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THE LAKE

MARCH, 1893

MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO
POLITICS.
SCIENCE
AND GENERAL
LITERATURE

CONTENTS

- Frontispiece—Toronto Fish Market, 1841.
The Crofter Scheme of British Columbia.
BY R. E. GOSNELL.
The Woman's Congress at the World's Fair.
BY EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.
Poem—Parted. BY E. J. T.
Some Aspects of Theosophy.
BY HELEN A. HICKS,
Ludwig Von Beethoven.
Poem—To a Fairy.
BY O. G. LANGFORD.
A Morbid Manuscript.
BY A. F. PIRIE,
The Mysterious Grave.
BY H. M. P. TAYLOR.
The Next.
An Indian Legend.
BY SUSAN GREENHILL.
Poem—God's Foot on the Cradle.
BY (REV.) J. H. CHANT.
A Little Bill. BY E. J. T.
Should Women Vote.
Her Story.
BY FLORA MACDONALD,
Queen Amalia.
BY THOS. J. LYNCH,
Poem—Past Youth.
BY ADA A. SQUIRE.
A Strange Confession.
BY KOMUS.



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The Lake Magazine.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 8.

THE CROFTER SCHEME OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

R. E. GOSNELL, VANCOUVER.

No project affecting so wide interests is less known or more imperfectly understood than what is referred to in British Columbia as the Crofter Scheme. This does not relate to the general Crofter Scheme of colonization which has been before the Imperial Parliament for some years, and which has for its special object the relief of the congested Crofter districts of Scotland, one or two colonies, under which have been planted in the Canadian North-west. Although affiliated the enterprise, so far as British Columbia is concerned, is commercial as well as colonizing in its scope, and as such is quite distinct. At the outset, the idea of locating Crofters in British Columbia originated in the parent movement referred to, and had for its promoter a gentleman whose zeal in the cause earned for him the sobriquet of "Crofter Begg." Subsequently, however, the enterprise took a more definite and practical form in the hands of men who saw how the interests of the Crofters could be brought into effect in developing the deep sea fisheries of the west coast of this Province, and at the same time accomplish the other end in view. The Crofters, as their name indicates, are essentially a pastoral class, but situated as some of them were on the bleak and inhospitable shores of their native land, they became a fishing population as well. As a class they became noted as daring and skilful navigators in

fishing smacks and small boats, and acquired not only a wonderful knowledge of local conditions, and the habits of the fish inhabiting their waters, but great skill in fishing.

The west coast of British Columbia presented conditions akin to those of the west coast of Scotland, its waters being rich in the economic and food fishes, and requiring just such a class of fishermen for the development of deep sea fishing, the suggestion was a natural one that the men who lived in the latter place, and were to the man or born, would more easily and successfully adapt themselves to this industry in British Columbia than would any other class of fishermen who could be selected. Here was a new and undeveloped field of wealth; waters teeming with halibut, cod, "skil," her-ring, salmon, oolochan, dog-fish, etc. only waiting for skilled hands and willing hearts for its development, and a commercial organization as an adjunct to direct the work and find a market for the fish. The time was ripe for colonizing a number of persons whose discontent at home was not only well known, but a matter which had called for action on the part of the Imperial Government. When the Crofter Scheme was first mooted in British Columbia it found but little favor. In the first place, on general principles, a colonizing scheme was likely to be a failure, and had almost invariably proved to be so in the past.

In the second place, to dump down a lot of Crofters, with their families, on a bleak, uninhabited coast, even with a few hundred dollars of good British money in their pockets to start with, would be regarded as an act of positive cruelty and disregard for human rights. At first sight, that was a plausible presentation of the case, and although the newspapers occasionally made reference to it, little was thought about it.

However, a gentleman with wonderfully clear head and practical genius, Major Clarke, of Winnipeg, had incubated a scheme, which not only anticipated all possible objections but provided apparently for all possible contingencies. The general scheme may not have been all his, but the details were. Himself a Scotchman, with the most ardent patriotism, he was not likely to mislead his countrymen. With Major Clark were associated several other gentlemen with shrewd, practical, Scotch brains, who, likewise, would neither encourage nor engage in a wild-cat enterprise, nor permit of a deception in carrying out a colonization scheme affecting, more particularly, the interests of Scotchmen. The public did not know what was in contemplation, and therefore the public was not to blame if it rushed to conclusions unfavorable to the project. With characteristic reticence the promoters did not wish to disclose all they had in view until they were quite ready, but they steadily developed their scheme, first at home and then in British Columbia, until a perfectly formed plan, sanctioned by both Imperial and Provincial Parliaments, and state-aided, was evolved. Men of the very highest standing in Great Britain gave it their influence and support. As may be seen by the prospectus, and as is provided for by Acts of Parliament, the interests of the colonists are well looked after, inasmuch as they are to be migrated to British Columbia, given lands to settle upon, housed, provided with fishing boats and appliances, and every other

necessity of living that human foresight could suggest. In other words, when the colonists arrive they will find their land cleared and their houses ready, the beds made and the dinner cooking. More than that, it is contemplated to have their fishing boats moored at the wharf ready for the fishermen to go out the following morning, as at home, and fish, and upon returning again at night to find a buyer for their day's catch—conditions made for them such as they, after years of hardship, might have evolved for themselves. Such, in the rough, is what is to be done for the Crofters in British Columbia.

On the whole, the project is one of the most colossal, far-reaching, unique and important that has been undertaken in the material interests of Canada since that of building a Canadian transcontinental railway was consummated. The mechanism of the scheme, from industrial, commercial and colonization points of view, as I shall endeavor to show, is wonderfully complete and practical. It means making the Pacific Coast equal in wealth and population to the Atlantic seaboard. But first, I must review the steps taken in the formation and development of the great plan, and in doing so I shall speak by the book as to the facts.

I have said that while the Crofter scheme, as applied to British Columbia, was part of the general colonization idea, it was still quite distinct in its objects and *modus operandi* compared, for instance, with what was accomplished in the North-west. By an Order-in-Council in 1888 the British Columbia Government appointed a commissioner to submit a proposal to the Imperial Government, offering in consideration of a loan of £150,000 being granted for that purpose, to transfer 1,250 families of Crofter fishermen from the Scottish coasts and settle them on the West Coast of British Columbia. A select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the various

schemes proposed, and in March, 1891, it reported as follows on the British Columbia scheme :

“The project presents the rare recommendation that it demands from the public purse or from local funds no assistance beyond the Imperial loan, the repayment of which is guaranteed by a solvent and promising Province, which seems to possess ample resources for the settlement of a large population. In the respects of climate and seaboard it is well suited for the reception of a class accustomed to both sea and land pursuits. In many particulars the requisite machinery is incomplete, but your committee see no reason to doubt that the enterprise of the Colonial Government would soon supply what is deficient, aware, as they would be, that the success of their undertaking would depend upon their very first shipment of emigrants being well selected and well provided for in every way. Your committee think that in no way could the object recognised as necessary be obtained with less outlay or risk to the National Exchequer, and they can conceive of many considerations in which the colonization of British Columbia by a maritime population would appear to be desirable in the interests of the British Empire. They do not think that by any one scheme the adequate relief of the congested districts can be attained, and they recommend the government of British Columbia to the early and favorable consideration of Her Majesty's Government and Parliament.”

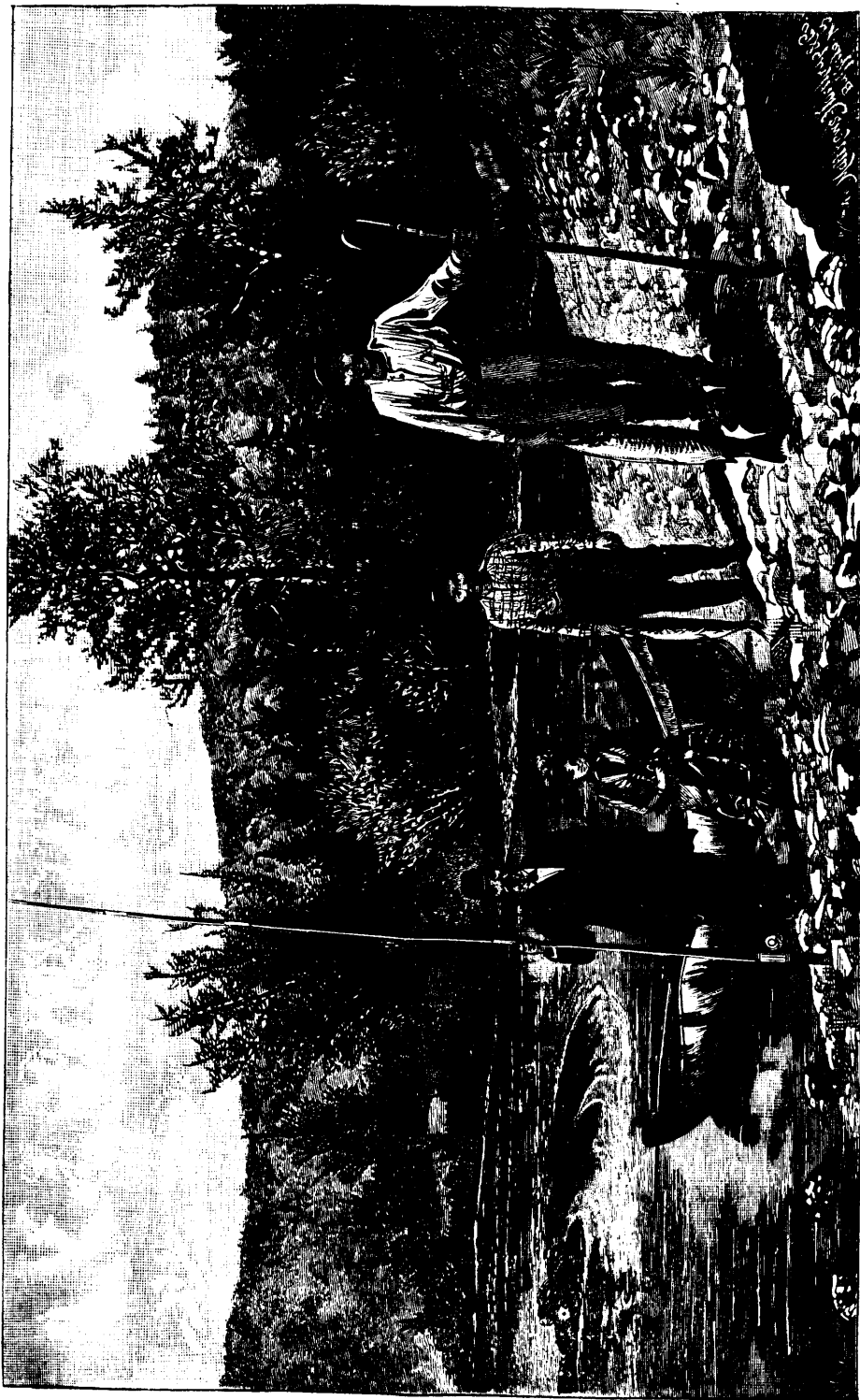
In response to the above report the Imperial Government offered to lend £150,000 to the British Columbia Government in three instalments of £50,000 each, repayable within thirty years, at three per cent. per annum. The Local Government, however, prepared to submit the matter to the Legislature before accepting the offer which necessitated the delay of a year before action could be taken.

