

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

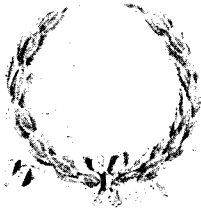
Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.



FRONTISPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1896.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN FROM PHOTO.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 6.

## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY HARRIET FORD, A.R.C.A.

**M**OST of us know the now doubly interesting story of how Thackeray said to Millais: "I met a clever young dog in Rome, who will one day run you hard for the Presidency," of how the prophecy came true in the election of the late Lord Leighton, whose place has now been filled by his ancient rival:—The King is dead—long live the King!

That there may be, perhaps, better painters in England than either of them has had little to do with their election. The popular voice, no doubt, has endorsed the Academic choice; and in that of Sir J. E. Millais, they place at the official head of the artists of England, not only a great painter, but a representative Englishman. Millais has always been essentially English in feeling. Even in his "Pre-Raphaelite" days, when he seemed so *bizarre* and foreign to his fellow-craftsmen brought up upon the falsities of an effete system, and to his fellow-countrymen at large, unable to judge for themselves, he seemed as "beyond the mark of painting," he, nevertheless, perhaps unconsciously to himself at first, certainly unconsciously to them, interpreted a phase of the national sentiment.

Sir John Millais was born in Southampton on June 8th 1829. His father was a native of Jersey. In 1834 the family removed to Dinan in Brittany, where Millais showed a precocious talent for drawing, by sketching the officers of the garrison. After a return to Jersey, the final move was made in 1838 to Lon-

don, principally on young Millais' account. His father decided to consult Sir Martin Shee, the then ruling President of the Academy, as to his son's possible future if he made painting a profession. Fortunately, Sir Martin, by his instant recognition of the boy's genius, made a successful bid for the grateful encumbrance of posterity, which he had hardly succeeded in doing by his Academic labors. Accordingly, Millais, at nine years of age, was placed under the care of one Henry Sass, who kept the most widely known preparatory school for entrance to the Academy course in the London of his day. "Several of his contemporaries are still living, who remember him as quite a little boy, with a holland blouse, a belt and a falling collar."

Two years later Millais entered the Academy schools. He took all possible honors, and when he was seventeen he made his *début* upon the Exhibition walls as the much belauded painter of a certain picture called "Pizarro," painted after the Academic fashion and quite in keeping with the sentiment of that body and the condition of affairs in the art world of 1846. Then came that quaint movement, already forestalled by Ford Madox Brown, whose influence, through Dante Rossetti, largely contributed to it. I mean, of course, "Pre-Raphaelitism" which with autocratic intolerance the Academy, followed by the critics and the public, shrieked to annihilate; little knowing it was to be the salvation of English painting. Whether we agree

with its principles or not, we can hardly doubt its influence.

Millais was without question the strongest of those five young men:—himself, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Wool-

Brotherhood" as they called themselves, was, "objective truth," as a necessity thereto a frank return to nature; in a word, a revolt against Academic formalism.



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"CALLERS HERRING'."

ner the Sculptor, W. H. Hunt and F. S. Stephens, who, like the knights of old, set out to regenerate the world by the power of "truth." Broadly speaking, the aim of the Society of the "Pre-Raphaelite

Of Millais' contributions to the Society's efforts, the greatest are the "Isabella and Her Wicked Brothers," a subject taken from Keat's "Pot of Basil," and that called "Christ in the House of His



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER."

Parents," or "The Carpenter's Shop." The "Isabella" painted in 1849 is the finest of Millais' "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures. The finest, in fact, illustrating their special faith, by any of the "Brotherhood." As I remember the picture as I saw it some years ago, I have again the enthusiastic feeling roused by its splendid powers. That it is strange, curious, with its nervous intensity of purpose, one must admit; but its audacity, earnestness and uncompromising veracity, carry conviction with them. It has the supreme quality of imposing upon the observer the condition of the artist's mind, and establishing for the time being, a reciprocity of intellectual attitude. None of the other members of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" were able to do so with such force. It may be just that touch of the practical, which Millais developed—overdeveloped later—which gave to his work of this period a certain inevitableness, a something of brutal—in the artistic sense—positiveness. We submit ourselves to the glamor of Rossetti without intellectual conviction, we feel that with Mr. Holman Hunt his combative insistence is often nearly akin to absurdity, latterly a hobby which has dulled his artistic judgment. But in the "Isabella" of Millais, we wonder if there is not a touch of atavism, in it we return to the sweetness, the naïveté, the curious and subtle selection, the boldness and delicacy of line of the fifteenth century. The "Lorenzo and Isabella" as it is sometimes called, of course, raised a whirlwind of abuse. A more remarkable and daring piece of composition has rarely been attempted. A double row of people seated at a low table running at right angles to the spectator, was an outrage upon all the properties of composition to people accustomed to the balance of Academic rule. The clever concentration of the drama in the principal figures is thrown into strong relief by the happy plan of making the subordinate figures calmly eating and drinking, with the stiff and somewhat formal primness of people at their superiors' table. The tones and colors are so carefully studied that it seems to me, with all its conscientious elaboration of detail, the picture, artist-

ically, as dramatically, is a consistent whole. The charm of delicate yet, brilliant color is added to magnificent draughtmanship. Lorenzo's head, I think, is forced beyond the necessary limit—the one weak point. We can almost sympathize with the irritation of the brothers, if he looked so woe-be-gone. Nevertheless, the "Isabella" is, as Mr. Holman Hunt says—and I take him as an authority—"The most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty ever did in the world."

The other important pictures of this period are "The Carpenter's Shop," the "Ferdinand and Ariel," and "Ophelia." They were all received by unmitigated and unintelligent abuse. But Ruskin, by this time, had taken up the defence of the movement, and sympathizers multiplied, though slowly. An interesting incident was the appreciation shown by the Directors of the Liverpool Academy; already familiarized as it was with the principles of the "school" by Ford Madox Brown. Several pictures by members of the "Brotherhood" were bought by the Directors which Ruskin declares to be "The first instance on record of the entirely just and beneficial working of the Academic system." But the final result was, that the opposing Philistines triumphed, and upon the purchase of Millais' "Blind Girl" the factions was so strongly opposed that the Academy resigned its charter. It is curious to note that the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool now possesses Millais' "Isabella," as one of the priceless pictures of the collection.

For several years Milais was faithful to his youthful love. Still under its influence he painted the celebrated "Huguenot." But in it we feel that his grasp is loosening. He has still the manner of the "Pre-Raphaelite," but the spirit is lacking. There is a touch of conscious mannerism in it: a mannerism, I mean, as an end, not as a means; a feeling of a somewhat commonplace sentiment, dear to the popular heart, unfortunately rarely to be lacking in his subsequent compositions. The "Ophelia," of the same year seems to me, however, to once more reach the broader suggestiveness and adequacy of his earlier work.



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

“PARTING OF EDGAR AND LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR.”

His work was in 1852 transitional, but one picture called "Autumn Leaves," has in it something of the conviction and the quality, that firm grip of

his fondness for one form of expression remarks of it, "I see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian Rock that Mr. Millais was as-



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

"THE JERSEY LILY" (MRS. LANGTRY).

the poetic interpretation underlying the immediate facts of form and color, for which he was earlier remarkable. In 1857, was painted, among others, "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." Ruskin, with

ending but the Tarpeian. The change in the manner from the year of Ophelia, (1852), and Mariana to 1857 is not merely fall, it is catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle.'





FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER."



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN PRISON AT ST. JAMES."

We then take the "Sir Isumbras," as the final turning point in Millais' attitude. His interpretation was henceforth to be from a personal standpoint, that of "truth to his own sensations."

days beyond his youthful enthusiasms would have finally resulted in a weariness to the sympathetic public. Millais' limitations now became apparent. We feel that the imaginative quality of his



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"CHERRY RIPE."

That in Millais' case the change has not always resulted in satisfactory artistic conclusions we must admit; but the belief that the principle is sound is but in accordance with modern ideas. To have prolonged his "Pre-Raphaelite,"

mind was not of a high order. The sustained effort needful for the accomplishment of a great composition without outside influence was lacking.

In 1862 was painted "The Black Brunswicker," which repeated the theme of

"the Huguenot," with slight variations. It is the last of Millais' romantic pictures, the subjects of which are taken from another society and another period than his own. Henceforward, his pictures are to be of modern people and things, landscapes and portraits. He is to paint the life of the people about him; the somewhat limited life of the drawing-room, the well-dressed children of fashionable society; occasional landscapes, but, above all, portraits. His inventive faculty was not often called upon to fulfil the requirements necessary to satisfy a now-applauding public. The mild suggests of drama in such subjects as "Yes or No," the appeals to national sentiment as in the "North West Passage," and the "Boyhood of Raleigh," gave him sufficient opportunity for personal expression and broad, dexterous handling. He is now a painter "par excellence." We can only wish that he had sometimes a keener sensibility, a more subtle, delicate rendering.

In 1864, Millais was made an Academician, and painted for his diploma picture, the "Souvenir of Valasquez." For artistic unity, skillful though slight handling, it is equal to anything Millais has done, and in the force and modeling of the head is not unworthy of comparison with the great Spaniard.

In 1871, was painted "Chill October," the best of Millais' landscapes. But, it is not the work of a great landscape painter. It has not the concentrated suggestiveness of, as it were, the stored up knowledge of a man who has delved below the surface. It is but the work of a good observer; of a man who loves to be in the open air and occasionally likes to tell his friends with great intelligence what he has seen and felt there.

For the last twenty years Millais' most important works have been portraits. In them he takes rank among the great portrait painters of England. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Newman

have sat to him among a host of others. The famous "Red Cardinal," that is the "Newman," of 1882, is a most wonderful performance. Millais' enthusiasm was aroused by his subject, with the result that the fine features and hands—such spiritual hands—of the cardinal shew as jewels of splendid workmanship and psychological insight in the powerfully painted and daring color scheme of the pink and red ecclesiastical robes. Millais has done nothing finer. The portrait of J. C. Hook, R.A., is also a masterpiece.

It is with the memory of such things as these that we can forgive the lapses of artistic integrity, the oftentimes careless handling in the stress and needs of a dominating popularity. That he has painted too often, as it were, upon the surface of things we cannot deny. That he has never grasped or felt the tendency of modern art, is but perhaps to say that a man's life, although with wealth of days, is not long enough to be both at the beginning and the end of a movement. In thinking of his Pre-Raphaelite work and some dozen portraits we should be content. I, for one, am grateful and rejoice that the highest official honor has fallen to his lot.

I have no space to touch upon Millais' black and white work, his illustrations to "Barry Lyndon," his "Parables," and others. They are often full of a most subtle line, dramatic force and expression.

As to the man Millais, there is little to say. His life is in his work. A sturdy Englishman, manly, fond of out-of-door sports; an enthusiastic fisherman, a genial companion, without anxiety or search for the subtle refinement of ideas in either life or art. Typical of the positiveness of the average Englishman, to whom he has been for more than a quarter of a century the exponent and interpreter of his artistic sympathies.

*Harriet Ford.*



## FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE PYRENEES.

BY MARY H. REID.

*Illustrations by G. A. Reil, R.C.A.*

(SECOND PAPER)\*

**W**E reached Seville a few days before Ash-Wednesday; this was with a purpose, for the carnival was said to be celebrated there with much merriment. The

looked like paper; but whether they had themselves applied this decoration, or whether it was the result of a carnival prank, did not then appear. In driving to our hotel I saw that a good deal of



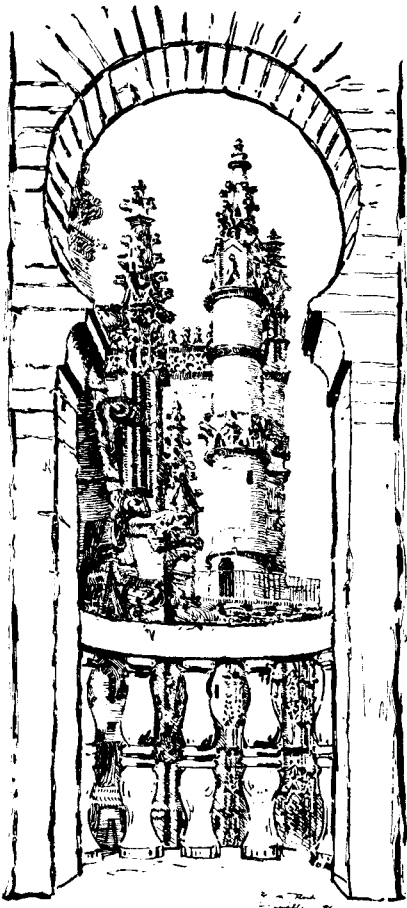
DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

DANCE OF THE CHORISTERS, SEVILLE.

first thing we noticed, which seemed to have some connection with the season was, that many of the women had their heads and shoulders powdered with

gay-colored bits of something which this paper, if paper it was, had collected along the sides of the streets, but the mystery remained unsolved until the next day. I observed that a very thriving trade in eggs was going on in all

\* The first paper appeared in the May number of this publication. [ED.]

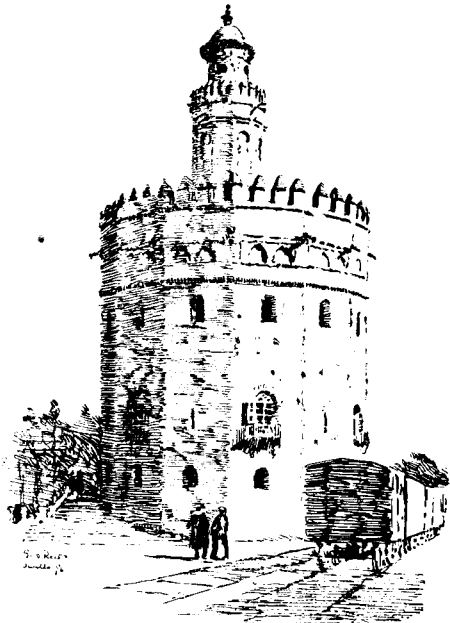


DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

A BIT OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

the streets through which we passed, the people carrying them in large baskets like our wash-baskets; and on looking closely these eggs seemed to have a strip of paper pasted around their smaller circumference. With all the eagerness of approaching the solution of a problem, we began to associate an effect with a possible cause; and sure enough, at that moment, from one of the balconies crowded with mischief-loving people, an egg was hurled which just missed us, but breaking on the stone pavement revealed its contents: tiny bits of paper of different colors. (I, at the first opportunity, bought several of these eggs, which, if they stand the shock of the Atlantic, may serve to illustrate to friends how the Sevillians keep carnival). On one occa-

sion I saw dozens of these harmless missiles thrown at a party of English tourists, just starting from a hotel in a carriage; as the ladies had the presence of mind to put up their parasols, they kept the inevitable shower from their heads. I had succeeded in eluding these delicate attentions, but one day in going through a very narrow street, where I was at a tremendous disadvantage, being in reach of the balconies on both sides, I heard the word *pluma* repeated several times, and felt with an inward thrill that it could have reference only to the unoffending feather in my hat; the egg missed my head, but it must have struck my shoulder, for on reaching home I emptied at least half-a-pint of paper from the hood of my cape. Another device was to lower upon the head of the passer-by a great bunch of paper, cut in strips, to which a string was attached, so that it could be quickly drawn up. But the greatest good nature prevailed; and though streets and balconies were crowded, and merriment was at its height, I saw only one individual who seemed to have abused the season; he was slumbering peacefully on the steps of the cathedral. With this exception we did not see even a suspicion of drunkenness or



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE TOWER OF GOLD, SEVILLE.

roughness. Is there any place in Canada or the United States, where we could say the same of a crowd of people, in holiday time? The sight of such absence of excess gives one that practice in "believing impossible things," which you

enjoying the music and fun with an *abandon* unknown in our colder latitudes. Truly they were "days of solid enjoyment," to borrow an expression endeared to Toronto people, from remembrance of their own carnival; I remember, how-

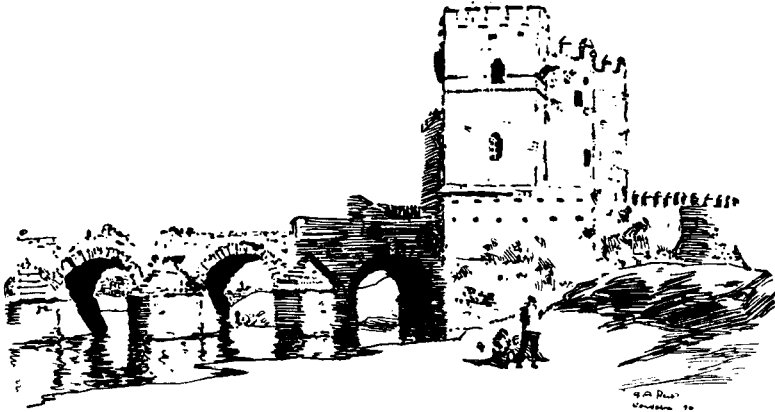


DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

IN THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

remember the Queen advised Alice to try for half-an-hour a day. The air was very mild and balmy, especially after Granada, the sky a tender blue, against which rose the soft grays and yellows of the Giralda; every one was out of doors,

ever, that on that occasion we all agreed with the Frenchman who said that "life would be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures;" but in Seville such cynicism is impossible, for the gaiety is spontaneous and refreshing.



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

## MOORISH BRIDGE AND CASTLE, CORDOVA.

The history of Seville is that of almost every other Spanish coast city; there is always a mythical period in which Hercules and Bacchus often figure as founders; in some cases Noah and his immediate descendants have the honor; then comes the time when those enterprising traders of early days, the Phoenicians, make a settlement; then the Romans follow and we find traces of their occupation in aqueducts, which struggle picturesquely over the plains, and in amphitheatres, more or less ruined; then comes the Goth, then the Moor, and finally the descendant of the Goth, the Christian Spaniard. Few architectural traces remain of the actual period of Gothic rule, for the architecture to which we have given the name Gothic sprang into being after the Goth had passed away; but Moorish buildings abound, and those in which there is a mixture of Moorish and Gothic. In the neighborhood of Seville can be seen all that remains of Italica, a once prosperous city, founded by Scipio Africanus for his wounded soldiers. It was the birthplace of three Roman emperors, and became a city of great magnificence; but nothing remains except the ruined amphitheatre, that forerunner of the modern Plaza de Toros. In Seville the interest centres in the cathedral, the Giralda or bell-tower, the Alcazar or Moorish Palace, and the picture gallery, in which are found the best examples of Murillo's work which exist

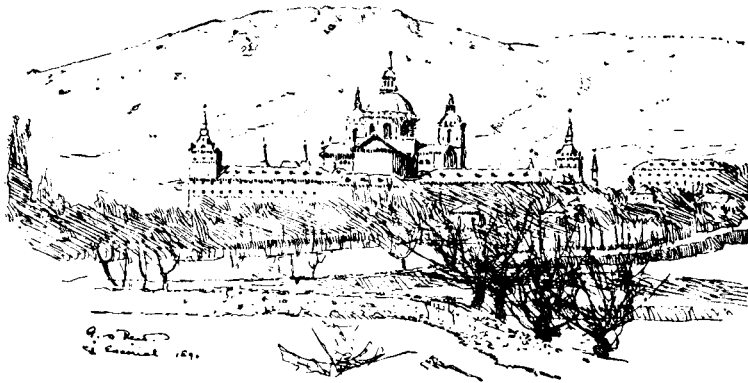
The present cathedral occupies the site of two former mosques and a Christian church, and was begun in 1402 and finished a century later. There are remains of the former buildings, so that we have a strange but beautiful mingling of Moorish and Gothic; but in design, and, speaking generally, in treatment also, the cathedral itself is pure Gothic, and



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

## MORO-GOTHIC DOORWAY, OLD MADRID.





DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE ESCORIAL.

is considered one of the best examples of that style in Spain. The walls enclosing one of the outside courts belong to the Moorish period, and the entrance to the Court of Oranges, the name of which is still appropriate, is by means of a lofty horse-shoe doorway; this court has in its centre the original fountain used by the Moors in their ablutions.

By-the-way, whenever I see these fine old fountains in the vicinity of what was once a Mohammedan place of prayer, I regret that frequent ablutions have not

been made obligatory by the Christian religion; a really *clean* Spain would be such a delight.

