to observe that the still single tracks of wheels were much broader than the tires—unhitched the horse and led it out, locked the woodshed door for the last time, stalled the horse in its stable, put the harness in the adjoining manger where Placide had carelessly thrown it, locked the stable-door in its turn for the last time, crossed the yard, and having found the kitchen-door unbolted, whether Albina had left it unfastened to him or not for this single purpose he was unable to say, tip-toed in, and hung the stable-key on its accustomed nail, over the sink.

Then he gently closed both kitchen and porch doors behind him, made his way down the garden through the currant-bushes and beneath the screening apple-trees, and, as he first came, went home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!

It was the bell of a rapidly-driven priest on his way to the dangerously ill or dying—usually rung by the Jesuit's driver as he drove: the former always to be seen busily engaged reading his missal, and at whose passing those by the wayside were expected to kneel and offer up short and silent prayer for the afflicted.

Placide Sabourin, on his way to the market-town, stopped his meaningless whip-cracking, and brought the horse to a standstill. As the other came up he began devoutly crossing himself, and repeating the *Qui Tollis*.

With the two vehicles abreast, that of the priest's also stopped, and Placide saw that the holy father rang and drove for himself.

And a great fear seized upon the superstitious Placide the moment he next saw the priest drop bell, book and reins, and lift his hands towards heaven in the former's direction.

And as he looked, and no sound yet came, he began to quake and tremble so that his knees smote together, and shrink back upon his seat as if from a fearful thing.

And when the solemnly slow words did come, they were so awful upon him that he felt as if riven with fire.

"Thou—guilty—man! Accursed—be—thy—load! May—it—turn—to—the—earth—from—which—it—was—taken."

Placide doubted his senses, but he turned and lifted the sacking, and with a single yell leaped from the cart, plunged headlong through the roadside bushes, and having fallen, rather than climbed, over the fence, made as fast as his legs would carry for the nearest woods.

And from that hour forth Placide became a changed man. As for Albina she kept her own counsel, drew her own conclusions, and made a good wife to a man whose mind became troubled at times, to think that he once made light of holy office, and played the priest.

*Henry Cecil Walsh.*



## DESERTED.

SHE stood with a face so white, so set,  
So filled with bitterness and despair;  
Closing my eyes I can see her yet,  
Sorrowful, broken, but passing fair.

Her eyes were fixed on the sky above  
Where stars were glittering soft and clear,  
Did the ghosts of Innocence and Love  
Steal out of the gloom and stand quite near?

So young to quiver beneath such smart—  
A smoother brow 'twould be hard to find,  
The pity of it! a broken heart—  
And childhood lying so close behind!

I heard her whisper, "'Twas long ago  
That I laughed for joy at touch of morn,  
Kneeled down and prayed in the tender glow—  
Ah me! now I cry out, tempest-torn!

Thank God for night, and the world asleep—  
Their eyes pierce through me the long, long day,  
Thank God for the darkness, soft and deep,  
That covers and hides me quite away!"

*—Jean Blewett.*

## A REVIEW OF THE RUGBY FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1896.

BY EDWARD BAYLY.

**R**UGBY football, once designated the sport of kings, has now so far fallen from its high estate as to be the sport of newspapers.

This was never more apparent than during the season just past, and anyone who undertakes to review the year's football must necessarily feel that he is dishing up to the public in one conglomerate mass, what it has already suffered from in successive courses.

The interest which the game has aroused, however, particularly in the

pronounced. When the T.A.C. travelled to the ambitious city on the second Saturday in October, it was not generally supposed, even in Toronto, that the new team had much of a chance. The Tigers were supposed to be stronger than in the previous season, and in that season they had, it was recollected, defeated the 'Varsity Champions. The Athletic Club, on the other hand, though nominally a combination of the old Toronto and Osgoode Hall clubs, in reality numbered in its ranks very few of the latter organization.



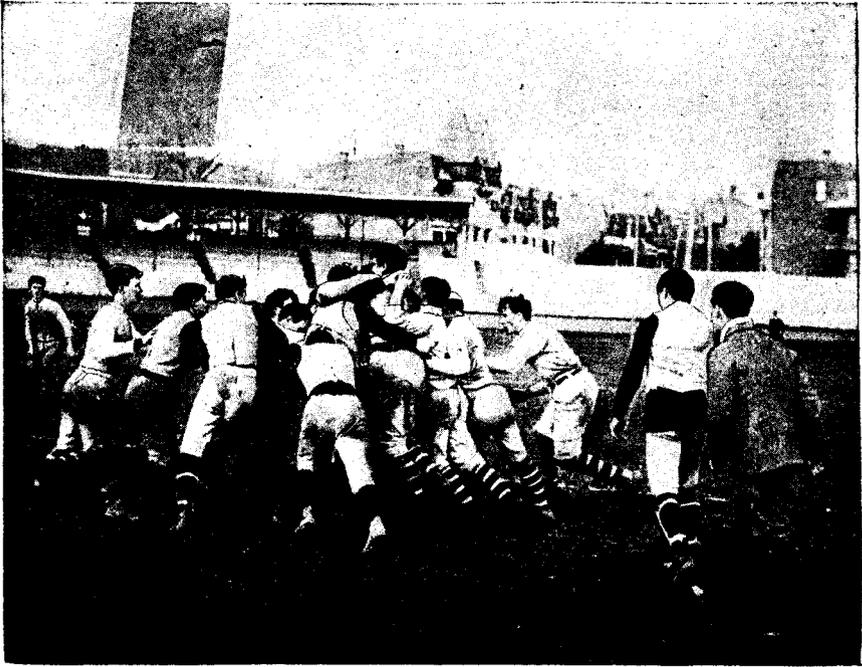
"SCRIMMAGE."

larger towns and cities, emboldens one to imagine that a brief sketch of the '96 season in Ontario and Quebec may prove not unwelcome to enthusiasts who, since Thanksgiving Day, have found the sporting column devoid of all reference to the fascinating pastime.

The game in Ontario calls for first treatment. If the season of 1895 could be called a season of surprises, the fall of 1896 should be called one of uncertainties, the difference between the results of the first and second of each home-and-home match was, in many cases, so

As will be remembered, the T.A.C. won the game, and Hamilton, on the succeeding week, journeyed to Toronto, full of the determination to recover their lost laurels. They failed, and their victors put up such a game that reckless admirers of the new club wagered money at short odds that they would obtain the championship.

This confidence was short lived, for on the following Saturday the Royal Military College Cadets, who had been beaten by Trinity, and only came into the second round through their conquerors'



"MASS PLAY."

default, defeated the Toronto team by five points. The following Saturday in Kingston saw the cherry and black retrieve themselves nobly, but the word had gone forth that they were "in and outers," and they remained so to the close of the season.

In the meantime, Kingston had defaulted to Queen's, and the latter, after two severe struggles, had succumbed to the superior skill of the Toronto 'Varsity team.

Before the meeting between 'Varsity and T.A.C. at Rosedale, although the former were the favorites, many knowing ones predicted a close match, but persistent muffing, inability to play an up-hill game, and the bad luck to have the wind against them during both halves, led to the defeat of the Athletic Club by thirty-seven points. The second game, which 'Varsity won by two points, was close and interesting, but neither match showed the relative merits of the teams when each was playing up to form. The trouble with T.A.C. all through the season was its uncertainty; on one Saturday its team would show cup-winning

form, and on the next put up a "fossil" game.

'Varsity was steady, but appeared weak at blocking on the wings and slow at getting the ball out of scrimmage, while Queens' played a strong, but somewhat ignorant, game. Hamilton suffered from the want of good backs, and the Tiger wings, usually so snappy and aggressive, seemed last season to be off color. Royal Military College and Trinity, although both play creditable games, ought to drop into the Intermediate series. Both teams should have a chance there. The Intermediate series brought out plenty of good football, and although the title to the cup has one serious flaw, which will be referred to later, Brockville deserved its win, and should be congratulated.

The Junior series is, perhaps, the most encouraging of the three, for the boys play with vigor, pluck and skill, and even the Champions of Canada might learn a useful lesson from the forward combination passing of the Kingston Granites.

The young ones are the hope of the

future, and this year's crop of juniors certainly renders the outlook exceedingly bright.

If criticism of the youngsters be permitted, it might be suggested to the Ontario Union that twenty is a pretty fair age for "juniors," and that some cracking good senior teams have been heard of whose average age did not much exceed the present junior limit. It would also be a good thing to have a weight limit of, say 160 pounds. With an Intermediate series open to all, no great hardship could accrue to "hefty" boys of twenty, who were debarred by their size from figuring on a junior aggregation.

Turning to Quebec, the uncertainty of the relative standing of the Senior clubs, leaving the Britannias and Ottawa College out of the question, is still more pronounced than in Ontario. To summarize the state of affairs there is to get the following peculiar result: Ottawa City defeated Montreal, Montreal defeated McGill rather handily, and McGill wiped the earth with Ottawa City. Of course, there is an adequate explanation for everything, and a close examination of the different games may offer a solution to the tangled Q.R.F.U. Schedule. The Ottawa College team clearly proved themselves the best, and the Britannias easily showed themselves the worst of the Eastern clubs, but the standing of the others, which, as has just been indicated, cannot be determined by merely consulting the records, is more difficult to arrive at. In all probability, however, their places in order of merit should be: Montreal, McGill and Ottawa City. It is true that the team from the capital defeated Montreal in the beginning of the season, but the latter club had hardly a representative team on the field, while its opponents had the services of at least two strong wings who did not continue to play with them; added to this, Montreal was taken a little by surprise, and, moreover, steadily improved as the season advanced, and Ottawa just as steadily deteriorated. Lack of practice, more than anything else, told against the latter, and the form shown by the team which faced McGill on the last Saturday of the championship season

was infinitely below that displayed in the opening game. Of McGill it is hard to form an estimate; like the T.A.C. in the Western series, but within smaller limits, the Montreal students played an uncertain game: the team was certainly strong on the forward line, and by the close of the season its backs were not to be despised, but, although always in the running, McGill was a disappointing club to back.

In the Intermediate series, what promised to be a most exciting finish between McGill II. and Quebec was, most unfortunately, cut short by darkness during the second of the home-and-home games. McGill had won the first game by a good margin, and Quebec was six points in the lead and playing well, when the referee was compelled to call the second game on account of darkness, with many minutes of time still to be played. The Quebec Rugby Football Union's Executive was placed in an awkward position. The date of the Inter-Provincial final for the Intermediate championship had been already fixed for the following Saturday, and the season was rapidly drawing to a close. To have ordered the game to be played over again on a week day, or to have thrown over the Inter-Provincial final, would probably have entailed more hardship than allowing the game to stand, and in following the last-named course the committee of the Q.R.F.U. probably chose the wisest one open to it. Quebec did not think so, and retired from the Union. Had every equally aggrieved club done the same during the last dozen years, neither of the Provincial Unions would now be in existence.