Up to this point the Crofter Scheme was still *in nubibus*. No definite plan had been evolved for placing the Crofters, and the details had all to be filled in, but just here it took a practical shape by the introduction of a commercial factor. A syndicate was formed in London, Eng., to co-operate with the government, called the Vancouver Island Development Syndicate. This had in view the marketing of the fish caught by the Crofters, and the general development of industries growing out of their settlement. This syndicate appointed two commissioners, Major Clarke, before referred to, and Col. Engledue, to visit British Columbia, negotiate with the Local Government, and report on the commercial prospects. Upon the report of these gentlemen, the basis of a full-fledged scheme was arranged. At the next following session of the British Columbia Legislature two acts were passed dealing with the offer of the Imperial Treasury and the proposals of the syndicate, the nominal share capital of which was £1,000,000, powers being given to the Governor-in-Council of the Province to formulate the details of the agreements, which were to be ratified with Her Majesty's Government and the Syndicate respectively. Lord Salisbury's Government, just before the recent dissolution, passed an Act giving effect to the offer provisionally made. The next purpose of the Syndicate, in whose hands the success or failure of the enterprise lay, was to form a commercial company to co-operate with the Government in carrying out all the arrangements for which the scheme provided. At the time of writing, that was the state of progress to which the project had reached, and the promoters were simply waiting for a more favorable turn of the British money market to launch it.

There are three Acts dealing with the Crofter Scheme, two passed by the British Columbia Legislature, and one by the Imperial Parliament. The first is an Act to authorize an agree-

ment with Her Majesty's Government as aforesaid. It provides for the settlement of 1,250 families of "Colonists" from the United Kingdom on the coast of British Columbia, subject to abandonment at any time, if the measure of success attending the scheme has not been adequate, and the borrowing of £150,000 from the Imperial Treasury, in three instalments of £50,000 each, at 3 per cent. interest. Repayment commences at the end of five years from the date of the first advance, and extends over twenty-five years, in equal annual instalments. The second Act is entitled "An Act to encourage the Deep Sea Fisheries of British Columbia," and deals with the commercial aspect of the enterprise. It authorizes a company having a capital stock of not less than £1,000,000, which is to provide all the facilities for carrying on the work, and for a grant to the said company of 500,000 acres of land on the West Coast of British Columbia, to be selected from a reserve of 1,300,000 acres for that purpose, subject, of course, to its carrying out all the requirements of the Act in question, said company to deposit \$100,000 as security for their bona fides, until it has expended \$100,000 in permanent improvements, buildings, machinery, plant, etc., when the same is to be refunded by the Government; but such improvements, buildings, etc., are to remain as security to the Government for all obligations entered into on behalf of the company. The lands in question are to be exempt from taxes for ten years, and the personal property of the company for two years. The Imperial Act simply authorizes the advance of £150,000 from the Imperial Treasury to the Government of British Columbia, on certain conditions, the only difference existing in the terms of the Act of the respective governments is that the Imperial Act refers specifically to selections from Crofter parishes, while in the Provincial Acts the term "Colonists from the United Kingdom" is

used, which does not limit the selection to Scottish Crofters at all. That is, if suitable fishermen cannot be found among the Crofters it permits of selections being made from any other part of Great Britain and Ireland. This was regarded as a wise precaution on the part of the Provincial Government, but herein lies a possible bone of contention, but, if so, ought not to be a serious matter to arrange between the two governments. It may be added here that the details of the agreement, whereby the interests of the various parties interested are to be safeguarded are settled by the Governor-in-Council with the concurrence of the syndicate. This agreement, though made, is not yet public. One feature of the scheme which does not appear in the acts relating to it, is that the colonists repay to the Provincial Government the advances made to them in easy instalments covering a term of years, so that the Province, while recouping the Imperial Treasury, is recouped in return by the colonists. Having thus briefly outlined the statutory conditions, I wish to dwell particularly on the commercial aspects of the scheme; but before doing so an interesting, though mournful subject, with permission, may be introduced. So far as the Provincial Government was associated with the carrying out of the project, the latter had as a prime mover and a warm advocate the late Hon. John Robson, Premier of British Columbia. The deceased gentleman was one of the most distinguished of the pioneers of the Province and its most illustrious statesman. It is to be related here that he died in London, Eng., while in the consummation of this great enterprise, having had conferred on him an honor never before accorded to a Premier of a Province in Canada, being summoned by the Imperial authorities to arrange with them the details of a final settlement. It was while steeped in this public business that he was suddenly carried away, and if nothing more should ever come of it, this episode will render the



SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Crofter colonization scheme a memorable one.

A glance at the map reveals the fact that the land reserves from which the selections of the 500,000 acres are to be made, are located along the west and around the north and north-west coasts of Vancouver Island, on Queen Charlotte Islands, and at the mouth of Gardner Inlet on the mainland of British Columbia. The principal object of the company will be the development of the deep sea fisheries; but other industries will naturally enter into the project, owing to the nature and resources of the coast and the lands reserved. The Company announces the scope of its operations to include fresh fish, fish curing, extraction of oils, manufacture of fish products, seal and sea otter fishing, sawing and conversion of timber, clearing and opening up of lands for town sites and agricultural purposes, prospecting for coal and other minerals, and trading within the settlements.

First let me say that it is the intention of the Company when formed to bring out only a few families at first and reinforce them as the success of the operations would seem to justify, so that neither the company nor the Province will have a burden on their hands if failure should ensue. In other words, the risk is minimised to the lowest possible degree. If fifty families succeed then fifty more will be sent for, and so on until the whole 1,250 families have been landed. As explained previously, the colonist on landing finds his land cleared and prepared, his house built and furnished, and everything ready to put his hands to. The settlers will be located in villages, so as not to be isolated, and free schools, churches, etc., will be provided; conditions, only much improved, will be as nearly as possible like those at home. Truly, from a sociological point of view, a well devised plan of colonization.

Now, then, as to the commercial and industrial modus operandi, not less a marvel of internal mechanism.

Primarily, the business of the commercial company of British Columbia is to catch and sell fish. In the first place, the company buys from the fishermen at a fair market value. He does not have to hawk or peddle, or consign them. The local market is limited, and therefore the big market will be in the United States and Canada. The best fishing grounds are 600 miles north of Vancouver, the point of shipment. The principle of handling will be refrigeration throughout; cold storage at the fishing stations; cold storage on a line of fast steamers to Vancouver; cold storage at Victoria and Vancouver; cold storage on the fast express trains eastward; and cold storage at the principal points of distribution, east and south. This system of refrigeration can be utilized for general trade purposes, and thus be made remunerative independently of the fish business. The above refers to fresh fish, of which there are a number of varieties, the principal of these being the halibut, or giant sole, much prized in the eastern market. It exists in great numbers, is the best shipping fish known, averages from 100 to 200 pounds in weight, is firm in flesh and makes a delicious steak. The salmon, of which there are six varieties, is illimitable in quantity and runs in all the inlets, rivers and streams of the Coast. The best table salmon are the steelhead and tyhee or spring salmon. There are several varieties of cod, and herring, sole, flounders, shad, bass, "skil," oolochan, sturgeon, haddock, smelts, anchovies, capelin, skates, crabs, clams, oysters, etc., in great abundance. Special reference may be made to one or two others of these. The "skil," sometimes called "black cod," is a new fish to commerce, but one of the most delicate and finely flavored known. It resembles a mackerel somewhat, is found in 150 and 200 fathoms of water and is very plentiful. It is of too delicate a fibre, perhaps, to ship long distances, but cured properly will eventually be one of the most highly

prized of fishes. Then the oolochan (spelled in a variety of ways), sometimes called the candlefish, runs in enormous numbers at certain seasons, and is a delicious table fish, also very delicate in texture, but cured would make a very marketable "bloomer." The oil, too, of which the Indians extract great quantities and use as we use butter, if refined, should become an important article of commerce. The native oyster is small but preferred by connoisseurs to the Eastern, and no doubt by cultivation is capable of much improvement in size. Clams are found everywhere along the Coast, and at Alert Bay an industry in canning them has grown up, and the manufactured article is exceedingly good and should be everywhere saleable. These above enumerated are, of course, independent of the salmon canning industry, which has been developed on a large scale and is not capable of much further extension for the present.