Unfortunately, only portions of the interior of the cathedral can be seen, as the earthquakes of 1884 damaged it very seriously, and a few years later a large part of the south aisle and transept fell, so that much is now blocked up by the process of restoration. But nothing can exceed the simple grandeur of the clustered columns, almost lost in shadow at the top, nor the beauty of the windows gleaming like jewels in the dim interior; nothing could add to the fineness of the general effect, and one turns with a sigh of regret to the examination of the side chapels, in so many of which the beautiful Gothic has been supplanted by cold Corinthian columns—and the heavy, disproportioned *retablos* are gaudy with painting and gilding. Portions of the exterior also are marred by these later Græco-Roman additions.

In the Baptistery is Murillo's celebrated "St. Anthony of Padua," which can be well seen when the curtain is drawn from the window at the side. It represents the kneeling saint, with uplifted eyes, and arms stretched out to receive the Infant Christ, who descends to him in the midst of golden clouds and bands of cherubs; it does not seem possible to procure a good photograph of it: all that we saw seemed to make two pictures of it, the kneeling figure of St. Anthony, and the heavenly vision; whereas in the original the two parts blend most beautifully, and there is not the least feeling of separa-



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

A HIGH BALCONY, MADRID.

tion. It is realistically painted, as all Murillo's canvases are. The saint was not evolved from his "inner consciousness," but was painted from a well-chosen Spanish model, and the little angels and Infant Saviour could have been drawn and painted as they are only after a long apprenticeship spent in representing the charming forms of little children. The

cut, and carried off to New York. I believe it was recovered almost immediately; it has been replaced so well that unless you knew the history you would never see the traces of restoration. In the Sagrario, the largest chapel of the cathedral, and its parish church, we saw the quaint dance performed by the choir boys before the high altar. Seville is



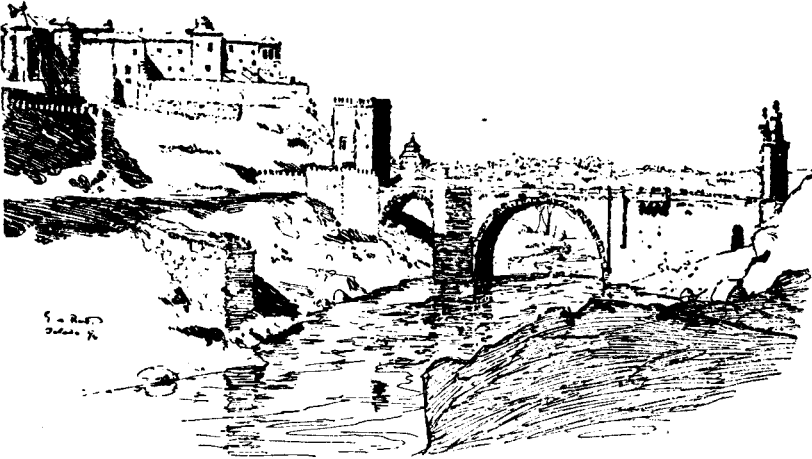
DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

PUERTO DEL SOL, TOLEDO.

figures keep well within the frame, (not always the case with realistic pictures), and there is consequently that fine sense of atmosphere between you and the objects which is so characteristic of Murillo's latest and best style, well-named "*vaporoso*," by the Spanish.

This is the picture from which, some years ago, the figure of St. Anthony was

the only city in Spain in which this is done, and it takes place only on certain days in the year, so we considered ourselves very fortunate to witness it. As Spanish churches are not provided with seats of any kind, we took our camp stools with us, and placing them a few feet from the railing of the altar, sat for about an hour waiting for the service to

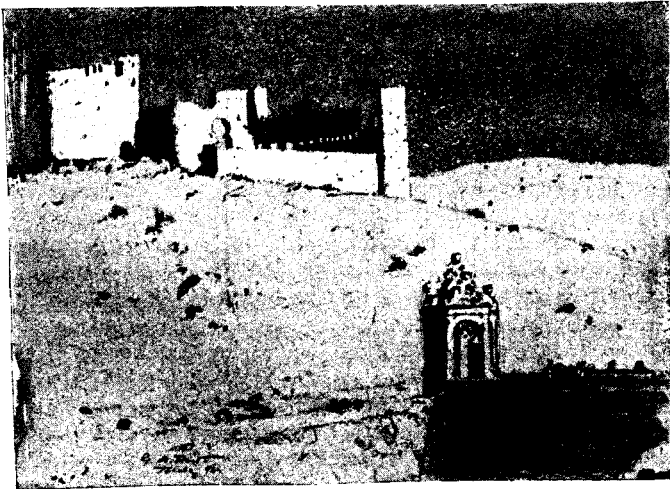


DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS, TOLEDO.

begin ; while about us gathered a great congregation of people, men, women and children, who sat, knelt or stood. At half-past five all the bells rang out with a great clang, and immediately after, the procession of ecclesiastics, with the newly-made Archbishop of Seville at their head, entered the chancel, followed by ten chorister boys dressed as pages of the seventeenth century. The church was growing dim ; as I looked about me I could see only the dark mass of people filling up every corner. But in the space before the altar the light from many can-

dles fell with a soft radiance upon the kneeling figures of the priests, and on the choristers in their picturesque dress of white and red, as they stood facing each other ready to begin. A stringed orchestra was stationed at the left of the altar and the service began by the choir boys singing, with accompaniment from this, a quaint anthem ; and then, placing their plumed hats on their heads, they suddenly, to the same music, began a slow movement, at first only a sort of swaying back and forth, which gradually developed into a stately dance, remind-



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

RUINS OF CASTLE, TOLEDO.

ing one of a minuet or pavane; the same figure was repeated a number of times, and then again, with the addition of castanets, each boy having two pairs of them. It was all done with the greatest solemnity. The music was excellent, and the whole affect, as to both sound and color, very striking. The practice is an ancient one, and I believe, at one time, was not confined to the choristers, and was much abused, so that it would have been done away with if an appeal had not been made to the Pope; a certain number of choir boys were sent to Rome to sing and dance before His Holiness, which resulted in an especial permission being granted the choristers of the Cathedral of Seville, to continue the custom. I think the days on which it can be witnessed are Corpus Christi, the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, and the two days preceding Ash-Wednesday.

The Giralda, or bell-tower, belonged to the Mosque, and was built in 1196. Great was my disappointment to find that only the first 150 ft. belonged to the original tower, the top part having been added much later, and being plateresque in style. But by this time we were beginning to be resigned to meeting these incongruities, though never indifferent to the result of such mixtures. The tower can be easily ascended by its winding incline, and as it is very near the cathedral, you look from its horse-shoe windows upon the crumbling, mossy turrets and buttresses of the Gothic church, while far below is the Guadalquivir, up which Cæsar sailed in the summer of 46 B. C. The Alcazar, or Moorish palace is full of charm, though poor restorations have defaced part of it, and portions entirely out of keeping have been added at different times. Its decoration is similar to that of the Alhambra, and some of its rooms quite equal to those at Granada. It was in the great hall of ambassadors that Don Pedro the Cruel received the Red King, who came with his band of five hundred Moors and his jewels, which so delighted the Christian monarch that he caused his guest to be treacherously put to death. Among these gems was the largest ruby in the world, which Don Pedro afterwards gave to our own Black Prince, and which now belongs to the

Crown of England. The place is full of histories, many of them tragic, of those who have lived and died there, Don Pedro and Maria de Padilla, his beautiful favorite, being the subjects of many of them. In later times the Duke of Montpensier has occupied it, and in one room is a tablet which states that Queen Isabella (the Ex-Queen) was born there. The celebrated Torre del Oro, or Tower of Gold, was formerly connected with the Alcazar, as it was one of its fortresses. It is supposed to have received its name from the yellow tiles which once covered it. But all its glory is gone now; the tiles are no longer there, an ugly cupola has been added, and it is altogether a somewhat indifferent structure. In the picture gallery, however, disappointment is not lurking, as in so many places; the Murillos there constitute a collection which is alone worth a visit to Seville; you see the artist at all stages of his career; from the period when he painted with crude and hard realism the children, monks, and beggars about him, to the time when he fixed these same upon his canvas (for his subjects never varied) with all the delicate color and floating vaporous effect which are such marked characteristics of his latest style.

An "Immaculate Conception," the smaller of the two which are there, and a "St. Anthony" with the Infant Christ in his arms, possess these qualities especially; the former picture seems superior to the "Immaculate Conception" in the Louvre; its sweet, unconscious girliness has not been surpassed, and the cherubs are exquisite; the whole picture is cool in color, without those excessive browns and yellows which have spoiled some of his otherwise beautiful canvases. The "St. Anthony" is simpler in composition than the "St. Anthony of Padua" in the Baptistery of the cathedral; this is perhaps an advantage; in color it is fully equal to it. "St. Francis embracing the Crucified Christ" is also a fine example of his latest manner. "St. Thomas of Villanueva" giving alms to a lame beggar is much admired, and undoubtedly the composition and arrangement of light are excellent; the treatment, however, is somewhat heavy; the contrasts are more strongly emphasized

than in his later canvases, and one feels that this picture is the result of a less highly developed brain and hand. One of the interesting, because curious, canvases is his tutelar saints of Seville, Saints Justa and Rufina, supporting a miniature Giralda in their hands. Tradition says they held it up during a fierce tempest which threatened its destruction. His models were evidently gotten from among the gipsies of Triana, a suburb of Seville, where girls of precisely the same type can be seen every day, and earthenware water-jars, similar to those which he has painted so effectively in the foreground, are still sold in every street. This crockery refers to the story of the two saints, who, tradition asserts, refused to do reverence to the image of Venus which was carried through the quarter in which they were selling their jars; for which act of non-conformity they were put to death, and became the patron saints of the city. Though Seville was the birthplace of Velasquez, strange to say, there are no authentic examples of his work there.

What a change in Cordova from that period when it had nearly a million inhabitants, and was the capital of the Moorish Empire in Spain; when its great mosque rose in all its early splendor, and its palaces excited the wonder of the world; when its schools attracted the wealthy Castilians as well as the Moors; to the present, when we find only a dull, semi-oriental town of about fifty thousand people, its mosque almost in ruins, or so defaced that there are few traces of the former glory of the original, its palaces entirely gone, and its schools, —well, it seems quite impossible to realize that there were ever institutions of learning here. And oh, where are the nine hundred baths of which history tells us? I believe that there are insignificant remains of *two* of them some place in the town, but I did not see them. The celebrated breed of horses has degenerated, the silk industry has dwindled to almost nothing, and the preparation of leather for which Cordova was once so noted scarcely exists. *Appropos* of Cordovan leather, the old English word *cordwainer* and the French *cordonnier* are both derived from it.

Our time being, unfortunately, short at Cordova, we went at once to the mosque; it is reached through mean passages, scarcely streets, but the walls which enclose the court in front of the mosque are very striking, and worthy of leading to it. They are entirely Moorish in character, with a high, arched, horse-shoe doorway, and great doors of wood and bronze, with the inscription, in Arabic, "The empire belongs to God; all is His."

At intervals along the walls are square buttressed towers, some forty or so. The bell tower has been modernized and robbed of all beauty. The court, with its fountain, dates from the tenth century. We entered the mosque and wandered for an hour or two among its pillars, a veritable forest in stone. We had declined the services of a guide, feeling that we wished to wander without restraint and find out the beauties of the place for ourselves. There were occasional worshippers who entered and were lost to view far away in the interior; but I heard faintly the voices of the priests, and knew that there was a service somewhere. Indeed the High Chapel in the centre of the mosque seemed to occupy but little space, though absolutely it is a good-sized church, as we saw later. But one scarcely realizes the vastness of the mosque on first going in; it is only when one walks through the twenty-nine naves from north to south that one begins to have an idea of its extent. I must confess to a slight feeling of monotony at first; all the pillars almost exactly alike; all the arches, or rather the double row of arches, one upon the other, with not the slightest variation in form or color, began to weary me a little; and I began, too, to have a suspicion that the hand of the restorer had been at work painting the arches in those red and white stripes; this proved only too true upon closer examination: we found unrestored parts showing that the arches were built of stone and brick, thus giving the alternations of pale red and gray; in most cases, through the body of the mosque this brick-work had been *painted*. In our wanderings we, of course, came upon the *Mih-râb* or Holy Place, where the Koran was kept,

and where the Khalif performed his public prayer, looking towards Mecca. The arches leading to this spot are more highly decorated than those in other parts, and the Mih-râb itself is a marvel of beautiful workmanship. The glass mosaics there are said to be the best examples in existence. The building dates from 786 A. D. and is considered unrivalled as a specimen of Moorish religious architecture of an early period.

The walls of Cordova are all Moorish, though they have been repaired from time to time, but the gates seem to have lost their original character and are comparatively uninteresting. There is a noble Moorish bridge of sixteen arches over the Guadalquivir, built in the eighth century; at its end is a fine, old tower which must have been conspicuous in the various sieges; one can picture there, the figure of the "Great Captain," that ornament of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella; I have no idea whether he was ever present at a siege of Cordova or not, but the spot calls up a figure of that kind, and if he was not there, some one else was, to uphold the honor and glory of his native city. The old Moorish flour-mills on the river are still used, and are most interesting.

On leaving Cordova for Madrid, we pass through the barren, treeless country of La Mancha, so associated in our minds with Don Quixote; a little town along the route is said to be the place where Cervantes began to write his story, making his hero a native of that very village.

Outside of the Museum of Fine Arts, Madrid presents few attractions to visitors. Although the city is an old one, it has been almost entirely rebuilt, so that there are no interesting monuments remaining. Its importance dates from the time of Philip II, who in 1560 made it the capital of the kingdom; and this seems to have been done more with a view to settling the claims of rival cities to that honor, than because of any especial fitness on the part of Madrid, except that it occupied the exact geographical centre of the peninsula. The present city is a good deal like Paris in general appearance, and except for the presence of the mantilla and the cloak,

the people might be mistaken for those of almost any city of Europe. It is true that light hair and eyes have still what economists would call a "scarcity value," but every here and there a blond head appears, a refreshing sight after all the duskieness of the south. Madrid is about 2400 ft. above the sea, so that it would be unreasonable to expect it to be warm in the middle of winter. We were surprised, however, in spite of warnings, to find it cold; but it is more the indoor than the outdoor cold which strangers feel, for the houses are not heated. If the cold is extreme you can have a brazier to warm your feet, but unless it is unbearable, you simply put on more clothing and endure the temperature as well as you can. I believe the death rate is higher in Madrid than in any city in Britain or on the continent; this must be due in great measure to the extremes of heat and cold. I have been told that there is sometimes a difference of twenty degrees between sun and shade. Drought used to be one of the chief causes of illness, but I believe that lately a supply of particularly pure water has been brought from the Guadarramas some miles away. The river which is near the city has not enough water in it to supply the washerwomen, and is dirty-looking and ill-smelling. It has always been the subject of jokes among the wits, one of whom told Philip IV that he had better sell his bridge of Toledo and buy a river; another compared it to the universities which have holidays during the summer, and *curso*, course, only in winter.

Our visit to the Escorial was undertaken at the promptings of duty; it has not often happened that conscience has overpowered us in such matters; as a general thing, when we knew that a building had no particular merit architecturally, we simply did not go to see it; but in the case of the Escorial, there must always be the feeling that to see it helps the student of history to understand the mind of Philip II. That it was a morbid mind is evident from both the location and design of his great work; high up among the bleak, windy Guadarramas he chose to build his Monastery-Palace; not in the midst of

hills to which we lift our eyes, and from whence our help comes, hills beautiful with verdure and scattered flocks, like those which the Shepherd King loved; but among gray, forbidding masses of granite, telling us of a mind which dwelt upon the gloomy, the austere, and which had little sympathy with the sweet, simple joys of life. For miles about, the country bears the same characteristics; we passed by rail through vast, treeless, rocky stretches, on which nothing can live, or can exist only with great difficulty. Indeed, I never saw so depressing a landscape, and I wondered as we went along whether Browning could have had it in mind in his description of the wastes through which Childe Roland passed. And when we came to our "dark tower" I found that it suited its surroundings. It was begun in 1565, and was intended first, as a burial-house for Charles V. and his descendants, then as a palace and monastery combined, so that Philip might retire into the seclusion of the convent when burdened by sovereignty. The rooms of the palace are hung with interesting tapestries after designs by Rubens, Teniers, Wouverman and Goya. The king's own room still contains a few pieces of furniture used by him; it communicates with the church, so that he might hear mass from his bed when ill, and he died in a small oratory adjoining. There are few pictures of merit to be seen here except in the chapter house, where there are two striking Nativities by Ribera, and the "Sons of Jacob" by Velasquez, painted when he was in Rome. The Pantheon, or burial-place, is a series of rooms in polished marble beneath the church; there is a great deal of gilding, and the effect is very gaudy and unpleasant.

It was a relief to escape from the gloomy structure into the sunshine, and we left it without regret, determined to never go there again, and feeling that we had done what was expected of us.

With what different feelings we returned from a short trip to Toledo. (Both Toledo and the Escorial are short distances from Madrid, and can be visited in a day if your time is limited).

It is a glorious old Gotho-Castilian

town, built on a high rock, and surrounded on three sides by the Tagus. Phoenician, Roman, Goth, Moor and Christian have in turn occupied it, and it has been prosperous under each, though now it is crumbling and dilapidated, neglected by every one except those who find a beauty in her old walls and gates, her bridges and churches. For these the field is a very rich one, as it is comparatively unexplored. The present bridges of Alcantara and San Martin were built to replace very early ones, belonging to the eighth and tenth centuries. That of Alcantara is one of the first objects one sees, as it leads directly into the town; in 1217 it was fortified by means of a fine tower, having one ogival arch and two horse-shoe ones. Of the gates the Puerta del Sol is perhaps the most interesting, exhibiting as it does, the union of Moorish and Gothic. The date of its building is not known, but as it was an important point in the fortifications, it was probably built very early. It is impossible to give any idea in a few words of the noble Gothic Cathedral. Though it has lost much of its glory, it is still one of the finest to be seen; its seven hundred and fifty stained windows alone would give it a place by itself, to say nothing of the work in iron, stone and wood. The various metal railings are particularly fine, and at one time were all silver and gilt; however doubtful this may have been artistically, it must have contributed largely to the richness of the general effect. But the cathedral has been plundered more than once, and there are only traces of this remaining. Another interesting church is that of San Juan de los Reyes, a beautiful florid Gothic pile, on the exterior of which are hung many iron chains, placed there by captives delivered after the surrender of Granada. The time was too short for the proper enjoyment of all the treasures of Toledo, and we returned to Madrid with a fixed determination of one day going back to live for a time in the beautiful city of the Moor and Goth.

To the foreigner, the picture gallery must always be the great inducement to visit Madrid.

Even if this gallery did not give one an

opportunity of becoming familiar with Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese, with Rubens, Raphael and Van Dyke, it would be invaluable for its collection of Spanish pictures, notably those of Velasquez, of which there are sixty-four. To the portrait painter these canvases are particularly valuable, as most of them are portraits, Velasquez having been court painter to Philip IV. A journey to Madrid to study these masterpieces is worth all the expenditure of time and trouble it requires, for to see them is an education one cannot afford to miss. The combination of freedom of handling with perfect tone and beauty of color has certainly never been equalled; some of Whistler's, some of Sargent's canvases approach these, but in the former, one so often finds either a lack of color, sometimes called "refinement of color," or a certain crudeness, and in the latter, a suggest-

ion of *paint* which one never feels in Velasquez. His painting is robust, with no affectations; realistic, yet with infinite delicacy of modelling; there is probably nowhere a finer portrait picture than the group known as *Las Meninas*, full of character, faithfully portraying the period, even to the dwarfs and dogs, yet giving us a picture, which, in itself, without connection with historical personages, must always be a satisfying thing to look at. Yet there is not, in this great picture, nor in any of his which I have seen, that "separation of the method of expression from the idea to be expressed," which George Moor says is the "sure sign of decadence." It could be said of him, as has been said of Watts, that he "never looked upon color as an aim in itself, apart from his subject; but that color, form and subject were to him inseparable parts of his conception."

Mary H. Reid.



### A JUNE IDYL.

**A**MID the shadowed stillness soft we glide,  
 Canoe and I.  
 Past banks where trills the oriole, and musk-rats hide  
 In cool retreats reed-hidden; where on either side  
 The timorous willows tremble fitfully  
 And limn upon the shallow stream with brush  
 Of silvern-tippèd leaves weird fantasies  
 That 'neath the glistening bow disperse, as rush  
 We by with dreamy haste and listless paddle-blade,  
 Canoe and I.

Toward the yellow-westèd sky we drift,  
 Canoe and I.  
 'Tween drooping alder boughs the scattered sunbeams sift  
 From out the emerald glow that glimmers thro' a rift  
 Of watchet hue. White-breasted swallows tip  
 With whirring wing their mirrored mates,  
 Or skim o'er misty marshes where awaits  
 The fireflies' gleam to light our homeward way—  
 Canoe and I

Cameron Nelles Wilson.