Very little is known up here about the Junior series in Quebec, but competent critics say that the matches for the third Q.R.F.U. cup were all well contested and the form shown by the players most creditable.

The Inter-Provincial, or, as they are called, Canadian, championships, Senior and Intermediate, now claim attention. As everyone interested in Rugby remembers, Ottawa College, the Quebec champions, defeated Toronto University in a hard fought game by four points, and its victory was well deserved. In every point of the game, except in dribbling



"A TRY?"

and desperate defence work, the Ottawaites were slightly the superior of their opponents. The day was fine, but the ground was covered to a depth of three inches with slushy snow, and this state of affairs may have assisted Ottawa College—or again it may not. Opinions differed widely on the subject at the time, and its discussion now is profitless.

The Champions of Canada have a

strong scrimmage which works together wonderfully, a good wing line, a strong and tricky quarter, and a centre half, the best the country has produced; the other places are moderately well filled, and the team as a whole is splendidly balanced, and under perfect discipline and control. It understands quick scrimmaging, keeping possession of the ball, and heavy forward work, now usually



"HELD."



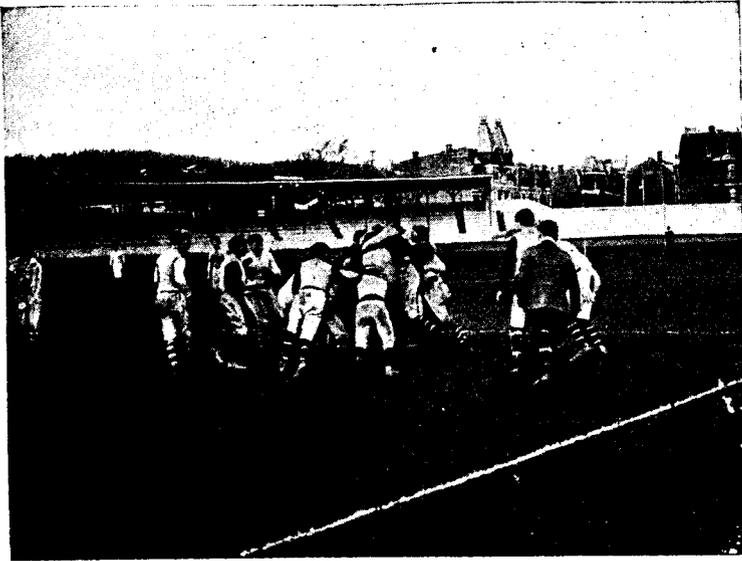
"A TACKLE."

termed mass play. It is an old saying that the champions of any year are faultless and unbeatable, and this saying still expresses the football creed; nevertheless, Ottawa College has one grave fault, the fault of every team which that institution has turned out—it does not

understand, and no Ottawa College captain or coach ever has understood, really fast scoring. In almost every point of the game the present champions are better than Osgoode Hall used to be in the "glorious days of '92," but in forward combination passing they are not merely



"A PASS FROM SCRIMMAGE."



"RUSH IT DOWN."

inferior but—speaking as if the two teams were contemporaries—they are out-classed. Osgoode's defence was weak, the College defence is strong, the Hall's scrimmage was inferior, Ottawa University's scrimmage is unequalled, but for running up a score in a few minutes, which it would take ordinary opponents all afternoon to touch, the black and white heroes of four years ago are still in a class by themselves.

The Intermediate Canadian final resulted, in the first instance, in a tie, and the eagerness of the clubs resulted in a second meeting, when the Canadian Union had decided, on account of the lateness of the season, to allow the draw to stand. The second match occurred on Thanksgiving Day in Montreal, on a field which resembled a skating rink. McGill II. won, and both championships went to the Eastern Union. Three exhibition matches were played between representative teams from the two provinces, one between Ottawa City and Toronto 'Varsity, in which the latter won easily; one between Queen's and Montreal late in the season, in which Montreal was victorious, and one on Thanksgiving Day, in which the same club slaughtered a team from the Toronto Athletic Club. The result of these games,

and the passing of both the Canadian championships eastward, leads to a consideration of the comparative merits of the Eastern and Western clubs. For several years, indeed since 1891, Ontario football men have considered, perhaps justly, that this province produced better and stronger teams than Lower Canada. Leaving Ottawa College, which is really an Ontario club, out of the question, the Western clubs have, for many seasons, not only managed to lower the colors of the representatives from Quebec, but on the whole to produce players who put up a decidedly superior style of game to that played by the latter.

It has become more evident, however, each year that the difference has been getting less and less, and this fall that difference altogether disappeared. Both unions now play the same style of game, and with the exception of 'Varsity, which was better than any Montreal team, it is doubtful if any great disparity existed between the playing abilities of the leading clubs in the two provinces.

Turning from a contemplation of the actual games, to the lessons to be learned from the season's play, it will be found, that the unions and clubs have less cause for congratulation than is generally supposed.

Not only admirers of the "dear old English game" and those *landatores temporis acti*, who are to be found among the followers of all sport, but many enthusiastic and up-to-date football men, see germs of deterioration in the game as it is now played. There is no doubt but that at present, a strong team usually finds that the advantages of unfair scrimmaging more than offset the penalties attached thereto.

No referee in Canada has the moral courage to penalize every time a team which persistently puts the ball unfairly into play; in spite of himself he becomes gradually lax, and then if the offending side have a strong back division, the delinquent scrimmage and quarter get in their work. Another thing which calls for more than passing attention is the holding of the wings; the umpire sees two men wrestling on the line; feeling that a free kick, given to each side, would be a farce, and not desiring to inform the referee and have the players ruled off for an offence which has become so common that it is regarded as no offence at all, he simply lets things go and the wrestling continues.

Blocking or holding on the line out from touch, although forbidden in the rules, is so universal that most teams would consider a referee crazy who attempted to "call it down," while off-side blocking by the scrimmage and wings, after the ball has been heeled out to the quarter, is a rule-book irregularity, and on the field is not even claimed by opponents.

The English game, before heeling out came into fashion, was at least consistent, and the American game is so still, but the game in vogue here has one set of rules printed and another unwritten; one for use in committee, the other for the field.

The composition of the Executive of the Unions leaves much to be desired. The Ontario Union, this year, in direct contravention of the rules, which say that a referee's decision is final, overruled the decision of one of these much abused officials in an intermediate match and ordered a game to be played over; had either of the clubs refused, as

it would have had a perfect right to do, the committee might have been compelled to "eat crow:" as it was, the winners of the first game were defeated in the second, and the final champions have a flaw in their title. The system of rule amending should be altered, and this applies not only to the rules of the game but to the championship regulations. The restrictive ones passed last year upon colleges are not only easy to overcome but, if adhered to, weaken the team which represents this Province in its annual contest with Quebec where no such restrictions exist.

A board of three, composed of two active players of experience and one who has retired, but is not behind the times, would probably be the best rule revising committee possible, and it could consider all suggestions from whatever source. General meetings are too large and, as a rule, their delegates are too inexperienced to deal with such a difficult subject as rule amendment. The appointment of a board of referees would also be a good move, and, judging from some of the expense accounts sent in last season, paying these officials would be both more satisfactory and more economical than the present system. Besides placing a trained body of officials at the disposal of the Unions, this scheme would in time bring about a uniform method of interpretation of the rules, which are now usually administered at haphazard. A schedule giving each club home-and-home games with every other club could be brought off in Ontario if only Hamilton, Queens, Varsity and one other club, say the T.A.C., were in the series. Some difficulty might arise from the amount of travelling required, but it would be an improvement over the present series of ties.

It appeared at the beginning of the season as if the game were becoming rougher, but the latter matches dispelled this view, and the Canadian final championship game proved an ideal one in that respect, for which both the Toronto and Ottawa University teams deserve great praise. The proposition to reduce the number of players did not find so many supporters as in former seasons,

and considering the slight difference it would make, the change seems hardly worth introducing.

Many of the games were interfered with by darkness, and next season will probably see the playing time somewhat shortened.

In spite of many changes which might

be suggested for the improvement of the game, the season has been in almost all respects an unqualified success; in fact, so great is its popularity, and so much space do the newspapers devote to it, that Rugby is in danger of becoming a fall "craze."

*Edward Bayly.*

[*Begun in October Number.*]

## WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

PART IV.

### COUNT FRONTENAC AND NEW FRANCE.

COUNT FRONTENAC. The events now to be narrated group themselves in the main around the figure of Count Frontenac, the most remarkable man who ever represented the Crown of France in the New World. "From strangely unpromising beginnings, he grew with every emergency, and rose equal to every crisis. His whole career was one of conflict, sometimes petty and personal, sometimes of momentous consequence, involving the question of national ascendancy on this continent." In the former paper some hints were given as to the reasons why the Empire of the Great Monarch fell at last before a foe, superior in numbers, indeed, but without the forces that belong to a system of civil and military centralization. It will be shown in this paper how valiantly, and, at first, not unsuccessfully, New France battled against her inevitable destiny.

COUNT AND COUNTESS FRONTENAC. Count Frontenac married Anne de la Grange-Trianon, a lady of many charms, partly with and partly without the consent of her father. But the union was not a happy one, and, for our purpose, it is sufficient to say that the Countess remained in France when her husband went to Canada. The Count came of an

ancient race, said to have been of Basque origin. His father held a high post in the household of Louis XIII, who was godfather to the boy and gave him his name. He became a soldier, and served in Holland and elsewhere. At the age of twenty-three he was made Colonel of the regiment of Normandy, and was often engaged and frequently wounded. At the age of twenty-six (1646) he was made *Marechal de Camp* or brigadier general. In 1672 he received the appointment of Governor and Lieutenant-General for the King in all New France.

FRONTENAC AT QUEBEC. Frontenac was fifty-two years old when he landed at Quebec. "In his ripe middle age he was as keen, fiery and perversely headstrong" as he had been in France. He was much impressed with the St. Lawrence and the basin of Quebec. "I never," he wrote, "saw anything more superb than the position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire." His first step was to survey his government. He talked with traders, colonists and officials, and visited all the industries of the country. He convoked the council at Quebec and administered the oath of allegiance. Disliking the centralization of the government in France, he had

hopes of reproducing the ancient three orders in Canada; and he convoked them in October 22, 1672, with great pomp. In his address to the estate, he eulogized Louis XIV., referred to his victories in Holland, and expressed the hope that the return of peace would enable His Majesty to turn his attention to the colonies; and he assured them that the way to gain the King's favor was by laboring for the progress of Canada. He next took in hand to give a municipal government to Quebec, giving orders for the election of three aldermen, one of whom should be mayor, one to go out every year. He then, in concert with the chief inhabitants, proceeded to frame a body of regulations for the government of the town, and further ordained that the people should hold a meeting every six months to discuss questions involving the welfare of the colony. These plans found no support from the Court. The minister Colbert told him that the oath of allegiance was quite right; but that in regard to methods of government, it would be better to follow the example set at home. And Frontenac had to give in. The three estates, the municipal government, and the meetings of citizens were abolished by a word from the Court, to the great loss of New France. Frontenac was not a mere soldier, he was an able and experienced man. But his work was hindered by his prejudices, and by his neediness, which made him desire not only that Canada should be prosperous, but that he should himself have a considerable share in her prosperity. Further, he could not endure opposition, and soon there were evidences of approaching storm between him and the Intendant Talon; but the latter left for France. He was also displeased at the dominance of the Jesuits, with whom he came into conflict. One of the most remarkable illustrations of his powers was in his intercourse with the Indians, over whom he exercised an extraordinary influence. The Jesuits, he said, would not civilize them, because they wished to keep them in perpetual wardship.