The possibilities in the way of curing fish in various ways—salmon, halibut, cod, herring, "skil," sardines, oolochan, and so on—are very great and a large demand exists for such products, but which, as yet, it has been impossible to supply from this end.

Another important item is the extraction of oils. The dogfish, found following the runs of smaller fish, upon which it preys, yields from its liver and body, an oil, which, for lubricating purposes—more especially the liver oil—has no superior in the market. Two factories on the North Coast are engaged in its production and find a ready demand. The liver of the ratfish, a marine monstrosity, found with the dogfish, also yields an oil of great economic value. Sharks, whales, herring and the little oolochan are likewise valuable for their oil producing qualities.

There are various other fish products known to commerce, which it is proposed to manufacture, notably fish guano or fertilisers, in which an extensive trade has grown up.

All these things, the Commercial Company being organized, propose to undertake and much more. They will saw their lumber out of the timber on their own lands, erect their own houses, make their own shingles, barrels and boxes, build their own boats and ships and construct their own wharves; clear their own lands; prospect for and develop their own mineral properties; operate their own stores; trade with the settlements of the Coast; hunt for seal and sea otter; and generally do all and sundry all these things, which their hands find to do well and profitably for themselves and the colonists.

In such a complex industrial and commercial fabric as the one just outlined, besides being practical and founded on well known conditions of utility, it will provide for the colonists a diversity of occupation and employment, constituting an adaptation to a variety of pursuits and create labor at all seasons of the year.

An essential consideration in a scheme of the magnitude proposed will be the character of the colonists themselves, and as objections have been raised to the Crofters as a class, from whom they will be largely, if not altogether drawn, some reference to them is necessary. Morally it is a significant fact of local repute, that on the Isle of Skye there was not, in a population of 30,000 people, a single serious crime recorded in a period of 400 years. It is urged that they are lazy and unsuitable as emigrants to a new country. These objections, however, are either the result of ignorance, or are inspired by special motives. In answer, I cannot do better than quote from "the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the condition of the Crofters and Cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland."

Sec. 224: While it is true that the "physical conditions of life in the remote parts of the districts in question, and the possibility of utilizing the means of modern progress, are far behind those of more favored

“ parts of the country, it is pleasing to know that the general character of the inhabitants is not so by any means. It may be said, on the contrary, that in no part of our Majesty's dominions are there to be found among the humble ranks of society, more intelligence, better manners, purer morals than in the remotest parts of the Highlands and Islands from the Mull of Kintyre to the Skaw of Mist in Shetland.

“ Sec. 340: * * * It would be difficult to replace them by another race of equal ability and worth.

“ Sec. 341: It is not only in regard to fishing that the Crofting and Cottar population have a peculiar value. They constitute a natural basis for the naval defence of the country, a sort of defence which cannot be extemporised, and the value of which, in possible emergencies, can hardly be overrated. The sea-faring people of the Highlands and Islands contribute at this moment 4431 men to the Royal Naval Reserve, a number equivalent to the crews of seven armoured war steamers of the first class, and which, with commensurate inducements, could be greatly increased. It may be added that most of the men incorporated in corps of militia and volunteers would be able to serve ashore and afloat with equal efficiency.

“ Sec. 343: The Crofting and Cottar population of the Highlands and Islands, small though it may be, is a nursery of good workers and good citizens for the whole Empire. In this respect the stock is exceptionally valuable. By sound physical constitution, native intelligence and good moral training, it is particularly fitted to recruit the people of our industrial centres, who, without such help from wholesome sources in rural districts, would degenerate under the influences of bad lodging, unhealthy occupation and enervating habits. It cannot be indifferent to the whole nation, constituted as the nation now is, to possess within its borders a people, hardy, skillful, intelligent and

“ prolific as an ever-flowing fountain of “ renovating life.”

I can hardly give a higher or better authority than the foregoing, and we might incidentally mention that the daughters of these hardy fishermen would become excellent domestic helps in a country whose chief dependence for that purpose is now so largely drawn from the almond-eyed Mongolian.

Hitherto I have dealt with the project mainly as a speculation having a very wide field for successful development. I now desire to regard it as a necessity, not less national than and second only in importance to the building of the C. P. R.

All the available evidence goes to show that the west coast of British Columbia has wonderful piscatorial as well as other material resources. Owing to peculiar conditions it is well nigh impossible for private or non-state-aided enterprise to succeed in developing the fisheries, which, basing an estimate on the wealth of the Atlantic Coast waters, should maintain a population wholly employed in fishing of about 75,000 persons. The fisheries being situated far north and the principal market being thousands of miles away, it requires a resident fishing population, a huge system of cold storage, and a line of fast steamers to make a success of it. To ensure success, provision must be made for sending a regular and continuous supply of fish, assorted and in prime condition, to the markets of the east. Upon this everything hinges as a purely commercial venture. These enormous facilities, if I may be permitted the expression, involving such a minutiae of expensive detail and generally such a large outlay of money, requires “ enormous ” capital, more, in fact, than private enterprise can afford or is even likely to invest in the undertaking.

But there is still another factor, which has almost been entirely overlooked, and one which, in these days of combination of interests, must be

fully taken into account. I speak of the Eastern fish combine which controls the markets of the United States. You cannot sell Western fish to the dealers in New York, Boston or Chicago, because they are under the thumb of the wholesalers in the combine, to whom they must look for their regular supply and who virtually own them. A great many attempts on a small scale have been made in British Columbia to develop the deep sea fisheries, but they have invariably failed for the reasons named, partly for the lack of the long train of facilities previously indicated, and largely because the promoters cannot stand against the combine and sell fish in the market which it controls. In a fluctuating market, such as a fish market essentially is, the risk is too great for small capitalists or any probable combination of small men. Without agents on the spot, cold storage and all that, if the fish is not sold at once it spoils on your hands. You cannot sell to the retailers or jobbers unless you can guarantee an invariable supply, for the reason that the dealer must go back to the wholesaler of the combine again if you fail, and he naturally objects to be made a convenience of. The latter immediately tells him that if he intends buying from the "trade" only when he cannot buy elsewhere then he cannot buy at all, and if there happens to be a balance unpaid on credit account he is gently reminded that an immediate settlement is desirable. It is scarcely necessary to explain this principle of business. It is too well understood and fully accounts for the repeated failures experienced in finding a market on the other side for our fresh fish. The only remedy is to oppose the combine with an equally powerful combination. With £1,000,000 subscribed capital and all the modern machinery for carrying out the enterprise, every commercial link being complete from the Atlantic to the fishing grounds on the Pacific Coast, the Crofter Company could force and control the markets of the

North American Continent, within the limits of which there are about 75,000,000 or 80,000,000, and an enormous daily consumption of fish foods. They have in contemplation, as has already been stated, the adoption of the most complete and improved system of refrigeration and storage, and it is understood recent scientific experiments have demonstrated that, beyond doubt, fish can be kept for an indefinite period and exposed on the counters of fish-mongers for ten days after being thawed out, retaining their original flavor and firmness. This, in itself, presupposes great possibilities for trade in our fish.

Without the commercial adjunct the Crofter scheme, as applied to British Columbia, would be impracticable and visionary. The two must stand or fall together. Considered as a philanthropic, a commercial, an industrial, a social, or a colonization enterprise it must commend itself to all men and especially to Canadians, to the building up of whose interests it would contribute not only in a material way but in the higher national sense. It is one of the greatest and best devised projects of the present day.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote from a pamphlet recently issued, which says: "Considering the room for expansion, it is anticipated that the families under this scheme will only form the advance guard for thousands more for whom this province can find place and employment. They will be transferred from one portion of the Empire to settle under the same old flag. Not emigration to a foreign land to be lost to the Mother Country but migrating to an unoccupied and fertile field, where, while working out their independence and securing a brighter future for their offspring, they will be helping in a marked degree in the colonization and development of one of the richest and most attractive portions of Her Majesty's Empire."

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.

It is significant of the age in which we live, as corroborative in the highest degree of the opinion of Victor Hugo that this is the woman's century, to find such a prominent place given to woman and her work by the promoters of the Columbian Exposition.

The gains of the last fifteen years in this direction, since the Centennial Exhibition was held in Philadelphia, have been most wonderful; and during the last decade in particular, the movement among the women of all countries of the globe towards larger and freer conceptions of life, and a deeper realization of their true relation towards the world of which they form a part, has gained in force and momentum, until the crest of the oncoming wave will reach its culminating point in the World's Congress of representative women, which, under the happiest and most favorable auspices, is to hold its sessions at the World's Fair in Chicago during the month of May next.

That there should have place, in the outlined scheme of the Columbian Exposition, a department of Woman's progress, which deals directly with ethical rather than with material values, emphasizes the establishment of a new order of things, in which the coming woman shall be judged in the light of emancipated thought, and no longer from the arbitrary dictum of the masculine idea as to what is or is not essentially feminine; but rather, from her true relation to the State no less than to the Church and the Home.