## ON THE TRAIL OF A P'LICE.

BY J. J. GUNN.

THEY were on the Coppersnake trail in the foot-hills of the Rockies. For an hour they toiled along a path, narrow and steep, dark with the shadows of lofty cliffs, and wet with the spray of a cataract that roared below, till they reached a point where the stream came down in one leap of a hundred feet over the face of a mighty wall which seemed to bar all further way. Turning sharply against this wall, they passed behind the falling waters and emerged, beyond, into a narrow chasm down which the sun streamed for an hour or so at midday, lighting up the falling waters, and making the scene one of the grandest in the world. They followed this chasm for some distance and halted. Saddles and packs were removed, and the horses set to cropping such scant herbage as the place afforded.

One of the men has industriously employed himself preparing dinner; while the other sat on a pack saddle, silent, his elbows resting on his knees, and both hands clasping at once his shaggy chin, and short, unlighted pipe, while his eyes gazed fixedly and far into the falling water.

The cook talked freely of the incidents of the journey, but the other made no reply, and apparently did not hear him until dinner was announced as ready. Then he said;

"Jack, boy, throw my share to the dog. I don't think I care to eat anything to-day."

Jack fell to work, and for a time nothing was said. At length the other broke the silence by asking:

"Jack, hev ye ever heard tell of 'Forty-rod' Johnson?"

"Wal, yes, I guess I hev. When I was down to Regina last winter I believe I did hear them p'lice fellers talk about a chap of that name. A good un he must hev been at the free permit business. But I b'lieve they did him at last."

The questioner gazed another while into the gleaming waterfall, then shook the ashes from his pipe and said:

"Did him at last, eh! Well, perhaps they did. And yet some of them may find they've been mistaken too. A man don't always die when he's shot, Jack; and as to losing all the earnings of six years in just about that many minutes, why, I've been done worse than that, yes, by fifty times, and not by as respectable a man as you'll find in the p'lice either. But done or not—'Forty-rod' Johnson or 'Lucky' Strange, what does it matter? Its only a question between rope and lead. And it wont be rope I tell you! That's as sure as that I never can be what I was at the first!"

"What! ye don't say that you was 'Forty-rod' Johnson?"

"I do though—if ye don't mind keeping shut on it while I'm a round. And that may not be long, Jack; for I tell you right now there's one of them cursed, sneaking p'lice on my trail—has been on it for two days, Jack. That's why we left that pack-train sleeping this morning, and that's why we're camping here now. I tell you there's a p'lice in that gang, and its 'Forty-rod' Johnson he's after. And when a man gets onto your trail, the surest way to dodge him is to get onto his. And that's where I am now. We are three hours ahead of him now if he honestly stays with the packers. If he climbs by the short trail, as he's sure to do if he's thinking more of me than of his rickety, old horse, we'll find his tracks at the head of the gulch if we wait here for another hour.

"Yes, we must wait here an hour. Jack—it may be because I'm a fool, but I can't help telling you something of why I am here at all. You ain't the lad to give a man away, I know, or I wouldn't do it. And I wouldn't do it anyway, but since we fell in with the gang, and that darned woman-faced sucker's been poking and prying around me, I'm all

knocked to pieces. Somehow the last twelve years of my life just seem to come rolling down hill onto me. It beats me, Jack! 'Pon my soul, I feel like I could take the feller by the hand and make a chum of him. But I know he's a p'lice. You never saw face and hands like his in a pack-train. Just tell me if you ever saw the likes of them poking out of overalls before? He's a p'lice, that's sure. And there's something tells me that my plans are going to be crossed.

"When I go back over the crooked trail of the past twelve years, Jack, every camp I find along it tells me I've been a fool. Yes, it's twelve years past since I first found out that I was a fool. I was in Winnipeg then; and there were very few men there at that time who were not fools. And those who were not were rascals. Most of them were both. I thought about enough of myself then, for I had just married as fine a girl as ever walked—a girl without a fault except that she loved me well enough to take my name in exchange for all her perfection of character and accomplishments, as well as a fortune in hard cash, sufficient to keep us in ease and luxury all our lives. There never was a man in the world better off. But people went crazy for land. Everybody began to buy, and prices went up and up. I lost my head like the rest and handed over my wife's fortune to the care of as slick and sweet a lawyer as ever was. In a year's time we hadn't enough left to buy a meal!

"Well, my wife was game. She took to working. As for me, I had never done a day's work in my life, and now I could not turn my hand to anything. I tried all sorts of jobs but could do nothing at any. At last I started westward with a party of surveyors. I had heard how easily fortunes could be made in the west, and I hoped and believed I could restore the money my wife had placed in my hands, and which I had lost. I set about this in a way that was natural only to such a fool as I was, and I've kept on like that ever since. I forgot everything else—forgot even her wishes in the matter. I knocked about from one place to another, making what I could and saving it; but at the end of a year

so little had I saved that I was almost in despair.

"Nothing I tried my hand at proved a success, till I took to whiskey-smuggling. Yes, Jack, I took to that! although I knew, that rather than enjoy wealth so gained, she would work all her life on bread and water. I knew it would break her heart if she ever learned that I was in such a business. But I was mad with disappointment; and the bare idea of defying authority seemed enough to determine me on trying the business. And there was money in it. Lots of it. I toted the stuff into the wildest parts of the hills where the miners gave almost any price I cared to ask. I piled up the dust for the next three years. I worked harder than a pack-mule, and lived like a miser. Everything I made I *cached*. My wife's fortune was more than made up; and still I stayed. The p'lice got onto me, and I worked only the harder, and *cached* the more—tempting fate and laughin at it, like a fool. There was nothing they wanted worse than to get a hand on 'Forty-rod' Johnson once. I knew that. And yet, on what I made up my mind was to be my last trip, I took my whole make along. My idea was, to sell my whole outfit in the hills and make my way over to the States and so round to Winnipeg. I had money enough, more than I ever expected to have; and yet, I must take two cargoes of stuff along to tempt fate. I believe the idea of leaving the cursed life I was in, and restoring to my wife the worthless husband that I knew she mourned as lost, and the fortune she never cared for, except on my account, deprived me of what little sense I had. That's how I came to let them catch me in such a trap as this. For this is exactly where it happened. I camped for dinner right where we are now. I had just got into my saddle for a start, when what should I see coming down the gulch but six p'lice! I turned and made for the fall; but before I could get my packers into a run they were within range. I had my dust in my saddle-bags, so I let the whiskey go, and ran for it. As I slowed up to make the turn under the cliff at the fall, I saw the foremost p'lice pull his revolver. But he was too slow: I popped

first, and he tumbled. But five carbines rang out like one. My horse reared and in an instant I was over, horse and man, in the rushing waterfall. It might have been minutes and it might have been years after, for anything I could tell, that I found myself, with a bullet-hole through my leg, bruised and pounded and nearer dead than alive, stranded on a bar, half a mile below, in the bottom of Flat Valley.

"Of course, the p'lice thought they had made an end of 'Forty-rod' Johnson. And in a way they did, for I left the name in the river with my horse and gold, and I never toted a keg of the stuff after.

"The bar where I stranded was yellow with dust; and not a shovel had ever been in it. And sure enough no shovel of mine would ever have troubled it, if an old miner had not happened along that very day. He was on the other side of the stream, but I made him hear. When he got over and saw the sand where I lay, he allowed I had the richest claim he had ever seen. I told him my fix, and offered him shares if he furnished a kit and saw me on my legs again.

He took, and for two seasons we worked that bar, and every month we worked we took a fortune out of it. He called me 'Lucky,' and I took up my last name, Strange, which I had never mentioned in these parts before. All those two years I never left camp. My partner brought in all the supplies. And though we were so near the trail we hardly ever saw a miner; so I was safe from detection.

"Well, we had just got into quarters for our second winter when my partner fell sick and died. He left his pile to me, and I had a fortune then big enough for any man in his senses—so big I couldn't tell what it was worth. Then I took to gambling. Why didn't I go home then? Well, Jack, I told you I was a born fool, and I guess that's why. But while I was laid up with that wounded leg, I had done some thinking too. I had to, you see; for I could do nothing else.

"I woke from a six years' nightmare, and saw that the wealth I had lost in the river had been bought with all that

had ever made me fit to look in the face of the wife I had so shamefully left. All that time I had never written to her or heard from her. While she was always in my mind, I had never formed one rational thought about her. I had been crazy, searching for wealth in paths that left me unfit ever to look upon her again—a whiskey-smuggler and a murderer. Had I succeeded in laying that fortune at her feet, with its history, she would have loathed and spurned it. As to me, though I deserve no better, there is no telling; for a woman's love is a strange thing.

But I saw at last how unworthy of her I was. I realized the best service I could do her would be to hide my wretchedness and shame from her for ever. You've heard the preachers talk about hell, Jack; well, I could tell you more about it than they know, I guess. But that's no matter.

"I took to gambling. Four years more I knocked about, washing in summer and gambling in winter; and I was 'Lucky' Strange all the time. Yes, Jack, on this very trail I have a *cache* that could buy that cursed wheedling lawyer, body and bones, and and five hundred like him. Lord knows why I saved it. It was not for her. I long ago gave up the idea of seeing her again. She might be dead, I thought. I almost hoped she was; and I grew to think of her as dead. But now I know that she is alive. Yes, and I know more than that.

"I am going to Banff, Jack; I may come back again and I may not—and it does not matter. If anything happens to me while we are together, all I have along is yours.

"Saddle the nags, boy, I'm all broke up to-day. I know that woman-faced dude has no honest business with overalls and a pack train. He's on my track; and it's my own fault of course. A month ago I pulled one of them p'lice fellers out of a creek, where the blamed fool was going to make his bed—saved the life of the sucker! and though most people would allow there isn't much likeness between this face and the one I carried six years ago, that fellow tumbled to it, that's sure. Well, I'm

going to Banff, and one p'lice wont stop me. After that, Lord knows. But, Jack, what's that? P'lice, by thunder!"

As though from the heart of the falling waters two riders were seen to emerge. As they passed from the shade of the cliffs, the uniforms of the mounted police could be detected.

"Jack, we're a rifle shot ahead of them. Mount, boy, and go at their own pace. If we don't run against that smooth-faced teamster it's all right. If we do; well, I've camped on his trail, and he'll find it out, too!

"And there he is, Jack, see! And another p'lice along! They're coming this way! Trapped, by thunder! And those devils behind are closing up! Well, no string for me, and—slow off, Jack! Good-bye."

He broke into a gallop. As he approached the two on the trail before him they halted. Instinctively the hand of the one in uniform went to his holsters.

Two flashes that seemed like one; and the woman-faced teamster and the unkempt grizzly miner rolled together, dead. Stone dead! Shot through the heart, both! Yet they undid their clothes to

see if anything might be done for them. From the miner's pocket fell a scrap, torn from a Winnipeg paper, which read: Mrs. Johnson Strange, the talented vocalist so well known in church circles, leaves to-day to spend the summer at Banff.

Under the overall jacket of the woman-faced teamster, they found a woman's breast! Who could it be? None had seen her before that day but Jack, and he did not know. They found in her pocket some money and—strange coincidence—newspaper scraps, one, two. The first, yellow with age, told how "Forty-rod" Johnson had met his end at the hands of the mounted police, in a desperate fight in which one policeman was wounded. The other, a new one, told how an officer of the same force had been rescued from drowning by a miner, known as "Lucky" Strange. On the margins were written in a delicate feminine hand, over and over again: "Johnson Strange, Johnson Strange."

Then Jack told what he knew. And they laid them together—left them beneath one mound of sand, united, as the sun drew over the cliffs and gloom again possessed the gulch.

*J. J. Gunn.*



## SLEEPY THOUGHTS.

COME, let us think of sleepy things, of flower petals closing,  
Of star lights blinking in the sky, of bird and beast reposing.

Can you not feel the hush fall o'er the noise and work day striving?  
'Tis not a time to think of life or anything reviving.

But slow and stately pageants pass, and stilly quiet lingers,  
And elves of sleep attack the eyes or else disarm the fingers.

Then let us think of sleepy things, the great old moon a-shining,  
And looking in at you and me, as here we lie, resigning

Our minds and bodies to the sway of Sleep, the dreamy power,  
Who folds us up at eventide, like any closing flower.

*Florence Hamilton Randal.*

## A CYCLING TOUR DOWN BY THE SEA.

*A Sketch.*

BY J. N. E. BROWN.

FOR a long time Ezra and I had talked of a summer holiday in the Maritime Provinces. Since childhood we had had glorious visions of that part of Canada—the land of Acadie with its famous Annapolis Valley, P. E. I., “The Garden of the Sea,” with its salubrious climate, and New Brunswick with its wild and romantic scenery.

During the hot summer days we had longed for a glimpse of the Atlantic; to feel and inhale its cooling breezes; and to bathe in its breakers. So, in early September, we decided to go. But the occurrence of an unforeseen circumstance just at the last moment prevented me from accompanying my friend, who left sadly, expecting to take the trip alone. Next day, fortunately, another unexpected turn of affairs freed me, and I gave chase. Ezra had left me a consolatory note, in which he had casually stated that he would stop over a day in Quebec. There I hoped to catch him.

After an uneventful all-night ride, I reached Montreal, and at 2 p.m. next day the train pulled into Pt. Levis. In spite of my anxiety as to whether I should see my friend or not, I could not help admiring the old city across the river. She sat there, proud and strong, her feet laved by the majestic St. Lawrence, her body bathed in a flood of sunlight, enfolding in her bosom volumes of song and story.

As I stepped on the platform, I peered eagerly among the crowd for a familiar form. There he was, unconscious of my presence.

I gave him a clap on the back. With an exclamation of delight he threw his arm around me. We had each already felt how lonely and tiresome our trip would be if taken without the other. Now we should realize together our bright anticipations; and our spirits were buoyant.

It was a golden afternoon as we skirted the south bank of the noble river. The Laurentides on the opposite bank seems interminable, and with the river momentarily presented new glories behind a delicate veil of blue.

*En route* we were entertained by the stories of a Winnipeg alderman; we ate a tremendous meal in twenty minutes at Bic for fifty cents; we shivered with the cold at Rimouski; and we slept as we thundered along through the wilds of Northern New Brunswick. Next day, early in the afternoon, we arrived in Halifax, registered at a modest inn, wheeled down through the city and its charming park, and jumped into an arm of the harbor. It was an invigorating dip—my first in salt water.

Our two days in this ancient city were too short to see as much as we desired of its quaint old streets and shops, its wharves and vessels, its luxuriant garden, its fortress, and its public buildings. Across the harbor is Dartmouth. We introduced ourselves informally to Dr. S., superintendent of a hospital there. Our visit was made memorable by the mending of a punctured tire, a luncheon with the doctor in his bachelor apartments, and long and interesting chats with him and his assistants as we strolled about the grounds and made a tour of inspection of the appointments of the home of the sick folk.

We then wheeled for Cow Bay, a fishing village, ten miles away. Here we could get close to the mighty ocean. Before we came in sight of it, we could hear a monotonous voice, not unlike the distant sound of the Falls of Niagara. It was the ocean. Night was falling, but it was not dark. The moon was rising out of the sea. A plane of light from the horizon reached to the shore. The waves, sparkling with moonbeams, were chasing each other and breaking upon the sandy beach. A few cloud flocks, like fleeces of wool,

were scattered over the sky. The sight was inspiring, and one never to be forgotten. I thought of what Guerin wrote in his journal on his first sight of the sea:—"How I felt as I plunged my gaze into this infinitude it would be difficult to express. The vision is too great for the soul; she is terrified at this mighty apparition."

We secured cosy accomodation a in fisherman's home; and after a meal of eggs, milk, good home-made bread and blackberries, we went to rest, just one hundred yards distant from the ceaseless music, which, as a lullaby, we heard till we reached the land of dreams.

After a morning plunge in the breakers and an interesting chat with the fisher-folk we returned to Halifax.

Late in the afternoon we started across the peninsula. An old military road leads from the capital to Windsor. It is somewhat hilly and rough in places, but the scenery along it is charming. When we had ridden nearly half-way across, the sun was setting. There being no village near, we turned into a farmhouse to procure a meal. The kindly housekeeper informed us that we were at "The Lakelands," the home of Colonel C., a retired officer of the British Army. He happened to come in while we were eating. After learning who we were and the object of our visit to Nova Scotia, he gave us an invitation to look over his estate. It consisted of four thousand acres, part under cultivation, the rest rough woodland. Here and there were small sequestered lakes, surrounded by high shores which were covered with fir and cedar, making an evergreen amphitheatre around the blue arena in which the salmon disported. The autumn flowers grew all around in rich profusion. Almost in one square perch of ground I found three varieties of golden-rod. Here, as all over the Maritime Provinces, the August-flower was seen—the most common flower there. I had never seen it in Ontario. After our walk, it now being almost dark, we were invited by the colonel and his son to remain over night with them. We did so, and were treated in a royal way. The next morning when we awoke it was raining—a steady downpour, which lasted nearly

all day. This was the only wet day we had, and we felt thankful we were in such comfortable and hospital quarters. This experience was like a little bit of England thrown into our trip, which we enjoyed most heartily. The weather clearing about 4 p. m., we said good-bye to our host, mounted our wheels, and rode for Windsor. The road was pretty heavy, and our progress was slow. After riding some miles we seemed to reach the top of Nova Scotia. Away in the northern distance we could see the Bay of Fundy, and to the left the beginning of the Annapolis Valley. From here to Grand Pré the views were enchanting. The mountains rising in a purple atmosphere did "unfold the colored landscape round." Farm after farm with apple-laden orchards and woodlands covered the slopes. Autumn's red and golden tints were mingling with varying shades of green, delightful to the eye. Minas Basin to our right lay shimmering in the light of the setting sun. No wonder this idyllic land gives birth to poets, I thought. We enjoyed our visit to beautiful Windsor, with its shady streets, artistic homes, and well-kept gardens. Leaving this tide-touched town, with its shipping aground (the tide being out) we wheeled to Grand Pré in the moonlight. Our poetical and historical imaginations were aroused, as we reached the farm which marks the site of the old Acadian village. Here in a large, commodious house we "put up." Our hostess, a typical grandmother, gave us her register to sign (which contained the names of many eminent people), and introduced us to the other pilgrims, four Bostonians. We chatted about the place and its traditions and history, of Longfellow and "Evangeline." The next day was bright and favorable for our observations. The air was balmy. There was "the side of the hill commanding the sea;" there were "the dykes which the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant;" there was "a foot-path through the wide orchard;" there were "the mists from the mighty Atlantic," and here, again, "at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré lives on his sunny farm." There were rich meadows with cattle and sheep

and horses peacefully feeding. It was from this very place, at this very time of year, that the poor Acadians were expatriated, through nobody's fault but their own, Longfellow to the contrary, notwithstanding. Here was a row of large willows, planted in these long-ago days, and also a solitary apple-tree. Ezra sat under their shade and wrote the following verses on his cuffs. It was the only additional use to which, after a week's trip, they were capable of being put. From internal evidence the verses appear to have been addressed, either to one of the Boston ladies, (one of them was radiantly beautiful) or to a native beauty with whom he had walked in the lane before breakfast. Whoever may have prompted the verses, I am assured that she never read them; for Ezra has seen things, and would not, I think, offer even the most gallant words to the least "cruel fair," when so written, and other writing materials were not to him.

To DOROTHY at Grand Pré,

Grand Pré, Sept. 9th, 1895.

Down by the dykes along the shore,  
Still the salty billows pour,  
While across the sea-fields wide  
Swell the waters of the tide.

On the slopes, and on the hill,  
Stretch the pleasant orchards still,  
And in meadow grasses tall,  
Shining apples thickly fall.

Here the chickens with their brood  
Forage where a town once stood;  
Over unmarked graves the plough,  
Plunges humid furrows now.

Very long ago, perhaps,  
Maidens gathered in their laps  
Fruit as sweet, on bended knee,  
In the days of Acadie.

Long ago upon this coast,  
Rose the King of France's Post;  
Where Lescarbot, poet true,  
Sang the wars of Membertou.

Next the bard of Boston Bay,  
Living in a later day,  
Poetized, as I have seen,  
The sorrows of Evangeline.

Echoed rhymes are chimed to-day,  
Through the pastures of Grand-Pré;  
For lately on a summer's hour,  
Shines the golden August-flower.

Nations may be old or new,  
History be false or true,  
Love, howe'er remotely sung,  
Blooms forever, fair and young.