**FRONTENAC** When Talon came to Canada  
**AND** the second time, he brought  
**PERROT.** with him an officer named  
 Perrot, who had married his niece, and

whom he got appointed to be Governor of Montreal. Considering himself practically independent, Perrot began to make money lawfully and unlawfully, and to play the tyrant. The bushrangers (*coureurs de bois*), whom he employed to trade on his behalf with the Indians, committed great disorders. When the inhabitants complained, Perrot insulted them and imprisoned the judge. Frontenac had orders from the King to arrest the bushrangers, but he had no soldiers. However, Frontenac issued orders for the arrest of some of them, and these were assisted by Perrot; and this greatly incensed Frontenac. He commanded Perrot to come to Quebec and give an account of his conduct. Perrot obeyed, and, proving recalcitrant, was put in prison, and two of his *coureurs* were hanged in front of his window. In consequence most of these men submitted. Perrot was sent to France, and the minister thought he had been punished sufficiently for his faults, which were undeniable.

**FRONTENAC** Although Frontenac was  
**AND** substantially in the right in  
**DUCHESNEAU.** his controversy with Perrot, he had behaved in an intemperate manner; and the King and his ministers complained that there were more difficulties at Quebec than anywhere else. Duchesneau, the new Intendant, laid claim to certain prerogatives which the Governor disallowed, and the Intendant was upheld by the clergy. Frontenac, strong in his position as representative of the royal authority, banished several of his opponents from Quebec; and one of them appealed to the King. One great matter was the question of the Governor or the Intendant being president of the council. The King decided that, although the demands of the Intendant were excessive, Frontenac had behaved with great want of moderation, and it was intimated to him that he might be recalled. But the dispute went on. Both became furious, and each wrote complaints of the other to the King. It would serve no good purpose to give a detailed account of this quarrel, disgraceful to both parties. "Both Frontenac and Duchesneau received their recall, and they both deserved it." One great

cause of Frontenac's trouble had been the interference of the clergy; but even they could not deny some of his great qualities. In one respect he had shown a peculiar fitness for the office he held. Few white men have ever succeeded in gaining such influence with the Indians. He accommodated himself to their manner of speech and their customs, made flattering addresses to them, and yet always maintained an attitude of paternal superiority towards them. He spoke of them as "children," not as "brothers," and they looked upon him as a father. He was a man of dignified presence; witty, gracious, and winning at times, and at other times quite the reverse. He had the most violent temper, yet often displayed great moderation and patience.

LA BARRE,  
1682.

La Barre was the new Governor and Meules the new Intendant. On their arrival at Quebec they found nearly the whole of the lower town in ashes. Nor was this the only trouble of the new Governor. The Iroquois had conquered their southern neighbors, the Andastes, and their hands were free. The Iroquois had set their heart upon getting the fur trade of the west into their own hands, and then dealing with the Dutch and English. For this purpose they determined to make war on the Illinois and other tribes who were the allies of the French. Frontenac had exercised some repression on the Iroquois, but things were in an unsatisfactory condition when La Barre superseded him. The new Governor was very confident of his power of settling matters. But he committed a series of blunders. He quarrelled with La Salle, and attempted to take his fort of St. Louis on the river Illinois. But his attempt brought the Indians upon himself. La Barre wrote, in great alarm, to the King for forces. At this time Colonel Dongan, a Roman Catholic, was Governor of the colony of New York, now become English. He was an excellent officer. The Indians, in a manner, placed themselves under his protection, but he took little part in the discussion. La Barre's expedition, begun in bombast and boasting, ended in disgrace. The Iroquois made peace on terms which they broke and declared their own independ-

ence. La Barre was in every way a pitiful failure, and was recalled.

DENONVILLE Denonville, the new Governor, was much approved by AND DONGAN. St. Vallier, the new bishop.

"He spent nearly all his time (while coming across) in prayer and the reading of good books." In every respect he was excellent. But he had difficult work on hand. The Iroquois were threatening. The English of New England were encroaching on Acadia, and seizing its fisheries. Denonville was a soldier and a courtier, and a man of honor and uprightness. He saw the danger. "If we have a war," he wrote, "nothing can save the country but a miracle of God." It was now clear that there was to be rivalry between the French and English. Still James II. did not care to quarrel with Louis XIV., and the French ambassador requested that the English King would restrain his subjects. But Dongan was not easily controlled. He was accused of inciting the Iroquois and supplying them with arms and ammunition. Denonville was counter-working by presents among the Indian chiefs. It became clear to him, however, that the Iroquois, or, at least, the Senecas, must be chastised; otherwise he thought Canada would be lost. A correspondence began between him and Dongan, first courteous, but soon becoming warm. Both were trying to take and keep the pathway to the West, so as to have the fur trade in their hands. Denonville had the strong support of his King; while Dongan could not count upon his. By a quick march the French captured several English forts in the north, by which the English were greatly exasperated. A temporary truce was arranged, and Dongan was instructed to be civil. So was Denonville, but at the same time he received military and supplies, and orders to attack the Iroquois: and these were considered, in a sense, under the protection of the English. For a time the crusade was postponed. At last the order was given.

DENONVILLE Denonville made a beginning AND THE not much to his credit. He SENECAS. 1687. had been instructed to take as many Iroquois prisoners as possible, and send them to France as galley slaves,

The order certainly referred to prisoners taken in war, but such capture was not easy, and Denonville invited the Iroquois in the neighborhood of Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) to a feast. They came to the number of thirty men and about ninety women and children, and were surrounded and captured by the French. The inhabitants of another village were also caught—eighteen men and about sixty women and children. And all this after Denonville had invited them, by the Jesuit Lamberville, to smoke the pipe of peace with him. Of these prisoners, many women and children died at the fort from anxiety and disease. The rest were baptized and distributed among the mission villages in the colony. The men were sent to Quebec, where some, who had friends among the Christian Indians, were given up to them, and the rest, after being baptized, were sent to France to be galley slaves.

Lamberville had been in  
**LAMBERVILLE.** great peril through the treachery of the governor who had used him as a decoy. When the chiefs heard of the imprisonment of their tribesmen, they summoned Lamberville to a council; and he, as much astonished as they were, expected instant death. The Indians behaved with great generosity. One of the chiefs said: "We know you too well to believe that you meant to betray us. We think that you have been betrayed as well as we; and we are not unjust enough to punish you for the crime of others. But you are not safe here. When once our young men have sung the war-song, they will listen to nothing but their fury; and we shall not be able to save you." They then gave him guides who led him by secret paths to the army of Denonville.

**SUCCESS OF DENONVILLE.** Denonville had several pieces of good luck. A number of French and friendly Indians from the West came up in time to join his army. Two parties of traders, English and Dutch, were on their way to stir up the Hurons, Ottawas, and others against the French, the result of which, Denonville thought, would have been fatal to his success; but they imprudently separated and were taken prisoners. The rendezvous of the French was

Irondequoit Bay on the South coast of Lake Ontario, on the borders of the Seneca country. On the 4th July, 1687, Denonville embarked at Fort Frontenac. It was rough weather, and it took him six days to reach his destination where he met his allies. White and red he had now nearly 3,000 men under his command—a sight, said an eye witness, never seen by Canada before. But their work was still arduous. The march through the forest tried the men to the utmost. The heat was intense and the dead sultry air of the wood choked them and the mosquitoes devoured them. No Senecas were to be seen, and an advanced guard was pushed on to surprise the Seneca town. Suddenly the air was filled with yells, and a fire was opened from the thickets. A panic seized the troops. Denonville behaved with the greatest courage, and succeeded in rallying his troops and beating the enemy. But he hesitated to follow up his victory, for fear of further ambushes. Next day they found the "Babylon of the Senecas" deserted. The town and neighboring villages were burnt and the provisions destroyed. The Senecas had fled to the tribes east of them, and Denonville did not venture to pursue them. He proceeded to build a fort at Niagara, on the site of the ruined one built by La Salle nine years before, and then returned to Montreal. The success was only partial. By the capture of the English traders, he had prevented a wider rising and had restored something of respect for the French, and he had beaten the Senecas. But they were more enraged than hurt. He had upset a wasp's nest; but he had not crushed the wasps. The Senecas could soon rebuild their villages.

**IROQUOIS INVASION.** Dongan heard with indignation and wrath of the capture of the English, the invasion of the Seneca country, and the building of the Fort at Niagara. He summoned the Iroquois to Albany, and they, wanting his help, promised to fight the French. At the same time he wrote to Denonville demanding the surrender of the Dutch and English captured on the Lakes. Mutual recriminations followed. The Iroquois country, Dongan said,

belonged to the King of England, and he scouted the claims of France; and this claim was finally put forth by James II. The French spoke of attacking Albany. Dongan retorted that the English would be first in Quebec. But suddenly the tone changed. In consequence of instructions from France Denonville became courteous, and Dongan had a regiment given him at home, and was made a major-general. He was succeeded by Sir Edmund Andros who renewed all the claims of his predecessor, and Denonville found him as objectionable and perhaps more dangerous. Moreover the condition of Canada was deplorable. Diseases broke out among the soldiers, and he was forced to destroy the fort at Niagara. As a worse humiliation he begged the King to restore the kidnapped Seneca prisoners. Famine, destitution, disease, and the threatening attitude of the Iroquois brought this about. He implored the King to send him 800 more regulars. He got 300. Fearing an attack he thought of assuming the offensive by attacking four of the tribes of the Iroquois with two armies. But first he tried diplomacy, sending some of the captive Christian Iroquois as ambassadors. The Iroquois met them at Montreal. Big Mouth, the spokesman of the Iroquois, said they knew the weakness of the French, and would easily exterminate them; but he wished to live at peace with them and the English, being subject to neither. A declaration of neutrality was drawn up and signed. Unfortunately for the French, the Hurons were not agreeable to this settlement, and one of the leaders, surnamed The Rat, led a party against the Iroquois emissaries on their return, declaring that he had been incited to this by Denonville. By such settlements and the gift of guns and ammunition he incensed them against the governor and against their good will. In other ways The Rat stirred up the wrath of the Iroquois, and it was not long before his work bore fruit. On the night of the 4th of August, under cover of violent tempest, fifteen hundred warriors landed at Lachine, and silently posted themselves about the houses of the sleeping settlers, and screeching the war-whoop, began one