"The greatest discovery of the age," says that keen observer, Frances E. Willard, "is woman's discovery of herself," and because "ever more to come to consciousness is to come to power, women everywhere are finding out the helpfulness of organization, and are

going forward, and reaching out along every line of work:—philanthropic, charitable and representative; and enquiring with eager interest into the problems of civil and religious polity; of government—home, state and national;—with the strong and unwavering determination to discover wherein they have failed, in former days, with relation to their duty in regard to these affairs, and to be, henceforward, a recognized force in the body politic.

The motto of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary, "NOT MATTER, BUT MIND," is a sufficient index to its purpose. It has received national recognition, and this Department is under the supervision of Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Mrs. Charles Heurotic, the duly accredited representatives of the United States Government for women's work at the Columbian Exhibition.

But, in the full electric light of the present day, as concerns the status of women, it is interesting to look back at the tiny spark which, so long ago as the year 1848, kindled the train of thought and purpose which has led to such undreamed-of results, and has made the Woman's Congress possible.

The pioneers of freedom of thought for women were those few brave souls, who, less than fifty years ago, at Seneca Falls, New York, made their first organized demand for equal educational, industrial, professional, and political rights for women.

The seed of the movement they planted that day, in cold and unfriendly soil, has thriven, in spite of all the adverse winds and biting frosts of derision, obloquy and contempt; has survived the cutting blasts of ridicule and inuendo. Confronted by every form of opposition, discredited by the very persons whose lot it sought to

ameliorate, it has yet, by its indomitable courage and tireless energy compelled a reluctant admiration from an unwilling public.

Time and circumstance, in the march of events, have at length brought about a tardy recognition of its right to a place in the knotty problems which present themselves for solution to the legislators of every nation, and to-day, in all the civilized world, the names of those women who stood in the pillory of public opinion, and who bore the heat and burden of the day in their brave championship of the rights of women have acquired the hero's glory and the victor's renown.

In those days there were but seven occupations open to women; to-day they are engaged in over four hundred different lines of work. Such a thing as the higher education of women was then unknown; indeed anything beyond the very sketchiest and most superficial knowledge of the rudiments of a classical education, supplemented by a few elegant "accomplishments," was considered not only useless but positively indelicate and unwomanly. Not one of the learned professions entertained for one moment the wild idea of admitting a lady into their charmed circle. Journalism, which to-day is the chosen field of so many distinguished and talented women, was then quite outside the barriers beyond which no proper minded "female" might stray. There were then no such anomalies as "college girls," nor any institutions of a co-educational nature: the brain of woman being much inferior to that of man, could not, of course, expect to stand so severe a mental strain, even if any undertaking of so strong-minded a nature could be considered for one moment by any properly brought up young lady.

In the home, woman was the petted and cherished play thing, the meek and submissive dependent, rather than the chosen companion and intelligent comrade of the husband and father.

Within the social circle in which she moved, her friendship towards her own

sex would be warm and tender, but she had not, in those early days, realized the tie which binds her to every sister-woman. There was no such thing as the comradeship which has broken down the barriers of caste and creed among the women of to-day, and has been, and is yet to be, the most precious, as it is the most potent factor in determining the true relation of women to the land in which they live. But all this time there were some brave hearts "toiling upward in the night;" the world was moving on and by slow degrees woman hearts, good and true, were learning that "it is easier taking hold of hands," and that to accomplish the work which they now saw to be their's,—God given—in education, philanthropy and reform, they MUST band themselves together because of their very weakness—and ignorance. And as they have worked on together in their different enterprises, they have, one and all, at some time or another come to the point when, however distasteful the idea to conservative minds, they have found that there was, after all, a substratum of truth in the doctrine of "woman's right" to be free and equal, even as is her brother man, in order to do her work and play her part in and for humanity; and that "those dreadful women" were, after all, not half so dreadful as they had been told!

And so it came to pass that when the fortieth anniversary of the much abused "Woman's Rights" Association was to be held in Washington, D. C., and in response to an invitation sent out by these unpopular and "strong-minded" women in 1887, there assembled, march 25th, 1888, an International Council of Women representing fifty-one national organizations and seven different countries of the world.

So successful and absorbing were the deliberations of this eclectic gathering of women, and so important a bearing did the matter assume towards the national standing of these different organizations, representing as they

did every shade of religious and political thought and opinion, that it seemed unwise to allow the meeting to dissolve without taking measures towards placing it on a permanent basis. Accordingly, there was formed, the National Council of Women of the United States; and also an INTERNATIONAL Council, officered by Millicent Garrett Fawcett, of England; Isabella Baglot, France; Kirstine Frederiksen, Denmark, and Clara Barton, and Rachel Foster Avery, of America.

By the terms of the constitution, meetings of the International Council were to be held quinquennially; but in 1889, in response to an invitation of the progressive women of France, an International Congress of women was convened in Paris, under the auspices of the French Government. Before its adjournment that congress, composed of delegates, representing over one hundred societies, and twenty-six different nationalities, pledged its members to work in each country for the establishment of National Councils and for the dissemination of information concerning the International Council, and its objects. These, as set forth in the preamble are as follows:

"We, women of all nations, sincerely believing that the best good of humanity will be advanced by greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the Family and the State, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers, committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom, and law."

And its general policy is outlined in Article No. 2 of the Constitution, viz.:

ARTICLE II.—GENERAL POLICY.

"This International Council is organized in the interest of no one propaganda, and has no power over its auxiliaries beyond that of suggestion and

sympathy; therefore, no National Council voting to become auxiliary to the International shall thereby render itself liable to be interfered with in respect to its complete organic unity, independence, or methods of work, or shall be committed to any principle or method of any other Council, or to any utterance or act of this International Council, beyond compliance with the terms of this Constitution."

In May, 1891, there was held in Albaugh's Opera House at Washington, D. C., the meeting of the National Council of the United States, which comprised delegates from twelve different organizations, all of them NATIONAL in their bearing and objects: such as the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, National Suffrage Association, National Free Will Baptist Missionary Society, Sorosis, the pioneer among women's clubs, Women's National Press Association, the National League for the promotion of Social Purity, etc., etc., officered by such women as Frances E. Willard, Mary D. Lincoln, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, Ella Dietz Clymer and others.

In addition to these no less than forty widely different Women's Associations were represented by fraternal delegates; associations for every purpose, educational, industrial, religious, reformatory, philanthropic, ethical, literary and political. From the Lady Board of Managers of the Columbian Exhibition to the Woman's Health Protective Association of New York City—(which energetic body has set in motion the civic dust-pan and caused the municipal broom to sweep cleaner than ever before)—a chromatic scale of every laudable enterprise ever attempted by true-hearted womanhood.

To these bright intellects, the opportunities to be gained from an International Congress of Women to be held during the Columbian Exhibition, seemed so important that to-day "their sound has," literally, "gone out into

all lands, and their words to the ends of the world."

England, France, Scandinavia, Finland, Italy, Switzerland and Germany have all been invited to send delegates to Chicago. Women in all parts of the world who are interested in any department of intellectual activity, philanthropy, or reform, whether members of the Council or not, have been asked to suggest topics for discussion and to send in the names of those who will be invited to present papers or to participate in debates of the Congress. According to the preliminary address of the committee:—

"Every living question pertaining to the education or the employment of women may be discussed in this Congress. In its sessions the woman's view upon every issue affecting humanity—upon the Home, the Church, the State, and her own function in these institutions may be presented. What such a Congress may do for the uplifting of humanity, if the women of the world avail themselves of its unique advantages for stating their view of the present condition of the race, of its struggles, its possibilities, its hopes—is incalculable. The aid which such a Congress will give to the solution of the hundreds of problems included in what is massed under the phrase "The Woman Question," is equally beyond measure. Humanity may well entertain eager anxiety regarding the manner in which women will respond to this matchless opportunity."

It may here be asked, and what of Canada in this grand gathering of the nations? Have our Canadian women not been summoned to their trysting-place of woman's activity? Have they no place in the councils of the women of the world? To this we would answer, no place of RIGHT, for Canada has not yet grasped as she might have done this "matchless opportunity" of uniting her womanhood with the forces now marshalling to the emancipation of the sex.

So, as yet, Canada has no National

Council of Women. But the invitation to send representatives has been also extended to Canada, and there will be Canadian women present who shall show, we trust, that the Dominion is at least as progressive as, shall we say, Denmark or Scandinavia.

Two years ago the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union, which stands at the head of the organized work of Women in Canada, both in scope and progressiveness, sought, though unsuccessfully, we are grieved to state, to awaken the varying bands of women workers in Canada to the benefits of solidarity of effort for development and progress. There is abundant material in the Dominion for a National Council of her women, in the various philanthropic and religious as well as well as educational societies, conducted by and for women. We are therefore confident that when the matter is more widely known and better understood, as it will be in the near future, the women of our beloved Dominion will be anxious to enter into a sisterhood at once, so broad in its aims and purposes and so far-reaching in its results.

When the women of Canada unitedly array themselves for or against any cause they are going to be a mighty and felt force in the success or defeat of that particular thing.

When they shall lift up their voices nationally, against the glaring evils of the day; when they shall agree to set the standard of society in every home, from ocean to ocean, for temperance, purity and morality; when the wrongs of the toiling sister shall be the wrongs of a united womanhood, then will not life become better worth living for each and all, and shall not our beloved land be the home of a happy and prosperous people?

What better service can we render to the state than to foster such a spirit of patriotism in our women as can flourish only in minds and hearts open to every good influence from all the winds of God? Minds and hearts that shall be free from all narrow and

petty restraints of jarring creeds or party strife; emancipated from the senseless and degrading trammels of an aimless life of frivolity or petty conventionality, and set to idealize the common round of daily duty by a full

realization of its relation to those things which "make for righteousness," not only in the sacred and hidden life of the home, but out in the broad sunshine of the coming day of an uplifted and renovated humanity.