Therefore, here, where Marc Lescarbot  
Touched of old his quaint theorbo,  
I shall sing of Dorothy,  
Maiden sweet, of Acadie.

Dimly hid in gardens old,  
Pressing back her locks of gold,  
I shall taunt both time and story,  
With shy Beauty's rosy glory.

Of our wheel through the Valley and around the Basin to Kingsport, of our voyage across its waters in *The Evangeline*, past Capes Blomidon and Split, Amethyst Cove and Partridge Island, of a beautiful spin through a vale in the Cobequid Mountains to Maccan on the I. C. R., where we remained over night, much might be written.

Passing the Tantramars marshes, we took our journey *via* Painsec, to Shediac and Pt. Du Chene (a mile or so apart) on the Northumberland strait. At these two charming places many tourists make a short, summer home, on account of the excellent bathing and fishing. A large number of French live here and seem to be happy and prosperous.

Another evening of delight was aboard the steel-clad *Northumberland*, steaming for the Island. For a long hour I stood on the forward deck in the darkening, alone, watching the sea which was heaving quite heavily under a stiff breeze. The staunch vessel ploughed rapidly along through the foaming billows, rising and falling with the coming and going of the swell. The sensation was delightful.

While I was thus enjoying myself, Ezra was below. His pleasures were of another sort. He was studying the *genus homo*. He had seen many sides of life. In his early days he had been a newspaper reporter, had studied medicine and law for a time, had preached for a few months, had tried ranching, the book agency business and school teaching. As I have stated, he was below—among the rough gentry who load and unload the baggage and freight at the ports, and in the leisure of the trip, chew tobacco, tell very improbable stories, play euchre, and indulge in kindred diversions.

To cyclists who travel impromptu, so to speak, stopping wherever night and meal-time overtake them, Prince

Edward Island will be found to be a choice place for touring. The inhabitants are extremely hospitable and have six meals a day. We had not gone a great distance from Charlottetown, when we came to where the road divided, one branch to the right and one to the left. We enquired the way we should take at a neat little cottage half hidden by the trees and shrubbery. It was the home of a Baptist minister.

Before he had time to consider whether we were angels or not, he ordered dinner, in spite of our protests that the trouble was too much—their dinner just being finished; that we were not hungry—having breakfasted at ten. An additional interest was added to our stop here, when Ezra stated that he had spent a time in the church. Our host and hostess joined us at the meal. Notwithstanding the unexpectedness of the invitation, Ezra asked the blessing with considerable unction. A half-hour's subsequent chat, in which we turned entertainers, completed this little pastoral call.

With a loss of appetite, a good smooth road, and a fair wind we spun along towards Summerside in high spirits.

At four we dismounted at a farmhouse for a drink. The hard-working farmer's wife invited us to have some supper, which was just ready. As we sat down she apologized for the flies, some of which were already at the repast, others hovering through the air, and others resting on a straw castle in the air, which hung suspended from the ceiling. "Never mind the flies, madam" Ezra said, as he sat down, "everything in the world was made for some useful though humble purpose; and we should not grumble at the flies." And we did not, but "lay to."

We rode on. The scenery was decidedly pastoral. The farms, now on hill, now on dale, seemed very fertile. The air was bracing, as no part of the province is far from the sea.

We spent the night in Bedeque, wheeling to Summerside in the morning in time to catch the boat for New Brunswick. A day in Moncton finished our

whirling visit. Next day we were in Quebec. There were very many points of great interest here, but that which pleased me most was the Plains of Abraham and their environment. I was disappointed at seeing this immortal ground used as a cow pasture. Should not such a spot be preserved in the form of a national park?

I wheeled down to Wolfe's Cove, leaving my wheel at the foot of the cliff in order to make the ascent. I enquired of an old British soldier the exact place up which Wolfe led his soldiers. He pointed to a tiny rill which trickles down through a deep hollow that runs from Wolfe's field above to the cove below. Near by, a winding road leads up the height. Some people, he said, held that this road marked the site of the memorable climb. But he strongly maintained that the rill marked the ascent. I gathered some ferns, mosses, sonchuses, grasses, and some wood solidago, which adorn the bank, as I paused for breath. Two noble trees, an oak and a maple, grow just at the top. From their size, I judged that they must have stood there on that memorable September morning, 1759. No doubt my hero stood under these very trees, while his men were hurriedly clambering up the bank—with what feelings, who can say? There, only a few yards away, the old British veteran pointed out where the French sentry was stationed. I reverently drew down a branch of each of those trees so dear to English and Canadian hearts and picked a few leaves to carry home with me as souvenirs of my visit to this spot.

The old pensioner, who had with difficulty followed me, seemed much interested in my enthusiasm, and heartily approved and agreed with some patriotic reflections I gave voice to as I took a survey of the surroundings.

I joined Ezra in the city.

Next day we took the last stage of our journey, arriving in the Queen City of the Dominion, glad to get home, after an absence of two weeks and nearly three thousand miles of travel.

*J. N. E. Brown.*



## A PADDLER'S PARADISE.

BY R. S. CASSELS.

*Photographs by G. M. Kelley.*

“**T**EMAGAMINGUE”—“The Beautiful Water”—is the fond name given by its Indian children to a noble lake that lies forest-hidden in the northern wilds of Canada; in unknown country, unapproachable save by canoe, it is, in its island-dowered loveliness, a divinity well worthy of the paddler's worship.

Of the four approaches, that by the Ottawa River and Lake Temiscamingue is the least difficult, though also, from a canoeing standpoint, the least pleasing; for in these large waters “Lumber is King” and logs that know not the rule of the road annoy one, booms that are passed with much hard work and profanity delay one; slowly-conquered stretches of strong river and wide lake discourage one.

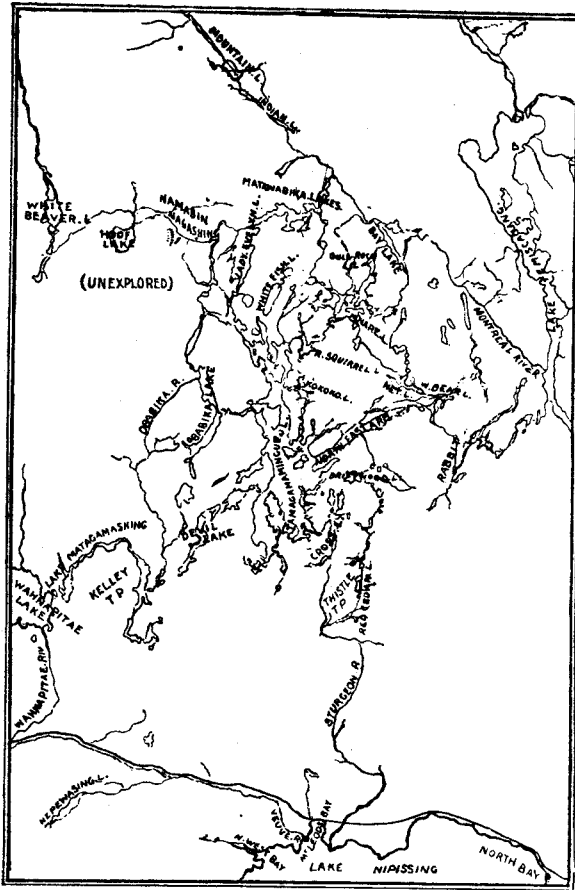
Better is it, therefore, avoiding the annoyance, the profanity-provoking delay, and the discouragement, to make the preliminary stage from Mattawa to Haileybury by steamer. From the latter place a long portage of seven miles brings one to the first of a series of small lakes, leading into the upper waters of the Montreal River, and following that stream and the Matawabika River, with their alternating rapids and swamp-embroidered stretches of deep water, Temagamamingue is speedily and easily reached.

The Metabichouan River, which empties into Lake Temiscamingue about fifty-five miles above the Long Sault, affords, with its chain of lakes, a second and, with the exception of the notorious portage “over a high hill”—as the map puts it—an easy and delightful road to Temagamamingue. To go in by the Montreal River and to come out by the Metabichouan River makes an admirable trip of about a fortnight's duration, and one easily managed, for guides, canoes, and supplies can be procured at Haileybury.

A third approach is by the Sturgeon River, from Sturgeon Falls, a small village on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, twenty-five miles from North Bay, but the “climb” of eighty miles to Temagamamingue means six days of hard work, and much pleasanter is it, using the Sturgeon River as a means of exit, to spend two days running rapidly down the same distance.

The fourth and least known route, and that as to which it is intended to speak more particularly, adopts the Wahnapiatae River as its first stage, the starting place being the supply station of that name, sixty miles from North Bay. By way of preface it may be said, that to canoe comfortably in these northern waters, it is of great advantage to use a good Peterborough or Rice Lake canoe. A canoe of either kind is of as great carrying capacity as a birch-bark canoe, and while not quite so light is far speedier, stronger and easier to paddle, especially against a wind. Moreover, work in unknown country is too rough for a birch-bark in the hands of amateurs, and the chief point in its favor—its quick response to the steering paddle—is one that it is as well not to call into play in untried rapids. It must also be borne in mind by any one intending to try camp life in this part of Canada that plenty of warm clothing is absolutely essential. Of food it is perhaps needless to speak. In carrying, as is necessary, provisions for three or four weeks, one is not likely to make the fatal mistake of loading one's self down with anything in the nature of luxuries. The indispensable three Bs—bacon, beans, and biscuit—should as far as possible be relied on.

For some distance above the village of Wahnapiatae the river is deep and somewhat sluggish, but its character soon changes, and in the twenty-four miles to the lake it flows from, it gives grand



MAP OF THE NORTHERN PART OF THE DISTRICT OF  
NIPISSING, ONTARIO.

to the southern shore, and the want of shelter makes it well deserve its Indian name of "Windy Lake." The water is very clear and cool, and the fishing very good, and, accessible as it is both by canoe and lumber road, it is a capital spot for a summer camp.

From Lake Wahnapiatae there is but a short paddle, with one not at all troublesome portage, to Lake Matagamashing, which is of an entirely opposite type. It is a long, narrow, crescent-shaped lake, and in following its winding shores beautiful peeps are continually met with, though the axe and fire of the prospector are rapidly disfiguring many of the quartz-bearing bluffs. A delightful paddle of many miles in this lake is followed by rough and broken progress through several small lakes and the forest-arched stream that empties them, until Lower Matagamashing Lake is reached, a small, and, in itself, not beautiful, body of dark colored water, abounding in fish.

opportunities for hardening town-relaxed muscles. The portages though "short," are by no means "far between," and where there is not the broken water of the rapid, there is the strong smoothly flowing stream, against which it is useless to paddle, and up which one must either pole, or, if inexpert in that somewhat ticklish mode of progression, ignominiously wade. Moreover, two or three "log-jams" are sure to be met with, and a log-jam in a strong current, with impracticable banks, is the most aggravating form that obstruction can take, and nothing but patience, push, and perspiration, will take one past it.

Lake Wahnapiatae, twenty-four miles from the village, somewhat resembles a horse-shoe in shape. It is about nine miles across, with no islands save close

From this lake it is but an easy morning's work to Maskinongéwagamingue, one of the finest lakes in this lake-sown region. It is about ten miles long and from one to two miles wide, beautifully set in well-wooded, sloping shores and studded with islands; while fish, almost needless to say, are to be had in any quantity, as its name—"The lake (or water—mingue) where the maskinongé lie"—imports. From its southern end it is easy to reach the Sturgeon River at a point considerably below the Temagamamingue portage, and down that stream one may speedily return to civilized regions if disinclined, or without time, to follow, what now becomes much more difficult to follow, the route to Temagamamingue. This runs almost directly east from Maskinongé-



GREAT TROUT FALLS, NEMAYBINAGASBISHING RIVER.

wagamingue, and for some miles, to the Sturgeon River, is comparatively uninteresting, the many small brown-watered lakes that are crossed, being redeemed from ugliness only by the quantities of sweet-scented lilies that brighten with white stars their dark surface, and of flaming cardinal flowers that light up the dull green of the sedgy banks, but a change occurs when the river is reached, and the canoes float

merrily down its winding, rapid stream, enjoyment and interest being tempered only by anxiety not to miss the halting-place. With the aid of the capital map published by the Geological Department, it is possible to go from Wahnapiæ to the Sturgeon River without much difficulty, the lakes being properly marked and the portages roughly indicated. But the maps so far published of the section of country between the Sturgeon River and



LOWER CHOKED RAPIDS, TAMAGAMI RIVER.



HIGH FALLS, NEMAYBINAGASBISHING RIVER.

Temagamamingue are of little use for working purposes, many of the small connecting lakes not being shown at all, and no attempt being made to indicate the portages. A sketch of the ground is, therefore, a necessity if one wishes to avoid travelling with guides, and, with guides, half the pleasure, and nearly all the excitement, of the trip are lost. It is said, however, that maps of this district will soon be published by the Department. Even with full instructions the portage leading from the Sturgeon River to the next lake is hard to find, and when found, hard to follow, but when followed, it soon brings one to the quite unpronounceable Owagahskagashee—the lake “where green reeds grow along the shore.” After a preliminary struggle between the muddy, deer-trodden banks of the stream that empties

it, this lake, long and winding, affords an opportunity for a steady paddle, through immense reed beds swarming with duck. Then comes the inevitable portage and a smaller, prettier lake, which, reluctant to part with those who visit it, compels them to find for themselves, without any topographical aid, a curiously hidden armet, running deep into thick woods and forming the only means of access to the next portage. It is long and rough; up an almost perpendicular cliff, down a, if possible, steeper bank of shale, and sadly tries the lungs and legs of the canoe-laden novice. But great is the reward. When passed, Manitoupebagamingue lies before one, its calm, blue waters nestling among the pine-clad hills, their dark green broken here and there by a rocky bluff that stands out like a crimson blossom from the surrounding branches. Manitou, so the Indian legend runs, watches this lovely lake with jealous eye, and “terrifies with great noises,” as its name tells, the rash mortal who dares to share with him its

hill-encircled charms.

Fifteen miles more through wild, rocky country, with many long portages, bring one to Temagamamingue—colloquially “Temagami.” It resembles in general outline a five-rayed star, each ray being twelve or fifteen miles in length, and these arms, with their thirteen hundred islands, afford ample opportunity for delightful wanderings. Lake-trout and bass abound, the latter rising readily to the fly, and well does one realize, making fruitful casts in these transparent waters, that

“The pleasant’st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.”

There is little or no land on the islands or shores that is fit for cultivation. There are no settlers and the Hudson Bay Post, which, dignified with the

name of Fort, is but a small collection of peaceful looking dwellings, alone faintly reminds the wandering nature-lover that such a thing as civilization exists.

About one hundred Indians live in this district. They are Ojibeways, and under treaty with the Dominion Government are paid \$4 per annum per head in satisfaction of the aboriginal rights in the soil, a premium on fecundity that seems to be duly appreciated.

Hunting and fishing are their chief occupations and means of livelihood. They make little attempt to farm, but when the chance offers are very glad to act as guides or carriers, being from their knowledge of the country and great strength, most useful in either capacity; and very soon it will be necessary for them to depend upon work of these kinds, for though game is still plentiful, so that a good trapper can make \$400 in a season, if the threatened invasion of the locomotive becomes an accomplished calamity this region will no longer be the great centre of the fur-trade that it now is.

Blueberries grow in immense quantities on the Temagamamingue islands and are much used for food by the In-

dians, who boil them into a thick self-preserving paste, of great value in the oft recurring semi-starvation periods of spring-time. In these days of scarcity strange expedients are resorted to. A sustaining delicacy is said to be made by "boiling out" the sacking with which the autumnal allowance of pork has been covered, this sacking during the intervening winter months having probably been utilized as an addition to the not too plentiful supply of bedding.

From Temagamamingue many pleasant runs may be taken. A particularly attractive one is that to the Nemaybinagasheshing, a famous trout stream about fifty miles from the Hudson Bay Post. For some thirty miles the route to Haileybury is followed, and then with a sharp swing to the left, an entrance is made into the heart of the unknown hills. The stream is but a succession of falls and rapids and good fishing may be had four or five miles from its mouth, nearly a day being occupied in climbing the three hundred feet down which it tumbles in that short distance. It is rich in trout, a fish rarely to be found in this bass-infested country, and while in the river itself the fish are not large—rarely run-



CAMP POINT, DEVIL LAKE.



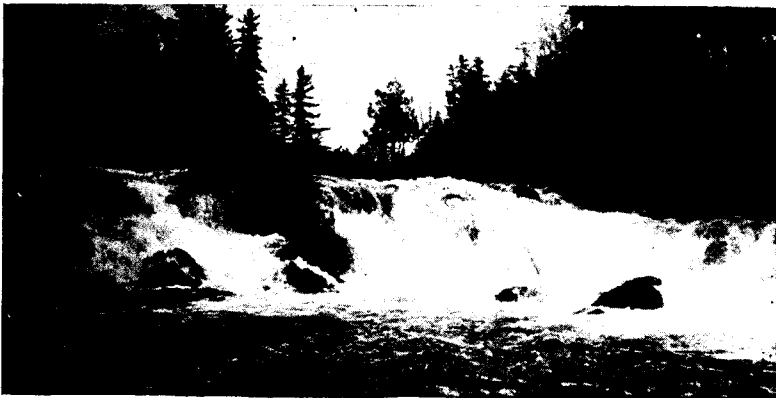
LOWER END OF "THE MILE" PORTAGE,  
TAMAGAMI RIVER.

ning over a pound—in one of the lakes, not far from the river, though protected by a very rough "carry," trout of four and five pounds weight are to be had.

Chasm will remember—and nervous work is it to steer down such seeming descents in an unknown stream.

The Temagamamingue River runs into

Regretfully leaving the Nemaybinagasheshing, and slowly following the isle-barred channels of Temagamamingue, two or three days will bring one to the Southern outlet of the lake, a deep, swift-rushing stream known as the Temagamamingue River. Following this, a large cruciform body of water is soon reached, by its name of "Cross Lake" not only calling attention to its shape but also gently reminding one that the region of (at least nominal) paganism is once more behind one. Then comes a stretch of twenty-five miles of the finest rapids imaginable. Some are impassable for canoe, and long portages are necessary, but very many can be run with safety, and the excitement of a paddle down the "six mile rapid" will not soon be forgotten. In places, owing to the peculiar tilt of the strata, the river seems to be running down a steep hill—an effect that those who have seen the Au Sable



TAMAGAMI FALLS.

the Sturgeon River about forty miles above the village of Sturgeon Falls, and this distance is easily made, the portages being few and short and the stream deep and placid, broken twice or thrice by fine falls. Along its banks is some good land which is being rapidly taken up and cleared. The incomers seem to be chiefly French-Canadians, the most admirable of settlers, hard-working, hopeful and enduring. Very interesting is it to mark in all its stages the conquering progress of axe-bearing civilization. In this backwoods district of Canada may be seen, as not at all an unusual mode of construction, roofs made of split and hollowed pine logs laid in layers, the edges of the upper logs fitting into the grooves of the lower ones, a form of protection that a writer in a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan* goes all the way to Japan to characterize as "most ingeni-

ous;" and there may be seen, too, other equally ingenious wooden devices to which Mother Necessity has, with axe-aided pangs, given birth.

In itself the Sturgeon River, below the Forks, is most uninteresting. It winds between muddy banks with painfully monotonous repetition of point and sand-bar. At each point one hopes for some change, but one finds only another featureless stretch before one, and after passing the same point, and the same sand-bar at least one hundred and sixty times in the forty miles of zig-zag from the Forks to the village, one awakens with pleasure for the long and troublesome "carry" from the river to the railway station, where ends a canoe trip that for interest and pleasure, novel country and good sport, is not to be excelled.

R. S. Cassels.



## ROBERT BURNS.

*A Biographical Sketch.*

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

IT was on the 21st day of July, 1796, that Robert Burns departed this life, so that nearly a hundred years have elapsed since this "sweet singer" was taken from Scotland and the world. Happily, Burns needs no adventitious assistance in order to keep him in the remembrance of mankind. It was his good fortune, unlike many of the bards of different times and tongues, to be re-

cognized as a poet at his first appearance to the world, and the same good fortune has followed his name ever since, for his poetical fame has never suffered even a momentary eclipse. Yet, for all this, and even for this very reason, it may be well for us to review his work and endeavor to reach a fuller appreciation of the legacy which he has left us.