of the most frightful massacres in Canadian history. The houses were burned, and men, women and children indiscriminately butchered. The troops stationed near heard of the butchery from fugitives and were immediately marched to the place. The houses were burning and the dead lying about. They learned that the Iroquois were encamped a mile and a half further on. Subercase, the commander of the French, resolved to attack them, and would probably have taken bloody vengeance, as most of the Indians were hopelessly drunk with brandy found in the ruined houses. But a superior officer arrived with positive orders from Denonville to run no risk, but to stand on the defensive. Subercase was furious, but he had to obey. Nearly eighty men from Fort Remy attempted to join the main body of the troops; but the Iroquois had slept off their debauch, interrupted them and killed nearly the whole of them. Montreal was in terror. The Indians did not attack the city, but the country was at their mercy. After a time they departed across Lake St. Louis in their canoes, giving ninety yells to show that they had ninety prisoners. They had, in fact, 120, and 200 had the good fortune to be killed on the spot. Towards evening they encamped on the further side of the Lake, and began to torture and devour their prisoners. The greater number were, however, distributed among the towns of the confederacy, and there tortured for the diversion of the inhabitants. Canada was stricken almost to death, and her misery was increased by hearing of the revolution in England and the breaking out of war between Great Britain and France, bringing the expectation of powerful support to the Indians from the English colonies. Denonville was now recalled—a good and able man, but not equal to the occasion.

RETURN OF  
FRONTENAC,  
1689.

The glory of the great monarch was at its height. But there was one corner of the world full of gloom. Louis had done his best for Canada, and had got as good as nothing for his pains; and he was getting tired of it. Denonville was recalled. The King summoned Frontenac to his presence and told him the charges

brought against him were unfounded. He told him, also, to go back to Canada, and serve him as well as he had done before. The post was not a tempting one to a man in his seventieth year. He was to go back and restore the prostrate colony with no help from France. He accepted, however, and was received with enthusiasm at Quebec, amid varied fireworks, illuminations, and the firing of cannons. Even the Jesuits gave him a welcome in words, but only in words. They hoped that they had got rid of him forever. But Frontenac came back resolved on peace.

PROJECT  
AGAINST  
NEW YORK.

In the meantime Collières, second in command to Denonville, had laid before Louis XIV. a plan for the conquest of New York by means of the forces already in Canada and two ships of war. It should be done at once and the English taken by surprise. A thousand regulars and 600 Canadian Militia should cross Lake Champlain and descend upon Albany, seize the river craft and descend the Hudson to New York, which then had about 200 houses and 400 fighting men. It might be done, Collières thought, in a month. The advantages were manifest. The rivalry between the English and French would be at an end. The Iroquois would no longer depend upon English support; and there would be a way of access to Canada, open all the year. But a number of decoys took place and the enterprise fell through. The King had quite matured his plan of action in New York. Catholics were to be retained on swearing allegiance. Officers and others who could pay ransom, were to be thrown into prison. All lands held by Protestants were to be taken from their owners, and granted to French officers and soldiers under feudal tenure. All property, public or private, was to be seized, partly for the grantees of the land, and partly on account of the King. The rest of the English and Dutch inhabitants, men, women, and children, were to be carried out of the colony and dispersed in New England, Pennsylvania, etc. Moreover, the nearest settlements of New England were to be destroyed, and those more remote laid under contribution. Such was the project

of the most Christian King! But it came to naught.

FRONTENAC  
AND THE  
IROQUOIS.

Frontenac found things in a bad way. The fort he had built and called by his own name was destroyed. On the other hand, a victory was gained over the Iroquois; but this gleam of sunshine passed; and again the savages made a descent on La Chesnaye, burned the houses and carried off a number of prisoners. Frontenac seeing the insolence of the Iroquois, said, nothing short of a miracle could save the colony. The perfidy of Denonville had roused their vindictive hatred. Yet Frontenac hoped to establish his old influence over them. He sent emissaries to a great meeting of the Iroquois, but the English were there as well. The result was unsatisfactory. Still Frontenac held his tone of authority; hut with many misgivings.

EXPEDITION  
AGAINST  
SCHENECTADY.

Frontenac determined to attack, not the Iroquois, but the English. He formed three parties, one at Montreal, one at Three Rivers, and one at Quebec: the first to strike at Albany, the second at the border settlements of New Hampshire, and the third at those of Maine. There were soldiers and *coureurs de bois* and Christian Indians. The first of these was ready the first. On the way to Albany they attacked Schenectady, and found their way into the village. Neither age nor sex was spared. Sixty persons were killed outright, of whom thirty-eight were men and boys, and twelve children. They took eighty or ninety prisoners. The Mohawks were spared to show that the blow was aimed at the Dutch and English. They burnt the village. But the whole country was roused. Albany prepared for defence, the Mohawks rallied, and the French retreated. Other outbreaks took place and the English colonists lived in a state of anxiety. Many disasters followed, the Indians being told that they were fighting against heretics. The effect of their successes was to make Frontenac more highly esteemed by the Indians.

PORT ROYAL  
AND  
ACADIA.

Sir William Phips was appointed to command in New England, and he began his work with an attack on Port Royal,

The Governor, Meneval, yielded to terms. But property had been unlawfully taken away, and this was made an excuse for reprisals. The people were allowed to remain on condition of allegiance to King William. Other stations were seized, and much took place with the sanction of Phips which cannot be defended.

The next project was an attack on Quebec, with

QUEBEC.

Phips as commander. Mas-

sachusetts was preparing for this and Albany for Montreal. Frontenac got ready for them, organizing his Indian auxiliaries and joining in their wardances. But after all their preparations the English accomplished little against Montreal. But news came of an attack on Quebec. Frontenac set out for the capital, and was received with joy. Confidence was restored by his arrival. The defences were completed, and men came flocking in from all the country round. One morning the English fleet appeared in sight. They counted thirty-four sail. Phips expected little resistance; but was mistaken. Phips sent a challenge of surrender to the Governor demanding an immediate answer. Frontenac disowned King William and defied him. He would answer by the mouths of his cannon. While Phips was delaying, reinforcements arrived at Quebec under Collières. At last Phips opened fire; but even here Frontenac was before him; and he made little impression. Next a land attack was attempted, but in vain. At last Phips weighed anchor and disappeared. Quebec had a near escape; and rejoicings at her deliverance were great. Phips returned crestfallen to Boston late in November (1690), and the rest of his fleet came straggling after him. At Boston all was dismay and gloom.

While there was a cessation of hostilities between the two European peoples the

THE SCOURGE  
OF CANADA.

French gave attention to the Iroquois. But the English soon took part in the quarrel. An inroad of Iroquois and colonists was made under the command of Major Peter Schuyler. The raid was in a great measure successful. The French endeavored to cut off their retreat, but got much the worst of it. The

English returned having been exposed to great dangers. But the French troops were melting away, and Frontenac entreated that reinforcements should be sent. In one winter campaign against the Indians, the French and their allies suffered terrible hardships, but were successful. One heroic incident is recorded of the defence of a fort against the Iroquois by a young woman at Verchères. On the whole, the result of the battles and skirmishes was favorable to the French; and Frontenac rose higher in the estimation of the Home government and the people of Canada. His chief trouble was with the Intendant, Champigny, who had been a great friend of Denonville, both being very much in the hands of the Jesuits. It is sufficient here to refer to these difficulties of the governor.

ACADIA.

The contest for territory between England and France was fourfold: (1) for the control of the West; (2) for Hudson's Bay; (3) for Newfoundland, and (4) for Acadia. The contest for the West was with New York and her Iroquois allies; for Acadia with the New Englanders. Acadia at this time included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the greater part of Maine. In the time of Cromwell, Sedgwick had seized the whole country; it was given back to France by the Peace of Breda. The Jesuit missionaries had great success in converting the Abenaki Indians; and they were troubled by their heretical neighbors. Encouraged by them, some Huguenots settled in Acadia. The easy conquest of Port Royal by Phips had made the Abenakis more favorable to the English, and they made peace with the state of Massachusetts. This alarmed the French, and pains were taken to win them back. Then Villebon, the French commander, proceeded to reoccupy Port Royal, and found no one to oppose him; he built a fort on a site opposite to the present city of Fredericton, to defend it against the New Englanders. The French and Abenakis, who had become again strongly anti-English, proceeded to take the towns and villages along the coast. They took York and made an attack upon Wells which failed—500 being

repulsed by thirty men in the fortified settlement. The Indians dispersed, and were rewarded by Villebon giving them a prisoner to burn. There were various vicissitudes in the history of Acadia at that time; but seldom did the French and their allies bring greater disgrace upon themselves by the massacre at Oyster Bay, now Durham, about twelve miles from Portsmouth, where a hundred and forty persons, chiefly women and children half naked from their beds, were tomahawked, shot, or killed by slower and more painful methods.

**NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND.** The massacre at Oyster Bay was satisfactory to Villebon because, as he said, "It breaks off all the talk of peace between our Indians and the English. The English are in despair, for not even infants in the cradle were spared." The excuse for these methods was the pretence of preventing the people of New England from invading Acadia, which they had never thought of doing until after these attacks were begun. One of the most serious losses to the New Englanders was the fort of Pemaquid, which was taken by the French and Indians in 1696, the out-going garrison being saved by agreement. It was a surrender rather disgraceful to the English commander, Chubb, who was arrested for cowardice and spent some months in prison. Elated by this success the French projected an attack on Boston which then had about 7,000 inhabitants. An easy victory was expected, as it was supposed there were only about 800 soldiers there. Frontenac himself, although seventy-seven, took charge of the expedition. But the fleet which was to co-operate had been detained by head winds, and the attempt failed. And this, too, was the case with the attempt to annihilate the English in Acadia.

**D'IBERVILLE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.** One of the most conspicuous and meritorious of the French Canadians was Pierre Le Moyne D'Iberville. Born in Canada, he was trained in the French navy, and was in command at the taking of Pemaquid, after which he sailed for Newfoundland, where he found his people, under Brouillan, endeavoring to take

St. John, the chief post of the English, which they took and burned to the ground. But Brouillan quarreled with D'Iberville and left him to finish the work. There were no British soldiers on the island. D'Iberville had 125 soldiers and Canadians, besides a few Abenakis. It was mid-winter when he began his march, and the hardships of his men were very great. But the inhabitants were stricken with terror and D'Iberville carried all before him. It is said that 200 persons were killed and 700 captured, but this is probably an exaggeration. His work was interrupted by orders to proceed against the English at Hudson's Bay.