PARTED.

BY E. J. T.

Good-bye ! we soon will be far, far asunder,
And sullen ocean roll its waves between us.
From Nova Scotia's rocks to sea-beat Scilly,
While your hard heart—the bosom of that wonder
Of grace, the marble Medicean Venus
Is not more chilly.

What care you if my folly made me flutter
Moth-like allured by eyes too brightly beaming?
What care you if my thoughts each day in the seven
Turn to you, as at distant tempest's mutter
The sailor to the pole-star, or the gleaming
Star-cross in Heaven?

SOME ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY.

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

Death lieth still in the way of life
Like a stone in the way of a brook ;
I will sing against thee, Death, as the brook does,
I will make thee into music which does not die.

—SIDNEY LAUIER.

The apostle of Theosophy who commands most attention in America just now is Mrs. Annie Besant. To know the story of her life, to see her long, thin face, the face of the enthusiast and dreamer, with its deep eyes and brow too massive for a woman ; above all to hear her speak with the persuasiveness which only comes of sincerity is to be reminded of Emerson's declaration that he who has light must bear witness to the light and ever outrun sympathy by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. Whoever has felt the peculiar influence of her personality must be sure, no matter what her vagaries may be, no matter what cult she may adopt, that here, under all, is the sincerity that convinces because it is convinced, that here is a soul which has been willing to give up father and mother and husband and child, to afflict itself by faithfulness to truth, and to become a byword and a hissing. The apostolic type of woman seems strangely out of place in this generation, and there are many minded to say that the affliction is of her own imposing and the hissing not without just cause. Mrs. Besant has had many detractors, first because of her separation from her husband on the ground of difference of religious opinion, and again among the secularists because she chose to leave their ranks. With these there is no consideration of the pitiful human side of the story, that it was the sickness and death of her child which led this mother to seek some explanation of death less terrible than the usual one. It was not the desire to

lead or to be known that led Annie Besant into the wilderness of doubt to be tempted ; she, like Byron, was inspired by the genius of pain. It was absolutely without hope, with a weak body and a tortured mind, that this churchwoman began her pilgrimage from Evangelicalism to Puseyism, thence through the Theism of the Broad-Church to what seemed to her the grave of spiritual quest—Atheistic Materialism. But long before this philanthropy had claimed her she opened a club in the East End of London for poor girls, she espoused the cause of the match-girls, she spoke and wrote in the interests of labor, she worked with Charles Bradlaugh for the Secularists ; she has been unremitting in her efforts for the poor. By all these means, by certain glimpses of revelation caught from Modern Spiritualism and by the study of the *Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky, truth, Mrs. Besant believes, has had in her its perfect work. She has been faithful to pass on the torch handed to her, and is now preaching this system, which was old and has become new again, so eloquently that it has ceased to be the custom to ignore her.

The majority of the recruits among the Theosophists have come from the Secularist camp, because at the first blush Theosophy has in it nothing to antagonize a Secularist as it would an Orthodox Christian. The Theosophic endeavor to explain all phenomena without resort to miracle and the Pantheistic assumption that "God is all and all is God" have in them difficulties which do not appeal to the Secularist. Yet the avowed objects of the Society are very different from its direct teaching, and admit of the greatest diversity of faiths within its limits. These objects are three, and acceptance

of the first only is necessary to admission to membership :

1. To be the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood.

2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions and sciences.

3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

This is nothing more than the modern spirit of altruism, and has in it nothing which could exclude Buddhist or Christian, Theist, Atheist or Mohammedan ; it is the unwritten law of the Society, not its avowed object, which repels.

The doctrine itself, professed by Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Buddha, or even by Leibnitz, is respectable for its antiquity and is one of the many forms assumed by the unceasing endeavor of humanity to find an explanation for that "old woe o' the world," the mystery of death. It arrays itself against the negations of materialism by taking up the old argument of design, by showing the differentiation of functions and kind, both in living organisms and the inorganic elements, and by emphasizing the strong set in the current of life towards truth, beauty and goodness. The phenomena of mind-reading, of hypnotism, of memory, dream-life and imagination, the appearance of extraordinary aptitude or genius in a strain where it was not to be expected in the natural order of things, the admission by the Materialists that matter must be credited with "a little feeling,"—all these are used with great adroitness to prove the existence of intuition, the province of the soul. Theosophy holds with Cousin that "spontaneous intuition is the true logic of nature ; and, while rejecting the miraculous in what are called the orthodox faiths, it denounces Materialism as the most stupendous example of Fetish-worship the world has ever seen."

So Theosophy stands—recognizing the mystery of the soul and denying the possibility of the miraculous. So

old as to have been forgotten or so mystical as to have escaped for centuries the eye of science, it professes to be the system which, since the earliest ages, has comprised all the requisites of human endurance. The soul, that essential part of man which perceives and permanently remembers, is its God, and is subject to two laws—the laws of Reincarnation and Karma.

Reincarnation is but another conception of the quest after holiness or perfection. The Christian may seek it in this life, the Theosophist can only expect it after more lives yet ; "through realms he shall traverse, not a few." One earthly life is not long or strenuous enough in which to learn the secrets of nature : there must be different rounds of existence and they must be in the flesh. For as the Hymn to the Planet God has it, "The body is the chamber of ordeal ; therein is the soul of man tried." Through various incarnations, too, the human soul recovers its recollections, the memory of its previous life ; so that the ghosts of past events that walk in the borderland of consciousness and reveal themselves to us in dreams and in the hypnotic trance, may be assigned their proper places and recognized as old acquaintances. This is an idea which has been entertained of late by others than Theosophists. Du Maurier has elaborated the notion of ante-natal consciousness in his novel *Peter Ibbetson*, and was of opinion that had he kept on with his experiments he might at last have reached that original incarnation of himself, his remote and hairy ancestor, who wore pointed ears and a tail, and, in all probability, had never learned the use of his thumbs. The periods which elapse between the several incarnations are periods of rest. Browning was expressing the faith of the Theosophist when he wrote in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* :

"And I shall thereupon,
Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new."

Karma is nothing more than the law of a divine compensation acknowl-

edged and professed in every theology—the irrevocable effect of sin on character, the necessity of expiation, Nature's inviolable fiat that suffering shall surely follow every one of her violated laws. It is the assurance that justice is not postponed, that reward and punishment are dispensed with perfect equity and with absolute certainty; not necessarily with any casual retribution that others see, but with the effect which is inseparable from the act itself. "The dice of God are always loaded."

The question of most interest to us in connection with Occultism is: What meaning has this revival of the Esoteric doctrine among western peoples? It shows a new habit of thought. It seems to be one of the many evidences not lacking that the pendulum of thought is swinging backward from Materialism to Mysticism. To be spiritually-minded is no longer sneered at as unscientific or mediæval. We hear of the signs of a great religious revival in France and of the

extent of the Neo-Christian movement led by Vicomte de Vogue. We even hear that Renan in his last days deplored the fact that no religious sentiments were imparted to the youth of to-day, and advised that great voices be heard in the Sorboune and in the large schools "so that their souls might be lifted up." All the vulgar manifestations of Spiritualism—table-rappings, ghostly voices, and the like—what are they but an expression of the universal desire to believe in something? When one creed is destroyed its spirit, the truth in it, rises indestructible from the ashes. The things men have found have always been better than the things they sought. Our best heritages were stumbled upon by dreamers who hoped to realize an impossibility. Is it impossible that some slight benefit should be derived from a better knowledge of these Orientals whose genius was a genius for religion.

"Look east, where whole new thousands are!
In Vishun-land what Avatar?"



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

When treating of the lives of men great in the world of art, science, or literature, their honest admirers usually confine themselves to the actual work and its result ; but for the casual reading of the casual reader, a sketch of personal traits and characteristics is of more interest. The true exponent of Beethoven's music finds in it ample scope for character study, and it is often no easy task to trace the connection between a childish touchiness of mind and irascibility and some musical passages the grandeur of which has never been surpassed.

Beethoven early developed his musical talent, and equally early his quick impracticable temper which brooked no restraint. He was only conquered in his hatred of receiving instruction by being driven to the piano, and nothing short of a beating would induce him to practice. His childhood and early instruction was mismanaged by his dissipated father, but the great saving influence in his life was his strong love for his mother ; and the chief factor in his life-long attachment to Ries was his keen memory of the substantial sympathy shewn by the elder Ries at the time of his mother's last illness.

All his life a favorite with those of high degree, Beethoven very early made the acquaintance of the family of Von Breuning, living with them and teaching the junior members for some years. The friendship was a true one, and in spite of occasional tiffs—a necessary part of intercourse with a character such as Beethoven's—it lasted until his death. Madame Von Breuning was the only person who could at all manage him, and even she could not make him go to his lessons in time. When he proved quite unmanageable, she would give up, saying, " he is again in

his *raptus*," an expression which Beethoven never forgot.

In his teachings he was as whimsical as in everything else, absenting himself on the least pretext ; and if he really found himself beside his pupil, would as likely as not be unbearably captious or blissfully inattentive. On the other hand, when he did take the trouble to teach, he was patient and accurate, and in many cases would accept no payment.

In his own careless studies Albrechtsberger could not hide his disgust, when the latter was endeavoring to teach Beethoven counterpoint : and truly, what contrapontist could be satisfied with a pupil who made such remarks as that " it was a good thing to learn occasionally what is according to rule, that one may hereafter come to what is contrary to rule : " a pupil who did not hesitate to say that everything in music—even consecutive fifths—might be regarded an open question.