It must be confessed that one some-

what serious difficulty besets the biographer of Burns. Yet it is possible that by some the defects of his character have been exaggerated. Certainly, if Burns sometimes indulged to excess, he never was what could be called a drunkard; and with regard to other faults, they are sufficiently set forth in his writings, so that there is the less need for our dealing with them here. If we cannot say of him, or of any man, that he was no one's enemy but his own, we may yet say that he harmed himself more than he did any one else, and probably never conscientiously and deliberately hurt a fellow

with all creation, even in its minutest forms, his lofty patriotism, the nobility and generosity of his disposition, his hatred of all hypocrisies and shams, his absolute sincerity and the directness of his contact with man and nature—these qualities form a combination of rare excellence and power. We have said that his poetic gifts were recognized at once, and that they have never ceased to be recognized. If we think of some of the greatest poets even of this century, we shall understand how much this means. There is no great rashness in predicting that the time will never come



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

creature. In one of his letters Burns laments that whilst he gained liking and affection, he did not seem to have the power of commanding respect. And we fancy that something of the same sentiment still attaches to his name. At least, we take him to our hearts as a brother. We cannot help doing this. He is so loving, so rich in sympathy, in love of man and nature. There is, at least, no doubt of the hold which he has gained and retained on the human heart, especially the Scottish heart.

As we have said, this is easily accounted for. Burns' love for man as man, his love of nature and sympathy

when he will be forgotten. Even if the language in which he wrote should cease to be spoken, it will live forever in his verses.

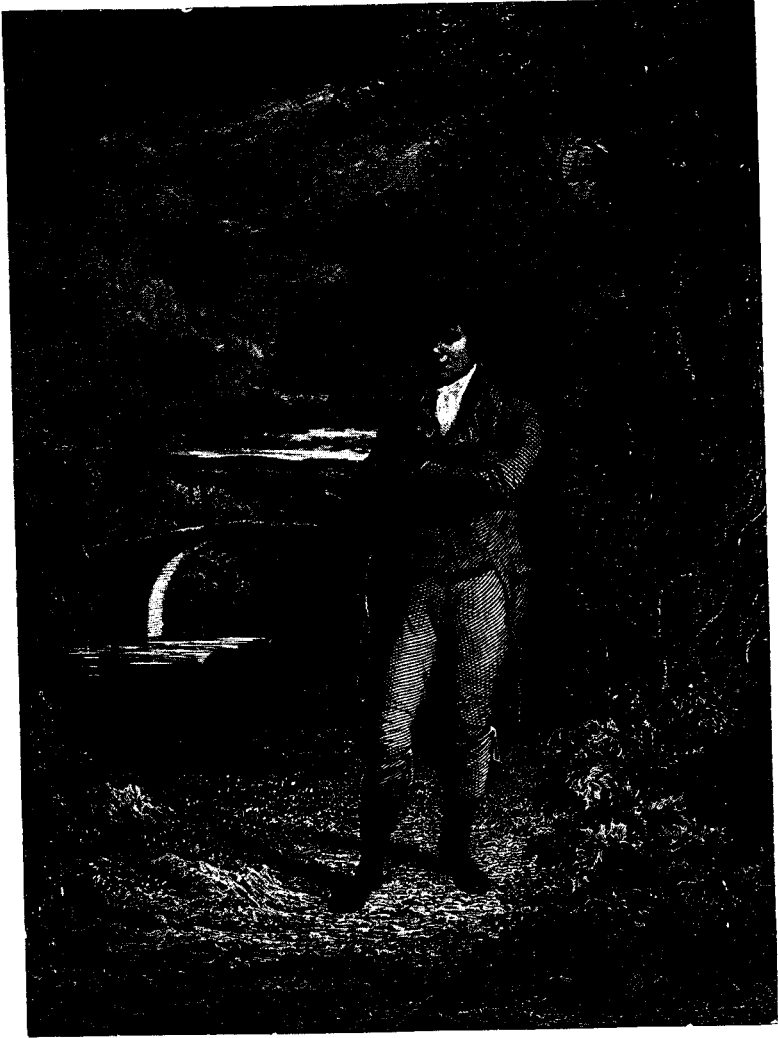
That Burns was the first of Scottish poets, and that as a lyric poet he has few rivals out of all the nations, will hardly be denied. And his genius was chiefly lyrical; although "Tam o' Shanter" shows powers of narration which, under happier circumstances, might have produced a great Epic, and the "Jolly Beggars" could have proceeded only from one who was possessed of immense dramatic power.

Burns was born on the 25th of January,



1759. His father, who spelt his name Burness, had come from Kincardineshire, and had settled at Alloway in the parish of Ayr. There, at the age of 36, he had married Agnes Brown, of Maybole, from whom Burns got those wonderful

of his life he was at Alloway, until 1766, when his father removed to Mount Oliphant, a place in the same parish, a little to the south of Alloway, where they remained for eleven years. It was a time of great importance for the education of



FROM THE PAINTING BY A. NASMYTH.

ROBERT BURNS.

eyes which so many have referred to. It may be interesting to remember that he was the contemporary of Cowper, who, like him, represented the return to nature in British poetry—who was born 28 years before him and died four years after him. During the first seven years

the poet, which, if not of the highest, was by no means despicable, since he learned the ordinary subjects at the parish school, and was taught French quite well by Murdoch.

The influence of his father, who is commemorated in the "Cotter's Saturday



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

TAM O' SHANTER INN.

Night," was, on the whole, for good. Murdoch, Burns' teacher, says that he was a tender and affectionate father, who led his children by his example, rather than drove them. Burns had access to a considerable number of books, and we know that he read the lives of Hannibal and Wallace, two books, he says, which gave him more pleasure than any two books he ever read afterwards. He also studied Shakespeare, Milton, Pope's Homer, Ramsay, Fergusson and other poets, besides such prose writers as Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, and others.

The life at Mount Oliphant was a very hard one, and most unfavorable to the

cultivation of his poetic gifts. Yet here, at the age of 15, his loves and his poetry began; his first effort, "Handsome Nell," being addressed to Nellie Kirkpatrick. Burns calls this poem, "puerile and silly," yet it has two lines which might prepare us for better things:

"An' then there's something in her gait,  
Gars ony dress look weel."

Burns produced little, or nothing of much account, until he came to the age of 22. Before that time the family had removed (in 1777) to Lochlie in Tarbolton parish, where they remained until the death of his father, at the age of 63, in 1781. One year of that time Burns spent in business at Irvine, but he was burnt

out and returned to the farm. It was here that his poetic gifts began to blossom in earnest.

He tells us himself, in a poem addressed to Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope, written some years after this time, that the two sources of inspiration were patriotism and love. He had a wish, he said,

“That I for poor auld Scotland’s sake,  
Some usefu’ plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide  
Among the bearded bear,  
I turned the weeder-clips aside,  
And spared the symbol dear.”

This is exquisite, and then he next tells of the power of love in his muse. But these were not all. We have already referred to his love of nature. How it speaks out in “Bonnie Doon,” in “Highland Mary,” in the Epistle to the Mouse and to the Daisy! Then there is his

musical language, his simplicity and rich and delicate humor, his gift of directness.

One of the first deep passions of his life was for Alison Begbie, commemorated as Peggie Alison, and also (for what reason we know not) as Mary Morison, to whom he addressed a beautiful song. This was in 1781. This love affair came to nothing. In 1782 appeared “John Barleycorn,” a poem remodelled by Burns and much admired by Gœthe. In 1783 he wrote the “Rigs o’ Barley,” with the last stanza of which he was himself greatly pleased; the charming song “My Nannie, O,” and the very perfect composition, “Green grow the rushes, O,” in which occur the famous lines:

“Auld nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her prentice han’ she tried on man,  
An’ then she made the lasses, O.”

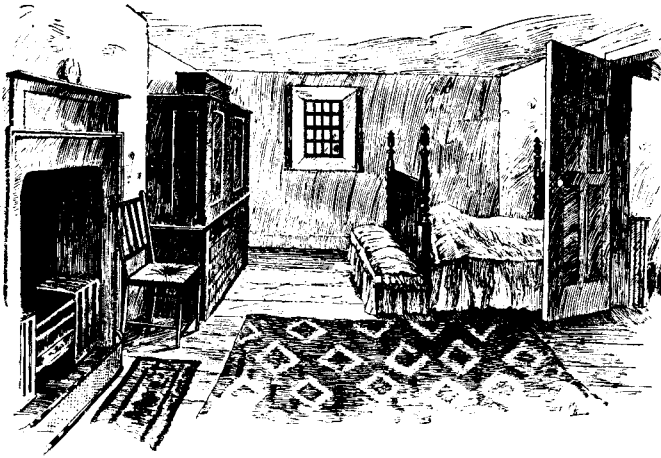
In 1784, at the age of 25, he removed to Mossgiel, like Lochlie, not far from Mauchline. There he and his brother Gilbert worked the farm together for four years. It is said to have been about the best period of his life. His character stood high, and some of his best poems were written here. To the same period also belong the episodes of Jean Armour and Mary Campbell. To the former Burns was united by an irregular, yet a legal, Scotch marriage, which her father thought he had annulled. Burns, thinking himself hardly treated by Jean and her parents, turned away in anger, and gave his heart to Mary Campbell, with whom he thought of emigrating. But she died about five months after their engagement, and Burns mourned her, even after he had returned to Jean Armour, who was the love of his life.

To this period belongs the first “Epistle to Davie a



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN, AFTER PRINT.

THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

THE ROOM IN WHICH BURNS DIED, DUMFRIES.

Brither Poet," a poem full of human affection and practical philosophy, and showing a great deal of insight into human life. Near the same time he wrote "Holy Willie's Prayer"—a composition which cannot be altogether justified, but which hardly exaggerates the qualities of the person or the class represented; "Death and Doctor Hornbook," in which occurs the familiar phrase "that wee short hour ayont the twal," "Hallow-eeen;" the beautiful, tender address, "To a Mouse," in which we are reminded that

"The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft agley."

To the same period belongs the "Jolly Beggars," which Carlyle thinks the greatest of his works; also the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the "Address to the Deil," the "Twa Dogs," and the poem, "To a Mountain Daisy."

All these poems, except the "Jolly Beggars," were put forth in the first publication of his poems in 1786 at Kilmarnock. These poems took Scotland by storm. Of 600 copies only 41 were left at the end of a month. It was no wonder. All men can recognize nature and truth when set forth with such simplicity, and yet such depth. What has not this man done for humanity? Would that he could have done more for himself! Cowper, no mean judge, was astonished at the power of these poems. Edinburgh

welcomed him, fêted him, petted him; but did little for him, although happily it failed to spoil him. Yet his visit to Edinburgh led to the publication of the second edition of his poems, from which he realized £500 of which he made over £200 to his brother Gilbert, for the improvement of his farm. It was during his stay in Edinburgh that he was seen by Walter Scott, then a boy of fifteen, who tells us that Burns' manner was "rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and sympathy." The eye alone, Scott says, "indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed, (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head." His conversational powers were astonishing. The Duchess of Gordon said, he was the only man who ever carried her off her feet; and when it was known that he had come to an inn, the ostlers and waiters would get out of bed, and crowd round to listen to his conversation.

The glory of Edinburgh made Jean Armour's parents think better of his pretensions; and she and Burns were married in a regular manner in 1787, a month after which they removed to Ellisland, where he carried on the farm, and also held the office of an exciseman. "A Europe, with its French Revolution

breaking out," says Carlyle, "finds no need of a Burns, except for gauging beer!" During this period also he produced some of his best work—that perfect song, "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw," and the immortal "Auld Lang Syne." These in 1788, and in the following year "John Anderson," "Willie brewed," "Tam O' Shanter," and the beautiful "Elegy on Captain Henderson."

Burns himself regarded "Tam O' Shanter," as his greatest achievement,

constitution, he was unable to throw off, and died July 21st, 1796. There, in spite of all difficulties, he produced some glorious poems. "Bonnie Doon," "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," "Duncan Gray," "Highland Mary,"—these in 1791 and 1792, and in 1795, the imperishable "A man's a man for a' that"—a poem that might form the subject of an essay by itself. His last poems (1796), were "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and "There's a health to ane I lo'e dear."



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

#### ALLOWAY KIRK.

and this has been a general opinion. It is full of the richest humor and now and then touches sublimity. The passage on Tam's wife, Kate, the description of Souter Johnnie, the vision of the witches, the race of Maggie ending in the loss of her tail, and the moral at the end are full of genius and humor.

His last residence was at Dumfries, (1791 to 1796)—a bad place for him. He caught a cold which, with his weakened

We have passed our limits and must hold our hand, conscious of the insufficiency of this tribute to so great a poet; for he was very great. The work of Burns was not what it might have been, or what it ought to have been, yet it was magnificent, and no other man could have done it. It was certainly fragmentary: but what precious fragments he gave us, and how much poorer we should have been without them!

*William Clark.*



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

BY P. E. DOOLITTLE, M.D.  
*Past President, C.W.A.*

**A**LONG Queen Street West, in the City of Toronto, passers-by will not have failed to notice for the last few weeks a placard attached to a bicycle bearing on its face the legend "New. Only \$4." I have grown reminiscent while glancing at that marvel of beauty, with its cow-horn

handle bar and spade handles, double hollow forks, and its 56-inch front wheel and 18-inch rear, and its  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch solid rubber tire, with its nickel plate and enamel not very much the worse for the long shop-worn exposure to which it has been subjected, and I have felt that ancient Greece and Rome have not been brought lower in the dust than has our old-time friend, the bicycle of 1880.

There it has stood, quite new, begging of some passer-by to take pity on it and lead it from its uncongenial surroundings, until to-day we saw it loaded

on an express wagon, to be probably sent to the country, where it may delight the heart of some small boy whose accumulated pennies have become sufficient to make him master of this out-of-date aristocratic mount.

To have foretold ten years ago that the bicycle to-day would be the product of

the first industry of the land; would be the carriage alike of the patrician and the peasant, and would fluctuate the stock markets of railway systems and transport companies, would have placed one in the position of a dreamer, whose wild vagaries of fancy had not the faintest possibility of realization; and yet such a transformation has been made, and by such rapid stages, that now it would be quite unsafe to make any prediction as to what half that term in the future would bring about. Ten years ago the bicycle was the plaything of the athlete, and courageous, indeed, must be the youth who would perch upon the dizzy height of the good old ordinary, almost balanced in mid-air, with the prospect of a header with all its disasters lurking underneath every loose cobblestone by the wayside. There were venturesome youths, though, and plenty of them, who mounted the silent steed, and who were amply repaid for the dangers of the situation in the exhilaration they experienced while exercising in earth's fairest gymnasium, the wayside lanes and the country roads, where their lungs were filled to their fullest with the perfume-laden atmosphere, unpoisoned by city smoke, and carrying renewed health and vigor as its benediction. Perched upon his lofty seat, the wheelman of that day had a much more extended view of the country than he has to-day, as, high above the hedgerows and the fences, he enjoyed everything in sight, wherever the roadways were sufficiently smooth to permit of his looking about him.

Since the days of the late seventies, we have every year experienced the acme of cycle construction, but each new year brought something better, and in the later eighties, when the safety wheel came in, scorned at first by the old school of high wheel riders, the possibilities of others than the athletic enjoying this form of recreation became apparent, and although we derided those who mounted the safety, and in our club runs they were relegated to a place in the rear, yet the cushion tire, followed almost at once by the pneumatic, suddenly pushed them to the front, and unwillingly and regretfully we climbed down from our lofty

perch to the realm of comfort and safety which we now occupy.

Two factors should claim our everlasting gratitude as being the essentials of the transformation that we behold to-day; the safety pattern, permitting both sex to ride, and the pneumatic tire, making riding a real comfort over ordinary roads. In the old days we regretfully left our sisters and our sweethearts at home while taking our Saturday afternoon rambles, but now, they are the delighted and delightful companions of our outings, and the charm and delight of the country rambles are intensified and elevated by the companionship of the gentler sex, who, while being infused with health and vigor, instil into our thoughts and minds a gentler and more refining influence than we have ever before experienced in any of our athletic pastimes. In the old days we gathered at the club-house and rode into the country where we had supper and a game of ball, then back to the club again. Now, with our sisters and friends and well-filled lunch baskets, we away to the country and when brisk exercise has sharpened keen appetites, a cosy lunch is served upon some grassy knoll and a happy half-hour spent in lolling on the green sward, with such sweet companionship as often results in a determination, when our pockets can afford it, of a bicycle built for two. In the old days our sweetheart could play the piano and dance, and, quite possibly, handle a tennis racket with skill, and delighted in a stroll which must not be too far nor too fatiguing, but to-day, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, that are a reflex of the soul inhabiting a strong, vigorous body, she challenges us to a sprint along some secluded by-way, and flying after her happy, throbbing, peddaling form, we realize in her our equal, and when, with a spurt up the hillside and a dismount under the shade of the old oak, she breathlessly taunts us with our inability to catch up, we feel that the sweet, lovable girl of a decade ago, has given place to the still sweeter, more lovable and healthier new woman of to-day.

There seems to be no field of activity into which the spirit of the new pastime has not entered. A stout lady friend



DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.

OUT OF THE GLARE OF THE SUNLIGHT.





DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.

## WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET.

of mine, who as yet looks on the arena from the outside, complainingly said that she could not even go to a five o'clock tea without finding the whole conversation monopolized by cycling topics, the minds of her fair friends being entirely engrossed with the all-important subjects of the proper length of a cycling skirt, and the latest in golfers; while to hear them descant on the qualities of their favorite mounts, one would think that they were past mistresses in the art of mechanics. The bicycle run and the bicycle tea, and the bicycle moonlight and the bicycle smoker have almost entirely usurped the place of the old time entertainment? Amusement caterers finding so great a withdrawal of patronage are forced to turn their attention to things cycling, to enable them to continue in business. Already the liveryman has awakened to the new order of things, and in every well-equipped stable, in this

city, at least, there are both horses and bicycles to rent of which the former have by far the least share in the business being done. No class of citizens are such good roadmakers as the cyclists for being their own propelling power, they quickly realize the difficulties to be contended with on stony and sandy ground, and our park systems and country highways already show the touch of the master hand in the improved surfaces and in the easier grades. The touches of nature also which are instilled in the minds of cyclists as they take their outings throughout the country are having the effect of making them demand a more artistic setting for their own homes in town, and the growth of this artistic spirit which the wheel is creating is one of the most promising, and best of the new order of things resulting from this cause. That the wheel is a permanent institution, and not merely a fad is now



F. H. Bridgen

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

THROUGH THE WOODS IN LEAFY JUNE.



BACK TO TOWN.

DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

conceded by everyone, that it is brightening the cheeks and improving the health and increasing the pleasures of not only the revellers in idleness and luxury, but also of those who toil daily for their wants, is a fact so potent that it needs only to be mentioned to be generally recognized. This will go on as wheels become cheaper, and highways

better, there is no reason to doubt, and with the smooth gliding motion and the gentle quiet of its tread, there will creep into our lives and homes an essence of soothing and restfulness, that will drive out the jarring angularities of discord and discontent, and will make us all echo the sentiment, "God bless the man who first invented wheels."

*P. E. Doolittle.*



## ART AT THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, Q.C.

TO write a purely descriptive article on the exhibition of pictures now being held under the direction and authority of the Ontario Society of Artists at Toronto, would not be a difficult task. A few words to each picture, a flattering comment on the genius of each artist, a sweeping compliment on the whole exhibition, intimating that it is by far the best ever given to the public by this Society, and the work is accomplished, the readers are perhaps satisfied, and the artists themselves are delighted at the appreciation of their labors. Generally, this has been done in the past, and columns have been written, brimming over with fulsome praise and indiscriminate flattery, until many who read the criticisms began to think and believe that true art has its home only in Ontario, and that here alone are to be found the gems of the painter's brush. This sort of thing has operated viciously in two ways. It has to a great extent, deceived the public, and it has also done a grave injustice to the few who are honestly striving to express feeling on canvas and render nature according to her varied sympathies.

To point out where real art is to be found in an exhibition, and to show wherein it consists, is not so easy a matter as a reproduction of the cata-

logue, nor is it always so pleasant. Some hardworking and careful artist, whose work, meritorious perhaps in many ways, is cold and conventional, naturally feels hurt on his pictures being passed over or criticized adversely, and he looks upon his critic as an enemy bent on depriving him of his means of livelihood. He forgets for the moment that by placing his work before the people, he necessarily invites criticism and a judgment upon its merits, and if that judgment is unfavorable, he should remember that he has a wide fellowship with all the unfortunates whose efforts are before the public, whether in the realm of art or in the world of literature, politics, or professional life. Besides this, a criticism which is merely a string of complimentary platitudes is of no value to him and of no service to the public. To stand high in the estimation of one's fellow beings is the root of all ambition, and the main-spring of all success, and simply to rest content with groundless praise, implies mediocrity and a want of progress.