D'Iberville and his brother **HUDSON'S BAY.** Serigny commanded two of the five ships sent on this expedition. They gained a sea fight over the English and then captured Fort Nelson.—Bailey, the commander, defending it as long as it was possible, and obtaining honorable terms. These were but episodes in the great question, whether England or France should be mistress of the West.

**INDIAN QUESTION.** The Indian tribes were the abiding trouble to Frontenac. The Iroquois held to the English who were not always ready to support them. The danger was great, and Frontenac resolved to restore the old fort bearing his name. The minister at home had been advised against the policy and forbade the work; but Frontenac brought it to completion. Having obtained this basis he proceeded to attack the Iroquois, beginning with the Onondagas. But they fled, so that this expedition, like that of Denonville against the Senecas, was but half successful. He claimed his success, however, as a triumph. But the king wanted peace made with the Iroquois. Frontenac saw that this meant surrendering his Western allies to their mercy which he could not hear of, until he could make peace in his own and on honorable terms. The Peace of Ryswick (1697) put an end to the war between France and England. The peace was celebrated at Quebec, where Schuyler was present, representing the English governor. It was still doubtful whether Frontenac

would not renew hostilities when he was stricken by death. He was in his seventy-eighth year.

DEATH OF FRONTENAC. Frontenac was greatly beloved by the lower classes and by many of the higher.

1698.

To the Intendant, with whom he had not lived in perfect harmony, he left a valuable crucifix; and to Madame de Champigny, a reliquary which he had long worn. He gave 1,500 livres to the Recollét, to be expended in masses for his soul and that of his wife after her death. To her he left the remainder of his small property. On the Friday after his death he was buried, by his own desire, in the Church of the Récollets.

This and other things the Jesuits never quite forgave. What is really to be remembered against him is the barbarity of the warfare which he waged and the cruelties that he permitted. But he was, in this respect, illustrating the spirit of his times. Many surpassed him in cruelty, none equalled him in capacity and vigor. If he was a bitter foe, he was also a fast friend. Towards Indians he showed an admirable mixture of sternness and gentleness. Of the greatness of his services to the colony there can be no doubt. He found it in humiliation and terror; he left it in honor and almost in triumph.

*William Clark.*

## KHISTNA THE SEER.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER FRASER.

**A**BDUL XIII. was a Khitmutgar. This sounds very serious, but it really is but a mild assertion that he was a servant. He was my servant; that was when I lived at Jungleabad.

Of a surety if Abdul had not come to me as servant the eerie-unexplainable which I am about to relate had not happened; so, therefore, of Abdul a little.

Before his advent twelve other Abduls of various degrees of iniquity and different shades of color, running from a mild tan to a positive black, had successfully taken possession of me and my household goods.

Why I had always had an Abdul thrust upon me I know not, for I am fond of variety; but India is full of unsolved problems, and other uncompleted things.

Six of the Abduls had mournfully gone from my service to their own country to bury their fathers, who had just died—which was good; one of them had worked for me twice, and each time had left to bury a father—which was wonderful. Of the other six, most of them had left hurriedly, and each one had taken some souvenir to remember

the good master for whom he had worked—which was myself.

The only exception to the long string of Abduls was the re-incarnation of one of their number as "Emir Ally." He had been re-incarnated effectually; he knew not his former self, Abdul, who had stolen my travelling cloak, and had letters given him by different people for whom he had worked as "Emir Ally" for periods aggregating 106 years.

Abdul XIII. had come to me from Meerut. He was blasé; the bazaar had palled upon him; and by the grace of Allah he would live and flourish mightily in the country. Also, of a surety had he heard, huzoor, that "The Presence," who was his father and his mother (the same filial phenomenon being myself) was going to England, and, if so, he would also go, and watch over the sahib as a cobra guardeth a household.

Surely at last I had secured one of the "forty thieves," thought I. The "brandy pani" and cheroots will not suffice for this man, his diplomacy is of a higher caste; for the reflective soul seeth much in small things.

As time wore on I was puzzled. Abdul did his work thoroughly, which was unusual. From 500 cheroots a month I

had come down to 200—he must be a light smoker and have few friends, which was comforting. I even found money on my dresser after he had put my clothes out to air. This was extraordinary—I began to suspect that he was honest.

But it was at the Meerut races that Abdul came into my life with a wondrous fulness.

It was there that “it” happened.

Of course I put up with “Tom” during the races; that was a peculiarity of Tom’s—he was always putting somebody up.

“Ashford Sahib”—that was “Tom”—was Deputy Commissioner. It was a good thing to be a civilian, it carried less of prestige than the army, but more money.

“You’ve got Abdul, I see,” said Tom.

I admitted this, complacently, and assured him that I always had had, and always expected to have one while I remained in India.

“He’s a deuced good boy,” said Tom, that night, as we sat talking on the veranda, “and I can’t make out why the dickens he left me, for I offered to increase his pay rather than lose so good a servant. But I’m glad you’ve got him, as I’ve lost him.”

“What about Padishah and Sheitan, Hilbert?” Tom asked, changing the subject abruptly.

Padishah and Sheitan were the hope of the regiment stationed at Jungleabad, and I had brought them down to rake in the shekels of the godless “bookies” at Meerut.

“They’re in great form,” I replied, “and will give us a grand run for the money.”

“I wonder what has come over Abdul?” I said to Tom, as the thought struck me. “He has always been a rattling good servant, but down here he has gone all to pieces; I can’t keep track of him at all. He hasn’t been near my room, and all my traps are still packed.”

“By Jove! old man,” exclaimed Tom, sitting bolt upright; “I daresay he’s afraid to go into the wing-room. I forgot all about that. There’s a silly report among the servants that the room is haunted. Colonel Jarvis and his wife

were murdered there during the mutiny, you know. The mutineers surrounded the bungalow, and he fought the black devils off until they cornered him at last in that room; fought them until he had only one shot left in his pistol—that one he kept for his wife; and he saved her, too, by it—saved her from the black fiends, anyway. Then he fought them himself with sword, with fist—with anything: he killed a dozen of them and died fighting, game as a pebble! And now these cowardly dogs say that they often hear the fight going on in the room. I knew that you wouldn’t care about a thing like that, so I didn’t mention it to you; but if Abdul hasn’t shown up you may rest assured that is the reason.”

Then we smoked in silence for a time. Tom’s mind seemed to be running back over the old days, and mine was busy with the things he had just been telling me.

“Here, boy!” sang out Tom, raising his voice so that the bearer could hear him; “bring us a peg,” he added, throwing his cheroot far out into the compound, as the white-robed servant silently glided into the veranda. “We’ll drink a ‘dochendoris,’ and then turn in, if you are ready. I’ve got to give Ramprasad a gallop in the morning—he’s a little short of work.”

Tom accompanied me to my room in the wing.

“I wish I had better quarters to give you, Hilbert,” he said, apologetically. “You see we are pretty full up for the race week; but if you find this not quite all right, you know, or if anything disturbs you, don’t hesitate to waken me, and I’ll give you a shake-down somewhere else, even if it’s a charpoy in the dining-room.”

“Oh! I shall be all right,” I added, looking around the comfortable room. “It’s a great deal better than my quarters in the barracks. But what the deuce do you expect is going to bother me? Those devilled crabs, or that prawn curry I ate so heartily of?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing,” he added, hastily, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other; “nothing, of course, unless rats, or the servants talking outside, for you are near their quarters. But, good-

night! I guess you're all right," he said, as he withdrew, with, as I thought, a rather queer look in his eyes.

Deuced odd, this whole business, I thought, as I commenced unpacking my kit. Abdul has funk'd it, and I've got to wait on myself; and here's Tom—Tom with his iron nerve—talking like an old granny.

I could not find half my things, so I thought I would try once more if I could find Abdul.

"Abdul!" I called, first gently, then more loudly and with less of courtesy; but he was not. The claims of hospitality forbade my calling him as one of doubtful parentage—it was *Kismet*, it had been written that I should do my own *Khidmat-gar* work for that night.

A sudden thought struck me—perhaps my syces had also bolted, for the devil seemed to be in the servants generally to-night. I would go out and see if my two ponies, *Padishah* and *Sheitan*, were better off than their master, for the ways of the natives are as the ways of the wind.

Quietly, and without a light, I went, for a score or so of racing ponies are not to be set by the ears for a whole night, perhaps, because a man taketh a fancy. It needeth not a light to shew an Arab horse his master, and *Padishah's* gentle whinny, as I groped my way in beside him, told me that he had winded me, and his soft, velvety nose rubbed against my hand reassuringly as I felt my way in that impenetrable darkness.

"Why the thunder aren't you lying down, old man?" I questioned him. My hands found the answer—his bandages were too tight. Where the deuce was the syce? Ah, there he was now, coming, he and a dozen more of that kidney, jabbering like so many drunken crows.

Just outside the door *Baloo* built a fire, and they all squatted round it to smoke their hookahs, and gossip.

As the light lit up their faces, I saw that Abdul was one of the party. He was speaking.

"Of a surety, the 'Presence' sleeps in the room that is near unto the road," he was saying. "But what has that to do with thee, thou son of a grass cutter? Will *Baloo* share the sahib's bed?"

"The sahibs can do all things, oh, Abdul, brother, but can they sleep where the devil makes *tamasha*? Dost know that, Abdul, thou who art as wise as thy sahib?"

"How know you that the devil plays in that room—the room nearest the road, *Baloo*?" queried a small, grey-bearded Hindoo, keeping his eyes fixed on Abdul's face, which had turned a sickly, yellow color.

"Didst eat thy dinner, *Ram Kooshaba*, knowest thou that?" queried *Baloo*. "I, *Baloo*, say it, and it is so. For ten moons no one has slept there in that room, and returned to sleep again. And also of the other rooms is something written. It was *Boodah*, Deputy Sahib's bearer, who is gone to his own country, told me how the sahib had twice frightened him so that his liver turned to water, even by rushing out with a face like one that was dead, when the night was half-way gone. And over the sahib's shoulder, just behind, *Boodah* had seen 'the thing.' But in the room, the room that is nearest the road, where the new sahib sleeps, there is much that is evil."

"And the bazaar talk," broke in another, "is, that *Gulab Bebee*, she that was the memsahib before the white one came, died here before she went to her country."

"That talk is lies, thou son of a pig!" broke in Abdul, his fierce words coming from nervous, blanched lips. "The sahib sent *Gulab Bebee* to her own country in *Kashmir*, and she was well. I, Abdul, know that."

"Who took her there, brother?" queried the little, old Hindoo.

"The Deputy Sahib will tell you, *Ram Kooshaba*; make thy salaams in the morning and question him."

"It is well, very well," mused the old man, stroking his grey beard, "but *Pertab Singh*, he that has just come from there, tells me that *Gulab Bebee's* father is asking for her. But of a surety *Pertab Singh* is wrong, Abdul. But we shall see, we shall see. No doubt it is so written," and he sucked at the bubbling, complaining old hookah, as though he had ceased to trouble about these things, which were the affairs of others.