In appearance Beethoven was short and square, measuring only five feet five, and broad in the shoulders—" the image of strength " ; a broad nose over a well-formed mouth, which, when he smiled was pleasant in expression ; small dark eyes sunk in his head, but which were capable of being distended under stress of excitement. Although personally clean, he had little regard for the state of his clothes and as a rule presented a truly wild figure, the finishing touch being given by his shock of unkempt gray hair. In his early Vienna days he attempted the fashionable dress of the period—silk stockings, perruque, long boots and sword, double eyeglass and seal ring ; but dress was as irksome as etiquette, and he quickly abandoned the attempt.

Born in Bonn, he left that place as

soon as possible for Vienna, where he lived with little interruption until his death in 1827. His habit of life followed the seasons as far as his irascible temper would permit, his set pattern being to live in lodgings in the city during the winter, spring and summer being spent in the suburbs; but he could seldom agree for long at a time with any lodging-house keeper, until at last his name became a by-word among them. He could be offended on the least provocation, and would rush off at a moment's notice. One landlord aroused his ire by bowing too low when he met Beethoven in the latter's daily walk; and on another occasion when he found several people stop to look at him, he rushed home, packed his papers, and the same day moved to a new neighborhood. Such frequent flittings naturally caused him much expense, but in money matters he was utterly unthinking. As a striking example of his unfitness to look after his financial affairs, it is stated that his last years were cramped by poverty, when, after his death, forgotten bank shares were found in his desk, which had they been sold, would have made him fairly comfortable.

Always fond of practical jokes, Beethoven once made a wager to put out an eminent singer, (to quote from Schindler) "by an adroit modulation, and led the singer out of the prevailing mode into one having no affinity to it, still adhering to the tonic of the former key, so that the singer, unable to find his way, was brought to a dead stand." Just as malicious, and of rougher design, was the prank played upon the wife of a fellow-composer who had asked for a lock of Beethoven's hair. This last being long, grey, and strong, he and a friend conceived the idea of sending a lock of goats hair to the lady; but one is glad to know that he had the grace to be heartily ashamed of the trick afterwards.

In early years the force and originality of his playing made his hearers predict great things of him, although up to that time he had composed nothing worthy of note. When struck with an idea he

would try to sing it if he had no means at hand of committing his thought to paper; and this singing of his was a penance to anyone within earshot, for if not a roar it was a piercing screech that made the hearer wince. It was a difficult matter not to offend him, for, if pressed too much to play, he would leave the house in a temper; and if he played, the least inattention would exasperate him. Often actual force was required to get him seated at the piano, but once there he would extemporise for a couple of hours at a time. After one of his great improvisations he would banter his hearer upon their emotions, remarking that what artists wanted was applause not tears, and would often call his audience "fools" and "spoiled children" for shewing their emotion. As his deafness grew, his playing declined, until at last it was nothing but a crash of sound. His attitude at the piano was quiet and dignified, whereas as a conductor his contortions were extravagant. Seyfried says that "a diminuendo he was in the habit of making by contracting his person, making himself smaller and smaller, and when a pianissimo occurred he seemed to shrink beneath the conductor's desk; as the sounds increased in loudness so did he gradually rise up as if out of an abyss: and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself upon tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and with both arms floating about in undulating motion seemed as if he would soar to the clouds."

His ungovernable temper often led to laughable, if rough, exhibitions in public. He was fond of throwing the things of which he disapproved at the head of the person who aroused his wrath; as, for instance, once in the dining-room of the "Swan" he flung a dish of stewed beef and gravy at a waiter who was defenceless with his hand full of dishes in the centre of the room. While they two swore and shouted, the general company present roared with laughter. On another occasion he avenged many old scores against his cook. He was in the habit of preparing some of his daily

articles of food with his own hands, his coffee and bread soup among them, and once he charged the cook with sending up bad eggs for the latter. When the hapless domestic, cautiously hovering at the door, appeared in answer to her master's summons, she was received with a battery of the suspected eggs, the aim being as precise as prompt.

Beethoven's house was always in a state of perfect confusion, while he plumed himself upon his bump of order and love of neatness. The casual visitor ran an equal chance of sitting on a heap of papers, the remains of day-before-yesterday's breakfast, a chair, or a cheese. When, as frequently happened something was mislaid, he vowed everyone in the house was in league against him; but his wrath was soon over, and in spite of frequent outbursts his servants were fairly devoted to him.

His habits, bodily and mental, were much the same all his life, his custom being to rise at daybreak, dine at noon or soon after, and at any time make hurried breaks into the fresh air, flying along at breakneck speed and in an absorbed manner. He depended upon fresh air for inspiration, and when the weather—which then had to be bad indeed—prevented his going out, he resorted to a cold bath for ideas. When composing, he used a sketch-book in which he set down thoughts and phrases as they occurred to him, often not working them out until long after. This kind of procrastination was one of the faults found with him by his patrons, as he invariably put off the execution of commissions until the last possible moment.

Ungraceful, and completely awkward, Beethoven was sure to upset anything that was not nailed to the floor, and the more costly the article the more certain he was to break it. If an inkstand and a piano were in the same end of a room, the former stood a very fair chance of being emptied into the latter before the end of the day. Unless on the occasions when he forgot his beard and allowed it to grow half an inch long, he daily shaved himself, and as a result his face

was carved in a perfect pattern. Many ridiculous exhibitions of his impulsiveness are connected with his shaving hour; as, for instance, once when Ries entered the room suddenly, after a long absence, Beethoven was so glad to see his very dear friend, that, covered with lather as he was to the eyes, he embraced Ries with such effusion that he effectually transferred all the soap on his own left cheek to the other's right, to the equal amusement of both men. Another time, jumping hastily from his bed and immediately preparing his face for the razor, he turned to the open window for a moment, when, becoming so absorbed in the beauty of the morning, he forgot to move away again. Naturally, some passers by stopped to gaze, when Beethoven roared to the "fools" to ask what they were looking at!

A hot-blooded Republican in Spirit, he often gave striking examples of his democratic bad taste. Once as he and Goethe were walking together, they met the whole Imperial family. Goethe stood aside, bending low, with hat off, while Beethoven walked on, with arms folded and hat well pressed down. The Imperial ones made a lane for the great man to pass through, which he did, receiving without acknowledgement their salutations as he strode by.

His genius and oddity, in spite of his bearishness of manner, did not fail to make him some warm friends among men, and he was always a favorite with the young countesses and baronesses from whose musical circles were drawn his princely patrons. His impatient pride never lost a chance to take offence, and he never stopped to consider the feelings of his hosts. One of his numerous patronesses in the aristocratic world invited him to supper to meet the then greatest musical amateur in Berlin, Prince Louis Ferdinand. The lady's stringent adherence to her rules of etiquette prevented her from placing the prince and the composer at the same table; consequently Beethoven, whose democratic spirit was especially sore on the matter of social distinctions, left the

house in a passion. The prince afterwards tried to make peace by inviting the same lady to a dinner of his own to meet Beethoven, placing the countess on his left hand, and the touchy musician on his right.

That Beethoven should have been so much treasured by the aristocracy of Vienna, the class which knew him best, notwithstanding his personal drawbacks and the social gap between them, shews the immense power of his genius and the charming simplicity of his mind which overcame their objections to the abruptness of his manner. His political creed was embodied in the phrase "supremacy of mind over birth," but with all his republicanism he was touched and pleased at the recognition of his work accorded him by the "aristocrats."

As a graceful compliment to a woman whom he admired, the countess Browne, the wife of an officer in the Russian service, Beethoven dedicated to her the "Variations on a Russian Dance." She acknowledged the attention by the gift of a beautiful horse, which animal was soon so completely forgotten by him that his servant withheld the bills for provender so that his master might have no reminder, and let it out for hire for his own benefit.

It may not be generally known that Beethoven occasionally supplied dance music to the beer gardens, and for our own part we would be glad if we never knew.

As impulsive in heart as in mind, he formed many passing attachments, passionate while they lasted; but in spite of his frequent complaints as to his state and his avowed appreciation of the effect a noble wife has on a man's life and work, he never married. The pathetic note of deep affection which rings through some of his scores is strikingly exemplified in what the Austrians call the Moonlight Sonata, dedicated to the Countess Guiccardi, for whom he for a long time entertained the sincerest regard. When forty, he met the famous Bettina von Arnim, Goethe's friend, but the admiration was chiefly on her side. In her letters to Goethe she describes her con-

ception of Beethoven's genius in the most flowery of terms, and although the composer's side of his correspondence with her was effusive enough, it must be remembered that he loved to deal in superlative terms on all occasions, as his diaries and journals shew, and his regard for the fair Bettina was only for one in whom he fancied he had found, if not a kindred soul, at least an admiring appreciation.

He was only thirty when the approach of his terrible malady made itself unmistakably felt, and many of his mental peculiarities must be ascribed to his disordered physical condition. Deafness in a musician means to a gentle spirit sorrow of the deepest kind; but to a haughty, turbulent mind such as Beethoven's it meant professional defeat and ruin, and his temper could not brook the humiliation of such an infirmity. Through all his desperation and despair, he preserved his vague faith in the goodness of a God; but his trials, which were without any Christian consolation, left him moody, morose, a slave to his merest whim, and jealous of his best friends. With all this, he had a keen sense of his own shortcomings, and on occasions would make ample amends for offences. His friends and the public, recognizing the good within him and deeply sorry for him in his one overwhelming trial, dealt gently with his eccentricities. The shattered state of his nerves may be gathered from his action during the short bombardment of Vienna by the French in 1809. At all other times unsusceptible of personal fear, he spent the time of the bombardment in the cellar of his brother's house, covering his deaf ears with pillows to keep out the sound of the cannon.