It was, therefore, with no feeling of un-friendliness towards any of our artists, that I undertook the task of giving the readers of this Magazine a short review of some of the works now on view at the rooms of the Academy. It may safely be said that the exhibition is a great advance on those of former years.

Much has been done to give the public a choicer selection than heretofore; very much remains to be done in the way of advance in this respect in the future. It is far better to exhibit one picture full of art, than to hang a hundred meaningless pieces of crude color and faulty composition. There are still to be observed the works of certain men, whose pictures are accepted solely because they are the productions of certain men. In the field of art, there should be no personal element, no consideration for the artist as an individual. Preachers, lawyers, and doctors are judged by what they can do, not by what they are in name, and there is no good reason why a different rule should be applied here. The system of voting by ballot on each picture sent in is a good one, and is that adopted by the O. S. A. and the result is apparent, but there is still abundant evidence of that charity towards fellow artists which covers a multitude of bad drawing and other sins of a like nature. Until this feeling is absolutely changed, there will be monstrosities hung on the walls, and some artists will go on painting pictures in the deluded belief that their productions are amongst the masterpieces of modern art.

There is another point which deserves attention. The Hanging Committee has in too many cases shown an utter disregard of sympathy with surroundings. Nothing is so important in the performance of the duty of such a committee as care and judgment in the arrangement of the pictures. There are many examples of a breach of duty in this respect. A delicate and artistic bit of color finds itself wedged in between two or more garish and flaring canvases, whose only important qualities are their size and impertinence. You cannot place a huge picture, loaded up with raw greens or violent yellows, in close proximity to a delicate grey or soft purple, without doing a grave injustice to the latter, and yet there is to be found many instances of even greater incongruities than this. It may be answered that some soulless daub of unrefined browns or greens must be put somewhere. Quite true, but the proper place usually for this class of work is to put it on an ex-

press wagon and return it to the owner. Having said this much generally, space requires that some attention be given to details. The best pictures in the room are those from the studio of E. Wyly Grier. His large canvas, "A Symphony," which is also his diploma picture, is admirably treated. One cannot but admire the way in which he has dealt with the soft evening light, and the skilful handling of his figures and their costumes. A delightful harmony of color runs throughout the picture. His sky is a trifle strong for the landscape, but one overlooks that, in considering the fine gradation of color from the horizon line down to the immediate foreground. There is a charming simplicity in the composition which is refreshing, and although painted in a low key, the canvas is full of luminous atmosphere, warm, rich and strong in its effect. To say that the drawing is excellent is merely repeating what everyone acquainted with his work, knows to be the fact, for he is exceedingly free and correct in this important branch of art. Technique is not the least vital element in an artist's work, and in this respect, Mr. Grier fully sustains his reputation. Broadly handled with a bold brush, yet with a keen appreciation of the value of details, he has succeeded in transferring his ideal to canvas, untrammelled by the ordinary conventional treatment, and free from the dead effects which are too often the result of much labor. To know when to leave off is as important as to know where to begin, and whilst no detail is omitted, and solid brush work receives due prominence, the artist has left his picture crisp, fresh, and full of life. The scheme of color is well carried out, and although the picture is painted in a subdued key, there is no lack of strength or brilliancy. Mr. Grier is eminently successful in the manner of breaking the color in his foregrounds, and this canvas, as well as his large Salon picture, "Bereft," formerly exhibited, shows him at his best in this respect.

Turning from this example, the eye is involuntarily arrested by one of the most remarkable portraits ever exhibited in Toronto, that of a little girl in blue,

with a bird-cage on her lap. Those who know something of values in art, do not hesitate to pronounce this charming picture as the best thing Mr. Grier has yet done. A more daring scheme of color, or a more artistic piece of work, it would be difficult to find at any exhibition. Brought to a certain stage and discreetly left there, the work retains all its original dash and freedom. The color is singularly transparent and strong. The hair is admirably drawn and the modelling of the face and limbs is that of the highest kind. The composition is simple, yet exceedingly charming. But the great value is in the color. A brilliant blue frock, warm brown stockings, bronze slippers, flesh tints of the face and arms tingling with the pulse of youth, combined with the deepest of purple shadows under the chair, gradually melting into the warmest of backgrounds, all unite in producing a most remarkable work of art. It is peculiarly refreshing to find something out of the ordinary in any class of work, and in this case, the artist has defied the conventional of the schools and given free and full scope to an experiment in color and treatment, which is, one of the most successful efforts we have seen from his vigorous brush. The Hanging Committee has much to answer for in the arrangement of the surroundings. Just above it is a huge landscape containing some good qualities, but raw and opaque in color, and at one side, there is a marine by Mr. Gagen, very creditably executed, the water in the foreground being especially vigorous, but full of strong greens, which detract very much from the sweetness and transparency of the blues and purples in the portrait.

Following closely in the wake of Mr. Grier, but in a different branch of art, comes W. E. Atkinson, perhaps the most promising of all the younger artists of Ontario. He is always conscientious, faithful, and full of sympathy with his subject. He delights in sombre colors, and evening effects. The glare of sunlight has no charm for his brush. Rather for him are the quiet evening and a country road, with a few sheep wending their way home under the glamor of

the twilight or dusk, than the bright yellow of noonday. The moon rising in a bluish-purple sky, the dark trees standing boldly out in the middle foreground, the gray gables of quaint old houses, the receding, and fast disappearing purple hills or woods in the distance, softening into the horizon line;—these are the themes he discourses, and these the poems he weaves for us on his canvases. And they have much of the true ring of poetry. And is not all true art poetic? One looks at a Corot or Harpignies as one reads a beautiful poem. The mere aggregation of trees and fields, moonlight and streams, warm sunshine and glowing woodlands, does not constitute a picture by these great modern masters. There is always an indefinable feeling pervading their subjects and compositions, a charm which close touch with nature alone can give, a glow which pervades their pictures and which brings us into sympathy with the feelings which produced them, and after spending an hour or two in the company of such works, one experiences the feeling that he has been taken from the dull prose of life to the realm of poetic art. Although in a minor degree, so does the spectator experience a new sensation after looking at Mr. Atkinson's work. Possessing a high appreciation of the canons of art, more especially the rules relating to color values, Mr. Atkinson never allows himself to be restricted by too much orthodoxy. He reaches out beyond the object of producing a mere colored map of the scene before him, and endeavors to catch the spirit as well as the substance of his subject. He exhibits an exquisite village scene, No. 135 on the catalogue. Freely handled and full of fine greys and browns, this is perhaps the best of his several works on the walls. The skies are big and suggestive, and his atmospheric effects are decidedly satisfactory.

Another subject deserves attention, that depicting a scene on the Grand River, essentially a Canadian study, and vigorously treated. The composition holds itself well together. To those who know this beautiful part of Ontario, the canvas appeals as a truthful

and poetic rendering of its finer and more sympathetic qualities. A large moonlight scene, No. 109, weird, shimmering, powerful, hangs prominently on the south wall. The moon struggling behind and through the broken clouds, its wavering reflection in the water, the trees finely and effectively grouped, and the glinting of the light on the edges of the cloud forms, constitute a vigorous rendering of a strong subject. There is a little too much pinkness in the sky, and a suggestion of hardness in the immediate foreground, but notwithstanding these minor defects, the canvas is full of the evidence of genius—not the tricky claptrap which some display on large horrors, misnamed art—but the genuine ring of the true metal. There are two or three other capital examples of sound landscape work from the easel of this artist. I predict a prominent place in Canadian art for Mr. Atkinson, and whilst he does not attempt the rugged boldness of Homer Watson, his work possesses, in some respects, finer qualities, although not as yet equal to the Canadian master of landscape painting.

As this review is not one merely of an inventorial character, but one having for its object the discovery of art amongst the various exhibits on view, a stage is now reached when one has to go slowly. There are many creditable pictures in addition to those already referred to, but do they contain real evidence of art? For instance, Mr. C. M. Manly is a coming man, and one can always depend on his work. But has he passed the line which separates the field of photography from the realm of genius? I think he has, and although I often wish in looking at his skies and uplands, that his hand would strike out more boldly and do in a stroke what it takes much detail and careful manipulation of his brush to accomplish, and then only in degree—there is still present the conviction that he works close to nature and feels the sentiment of her varying moods. A little of the mechanical and set purpose in line and color is apt to appear at times, yet frequently, in spite of his apparent anxiety to do things exactly in accord with law and

precedent, he bursts the restraining bonds and touches a high key of sympathy. There is no disciple of art more scrupulous than he is. No work leaves his easel until it has received the best attention he can give it, and those who own his drawings may rest assured that he has given them full value. Still, one longs to see what he could do by laying down his palette at a point distant from that of completion as he views it, and leaving his work with the stamp of his own ideas of partial execution upon it. There were a year or so ago, some admirable, though tiny, sketches of Muskoka scenery done by him, which were equal to anything at any of our exhibitions. They might almost be said to be in the rough, but they were crisp, clever and unmistakably the production of a man capable of splendid things. The result of his extreme care and caution is a sameness in his skies, and a want of strength in many of his foregrounds, but even with these weak features Mr. Manly is an artist of deservedly high standing. In the medium of water colors, he is more than ordinarily successful—one might reasonably say, since Mr. O'Brien has forsaken this mode of expression, that he is the most successful artist amongst us. There is an exquisite little gray bit of his, No. 19, which is excellent in both tone and color. No. 6, "Devonshire October" is capitally executed, and shows much of that warmth in the middle distance which is the best feature of Mr. Manly's color.

There are two very clever water colors by C. W. Jefferys, one, a fine piece of tender coloring, No. 5, which combines strength and sweetness, and another called "Poplar Hill," possessing many good qualities. The arrangement and composition of his material in the latter drawing, the color, and the singularly artistic method of dealing with the line of the hill against the sky are really admirable, and I was not surprised to hear that this artist is the black and white illustrator now becoming so well known in New York. He has wonderful freedom and fine sympathy with his subject, and what would be hard and mechanical in the hands of many, is

treated by him in a remarkably tender and liquid manner.

If Miss C. E. Hagarty would look more to nature and less to the modern schools, she would make a name for herself, but so long as she bows the knee to the shrine of art she now worships at, just so long will her work remain conventional, cold, and—I may add, artistically biassed. Her sunlight effects are worked out in a light, chalky blue, her greens are not sufficiently broken, but her compositions are carefully considered. There is undoubtedly much to admire in her work here, and particularly in No. 156, "Vegetable Garden," which is a most artistic and clever piece of painting. So with regard to No. 159, "Summer," a brilliant sketch, full of feeling and cleverly treated, but marred by the imprint of the school. Miss S. Tully has two good landscapes, and Mrs. Dignum's study of roses is quite equal to anything she has yet exhibited.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood in "The Little Newsboy," is at his best. There is very good drawing, modelling, and effective coloring, and I am glad to speak a word in favor of this picture, because it shows that the artist is progressive, and is seeking after and acquiring a feeling in his art beyond the mere reproduction of the features of his model. The dress is well treated, and whilst defects may be pointed out, the picture is of a higher order of work than some of the figure pieces that have more pretentious names on the canvas. Mr. Sherwood does not claim by his work to be a genius. He aims at doing the best work he is capable of and in a simple manner, an ambition that would not injure some of his *confreres* if they followed on the same lines and gave us simplicity and truth, instead of stereoscopic views.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien is represented by a canvas "Towing Barges," No. 124. One looks back with great pleasure to the delightful drawings of this well-known artist before he adopted the medium of oils. The soft, hazy, warm skies, the calm stretches of water with their beautiful reflections, the artistic compositions, and the delicate, yet strong effects of his water colors were things to be remembered. He has sought a wider field, and with his power of expression and refined feeling in art, one may safely predict the same eminence in oils that he attained in the lighter medium. His work is so well known that it is not necessary to enlarge upon it here, the object of this article being to deal more particularly with the work of men who are not as prominently before the public as he is, and to discover, if possible, where the true feeling of art is to be found in the works of those who must be called upon some day to take Mr. O'Brien's place in his profession.

As to the rest and residue, as the legal writers put it, what need be said? Criticism cannot kill a good picture, praise cannot make a poor one immortal. Only those works which are manifestly the best can be dealt with in an article like the present. There may be genius in much of what has been passed over. Of that, the public must judge. I was asked by the Editor to give my impressions and to write with a free hand, irrespective of persons, and I have done so. Others there are who may differ from me in my judgment. Liberty of opinion is the safety of any profession. If we all thought alike, there would not be so many artists as there are, and the fact that we differ is the greatest protection the O. S. A. can have for its future success.

E. F. B. Johnston.





“DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE.”

YOU may pass on de worl', w'erever you lik',  
Tak' de steamboat for go *Angleterre*,  
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back  
An' go all de place. I don't care—  
Ma fren', dat's a fack, I know you will say  
W'en you come on dis contree again,  
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,  
De nice leetle *Canadienne!*

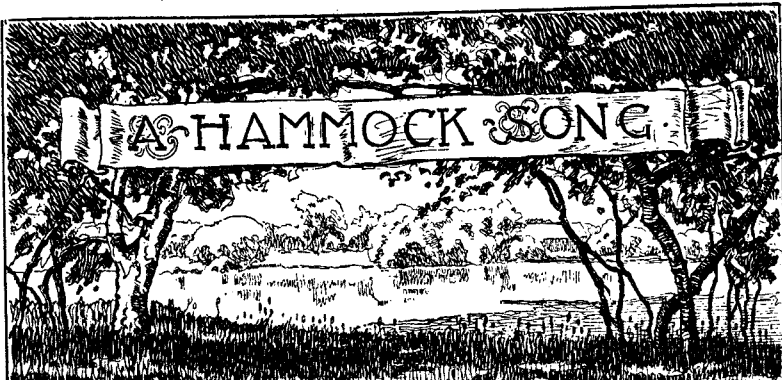
No matter how poor dat girl she may be  
Her dress is so neat, an' so clean—  
Mos' ev'rywan tink it was mak' on Patee,  
And she wear it, wall—jus' lak' de Queen!  
Den you come for fin' out, she is mak' it herseff,  
For she ain't got moche monee for spen'  
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef'  
Dat nice leetle *Canadienne!*

W'en “*un vrai Canayen*” is mak' de *Mariee*  
You tink he go leev on beeg flat,  
An' bodder heseff all de tam' night an' day  
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?  
Not moche, ma dear fren'. he tak' de *Maison*  
Only cos' 'im nine dollar or ten—  
W'ere he leev lak' blood rooster, an' save de *l'argent*  
Wit' hees nice leetle *Canadienne!*

I marry ma *femme*, w'en I'm jus' twenty year,  
An' now we got fine familee,  
Dat skip on de house, lak leetle small deer,  
No smarter crowd you never see,  
An' I tink as I watch dem all chasin' about,  
Four boy an' six girl—she mak' ten,  
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,  
Of de nice leetle *Canadienne!*

O she's quick, an' she's smart, and got plaintee heart,  
If you know correc' way go about,  
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,  
Den tak' de firse chance an' get out.  
But if she love you—I spik it for true—  
She will mak' it more beautiful den,  
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye  
Of dat nice leetle *Canadienne!*

*William H. Drummond. M.D.*



# A HAMMOCK SONG

(AN IMPROMPTU)

Swing, Swing,  
Lazily Swing,

Quivering leaflets overhead for a sky,  
Sweet voiced songsters gossiping by,  
Not a care in the world have  
Lazily Swing.

Swing, Swing,  
Happily Swing,

Moments of rapture with swiftness fly,  
All Joy I welcome, all sorrow defy  
Life is too bright for a care or a sigh,  
Happily swing.

Swing, Swing,  
Dreazily Swing,

Soft balmy air and waving of trees,  
Humming of insects and droning of bees,  
Head softly pillowed in perfect ease,  
Dreazily swing.

Swing, Swing,  
Drowsily Swing,

Soft green carpet covers the ground,  
Scents of the woods and flowers abound,  
A hushed, sweet stillness all around,  
Drowsily swing.



FRANK L DAVIS

# A GLIMPSE OF THE AZORES.

BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR. SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

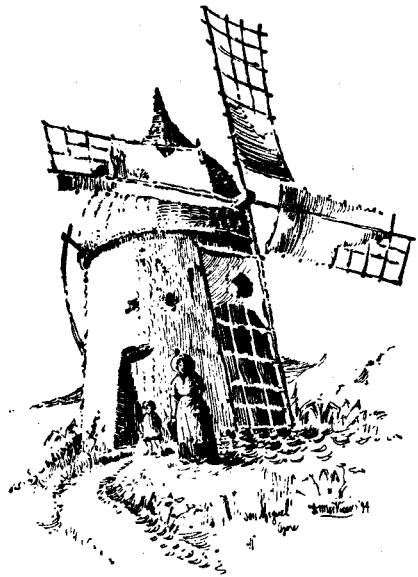


OUR slumbers on the great German Liner were rudely broken early in the morning. The first suggestion that flashed across returning consciousness was that somewhere in our immediate neighborhood pandemonium was let loose. A hurried peep through the port-hole seemed to confirm this idea. San Miguel was awake and agog. A mob of shouting, shrieking, storming, jostling, and quarrelsome men fought for pre-eminence. Their faces, black as the coal that loaded down each barge, looked weird in the dusk of the early morn; and this effect was heightened by the frequent glare of white teeth and flashing eyes. It was an instance of the survival of the fittest. The competition between these Azorian bargemen for next turn at the buckets degenerates into open warfare, and many a belligerent returns to the pier with a bruised head and heavy heart: and yet, strange to say, a head and heart as eager as ever to go through it all again just as soon as another steamer happens along with empty bunkers. In pleasing contrast to all this grime and conflict, are the gentler manners and more light-some calling of the fruit dealers, who come along with their golden freight of oranges.

We hurried up on deck. The moon was waning and the east aglow with the first flush of coming day. The sea was smooth as glass, a clear deep blue. Anchored in the open roadstead, we could just see by the morning light some other vessels inside the harbor. To our

left loomed the stone piers and curious arcade of the landing places. The air became very still, and sounds of life were wafted to us from the shore, indicating that the inhabitants of Ponta Delgada one by one began to stir abroad.

A hilly island grew more and more distinctly on our vision: its precipitous coast dotted with low-walled houses, pink, white and green, surmounted by red tiled roofs and overhanging eaves. As the morn faded quite away in the increasing sunlight, windmills stood re-



DRAWN BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR.

"WINDMILLS WITH TRELLISED SAILS."

vealed at various points, with trellised sails turning lazily in the morning breeze—structures that seemed co-eval with the volcanic origin of the island,

Indeed, the whole aspect of affairs suggested the idea that the locality, in spite of needing it, had never since its original upheaval received a thorough shaking up, which, nevertheless, was not literally true, for at the beginning of the present century an ephemeral island suddenly appeared off the west coast, and violent earthquakes have been experienced within very recent years. The coast, besides, is sometimes lashed by furious storms that make navigation extremely dangerous, so that, in the course of their modern existence, the ancient-looking windmills at times no doubt enjoy a lively enough sense of commotion.

After breakfast, bustle and excitement prevail. The passengers are ambitious to try their sea legs elsewhere than on a tar-seamed deck. Several boatloads, disposed to make merry at the expense of the quaint Portuguese town, put off for shore. They land by a flight of stone steps, built into the solid masonry of the pier, which is surmounted by a substantial coping or break-water. A curious arcade of col-

umns, with semi-circular arches and groined vaulting, extends across the harbor and affords a rich shadow effect in the glowing sunlight. As we enter upon it, we find ourselves obliged to run the gauntlet of a motley throng of loungers, whose dark eyes and swarthy complexions shew traces of Moorish and Mulatto origin. Sight-seers expect to be sight-seen, for their undisguised interest in everything they come across announces to the natives that they themselves are objects of interest worthy of closest inspection. They usually get it.

At the approach to the town is a considerable gate, or, as it may be styled—though no Roman influence is at all in evidence—a triumphal arch. This proves to be a fair type of the prevailing architecture. A decided *baroque* feeling pervades everything—*rococo* would perhaps be too refined a term to apply. Passing through the arch, we follow a narrow street that leads to the market-place, apparently the only part of the sleepy town that is really busy. It is thronged



DRAWN BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR.