"Surely they do not say in the bazaar that the sahib—"

"Fool!" exclaimed Abdul, turning on Ramia, fiercely—Ramia, who was Tom's present bearer. "They say nothing in the bazaar. The bazaar is Baloo's fool head, and the bazaar talk is Baloo's fool talk."

"But Pertab Singh says that Gulab Bebee's father has asked Khistna, 'Khistna the Fakir,' he who reads that which is not written, to find his Gulab—she that is home with her father and mother, Abdul," broke in Ram Kooshaba, dropping the snake-like tube of the hookah, and turning his blinking, owl-like eyes upon Abdul's face.

"'Twas the opium, old man, that made Pertab Singh speak that way. Gulab Bebee is with her father, and Pertab Singh is drunk on the poppy juice," sneered Abdul.

"Have you told the sahib that you have the fever, and that I am to take your place, Abdul?" queried the old man.

"No, brother, we will go now," replied Abdul. "I was waiting for you, to take you to the sahib."

When Abdul and the old man went toward the bungalow, the others moved away. I hurried out, and by going around the other side of the veranda, was in my room when he and his friend arrived.

An extraordinary change had taken place in my servant. His head was swathed in yards and yards of cotton, his form was doubled up like that of a palsied palki-bearer; a grave-yard cough racked him at every speech; his eyes were lustreless and watery; it would have been a hard-hearted master who would have refused him leave on the strength of his appearance. Had I not seen him well and hearty not more than three minutes before, I should have been alarmed by his deathly appearance now.

With chattering teeth he begged a week's leave of absence, and said that he had brought Ram Kooshaba to take his place—Ram Kooshaba who was so honest, and, next to himself, such a good servant.

I allowed him to make the exchange, for I could see that he was afraid to

enter the room, and knew that he would be of no service to me whatever.

When he had gone I told Ram Kooshaba that if he wished he might sleep out in the servants' quarters.

"Huzoor," he replied, salaaming, "your slave would sleep here," indicating the doorway, where he had already unrolled his blanket.

I was dead tired, and in a very few minutes Abdul and all the rest of the evil crew had faded from my mind.

How long I had been sleeping I do not know; perhaps two hours, perhaps three. when I was awakened by the feeling of light in the room, as one wakes when the sun gleams through an open blind. My room was lighted up by a strange, phosphorescent, fitful light that flickered about, now touching this, now touching that article of furniture with a peculiar ghostly blue sheen. I could see Ram Kooshaba standing just inside the door, his small, bony face set like an iron mask, his drawn lips parted, and his gleaming eyes staring straight ahead—my blood froze in my veins as I followed his gaze.

A crowd of murderous Sepoys, blackened by gunpowder and stained with blood, were streaming in at the open door. Facing them, like a lion at bay, was a tall, handsome British officer. Gods! how he fought, covering the floor with the dead of the bloodthirsty gang.

Behind him cowered a pale, beautiful young English girl, her great eyes full of horror and her lips parted in fright.

Still they crowded in, striving like wolves to get at the throat of the brave fighter.

I tried to spring out of bed—I could not move, I was bound. I tried to shout for help—my voice died away in a hoarse whisper.

He was down now—down on his knees, like a great wounded stag.

Then he drew the frail, slender form beside him close to his breast, placed the muzzle of his smoking pistol over her heart, and saved her from worse than death with that last cartridge. Then he fought with his sword, but it was soon over. A perfect tornado of the black devils swept into the room and I became unconscious.

How long I had lain thus I do not know, but when I opened my eyes again all of the murderous gang had gone but one, a single sepy was placing the body of the murdered woman in a deep hole he had dug in the fireplace. Ram Koo-shaba was still standing where he had been, but now his face was turned toward me, and one uplifted hand pointed with terrible earnestness to the figure of the murderer.

I strove again to rise, the cords had been cut—I could move. Quietly I slipped out on the floor, Ram's eyes seeming to encourage me as I went; silently and cat-like I crept up to the crouching figure at its ghoulish task. Now I was within striking distance. I hurled myself upon the fiend with a cry of outraged anger. He grappled with me, letting the dead body slip from his hands.

Fiercely we battled there in the dark, for the flickering, ghost-like light had disappeared when the form of the dead girl had slipped from the murderer's grasp. He fought with a fiendish desperation, and I, with a righteous wrath: also I knew, for my life, for could he but find room to strike, the sword which had slain the other would soon have put an end to my existence.

At last I had him on his back, my knee on his chest and fingers knotted in his throat, as one grasps the lines when a horse bolts. There was a scuffle of feet on the mat floor outside and Tom burst open the door, letting a flood of light in from the lamp he held in his hand.

"What the devil's the matter?"—he began, but he stopped as the light streamed across the features of the man lying there—*it was Abdul!*

I released my hold on him and we all stood looking at each other, too astonished to speak.

How had he come there? Where was all the weird company of Indian mutineers that I had seen? These thoughts went surging through my excited brain, as I gazed on Abdul's terror-stricken face.

I was recalled to my senses by Tom's saying: "What the dickens has he been up to? Has he been going through your box?"

But it was Ram Kooshaba's condition

that mystified me more than anything. Before, when I had seen the vision, or whatever it was I had beheld, I had caught a momentary glance of Ram standing fierce and strong as though he were commanding the very spirits in their hellish play before me. Now he was doubled up in the corner, an idiotic blur of imbecile humanity. He was rocking his drawn, shrivelled-up body to and fro, his lustreless, watery eyes were gazing into vacancy, and he was muttering strange, incoherent words in a distant, unnatural voice.

There was a strange, unearthly eeriness over everything that was appalling. Surely the room was well named "The Devil's Chamber."

Abdul was crouching where I had floored him, the most horrible expression of terror in his eyes that I had ever seen on the face of human being.

I began to wonder if it were all some hideous nightmare, and that I should wake presently and find myself alone in bed.

"What was he doing?" repeated Tom. "Can't you speak?"

"I don't know," I replied evasively, thinking of the horrible thing I had seen there in the fireplace.

Suddenly Tom darted over to where Ram was crouching; seizing him by his shoulder he lifted him to his feet and gazed into his face at short range.

"I thought so," he said, releasing his hold and letting Ram collapse again. "I thought that I could not have been mistaken. It is Khistna! Khistna, the great magic worker, one of the most mysterious jugglers in all India. But we shall get nothing out of him to-night. See! he is exhausted. By some extraordinary psychic force he produces the most wonderful mysterious effects, but after anything of that sort he is always a physical wreck for hours—a perfect idiot, in fact. But whatever devilry has been going evidently Abdul has had a hand in it, so we had better secure him, and turn in until morning. We can lock him in the "go-down"—he'll be all right there. Now come and have a peg to steady your nerves before trying to get a little more sleep."

Sleep was out of the question, and I

was glad when the first crow sent forth his battle-cry that started seventeen million of these shrieking, fighting devils on their daily pilgrimage of war and rapine.

That horrible vision of the dead girl had been ever present through the weary watches of the broken night. I began to feel a strange confidence that Khistna would be able to clear up this terrible mystery when he recovered.

Tom was an early bird—almost as early as the carrion crows; so, when I made my appearance I found him all but ready to mount his Arab for his morning gallop. To me galloping was out of the question. I should be in torture till I had made some attempt to solve the mystery of the night before.

"Put Ramprasad back in the stable," said I to Tom, "and let us turn our attention to this thing which has been thrust upon us."

"We must get hold of Khistna first," said Tom, as he turned Ramprasad over to the syce.

Khistna had not been able to leave the vicinity, so he was soon found in the servants' quarters. He had improved slightly in his condition, still his mind seemed a blank, a semi-comatose condition of complete exhaustion seemed to have settled down upon him. At first all I could get out of him was, "I don't know, sahib, I don't know. Khistna is very ill."

"We can't do anything with him here," said Tom, "he has forgotten everything. 'Twouldn't be half a bad idea to take him to the room though—perhaps it will come back to him there."

We had to pretty near carry him, he was so shaky on his legs.

When we got him in the room, we sat down and waited.

"Can't you remember what occurred when you were here last night?" I said to Khistna.

The shadow of a struggle passed over his shrivelled forehead—breathlessly we waited; he was fighting to recall something of which the faintest glimmer seemed to illuminate his mind. The shadow passed, the muscles relaxed, and the vacant stare in his watery eyes showed that his mind was still a blank.

"I have forgotten, sahib; Khistna has forgotten," he muttered, brokenly, hesitatingly.

"I will bring Abdul," said Tom; "perhaps his presence will complete the scene, and bring it all back to him."

Abdul was brought, cowering and trembling like a convicted criminal.

"There has been some deviltry," said Tom, "and this budmash is at the bottom of it."

We placed Abdul beside the fireplace as I had seen him the night before. Then I asked Khistna to look at him and try to give us some explanation of this mystery.

"It is coming back to him," said Tom, eagerly pointing to Khistna who was standing almost as I had seen him stand in the midst of that horrible vision. His small skinny head was thrust forward like the head of a bird of prey; his eyes had lost their lustreless expression, and were gleaming black in an intense look of ferocious interest; his lips were parted, and his white even teeth gleamed between them, as his breath came in short, sharp, spasmodic gasps. He was again being worked up into a passionate fury of feeling.

A hush of solemn awe stole over us.

Never in my life had I seen such a a terribly dramatic situation; Abdul cowering and trembling in the corner, his palsied face bearing every indication of a horrible fear; Khistna standing like a high priest of vengeance, pointing an outstretched finger at the trembling wretch, Abdul, as he uttered this accusation:—

"There is blood on his hands, Sahib, and murder in his heart! I see! Sahib, I see! he buries her in the ground there, Sahib. Dig there—Your honor will find that which he has hidden!"

Then he collapsed.

It was terrible. The perspiration stood out on my forehead. 'Twas like a message from hell—there was so much of evil, so much of weirdness about it.

We dug there, silently, with locked doors, with Abdul and Khistna there, even facing each other, and we found—yes, yes, poor battered little woman, there could be no doubt about it—Tom recognized her—Gulab Bebee.

And there with "it" before him, Abdul confessed that he had killed her for savage love of her—and the money which Tom had given her.

It was the horrible fear in his guilty heart, aroused by the words of the old Khistna, that had drawn him with a terrible fascination to the spot where he had buried the murdered girl, in the dead of night, to see whether her resting-place had been disturbed or not.

All that was clear enough, so clear that it swung him off into eternity a few weeks later; but he died game—walked

under the scaffold like a soldier, with never a flinch.

But what was not clear, was, how Khistna had conjured up the spirits from the dead past.

I asked him, but he shook his head mournfully—"I know not, sahib. It has been so written. My father's father, and his father, and even before that, had this power with the gods—that is all I know, sahib. Poor Khistna is but the slave of his master."