In spite of his many moods and tences he was wonderfully open to criticism, and for objections made, wrote no less than four overtures to the "Leonora" before he was satisfied.

It was never safe to count on the reception one might receive at Beethoven's hands, and one specimen of his style when in good humor we quote from Moscheles. The latter visited Beethoven, accompanied by his brother,

"who was burning with anxiety to see the great man. Arrived at the house-door, I had some misgiving, knowing Beethoven's dislike to strangers, and asked my brother to wait below whilst I felt my way. After short greetings, I asked Beethoven if I might introduce my brother to him. The hurried reply was, 'where is he then?' 'Below,' I answered. 'What! Below! said he with vehemence, then rushed down, seized my astonished brother by the arm, dragged him into the room, exclaiming 'am I so barbarously rude and unapproachable?' He then shewed great kindness to the stranger." When Rossini called to see him four times in succession he was refused admittance, although Beethoven knew his stay in Vienna was short.

Haydn and he were never friendly, and when they did meet usually had a passage of arms. Soon after the first performance of the Ballet of Prometheus the two men met in the street. "I heard your new Ballet last night," said Haydn, "and was much pleased with it." "*Olieber papa*, you are too good," was the reply, "but it is no *Creation* by a long way." The unnecessary allusion seemed to startle the old man, but after a moment's pause he quietly said, "You are right; it is no *Creation*, and I hardly think ever will be." This was never forgiven by Beethoven.

Hummel on the other hand, retained his affection for Beethoven to the end. When the latter was within a few hours of death Hummel came to his bedside, and by the aid of an acoustic instrument enabled him to hear a few words of compassion and regret. For a moment the great master seemed re-animated, his eyes shone, and he struggled to gasp out, "*Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?*" These, it is said, were his last words.

In 1823, when his deafness was final and his health far broken, he attempted to conduct his opera "*Fidelio*," but in spite of the assistance given him on all sides, his physical infirmity was so striking that he himself was forced to notice the embarrassment on every face. He

asked, and when informed of the cause, was so broken in spirit that he immediately left the orchestra and could not free himself from the depression resulting from his failure.

After many persuasions of his friends, when he was fifty-four he was induced to give a concert embracing selections from two of his works; and it was at this concert that the applause was so irrepressible and tumultuous that the performance had to be temporarily stopped. What sadder sight can be imagined than this great man, standing with his back to the audience, unconscious of the enthusiasm which his own creation had evoked. It is said that when Mademoiselle Ungher and Madame Sontag, who were singing for him that night, turned him round to see what he could not hear, the shouts became so tumultuous that even those deaf ears were penetrated. He must have quitted that scene with the consciousness of having set the seal upon his immortality.

At first sight there does not seem to be much correspondence between his personal characteristics and his music, except perhaps the humor, which is equally silent in both. In the final of the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies there are passages the exact counterpart of the rough jokes and horseplay, of which we have quoted an occasional instance. But leaving humor for other points, where in his life shall we find the grandeur and serene dignity of some of the slow movements in his music, the mystic tone of the horn passages at the end of the Trio in the *Eroica*, or of certain phrases in the final of the Choral Fantasia and of the Choral Symphony, which lift the hearer so strangely out of time into eternity. These must represent a state of mental absorption when all heaven was open before him, and in which he retired within himself far beyond the reach of outward things, save his own divine power of expression. Equally difficult is it to see anything in his life answering to the sustained nobility and dignity of his first movements, or of such a piece as the "*Overture to Leonora No. 3.*" Like many another

of great power, in speech he was dumb, and often had no words for his deepest feelings.

There was little affection, and less friendship, between Beethoven and his brothers, but the ties of blood were sufficiently strong within him to make him eagerly undertake the charge of a nephew early left an orphan. This assumed responsibility was the source of untold trouble to him, and after a course of wholesale indulgence varied by arbitrary restriction, added to the not too good disposition of the boy, the handsome wayward lad developed into a thoroughly vicious young man, his youthful career culminating in early disgrace and imprisonment. Through it all, his uncle retained a deep affection for him. A long journey, undertaken in the depth of winter in the interests of this graceless nephew brought on inflammation of the lungs, and his already shattered constitution was not equal to the demand upon it. Dropsy succeeded the inflammation, and he lingered in misery until death released him on the 26th of March 1827.

A striking mark of outward homage from such a man was his request that the rites of the church might be administered to him. His tempestuous mind clouded finally to a fitting accompaniment, for during a terrific thunder and hail storm he breathed his last.

To his body was paid every honor all the music-lovers of Vienna could accord it; and tributes to his memory in the shape of requiems were given in many churches during the month after his death, together with a performance which included some of his greatest sacred works.

Formal religion Beethoven had none, his religious observances being on a par with his manners; but that he was really religious, striving honestly to fulfil all the duties imposed on him by humanity, God, and nature, was amply shewn in his daily life.

In a character sketch, compiled as it must be from various and sometimes contradictory sources, it is a difficult matter to shew the subject of it in a

purely fair light; but there can be no doubt that Beethoven, while the victim of an unbalanced disposition, was at heart pure; noble-minded, with many failings, but no vices.

His belief was summed up in a quotation from some inscriptions in the temple of Isis:—"I am that which is, which was, which shall be; no mortal hath my veil lifted." "He is One, self-existent, and to that One all things owe existence."

A noble character perverted by obstinacy and self-indulgence, passionate yet tender, jealous yet generous, he created his own misery in proportion to his capacity for happiness; and his deepest feelings, thrown back upon himself through his own conduct and general train of thought, seem to seek expression in his will, a portion of which we quote.

"Oh ye who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me! ye know not the secret causes of that which to you wears such an appearance. But only consider that for the last six years I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, aggravated by the unskillful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil the cure of which may last perhaps for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively, ardent disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above this, oh how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing! And yet it was not possible for me to say to people "speak louder, bawl, for I am deaf." Ah! how could I proclaim the defect of a sense that I once possessed in the highest perfection—in a perfection in which few of my colleagues possess or ever did possess it! Indeed, I cannot. . . . Oh God, thou lookest down upon my misery; thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good. Oh men, when ye shall read this, think that ye have wronged me, and let the

child of affliction take comfort in finding
 one like himself, who in spite of all im-
 pediments of nature, yet did all that lay
 in his power to obtain admittance into
 the rank of worthy artists and men
 Oh Providence, grant

that a day of pure joy may once break
 for me! How long have I been a
 stranger to the delightful sound of real
 joy! When, oh God, can I again feel
 it in the temple of nature and of men?
 Never? Nay, that would be too hard.'

TO A PANSY.

BY O. G. LANGFORD.

O, not alone of thy form or hue
 The royal purple or golden eye,
 But tell me the thought of thy fervent heart,
 "Love cannot die."

That so whenever I fondly gaze
 Upon thy passionate upturned face,
 I may hear thee whisper of constancy,
 Love's fair grace.

O, tell me not of a new found love
 As summers blush and fade away,
 But still of the old, the tried and true,
 Renewed to-day.

Thou fairy thought of our Father's love,
 Thou child of the selfsame breast as I,
 Speak ever the thought of heaven above,
 Love cannot die.

A MORBID MANUSCRIPT.

BY A. F. PIRIE.

In looking over some manuscripts one day—you know how manuscripts accumulate in a newspaper office—I came across a packet which was left with me to "Look over at my leisure." As there was evidently no hurry about it I put it aside and forgot all about it. But do we not all do this? On the lower left hand corner of the envelope containing the manuscript was the name of the contributor, an odd name, as it struck me at the time, but I should probably not have thought of it again had not a startling incident recalled it to mind. But let me first give you an idea of the contents of the envelope. The manuscript was written in a straggling sort of hand but the composition seemed cleverly conceived and not badly put together. I can only give you an outline of it from memory, as unfortunately the packet was subsequently mislaid, and to this day I cannot put my hands on it although I have searched high and low. How is it that when we put anything in a place that we feel that it will be perfectly secure it is so perfectly secure that we cannot remember ourselves where the place is? You think over a dozen places where you imagine it would be safe to put something you wish to keep, discussing in your own mind the comparative security of each of them, and you end by putting the thing in some nook or cranny where you are absolutely certain to forget all about it. You remember the man who used to turn the pictures on his bedroom wall at night to remind him of something in the morning, and then in the morning he would lie awake for an hour wondering what in the world he turned the pictures for.

This manuscript professed to be written by a member of a Suicide Club. The members of the club were limited in number, a new member being ad-

mitted only on the death of an old member, each one binding himself to cut the thread of his existence on the expiration of his club year. There are not many of these clubs, but it is said that they are increasing, and certain it is that the aggregate of suicides every year is steadily growing. There never was a time when so many persons seemed disposed to take their own lives as at present. How is it? Self preservation is the first law of nature. Suicide is a perversion or reversal of the natural instinct of love of life, leading to its destruction. What is the cause of it? The coroners' juries usually attribute suicide to temporary insanity, but we all know that this is merely a kindly way of throwing the mantle of charity over the act of the unfortunate victim.