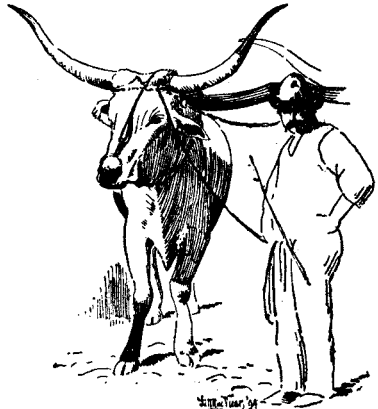
"WIDELY PROJECTING EAVES THROW DEEP SHADOWS."

with men, women and children, all bare-footed, and the women bareheaded. The bright sunlight and contrasting shadows, the brilliant hues of dress and copper hues of countenance, the hum and babble of busy barterers—the general *négligé*—all contribute to produce a novel and picturesque effect. Close by, is the fruit market, aglow with oranges, lemons, apricots, bananas. Several of the streets are wide and straight, but the majority are narrow, tortuous and paved with cobble-stones. As we wander about, we glance through open doorways and not infrequently observe incongruous flights of stone steps leading from the ground floor to the upper floor of structures that have been very flimsily constructed of brick, coated with plaster. The houses as a rule are low, and white walled, with red Spanish tiles on the roof, moss-covered and weather-beaten. Widely projecting eaves throw deep shadows on the walls, while quaint, wrought-iron balconies occasionally protrude into the sunlight and are silhouetted against the sky in possible reflection of Spanish influence.

No one seems to be in a hurry in Ponta Delgada. Great burly fellows lounge against the wall, or lie in convenient corners in attitudes of unmistakable aversion to work. The utmost energy they can command, as they bask in the sparkling sunshine, seems to be exhausted in lighting a fresh cigarette. That does involve some little energy, since they are still given to the use of the old fashioned flint box. Sixty years before Columbus landed in America the Portugese took possession of San Miguel, but in all that lapse of time a less primitive mode of striking a light has not yet come into vogue. This unshaken stagnation, as already hinted, has not been altogether due to freedom from natural disturbances. The earthquake at Villa Franca swallowed up some six thousand persons. Possibly at that time there were not more than six thousand in the entire population with progressive ideas.

Down the Ruo do Meio came a string of donkeys, with heavily-laden panniers; the dusky natives perched upon the load, or else trudging afoot over the cobble-stones. If we were at all disposed to

wonder at the size of the load apportioned to each small animal, a contented wagging of long ears laughed to scorn our premonitions of collapse. So did the heedless songs of the drivers. A still more fragile beast of burden was a sheep that came at a brisk trot down a dirty, but picturesque, alley, drawing a miniature two-wheeled cart, well loaded, and under the control of a swarthy youngster whose costume consisted of little save a dark-red turban poised on the back of his head. Four-in-hands of long-horned oxen, with soft deep eyes, toiled patiently on their way with rumbling carts, the wheels of which were made from blocks of solid wood.



DRAWN BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR.

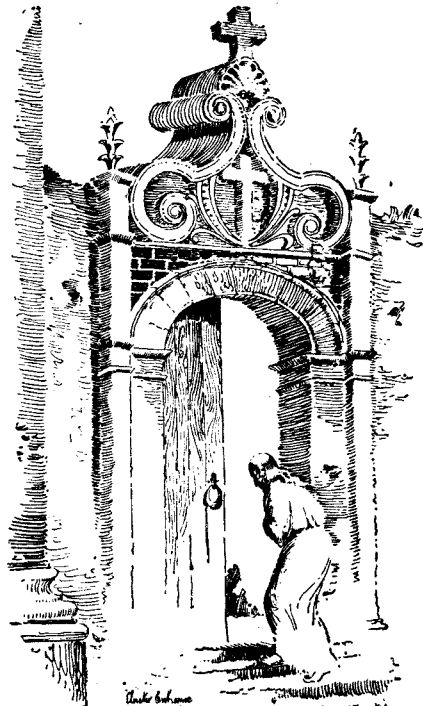
LONG-HORNED OXEN.

As we wended our way about, a sturdy though indigent urchin accosted us and sought the privilege of carrying our sketching outfit. He might have posed as a model for one of Luca della Robbia's cherubs. We went with him a mile or two into the country, up stone-walled lanes, where flowers crept through the crevasses,—over blossoming meadows and hilly, but well-cultivated farm lands, until we reached one of the windmill knolls we had seen from the ship that morning, and where we now obtained a magnificent view of the town, harbor and sea. Five days before, we had struggled in the rush and roar of New York, with the thermometer below zero, and deep snow upon the ground. It was hard to realize that now we were sitting amidst flowery meadows and en-

chanting bird-song, with the sea breezes languidly fanning our cheeks on the slopes of San Miguel. Back by the white roads our sturdy urchin accompanied us, until we reached the streets of the town, where, pensioned off, we saw him disappear gaily whistling the Bell Song from the Chimes of Normandy.

A sunny square bursts upon our view as we round a corner. Pleasant walks wind through clumps of semi-tropical plants. High, brick walls, stucco-covered, surround gardens in which tall African palms stand out against the sky, and set off orange groves with mellow fruit half-hidden in deep olive foliage. At one end is a drinking fountain, flanked on either side by open arches somewhat lower than the central pediment, which rests between two huge scrolls or brackets. The main water supply in San Miguel is derived from three or four lakes formed in extinct craters which catch the rains from the surrounding hills.

On one side of the square, in the ungainly proportions of a clumsy basilica, we come once more on the familiar "baroque,"—the Jesuit ideal of "frozen music." Huge pilasters and arches with scrolled pediments and plain square towers form an uninteresting exterior. Pushing aside the greasy leathern *portière* that served to screen the entrance, we took a peep into the gloomy interior where a few worshippers knelt at the altar rail. Near this church is a cloister entrance consisting of an elliptical arch, surmounted by a pediment in which Flemish influence may be traced.



DRAWN BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR.

"A CLOISTER ENTRANCE."

Within this pediment stands a cross, imbedded in rudimentary carving. The coping consists of heavy scrolls supporting a shell and another cross. Square shafts on either side of the doorway terminate in finials not unlike pine-apple spurs.

The church bells sound, and hurrying feet clatter towards the edifice. The sleepy square becomes alive with noise and color. Young and old they come, and crowd their way through the portals, till the bells have ceased, and all again is still. But whilst the worshippers are assembling, we ourselves retrace our way down the narrow streets, through the market place, and out under the triumphal arch again, till we emerge upon the harbor where the fleets of Queen Elizabeth once lay chafing at their moorings.

The band strikes up. Our anchor's weighed. And soon we obtain one last receding glimpse of the Azores.

*D. Norman MacVicar.*



DRAWN BY D. NORMAN MACVICAR.

"A DRINKING FOUNTAIN."

## A TRANSIENT TENANCY.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

"There is, in every life, the unattainable,  
From which the baffled soul creeps back to God.",



**T** was growing dark in the studio; shadows lay deep in the corners; the figures of a hospital nurse and a student loomed dimly on either side of an improvised couch whereon he who was dying had been laid.

Outside came a hasty step on the stair, along the corridor, the door was quickly opened, and a man glided through.

He knelt beside the couch and took the hand of the stricken one in his—the hand with long, slender fingers, which he had often watched flashing over the keys, holding great audiences absorbed. The student relinquished the almost pulseless wrist he held, and the man gathered that also between his hands and whispered three breathless words:

"I am here!"

"He must not speak," said the nurse warningly; "he is shot through the lungs and is bleeding to death."

The artist opened his eyes; great, velvety, black, with heavy lids fringed like a girl's with sweeping lashes; his face was of exceeding beauty and delicacy, owing nothing to coloring, but perfect in every line, and now of extreme pallor.

The man kneeling beside him was strikingly like him, only stronger, larger, older, built of sterner stuff; like him, also, in love of music, in pathetic loneliness, in unsatisfied ambitions. He was a patient plodder, who worshipped in the outer court, while the dying artist had already burned incense in the Holy Place.

The artist looked at the nurse:

"I wish," he said, painfully, "to be alone with him."

With a glance of warning, the two watchers crept softly to the furthest corner.

"Stay with me till I am dead," whispered the artist, and the kneeling man said, reproachfully, "Of course." The chill fingers closed round his warm hands, and a thrill passed from one to the other. As he knelt, watching, waiting, the man felt his nerves tingling, strange waves of strength seemed to flow into his being, a sense of oppression, followed by a bracing, elixir-like flush; he gazed into the dim eyes that were already glazing—a tremulous quiver contracted the ashen features. The artist was dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

There was an inquest, a burial, and the studio was quiet once more. The man sat there, not grieving, only waiting, he knew not for what. He felt compelled to wait.

The piano stood open in the sunlight, strewn with music, half-finished scores, themes jotted down on torn scraps of paper; something drew the man to it, something compelled him to stretch forth his hands over the keys.

On the rack stood a half-finished score, at the end of which was a scrawl—"Oh, God, I cannot!" It was as the dead boy had left it, when he flung down his pencil and picked up a revolver.

There had been a shot, a fall, and in the confusion the scrap of music had been unnoticed, until the man mechanically began to play from it, played on with assurance, after he had finished the fragment.

He struck great, noble chords, his fingers flew over the keys in pearly runs, tangled the fugitive melody in exquisite meshes of the subtlest harmony, sobbed in minor and triumphed in major, his eyes flashed when some great thought came, only to be voiced through courage and consummate skill; he smiled, when, from the task, he glided victorious into some peaceful strain, and, still smiling, he turned involuntarily to meet a listener, an *impresario*, who was a power to make or break artists the world over.

He did not stand up and make obeisance to him; he simply sat smiling, and it was the *impresario* who spoke.

"Are you not—can you be—who are you?" he said, stuttering.

"I am Carl Von Brock," the man replied.

The *impresario* came close to him.

"Will you tell me why, in Heaven's name, you've been twiddling your thumbs over accompaniments when you can play like *that*?" he said, sharply.

The man stopped smiling. "You have come—?" he asked, and paused.

The *impresario* looked about him, with a gesture of impatience.

"About the tragedy, of course," he said. "You know the poor fellow was to have played at my concert this evening. I have been so put out—no one worthy to fill his place. The audience to-night is a critical one. See here, Von Brock, will you play for me? I am impressed by your playing. You have just what he lacked: power; he always was a little disappointing. Or perhaps you are still possessed by some preposterous whim to hide behind the *prima donna*?"

The man hesitated, then, even while his hair stood up with amazement at himself, he said, simply, "If you wish, I will play."

"I thank you—I certainly wish it. Do you know, I never heard that thing you have just played. It is very good, very satisfying."

The man stood up: "At eight to-night," he said, "I will be at the Concert Hall."

The *impresario* took a long breath; he was dismissed, and by an accompanist!

Before the concert began, the *impresario* made a little speech, alluding feelingly to the tragedy, and announcing that the dead boy's dearest friend had consented to put aside private feeling in the service of the public, and bespeaking for the man their kindest reception.

The audience was excited, curious; the man took his place before them in an utter silence, and played what he had played in the studio in the morning.

Floods of pathetic harmony, exquisite, throbbing chords and silvery runs filled the great hall. The audience was in-

terested, touched, vanquished. People looked quickly at each other; the critical ones settled down to enjoyment, the excitable ones leaned forward in their seats, the thoughtless ones felt the strange power of the man and sat silent, ready to burst into applause at the first opportunity. When the man rose and walked quietly away, they gave him an ovation; he came back again and again and bowed his thanks. The *impresario* looked after him respectfully; the *prima donna* softly clapped her hands; the musician's fame was assured.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that night the man lived much in the studio. He seemed to have dropped into his new life without a tie to sever, so lonely can a man be on God's earth.

He loved to sit in the dead boy's chair, to look at such odds and ends as lay about the place—a half-worn glove, a half-finished score, a half-read book. By and bye he finished the score, read the book, and pitched the glove into the fire; and by and bye there came to him the understanding of what had happened to him. It came in this way:

Often, while he played for the people, and looked down into the sea of faces, all looking up, all intent upon him—he saw one transcending in beauty and expression every other—a pure, wide-browed, peaceful woman-face, which he began to search for among the crowds, and which by and bye he grew to know, until one day he met it, smiling upon him, in a brilliant assembly convened to do him honor. As the months went by, his heart yearned towards this woman, he would have loved her, had not some strange power held him back—some power which drove him from her side, to sit for hours at the piano in the studio, playing such things as he must, he knew not why, but that as he played, her image faded, and as much as was possible, he forgot her.

At last, the man realized that he had two souls, his own—which yearned for love, for the companionship of the beautiful woman, the other, the artist soul, which had thrilled into him, from the body of the dying boy, bearing with it the burden of thought yet unexpressed, of some divine purpose yet to be



fulfilled, but which was approaching fulfilment.

And further, he felt that the artist soul was the stronger—and that it must rule. From that day he avoided the woman, and as best he could tried not to think of her. But it was not child's play, for when, after the concert was over, he flung himself wearily to rest, the soul he had denied walked abroad in dream-land. Then it met the soul of the woman, and they two held sweet communion, and when the artist wakened his lips smiled, and he sighed that he could not always sleep. The strife thus went on—and it wore the man's strength away; day by day, he grew more haggard; people remarked that Herr Von Brock played better and looked worse at every concert.

One day, the woman, hearing and seeing this, felt her heart fail her, and she wrote to him, a sweet, pure, gentle appeal, speaking of his failing strength, of her interest in him, trembling on the brink of a passionate confession, and asking if she had lost his friendship, that he so evidently avoided her.

That night, Herr Von Brock played fitfully, strange, weird, miserable minors, bursts of angry sound, full of tempestuous passion, ending in a climax so sweet, so holy, so majestic, that the girl's eyes swam in tears, and a cold hand seemed to grip her heart as she listened, knowing her appeal had been in vain.

\* \* \*

It was growing dusk in the studio. The artist sat before the piano, his hands folded on his knees, his burning eyes looking into the shadows. All about him were flowers, sent by those who acknowledged him worthy of their tribute; on a table lay a salver full of notes, invitations, cards bearing names of those high up in the world's favor. Some strange spell was upon the silent man, he felt that he was filled with some new and terrible power—something that swayed him, as the wind sways the slender grasses. Suddenly he stretched his hands over the keys—out of the shadows came the face of the dead boy—with soft, appealing eyes, and drooping lips—mutely beseeching. The man be-

gan to play, his burning eyes rivetted on the face, pale and mournful in the gathering darkness.

Soon great chords came welling into the air like sobs, and dying away in infinite pathos and distress. They rose and climbed and climbed, strong and sweet; then, just as they seemed to reach the climax, they broke in a rush of shattered cadences, which fell on the ear like a rain of tears. Furrows deepened on the player's brows, on his cheeks; damp drops started from every pore, his lips drew apart over his gleaming teeth, his heart beat slowly in great spasmodic thumps, and once again the great chords arose, and filled the room, striving as in mortal anguish.

The artist's soul would not be baffled, though it wrecked him in its victory.

While the strife was at its fiercest, two women hurried lightly along the corridor, one, in cap and apron, a white-haired serving woman, the second a girl, with resolute, pale face and strained eyes, who pressed on ahead, and softly opened the door of the studio.

The room was filled with the mad fury of the chords, the man swayed as he played, his breath came in quick sobs, the girl crept across to him, with her fingers pressed over her ears, and waited. Suddenly the clamor ceased, the musician sat with upraised hands, leaning slightly forward, listening, and seeing the white face, beaming from the shadows, full of inspiration full of rapture!

Then, his hands crashed down upon the keys. Higher, higher, climbed the chords, the waves of harmony stole even behind the girl's fingers, and filled her ears, the musician's eyes flashed with courage and power.

An exquisitely peaceful smile stole over the beautiful face in the shadows, the heavy lids with their fringing lashes dropped over the velvety black eyes, the shadows closed about it; the musician played softly, caressingly, the liquid notes seemed a wordless benediction.

It was the supreme moment. Suddenly the player breathed deeply, and gathered under his hands one full, deep chord. Then silence! His arms dropped at his sides, his body grew limp, and his

head fell back upon the soft arms of the woman who loved him!

\* \* \*

Many months after, when, the burden

being removed, the man was free to live his own life, he told her what had kept them apart—and she believed him.

*Grace E. Denison.*



### ONCE MORE AFLOAT.

ONCE more afloat! The breath of dawn  
Sweeps o'er the bosom of the stream;

The mists recede to wood and lawn,  
Again the running waters gleam!  
Within the west one lingering star  
Burns bright although the night is done,  
And seems to challenge from afar  
And bid defiance to the sun!

Once more afloat! The breeze hath blown  
The last and lingering mist away;  
The quivering star all pale hath grown  
And melts before the rising day.  
His banners red before unfurled,  
Up bursts at last the glorious sun,  
And sweeps his glance across the world  
Until the farthest fields are won!

Once more afloat! Before the wind  
That freshening fills our snowy sail!  
Our camping ground lies far behind,  
We see the shore-line fade and fail!  
But blue with promise bends the sky  
Of all the day we have in store,  
And miles a-lee to traverse lie  
Ere we shall camp to-night once more!

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*

### IN JUNE.

BRIM all the hills with sorrow,  
This golden afternoon:  
Brim all the hills with sorrow,  
As brims the day with June.

For half the year is over,  
My heart has marked its fall;  
For half the year is over,  
And dead to me is all.

Alas! This summer weather,  
How fair once bloomed its prime!  
Alas! This summer weather,  
Bright, once, the summer-time.

June stirs a thousand raptures  
To life by land and sea.  
June stirs a thousand raptures,  
—But never one for me!

*A. B. de Mille.*



### CONTENTMENT.

"Beauty is Truth—Truth, Beauty; that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."—*Keats.*

IF Truth is Beauty and in Beauty lies  
All Truth can tell when human heart aspires—  
Then, have I found within thy wondrous eyes,  
All that my soul delights in or desires!

*Alice S. Deletombe.*



# THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

At the unveiling of the memorial drinking-fountain erected to the memory of William and Dorothy Wordsworth in the public park at Cockermouth, the poet's birthplace, a letter was received from Mr. Gladstone in which he wrote: "I rejoice in any and every manifestation of honor to Wordsworth. I visited his house when a boy, and when a young man had the honor of entertaining him more than once in the Albany. I revered his genius and delighted in his kindness, and in the grave and stately, but not austere dignity of his manners. Apart from all personal impression, and from all the prerogatives of genius, as such, we owe him a debt of gratitude for having done so much for our literature in the capital points of purity and elevation."

Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador wrote: "In America our debt to Wordsworth has long been acknowledged, and, happily for us, his gentle influence is steadily increasing, and is more and more a recognized moral and social force."

\* \* \* \* \*

AMONG the literary shrines of England few offer greater stimulus to memory and imagination than Wordsworth's one-time home, "Dove Cottage," in the village of Grasmere, Westmoreland. It is a queer, old-fashioned bit of a house, made of rough stones covered with coarse mortar, and was once a little wayside inn, frequented by Westmorland farmers on their way to the mill, and then called the "Dove and Olive Bough." It is two stories high, or one might better say two stories low, since by standing on tip toe one can almost see into the small, mullioned upper windows that with their tiny, leaden-barred bits of glass, open out on hinges like doors.

The entrance is at the side and you go into the simple house that sheltered genius through a little rustic porch that gives into a tiny entry, and then without any intervening door upon the stone-flagged sitting-room, with its black, wainscotted walls, and small fireplace. Off this room opens a door into another apartment, in which the poet's sister, Dorothy, slept. Another door goes into the little kitchen, and in the bit of entry way in the centre of the house a few short stone steps lead by a tiny landing out into the garden, and also to the upstairs rooms. The first of these was Wordsworth's study, drawing-room and his children's play-room, all in one. Here in a niche in the wall are the scanty shelves that held all their books; here is the fireplace with its hob, at which Wordsworth's Mary, with "eyes like stars of twilight fair," made tea and hushed her babies to sleep. Wordsworth's bedroom still has its red-curtained bed in an alcove, and on a table the fat, cracked jug, and bowl that comprised his simple toilet arrangements. Over the kitchen is the children's room, and behind that is the smallest guest chamber that ever was, no larger than a clothes closet, and here each in his turn, rested Lamb and De Quincey, and Southey, and Humphrey Davy, and Walter Scott. That was a rare little Cottage, and those who lived in its dull little rooms did their plain duties finely and had no time for fashion or regret. Often when William had been busy chopping wood, he would come in flushed with a new poem singing in his brain. Perhaps it was "The Cuckoo," or "The Butterfly," or "Green Linnet," and Dorothy and Mary would put by their work to listen.