'Twas but another of the unsolved problems.

*William Alexander Fraser.*

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# THE LITERARY KINGDOM

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BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

**B**EFORE starting on their pleasure trip from London to New Orleans and return, Mr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll agreed that the latter should bear the burden of interviews which were not to be denied *en route*. And they reckoned without their host. A London newspaper man may know when he is not wanted, but if the smart journalist of Gotham has a vanity it is in finding entrance where lesser mortals read "This Way Out."

That the average reporter has small leisure in which to acquaint himself with new literature is evidenced in the fact that, the commonest question put to Mr. Barrie was, "What are the names of your books?" One knight of the quill declared himself charmed with "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush." Rising to a suggestion charitably extended by Dr. Nicoll, the scribe hastened to explain that, of course, he meant "The Stickit Minister," and upon finding himself again mistaken, he declared that what he really meant was that charming serial now running in the *Century* called "Silly Tommy."

On occasions, the novelist proved more than a match for his tormentors. His privacy might be intruded upon, but his opinions were not to be forced. To the extremely interesting question, "What do you think of the American girl?" Mr. Barrie replied, "I am not going to tell you. I shall tell it to no one except the American girl herself—I think I have already told it to one or two. The thing that has struck me most of all about your country is your colleges and universities. They are the most splendid things in America. But the ones I liked best of all were the colleges for girls, and the college for girls I liked best of all was Smith College at Northampton, Mass., and the Smith girls I liked best—no, I won't tell you," he finished with a piquancy as tantalizing as that practised by his most fetching heroine. The only speech Mr. Barrie ever made in his life was at Smith College. He doesn't know how he got on the platform, but there he was with 900 girls in front of him. After a while he became conscious of some one talking in an eloquent voice and

recognizing it as his own, was dumb-founded. He visited other colleges after that but made no more speeches. "Those Smith girls made me promise not to address any other college for girls."

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At a dinner given to Mr. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll by the members of the Aldine Club in New York, there was a notable gathering of publishers, editors and authors, over which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presided. Mr. Barrie announced that this was the only dinner he had ever allowed to be given to him, that he felt like getting under the table when called upon to make a speech, and then proceeded to win all hearts by his quiet impressive manner and quaint, playful humor. Dr. Nicoll followed Mr. Barrie, taking for the subject of his remarks, "The Present State of Literature in America." In happiest vein the glowing speaker paid glowing tribute to the classics of American literature, the works of Longfellow, Howell, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emerson and the rest. The greater part of the address was devoted to a scholarly elucidation of his subject, and while engaged therein, the speaker greatly deplored the fact that, while both in England and America journalism and fiction were in the ascendant, the more noble and enduring works of poetry, history and a catholic and cultured criticism were suffering serious decline. The closing sentences expressed his own and Mr. Barrie's overwhelming sense of the simple, cordial and constant kindness which they had received from the American people. As an illustration of the reciprocal regard existing between the two great English speaking nations, Dr. Nicoll related an incident so beautiful as to warrant its quotation in entirety.

"A great writer of our day has told us how, in his ambitious and dreamful youth, he went to see an old weaver who, in his time, had literary aspirations. They had taken some embodiment in the form of a series of portraits of the poets. The young man turned over the portfolio, and his friend, divining his thought, quoted the lines of Cowley :

'What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come mine own?'

The lines caught the boy and wandered up and down in his head. He went home and kept repeating them over the house until his mother caught them too, and repeated in her turn:

'What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come mine own?'

"The son turned upon her and charged her with the same thought as his own. She disclaimed it passionately, but said as passionately, 'But I would be proud of being his mother.'

"Gentlemen, I do not see the signs of decay in England. Some may fancy that her sun is far down the sky, but it seems to me as if it were high noon.

'Weakness is not in her heart,  
Weariness not on her brow.'

"But the day of weakness and weariness and decrepitude and decay may come. If it comes, we shall have one consolation left to us—we shall be proud of being your mother."

The boy referred to was none other than Mr. Barrie, and the story is told in his latest work, the life of his mother—"Margaret Ogilvy."

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BILL NYE was always experiencing unexpected things that seemed specially in line to try his patience. He was an invalid, and knew better than anybody his lack of physical ability to fill a large hall with his voice, and he strained every nerve to meet it. Any extraordinary commotion in the hall discomposed him, and he would wait until it subsided. It was not a pleasant thing for him to hear a voice from the back of the hall calling, "Louder." Upon such occasions he had a habit of turning the laugh upon his tormentor by elevating his voice, looking puzzled and asking what that remark was he had just heard. On one occasion, he and James Whitcomb Riley were lecturing in a remarkably large hall, which was crowded to the wall, and the entrance was at the further end, opposite the platform. Mr. Nye, as usual, opened the evening, very fearful of his ability to reach the whole throng. He had barely started when the doors opened and a great fellow, about six feet two inches tall, entered with two ladies, and immediately fell into an altercation with an usher about his seats. Nye paused, and the conversation could be heard all over the house with this fellow arraigning the usher in a very loud voice. Finally it died down a bit, and Nye resumed, but

was interrupted by the man, who held up his hand and cried: "Hold on, there; I have paid for seats for this lecture and propose to hear all of it." Nye replied with great composure: "In view of the great size of the hall, I was about to congratulate the audience upon the foresight of the manager in securing a speaker for each end." The house howled with delight, and the applause beat back upon the obstreperous interrupter with such force that it drove him from the hall. After this episode Nye was always a great favorite in that city, and was recalled there many times.

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MR. E. S. WILLIAMSON, who contributed to our August number "Glimpses of Charles Dickens," is an enthusiastic

collector of Dickensiana. This hobby has engrossed his attention for the past three or four years, with the result that there is now to be found in his library a great mass of literature relating to Dickens and his writings. Last February Mr. Williamson issued, for private circulation, an illustrated catalogue of his collection, which showed that it then contained more than 100 items. Some forty or fifty items have since been added, and further additions are being constantly made. This is the only Dickens collection in Canada that we know of, and if any of our readers are specially interested in Dickensiana, we feel sure he will be glad to send them a copy of his catalogue if they desire it.

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## CURRENT COMMENT.

### EDITORIAL.

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THE  
NEW YEAR  
HOPE.

THIS number of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will carry the greetings for the New Year to our readers everywhere; and we offer our New Year greetings in the spirit of the holiday season, the spirit of hope and joy, of reunions and new beginnings.

The origin of the New Year festival dates back to the time of the Julian reformation of the calendar, when a public feast was proclaimed in Rome, and, amid smoking altars and white-robed processions to the capitol, all the world enjoyed a rest from strife and litigation. The New Year was the old festival of the sun as observed in Rome in commemoration of old Sol's first steps in climbing again toward the meridian of the summer sky. The New Year feasting in the olden time were those of hope, confidence, expectation and trust; so it is with us to-day.

New Year's day is the harbinger of our fondest prospects—that which revivifies the fairest fancies of our existence. With it—the portal of the year—the sorrows, losses and responsibilities of

the past are forgotten in the hopes and expectations of the future. We are accustomed to lose sight of the dread uncertainties and deep unknowns of the year that has just dawned in the rosy visions that we call up of the future we see ahead of us. Especially is this so in youth; for it is at this stage of our life that our disappointments are more readily forgotten, our defeats and sorrows more easily laid asleep; and it is then that our ambitions and aspirations have the most vitality. And may it always be so. The individual who loses heart forfeits the greatest motive power in human existence. There is nothing more pathetic, nothing more melancholy than the accepted broken ambitions of a striving, noble heart. On the other hand, the spirit of hope which the New Year kindles is that gem of great value that awakens in us the ambitious life that eventually blossoms with the flower of success. As with individuals, so with nations. For as the nation is comprised of individuals, so the hope of the nation is wrapt up in that of the individual.

Therefore, for the sake of our country and the welfare of ourselves, let us hope that the New Year feeling will enter into our existence and remain with us to be a stimulus to new life and fresh exertions.

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THE  
OUTLOOK OF PEACE.

How different are the relations existing to-day between England and the United States to what they were a year ago!

The New Year was ushered in in 1896, with threatenings of war and forbodings of hostilities between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people—ill omens that convulsed the world and made it tremble in dreadful expectancy. Flying squadrons were fitted out with the utmost despatch on the one hand, and money voted by Congress to defray war expenses on the other; the smell of powder was in the air and folks despaired of peace. By the exercise of dispassionate reason and the use of splendid self-restraint the danger was averted, however, and to-day we find such grand unanimity existing between the two nations that at this very moment an agreement to submit to arbitration all questions of dispute that may arise for the next five years between the great republic and the foremost power of Europe is on a fair way to completion. This is indeed a victory for civilization.

It is all very well to talk of the glory of war and the lustre of brave achievements, but is there not far more glory in the exercise of self-restraint and reason, than in an appeal to force and arms? After all is said and done, war cannot be classed as anything else than a relic of barbarism. In the old days individuals proceeded to settle their quarrels, not by an appeal to reason but by the exercise of force. Eventually, however, the courts of law were evolved, and established on the principle that, reason should prevail; and so it came about that those nations that accounted themselves most civilized adopted reason and dispensed with force in the adjustment of quarrels between the individual members of the state.

The barbarous system of force, however, still prevails among nations that call themselves civilized when approach-

ing international difficulties, though happily an arbitration tribunal, or an international law court, as it might be termed, is at last finding favor among those nations that stand most conspicuously for peace. This is, indeed, a stride in the right direction. That there is any need for war in this age few people will affirm, however much they contend that standing armies are necessary as a means to prevent it.

It is perhaps interesting to note that the Venezuelan outcry which, thanks to the jingoes, was immediately responsible for the complications of last year has proved directly accountable for the permanent peaceful understanding—for we cannot look upon five years agreement in any other light—that has been arrived at between the disputants. Had it not been for the war scare which the enemies of peace raised a year ago the present international agreement would, to-day, have hardly been an accomplished fact. Thus have foresight and reason triumphed over passion, and thus has prejudice been trampled under the heel of common sense. Contrasting the state of things to-day with what they were a year ago the outlook, indeed, augurs well for peace.

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CANADIANS FOR THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.

In the February, 1896, number of this MAGAZINE an article appeared from the pen of Mr. H. J. Wickham, dealing with the subject, entitled: "The British Navy of To-day." Among the points adduced in the article was that of the difficulty which the British Admiralty is experiencing in obtaining sufficient recruits for the present needs of the Navy. During the past year the question has been discussed pretty fully in Great Britain, and the futility of the policy of building more war vessels when the Admiralty has been unable to provide sufficient men to man those already in commission, was made apparent. In his article, Mr. Wickham adduced a plan showing how this trouble could be remedied; and with characteristic British pluck he has advocated his plan in season and out of season, with the result that a memorial has recently been prepared by the Navy League in Canada and presented to the Governor-General, praying that His

Excellency move to have the matter brought to the attention of the Home Government in order that the plan may be thoroughly discussed.