WORDSWORTH and his sister Dorothy came to live at Dove Cottage in 1799, and stayed there until 1808. They were very poor, and the only rich things they had were their own minds, their true hearts, their unspoiled ways, their two or three hundred books—and some friends. Dorothy cooked, washed, scrubbed, read poetry to her brother, was his amanuensis, his inspiration. Together they tended their garden and planted in the crevices of the wall, and on the grassy slopes under the orchard trees, "sunshiny shade," the ancestors of the delicate ferns and wild flowers that blow there to this day. At nightfall they sat on the soft couches of grass reading Spencer or Shakespeare. At midnight under the yellow moon they walked arm in arm along their garden paths, while the poet said aloud, like one inspired, the beautiful thoughts that filled his brain, even as flowers filled their hillside. And then a quick step would be heard and the click of the garden gate, and Coleridge, in all the rich perfection of his "Christable" days, would come running up the daisied slopes to take the hand of each, and so the three went back to the tiny sitting-room, where William mended the fire with fragrant turf and Dorothy put the kettle on for tea, and they never went to bed until the linnets were beginning to cheep for day, and they had no time for gossip or ill-tempered thoughts and words, for all the world was poetry.

\*.\*

\*.\*

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, the late gifted writer of *vers de société*, is the author of "My Confidences" which is heralded as one of the most charming of recent London publications. A senior friend of Locker's, whom he calls Hogan, and describes as "a festive but stupid fellow," thus gossips of the poet Campbell:—"He (Hogan) told me that Tom had a weak head, and would sometimes take too much wine; that on one occasion, after dinner Campbell rose from his chair and staggered toward the door; there were some providential pillars that supported the roof of the dining-room, and having reached these with difficulty, he clung to one of them desperately, fearing to go farther, and afraid to return—and that he remained

there! 'And' said I, who worshipped Campbell with all a young verseman's enthusiasm, 'What did you do?' 'Oh' says Hogan, 'we left him where he was, but every now and again, you know, we would flick a walnut at him!'"

Campbell is known to have been a very fastidious writer, and Hogan says, "once took a six-mile walk to his printer—and six back again—to see a comma changed into a semicolon!"

Mr. Locker met the Brownings in London, and says of Mrs. Browning, "I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as very pleasing and exceedingly sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar; curls like the pendent ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands, so thin, that when she welcomed you, she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and one forgot any physical short-comings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call, her incomparable sweetness—I might almost say affectionateness."

Of George Eliot's personal appearance Mr. Locker writes; "Her countenance was equine. She was rather like a horse; and her head had been intended for a much larger body. She was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, To my mind, George Eliot was a plain woman." Mr. Locker gives glimpses of other celebrities, and reminiscences of second-hand book-shops in London by-ways. We share with him the quiet joys of country life, and learn of his peaceful and hopeful looking forward to another state of existence.

\*.\*

\*.\*

"Yes, I am very cosmopolitan in my friendships," said a well known and most graceful writer, who dropped in for the Horse Show, some weeks past. "One of my oldest friends in Chicago is an old Chinaman, and I often wander into his shop to have a chat with him.

He has an American name, William McCarthy, or something of the sort, but to me he is always John, and somehow or other he has grown to call me 'Mrs. John,' and it does sound so funny and makes my other friends laugh so when I take them to see him. Well, one morning, when I was out for a ramble, I chanced to pass John's, so I thought I would just step in and pass the time of day with him, and see what he thought of the war in his country. I opened the door of his little shop and called him, but received no answer, so I picked my way through the dingy little room, with its funny, unintelligible signs and lists littering the walls and counters, until I came to a door that led into his living room at the back. I rapped discreetly, but receiving no answer, I became alarmed and pushed the door open. There was only one window in the place, and the dreary light of a March day streamed down upon his little figure drawn up on a stool and poring over a much-be-

thumbed volume. 'Why, John,' said I, 'I thought something had happened to you. What on earth are you reading?' 'Morning, Mrs. John,' he answered, but not raising his head, 'morning; I read Lowmance of Two Worldes.' Now, could anything have been more pathetic than the figure of that lonely old Chinaman in a sunless, miserable, back room, brightening his hopeless life with the "Romance of Two Worlds?" And the charming writer from Chicago levelled her pocket camera at a local belle with a basket of posies on her head, and made them both her own.

\*.\*

\*.\*

A DISTINGUISHED bishop and bibliophile, a well-known clergyman and writer and a prosperous and substantially built vestryman were seen walking down Yonge street the other morning. The man in the red cravat looked after them with interest, and said dreamily, "There goes the Cherubim, the Seraphim and the Terrapin."




---

## DOMINION OF AGRICULTURE

---

BY EDWARD FARRER.

ONTARIO farmers are taking considerable interest in the proposed fast Atlantic service. The ocean distances in geographical miles are as follows:

Quebec to Liverpool.....	2661
New York to Liverpool.....	3094
Halifax to Liverpool.....	2589

The Canadian routes are the shortest. Of course, it does not always follow that the shortest sea route is the route of least resistance. In summer, when the 20-knot steamers sail from Quebec, they are sure to get a large amount of Canadian and American business; but in winter, sailing from Halifax, they are not likely to have much Ontario traffic or any American. The distance from Toronto to Halifax by the short line is over 1,100 miles; to New York, 527; to Portland, 681. The long railway journey will stagger passengers from Ontario and make freight shipments compara-

tively light. It is but fair to note that when the traveller reaches Halifax after his thirty hours' trip he will be 500 miles nearer Liverpool than if he went by New York, or, to put it differently, will save twenty-four hours on the sea—a consideration for those who are poor sailors. The steamers must rely principally on passenger business. Every knot added to the speed augments the cost of running a vessel and diminishes its freight-carrying capacity by enlarging the space claimed by machinery and coal-bunkers. Every one wishes success to the experiment. It will cost a lot of money, but will probably pay if only as an advertisement of Canada in the United Kingdom. Good authorities in Montreal say it will help the export of dairy products and dead meat; if so, no one will grumble at the outlay.

There is a great field in Britain for the Canadian dairy farmer, but he has many

competitors already, and must be prepared for keener competition in future. The foreign competitor is very much on the alert. In 1850 the imports of butter amounted to only 330,000 cwts., or less than a pound and a half for each inhabitant of the Three Kingdoms, whilst in 1895 the imports were 2,600,000 cwts., or about 6½ pounds per head. There are no official figures of the home production, but it is reckoned that in 1876, when attention first began to be paid to dairy matters, the product was 1,800,000 cwts., and in 1895 about 3,200,000. Denmark and France are the principal sources of supply abroad, with Australia next. Butter is sent from Australia for a fraction less than a penny a pound, which includes the cold storage charges and everything else. Margarine began to be imported into England in large quantities in 1883, and the price of butter, which had been selling well for thirty years, dropped, especially that of the poorer grades. At first margarine was palmed off as butter, but by the Margarine Act it has to be sold under its proper name, stamped on the wrappers and packages. The margarine imports exceed a million cwts. annually, coming chiefly from Holland. It is useless to send poor butter to England. There is plenty of poor home-made, to say nothing of the margarine, the import price of which is under 60 shillings per cwt. Nor does it do to send "uncertain" butter, butter which is good to-day and "strong" to-morrow; unless the quality be uniformly good there is no money in the business. The call for Normandy butter arises from its uniform character; it is not a first-class butter, but it is never bad. An English expert said recently: "They make capital butter in Canada, but the general quality of that sent here is not good enough and cannot be relied upon."

The imports of cheese into the United Kingdom have risen from 850,000 cwts. in 1850 to 2,800,000 in 1895, and the home production has increased from 2,500,000 cwts. in 1876 to about 3,000,000. Canada supplies one-half of that obtained from abroad, the United States comes next, and then Holland. The importation of imitation cheese, made of lard and other

stuff, has begun. "Canada," says the authority just quoted from, "has improved the quality of her cheese and gained in reputation, whilst the United States has hurt itself by adulteration." There is a growing demand for soft cheeses, such as those of France and Switzerland, but they must be well made and uniform in quality. The price of cheese of every sort has been affected of late by the growing cheapness of meats and fresh mutton. The fresh mutton trade has reached immense proportions; it is believed the imports this year will amount to 3,000,000 cwts., principally from the Argentine, Australia and New Zealand.

The dead meat trade, omitting fresh mutton, is also very large. The British trade returns for 1894, the latest in detail, give the imports of unenumerated meat, salted or fresh, at 178,000 cwts., of which 109,000 came from Holland, 34,000 from the United States and 670 from Canada. Those of beef, "preserved otherwise than by salting," were 291,000 cwts., of which the States sent 205,000 and Canada 3,600. The preserved mutton imports were 113,000, mostly from Australia; the imports of all other preserved meats 150,000, of which the States sent 68,000; Australia, 40,000 and Canada 2,300. The salt beef imports were 242,000, nearly all from the States, and those of fresh beef, 2,100,000 cwts., of which the States sent 1,775,000; Australia, 800,000; Canada, *nil*. This fresh beef trade is the trade Dr. Montague is trying to establish here, and the fast Atlantic service, with its cold storage, ought to be of some assistance. The import price in 1894 was 40 shillings per cwt., or fourpence per pound. At this figure not much was made by American shippers. Their fresh beef had to compete with fresh mutton at an import price of 87s. 6d. The Argentine and Australia have unlimited supplies of mutton, and it is bound to run fresh beef a hot race; an English paper thinks it will shortly be laid down in the English market for 25 shillings, or less. While these figures should not discourage us from trying our hands at the business, they make it sufficiently clear that we need not look for big money in it.



BY M. I. HOSKIN.

THERE is a little romance attached to the recent marriage of the bright and popular Princess Henrietta of Flanders. She had her portrait painted about two years ago by the Duchess d'Arsele, who last spring exhibited it at the Society of Lady Amateurs in Paris. There it was seen by the young Prince Immanuel of Orleans, and so greatly was he taken with it, that his wise, old grandfather, the Duc de Nemours, suggested that he should go and see the fair original. No sooner said than done. He set out to Brussels with his father; there he met and was introduced to the Princess, and later, during a trip through Switzerland and northern Italy, wooed and won her; succeeding, where others had completely failed. For she being a young woman of character and determination, had declared that never would she marry any one whom she did not thoroughly love, a declaration to which she stoutly adhered in spite of flattering proposals and urgings to the contrary.

Princess Henrietta is the second child of the Count of Flanders and Marie of Hohenzollern, and was born November 30th 1870. Like her mother, she is extremely popular, and greatly beloved by the Belgians, and is blessed with a bright, happy nature and a kind heart. Her bridegroom comes of a family renowned for their good looks, his mother being sister to the once beautiful Elizabeth of Austria, and to Marie ex-queen of Naples; and his father, the Duc d'Alencon, was, in early manhood styled, "the handsomest man in Europe." There seems every possible prospect of a happy,

harmonious future of this union, and, if good wishes count, they have them *ad libitum* from the very hearts of the good people of Brussels.

\*.\*

\*.\*

ENGLAND as well as America has her heiresses, as a recent marriage shows, and like the latter she pours her hard-earned ducats into the empty coffers of a titled foreigner. A short time ago the daughter of Sir Blundell Maple, one of the many civic knights, bestowed her hand upon the Baron Von Eckhardstein, together with the modest marriage portion of £1,000,000, a house in Grosvenor Square, valued at £80,000, and a magnificent tiara of diamonds and pearls. In all probability the Baroness will be presented at the same time as the young Duchess of Marlborough, and it will be interesting to see which outvies the other in gorgeousness of attire, and in *savoir faire*.

\*.\*

\*.\*

How often occur by seeming accident, by some trivial action, or slight divergence from our ordinary path, the most important events, the turning-point, so to speak, in our lives, after which "life is never the same again."

It was even so in the case of General Washington, meeting with his future wife. All by the veriest chance, the result of a wavering decision, seemingly. It happened in this wise. He was crossing Williams' Ferry, hurrying to meet the Governor on important business, when Major Chamberlayne, whose house was close by, met him at the landing, and urged him to stay over for a few days. At first he refused, but

when the hospitable Major added, that they had staying with them, a charming young widow from Virginia, he yielded, and consented to at least stay and dine, giving his servant, Bishop, orders to have his horse in readiness to depart at an early hour in the afternoon. They met—the lady was fascinating, the General inflammable. The hours sped quickly and unheeded by, in vain the obedient Bishop waited, bridle in hand, at his post. The afternoon waned, and still his master tarried. The sun sank slowly in the west, and then the Major, chuckling inwardly, we may surmise, turned from the window and informed his erstwhile, reluctant guest, that no one was ever allowed to leave his house after sun-down, a rule to which the General submitted with amazing alacrity; and the wearied, wondering Bishop was told that he might put up the horse for the night.

It was late the next day before they took their departure, and spurred their rapid way to the Capital, only shortly to return, to consummate a betrothal between the General and Widow Custis, with literal interpretation of the adage that "Happy is the wooing that is not long."

\*\*

\*\*

LOVERS of old china would simply revel in the New Inn, Clovelly, where mine host and hostess exhibit an extensive and antique collection of china and pottery, the result of diligent and intelligent search through the neighboring villages of Devon and Cornwall. Every room has its quota of curious mugs, plates, jars, candlesticks and vases of varying shape and pattern. The dining-room is the culminating point—there we meet with a dazzling array, that covers sideboard, mantelpiece, tables and walls; on which last are arranged large plaques, on the which in artistic medley and design are displayed dozens of odd pieces, to excite the envy and admiration of the wayfarer. The New Inn is composed of two houses, separated from one another by a narrow cobblestone stairway, which runs in a confused, zig-zag manner, as does all this quaint old village, down the side of the cliff to the sea. Clovelly, with its picturesque aspect and mem-

ories of Amyas Leigh and his company, is in every way worth a visit, yet it is seldom frequented by tourist or holiday-seeker; much, however, be it said, to the relief of the few distinguished pilgrims who resort thither and delight in its quaintness and associations undisturbed.

\*\*

\*\*

WE do not usually think of women as being possessed of the inventive faculty, at least to any marked degree. Yet we owe to her two very profitable and familiar commodities, as you will see. In the year 1789, Miss Betsey Metcalf, of Delham, when little more than a child, discovered the art of how to bleach and braid the meadow grass. This discovery she imparted to others, and presently a regular business was established for making straw hats and bonnets, a business which now amounts annually to many millions of dollars.

Secondly, it was not until 1720, that that pungent condiment, mustard, in its present form was to be had. In that year of grace it occurred to old Mrs. Clemens, of Durham, to grind the seed in a mill and pass it through the several processes used in making flour. A very simple and natural method, but one that had not occurred to the masculine mind. This she kept secret for many years, supplying during that early period all England with her famed Durham mustard, to which George I. gave his gracious approval. Twice yearly she travelled to London and other large towns to take orders, and had amassed quite a considerable fortune before she died.

\*\*

\*\*

As you know, woman suffrage was long ago granted in New Zealand. And now-a-days, I am told it is no uncommon sight to see in the Ladies' Gallery of the House, rows of ladies busy with their sewing, while listening to the debates waging below them. So recognized is the custom that actually there has been attached to the edge of the gallery, a trough covered with green baize, to catch, forsooth, all straying balls, and knitting needles! Consideration in the extreme; though whether for the members' heads, or for the ladies' comfort seems an open question.





## CURRENT COMMENT

SHAH OUT.  
CZAR IN.

Monarchs seem fond of theatricalism. It is strange. The Shah of Persia certainly made a strong melodramatic exit. But this is one of the privileges of being a ruler. The honor of always having several different counties in waiting to receive the fragments that remain must be very exhilarating. Then, the daily possibility of this novel experience should greatly relieve the monotony of reigning.

Close upon the news of that potentate's assassination comes the announcement of the Czar's coronation—followed by descriptions so brilliant and vivid as to fill the soul of even Bulwer Lytton, or any other historical novelist, with burning envy. The emporiums of all the *costumiers* in Europe must have been ransacked to provide for the glittering pageants of those splendid ceremonies which, as Sir Edwin Arnold wired to the *London Daily Telegraph*, were never equalled on any stage. The wizard of the Lyceum has been outdone by the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The cost was only a hundred and forty million dollars.

To convey to their myriad readers some faint idea of the dazzling splendor of the imperial functions at Moscow, the newspapers have drawn upon all the resources of language and used all the arts of rhetoric. No device of the consummate word painter has been spared that would add to the glory of the picture. Even an emigration agent could not have done any better. The ceremonies were comparable with nothing in modern or ancient times, except the representations one's imagination conjures up of those triumphal processions that the Cæsars used to revel in in Rome.

The *hoi polloi* of Russia apparently enjoyed the displays of fireworks, military, millinery and royal gew-gaws as if

they were not footing the bills. But, as they would have to pay anyway, they were unconsciously quite philosophical, as the great public generally is.

Funny in the extreme, though, was the ostentatious equipage of the representatives of the French Republic. And fancy the descendants of the revolutionists and communists spending eighty thousand dollars for a supper given to the tyrannical Czar of Russia—and in the city that ruined the army of Napoleon! The world it do move—backward.

Entertaining it undoubtedly was to read of those theatrical displays described by such clever press correspondents, now visiting the realm of which Siberia forms so integral a part. But one cannot help being somewhat grateful that one lives in an empire free from the weaknesses of democracy, as well as from the extravagances of autocracy.

\* \* \* \* \*

JUNE  
23RD.

The age of boodling has gone, for some politicians—the days and nights of explanations have come, and the glory of an election contest is not all it's cracked up to be. The trouble of getting elected over again, is like Madame Sans Gêne's having to dress for the court ball—it's such a deuced nuisance. But three weeks more, and it will all be over. For several the die is already cast: they stay at home. For others the star of hope is rising: they will have the privilege of franking letters and lying frankly.

The issues of the campaign are before the people. Without doubt, the electors of Canada will do their duty and fulfil their trust. Meanwhile, the orators continue to talk, the people listen patiently—the latter often less credulous than the former. And all await the day of fate.

**WANTED:  
A WIFE**

**KING ALEXANDER** of Servia is looking for a matrimonial partner. All applicants must have money—state amount, with full particulars, in first letter. Enclose stamps for reply. In exchange the successful candidate will receive the title of Queen of Servia and a royal hand that has been spurned by princesses of nearly every court in Europe. In addition to this she will be the wife of one of the most repulsive and offensive young men from the Golden Horn to Behring Sea and back again. King "Sasha," as he is nicknamed, does not pose as a beauty, having a low forehead, beetling brows, sensual eyes, squat nose and bestial jaws. But his manners are coarse and brutal, and his opinions in regard to women are those discarded by King Lobengula. It is true that all of His Majesty's qualities have not been enumerated—space will not permit—but those mentioned leave nothing to be desired. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. Rumor goes that Queen Natalie and ex-King Milan, accompanied by their son Alexander, will visit America during this promising month of May, in search of an heiress with bullion enough to purchase a throne equal to that used on any stage, and as Queen of Servia to assist the King in the general work of reigning.

**SEVEN GREAT  
CELEBRITIES  
HERE**

The concert and theatrical season has closed. The various forms of summer recreation and amusement have now full sway. In Canada, as on the rest of this continent, the past season has been rather unsatisfactory financially. A great many enterprises have lost heavily. Many of them deserved to lose. They were potential for nothing admirable. But all the higher class of attractions, both musical and dramatic, have made money. This fact shows which way the taste of the Canadian people is tending. It is so plain a hint that the wayfaring

manager, though a fool, should make no mistake about it when preparing his plans for next season.

So far as opportunities for entertainment are concerned, the two leading cities of Quebec and Ontario have been very desirable places of residence for lovers of literary and other artistic treats. No metropolis this winter has listened to people more distinguished than have Montreal and Toronto. At the Windsor Hall and Massey Music Hall we have heard the world's greatest pianist, Paderewski; the greatest singers, Albani and Melba; at the Queen's Theatre and Grand Opera House the greatest actors and actresses, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, John Hare and Sarah Bernhardt. London, Paris or New York has not listened to artists more worthy of the homage that genius never fails to command. Nor could they. The Canadian season has undoubtedly been brilliant,

\* \* \* \* \*

**A PHANTOM  
OF DELIGHT.**

The reign of the summer girl has begun. June is her coronation month. It is not a crown that makes her a queen, but a pretty cycling cap—and the way she wears it. The sweet creature has no need of sceptres—she rules with a smile. The summer girl—who is she—where is she? Everywhere—in shady nook, by babbling brook. Beware! There she is—passing you on the devil-strip, a vision of pink and white. Bewitching? Yes. But how can you keep a dream? The vision has wings hidden in those big sleeves. Soft glances, loving whispers, wings unfolded—she is gone. The summer girl—she who seems fashioned for flirting, rides a wheel, loves a canoe, worships ice cream, adores candy, revels in novels, swings in hammocks, makes engagements and—breaks them, hearts included. She didn't mean anything. Bless her little soul—and lips! She is full of health and life, enjoys existence. It's a pleasure to her. May she rule long and be happy!