Mr. Wickham's proposition is one which should, it seems to us, command the attention of all Canadians, for it touches vitally the maritime interests of this country.

As matters stand at present, it appears that only those who are in a position to go to England to be enrolled can be enlisted in the Royal Naval Reserve service. The result of this is obviously to restrict the membership of that body to inhabitants of the British Isles; for although there is no objection made to Canadian seamen, or other citizens of the Empire, joining this Reserve—in fact, they are invited to do so—the conditions governing the installation of them are such as to be practically prohibitory. One of the things advocated is the removal of the difficulties that now stand in the way of colonial seamen becoming members of the Royal Naval Reserve. Again, it is pointed out in the memorial that the British mercantile marine is at present manned to the extent of forty per cent. of its numbers by cheap foreign seamen; and, as the mercantile marine is expected to play an important part in the next naval war, the system of placing vessels of this type under the partial control of the Imperial Admiralty, in the way that other nations are doing, and manning them with loyal subjects whose sympathies are in union with the welfare of the Empire, and who might be counted on to respond in times of danger, is one that should command the attention of all who have the welfare of their country at heart. For, notwithstanding the fact that we in America are essentially a commercial people, and are inclined to "pooh-pooh" the idea of war and the glories that are supposed to attend it, we have to face the question of possible contingencies and endeavor to meet impending calamity. The surest means of securing peace is to place ourselves in a position to command it; and if we are able to do this we ensure our commercial interests against disaster.

In the adoption of the plan that is brought forward, therefore, it will be

seen that by utilizing the energy now going to waste an improved system of defence would be provided at no extra cost to ourselves, that Colonial and Imperial maritime interests would be drawn closer together, and that work would be secured, within our own control, for our sailors who are now drifting into foreign service. These considerations are indeed worthy of reflection.

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HALL CAINE'S WORD comes to us from the PROPOSED Isle of Man that Mr. Hall VISIT. Caine is likely to pay another visit to Canada shortly. This time he is to visit us, however, not as the representative of a body of English authors sent to treat with our publishers upon the troublesome copyright question, but as the entertainer—with those subtle powers he so readily commands—of our imaginations in a delightfully novel form of lecture entertainment.

The great author has recently returned to his home from a tour in Scotland, where he appeared before large audiences in the rôle of a story teller. Instead of the usual lecture, Mr. Hall Caine told a story lasting about an hour and a half. This was neither a recital nor a reading, but an improvisation—that is, so far as was practicable with the requirements of copyright against reproduction or dramatization. The plan was a great success, and we understand Mr. Hall Caine has been induced to make an American and Australian tour in the new rôle.

Those Canadians who had the pleasure of meeting him when he was here before, representing interests opposed to their own, will recall his marked ability as a diplomat, and rejoice in the opportunity of renewing a warm friendship which, in many cases, the author converted out of a cold acquaintance before his mission was concluded a year ago; and those book lovers who were not privileged to come in contact with him then will have the chance of making the acquaintance, on a public platform, of the man who has caused them to feel so much through his writings.

We bespeak Mr. Hall Caine a splendid welcome by the Canadian people everywhere.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*His Honor and a Lady.* By Mrs. Everard Cates (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Until the appearance of this fascinating story of Anglo-Indian life we chiefly associated Mrs. Cates' work with a sprightly humor clothed with prismatic gaiety whatever subject her pen chanced upon, and with a rare faculty of description which captured receptive readers and admitted them at once to her truly delightful view of scenes and situations. "His Honor and a Lady" possesses all the charm of earlier work and added interest in a plot which embraces a sympathetic study of much-sophisticated society found in diplomatic circles. In this attractive volume we enjoy confidential relations with two uniquely charming women, and in the character of Mr. Lewis Ancrom, who stands self-condemned in the remark that if he has a Nemesis it is in the feminine idea of him, we find a particularly interesting type of the cultured scoundrel. That the warmth and grace and sensuous beauty of the far-off South have not passed unobserved is evidenced in many exquisite bits which glow with the radiance and breath of the the fragrance of tropical life, and that Mrs. Cates affords us some inimitable comedy with the astute and wily native naïveté deceives no one except himself, goes without saying.

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*In the Days of the Canada Company.*  
*The story of the Settlement of the Huron Tract and a View of the Social Life of the Period. 1825-50.*  
By Robina and Kathleen Macaulane Lizars. With an introduction by G. M. Grant, D.D., LL.D., Principal Queen's University, Kingston. With portraits and illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. 1896.

The story of the settlement of the Huron Tract "in the days of the Canada

Company" as told in this very delightful book is a quaint and interesting bit of local history. The emigrants were largely drawn from the middle class English and Scotch families, although there were a few Irish officers in the army and navy, retired on half-pay, people of good manners, good brains, well-strung nerves and moderate means. These colonists brought with them the habits and prejudices of their class and time, they brought, also, their old world quarrels and settled them as they had been wont to. Orangeman and papist fought their battles over again as they had done in County Down, and social differences were settled by the pistol on the shores of Lake Huron as they had been settled at Erskine Ferry or at Moorfields. "Great boys at election times? Bedad, they were great boys at any time." "There were so many rows in Goderich, that I don't mind any one in particular." The reclamation of the wilderness might have been placed in more dexterous hands; but they accomplished it or helped to accomplish it, and lived, probably, on a more ample scale than those who now occupy their lands. The roistering, the social feuds, even, perhaps, the trickery (electioneering and other) were symptomatic of an inevitable and not altogether unhealthy reaction against the tension born of their surroundings. They had to fight nature and fight hard. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the trunks of trees." "In the Days of the Canada Company" contains admirable character sketches of the pioneers and of those who were associated with them - of Galt, for instance; of "The Tiger," Dr. William Dunlop, the friend of Galt, Christopher North, and the Etrick Shepherd; of the commissioner Jones, of the Canada Company and of "the Renee"; of Mr. Haldane; of Cap

tain Itrachen and of Lou the wife of Captain William Dunlop—the last a most vivid portrait. The style of the book is distinctly original, it is full of *verve*, quaint allusiveness and apt terms of expression; and is, moreover, curiously compressed. The authoresses have clearly expended an immense amount of labor upon the story; have catechized the “oldest inhabitants,” and have hunted out every scrap of written or printed matter that might throw light upon the people and the period. The result is, unquestionably, one of the best among local histories. It possesses a permanent value as a realistic and thoroughly intelligent record of the conditions of pioneer colonial life. It is to be hoped that the excellent example so set will be followed by equally competent writers elsewhere.

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*The Cabot Calendar, 1497-1897.* Compiled by Miss Sara Mickle and Miss May Agnes Fitzgibbon.

The year 1897 will commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by Cabot, and the event has been fittingly marked by the issue of a calendar, which is entirely of home production. The compilers, one of whom has already made her mark in the literary world, have given much laborious research and painstaking effort to the work. It forms an epitome of Canadian history, every day being marked by some event relating to our own land. It is quite an original idea, having a calendar containing dates referring to one country, but the 400 years which have elapsed since Cabot set foot on our soil furnish incidents enough to make such an achievement possible. The illustrations are all in keeping. The portraits of a number of the men who helped to make Canada what it is—Wolfe, Montcalm, Brock, Champlain, Frontenac, and others—are very superior studies in brown. That of Sir Isaac Brock is from a miniature painted in London before he left for Canada in 1806. Everything connected with the calendar is extremely artistic, and does infinite credit to Canadian literary ability, Canadian design and Canadian workmanship.

*Cinderella, and other stories.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It may be said that Mr. Davis found the heroine of his first story, “Cinderella,” in high life, as she filled the exalted position of seventh-floor chambermaid at the Hotel Salisbury. She was an extremely pretty girl and a “born dancer,” and this combination of beauty and grace was almost her undoing, as it threatened to be the cause of lowering her from a vigorous and healthful existence among the clouds to the level of a music-hall stage. At the annual ball given by the hotel servants, this modern Cinderella attracts the attention of a party of English actors and professional dancers, who are guests in the house, and for this occasion, lookers-on in Vienna. Von Bibber is one of the party, and, having heaps of money and nothing to do, conceives the brilliant project of supplying this girl with the means of fitting herself to enter the ranks of professional dancers. While endeavoring to obtain an interview with Cinderella, he chances upon her lover, an elevator boy of practical views and unyielding purpose, who convinces him of the desirability of leaving the pretty chambermaid to walk the quiet path leading to home and happiness.

“Miss Delmar's Understudy” offers another example of philosophizing youth, but in this instance the result of applied wisdom is seen in the escape of the hero from the misery of an ill-assorted marriage. Miss Delmar is a society girl, well-born, well-bred, well-gasoned, pretty to walk with, but not exactly witty to talk with. And that was the rub. Her possible lover dreads the dull round of existence in the company of a woman lacking the receptive and responsive faculty of alert intelligence. That he may realize just what such existence means, he determines upon a species of ante-nuptial experiment, an imagined domesticity. Instead of keeping an appointment at the club, he spends an evening at home in a solitude *à deux*. He seats himself before a glowing fire, places a large panel photograph of Miss Delmar in the chair next his own, and enters upon an imaginary conversation

with his imagined wife. He leads the talk by easy stages from happenings of the day to topics of larger grasp and broader view. But Miss Delmar cannot follow him. From the basis of past conversations held with the real woman, he knows he can expect nothing beyond the platitudes of conventional small talk, and, possibly, a half-hearted guess at the drift of his remarks. As he gazes gloomily into the fire, realizing that his affinity is not found in the beautiful woman whose features smile from the opposite chair, his friends from the club burst in upon him, he relegates matrimony to the indefinite future and agrees to start in the morning for an elephant hunt in Africa, and thus solves the problem that has spoiled so many lives.

The other stories of the volume are: "The Editor's Story," "The Assisted Emigrant," and "The Reporter who made Himself King." They have all appeared in various magazines; each contains a *motif* of more than common interest, and each is told in the writer's usual felicitous manner.

*Rodney Stone.* By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. London: Bell's Colonial Library.

In this book Dr. Doyle has made a very decided departure from those well-known Sherlock Holmes stories, which went so far towards bringing him to the notice of the reading public.

The scene is laid in the South of England, on the old coaching road between London and Brighton, when George III. was King, and portrays very graphically the popular sport of that time, namely, prize fighting; dealing almost entirely with that subject. The reader obtains a very good idea of the sporting tastes of the aristocracy of those days, headed by the young Prince of Wales. The description of a road-race from Brighton to London, and the risks of life incidental to the same, are particularly interesting. The reader is introduced to Lord Nelson and several of his captains, and is made acquainted with the fops, of whom Beau Brummel was the chief. The characters are a strange mixture of fops, prize-fighters and villains, and are of interest from first to last.