"As a member of The Suicide Club," the writer of the manuscript said, "I desire to leave on record a few reasons in justification of what the world calls self-murder but which is more properly termed self disposal. We all set foot in this planet without being consulted. We should have the right to leave it at our own pleasure. Let a man go to the theatre to see a play. If he does not appreciate it he is free to depart. The world is a universal theatre. Life is a play. To some it is a comedy, to some a farce, to all too many a tragedy. Suicide was taught by the ancients as a virtuous action and has been justified by some of the greatest of modern minds. The ethical code of the early Christians permitted the voluntary provocation of martyrdom, and the Christian maidens or matrons who, like St. Pelagia, took their own lives at the prospect of violation by pagan persecutors, have been recognized as saints. To contend that suicide presupposes insanity is absurd. Was Seneca insane when he entered the warm bath and opened his veins?"

Was Brutus insane? or Cassius? or Mark Anthony? or Demosthenes? or Hannibal? or Socrates? The records of suicide bear the names of many of the brightest and best minds the world has known. A relative of Addison who threw himself into the Thames, left on his table Addison's celebrated tragedy of Cato, opened at the noble Roman's soliloquy, and on a slip of paper these lines, "What Cato did and Addison approved must be right? Who is to restrain us if we seek to solve the problem of our existence in our own way? If the Gordian knot cannot be untied it can be cut. Death is not a dreadful thing when it comes as a surcease to sorrow.

"What is death? It is not a new existence, for the dead know naught. It is simply a ceasing to be. What is life without love? It is merely a weary waiting to go hence, a waiting that it can do no one harm to bring to an end. Sleep means rest—rest for the weary, and the tired, and the troubled. Death is sleep protracted till the awakening of another life. The eyes close, the ears grow deaf, the lips are dumb, the senses of touch and taste and smell depart, the pulse is calm, the heart is still. Is not this death? Is not this sleep? Sleep is the counterpart of death. Death is the ocean for which all sleep sets sail and whither every sleeper in the end is borne.

"And yet how much do the words mean, *In death the eyes shall be blind*. No more shall they look upon the trees and the fields, the sky and the sea, the flowers that grow in beauty day by day and lift their little faces to be washed by the morning dew and dried by the kisses of the morning sun; they shall be blind to the waving of the grain in the fields, as it shakes its golden curls and longs for the coming of the reaper; blind to the tired kine, as they stand dly in the grass under the shade of the tree at noon-tide, chewing their cud, their big, trustful eyes staring into space; blind to the waving of the branches of the trees as they bid a joyous welcome or sigh a sad farewell.

The clear cool water as it runs from the spring in the hill side or chatters on its way to the river and the sea, the smile upon the face of a friend, the streaks of yellow and gold in the sunset, the lazy drifting of a summer cloud, the painted pictures of all things that are bright and beautiful—upon these the eyes shall never look again. They shall be closed—sightless—senseless, and things that enchanted them shall be seen no more. The stars shall keep their vigil in the sky, and the moon shall shed her soft light upon the earth, but what are stars and skies and moon to the blind? What is beauty of face or form or feature, or all the triumphs of the painter's art to him whose eyes are closed in dreamless sleep? Nay, what are they to him who lives and sees if love be not his portion? To live is to love; to love is to live. Without love life is a half-told story, a broken song, a troubled dream.

"*In death the ears shall be closed*. There shall come no more to the sense of hearing the sound of running brooks, the happy songs of birds, the enrapturing strains of music, the voice of the world's greatest singers, the tinkling of the bell on the browsing sheep, the innumerable sounds of insects at night, the sighing of the pine trees in the woods, the noise of the dashing of waves against the rocks, the happy calls of boys at play, the tender voices of those who are near and dear, the beating of waters on the shore at night, the baying of the hounds as they sight the deer, the whirr of the partridge as it starts from the brushwood, the roll of the drum as the soldiers march up the road, the call of the bugle in early morning at camp, the patter of little feet on the staircase, the sound of the rain on the roof at night time, the laughter of little children, the sound of the wheels at the door, of one long expected and looked for, the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the ship at sea, the lisping of an infants prayer, the beating of the hammer on the blacksmith's anvil, the rustle of the red leaves when stirred by the autumn breeze, the awful amen o

Niagara's roar, and ten thousand other sounds that fall upon the ear and please the sense of hearing. But without love what are all these? How empty and hollow and meaningless are all sounds when the heart is craving for words of love that never come: for love will starve if it is not fed, and true hearts crave for their daily bread.

"In death the lips shall grow dumb.
 Never more shall they whisper words of love and tenderness to human ears. There shall never again escape from the lips the inarticulate sigh, the soothing word of comfort to the sad and sorrowing, the word of encouragement to the depressed and disconsolate, the utterance of the question that brings for answer the whispered yes of the bride that is to be: the lips shall be silent and shall never teach to the prattling child the name by which it shall be known, nor omit any sound of pleasure or of pain, nor prayer nor praise, nor call across the fields: nor shall they send out laughter upon the waters at night, nor smile at the welcome face of friends, nor shall they breathe sweet thoughts of home and kith and kin. They shall be closed for aye, and no sound of good or ill, of joy or sorrow, of shame or boastfulness, the gentle spoken word, or anger's call shall they ever form again: cold, silent and unresponsive shall they be when love imprints its final kiss and the soul has gone winging its way to its Maker: for without love life is a desert and existence a daily toil, bringing up empty buckets from an empty well, and sighing for a drop of crystal water that never comes to wet the lips that thirst and burn for love that shall never be. In death the lips shall be dumb. So too all the senses, one by one, shall sleep away into endless night and he who is shall cease to be, for to-day, as of old, the pitcher is broken at the well,

the golden bowl is broken, desire faileth and the mourners go about the streets. Death is the universal law. It comes to all men soon or late. Who then shall say that death must not be wooed, that death shall not be won? In sleep there are dreams of love and fear, in death there are no miseries to mock us, no shadows of the dead past to fall upon our souls, no sound of war, nor want, nor woe; nought but stillness, rest and peace."

So read the manuscript. The queer thing about it that struck me was that it took so little thought of a future life and left out of consideration the moral aspect of the case, as if one had a perfect right to destroy that which no human power could restore. On picking up the daily papers one day I read of the tragic death of a man whose body was found in the St. Lawrence, and it was stated with some degree of exactness that he had gone up in a ballon, although apparently not a professional aeronaut, that at a great height he was seen to fall, and that the balloon sailed away into space. The name struck me as being familiar and after thinking a while I remembered that the name of the man attached to the manuscript, or rather on the lower left hand corner of the envelope, left in my possession, was identical with that of the balloonist. Did he commit suicide? My own opinion is that he did and that the date of his balloon ascension was the end of his membership year in the Suicide Club. He was a mild mannered, light haired, blue eyed, young fellow, whose face and voice bespoke a sentimental nature, and I have no doubt that the loss of some one whom he loved was the moving cause of his misery and had made shipwreck of his heart, his hopes and his affections."

DUNDAS.

THE MYSTERIOUS GRAVE.

BY H. M. P. TAYLOR.

It was October. The frost had come and touched the deciduous leaves of the forest, changing them into beautiful crimson, brown and gold, variegated and arranged as only Nature can place them, and in beauty and pleasing effect surpassing the power of an artist's brush, or of the most gifted writer's pen. It was evening. The sun, in all the resplendent glory of a Canadian autumn, had set behind the western hills that so picturesquely mark the landscape in the northern part of the county of Hastings. Silently the stars would one by one peep forth, and then withdraw for a second their feeble light as though bashful at being the first to appear.

Around the stove in the only store that Fort Stewart could boast, sat a group of men and boys, talking as only those who meet in such a place can talk. Occasionally a stray customer came in and was waited upon by Mr. Lumb, the proprietor, who, as soon as they were gone, came and resumed his seat near the fire and joined in the conversation.

Some of the boys had brought in some partridges they had shot, and sold them to Mr. Lumb who sent them to the city.

Jack Stewart, one of the group around the fire, was telling the rest of an immense eagle he had seen that day. His description no doubt exceeded the reality of the bird but all agreed that it was the largest bird that had ever been seen around there. All, I said, but not all, for Jack's father—"old man Stewart" he was called—sat silent for a long time with his hands clasped around his one knee and his foot on the rung of his chair. Finally he spoke slowly and as if still lost in deep thought. "Boys," he said, "I guess I never told you about the big bird I saw once. It

was so big that you could put a thousand such birds as Jack has told you he seen, inside of it." "None of your yarns now old man," said Ned Martin, the blacksmith, for the old man was quite noted as a yarn spinner. "It's solemn truth Ned," replied old Stewart, "I never felt more like telling the truth than I do to-night."

"Why don't you tell it then?" cried Tom Kerr, but the look of displeasure that crossed the old man's face, told him that the words were cruel and cutting.

Once more the old man sat silently smoking his pipe and gazing into the cheerful blaze of the fire; then suddenly as if from it he drew his inspiration, he raised his head and said, "Boys, it's twenty-five years since what I am going to tell you happened and though I have wanted to tell it many and many a time before, I dare not because I had sworn, aye, had sworn by my uplifted hand with God as my witness that I would keep the secret, and you all know me well enough to know that I would do as I had sworn, even though I had died in the meantime and the secret had died with me and we both had been buried as was he who made me swear to keep it."

The old man's pipe had now gone out and putting it in his pocket he resumed his position on the chair with his hands clasped over one knee and was silent.

Every one expected to hear a story from him and one such as perhaps he had never told before, but it began to seem as though he would never commence; but after a while he again raised his head from looking in the fire and said: "Perhaps some of you young fellows may have noticed, down near Humphrey's landing on the river, a mound of earth that looks as though it

were artificial, and such it is, but I guess not one of you ever thought that in that mound a human being sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. But such is the case. A little over twenty-five years ago a stranger from the city came to Bill Wade's place—you all know where he lives, away over yonder near Long Lake. Well, Bill and I were the only settlers in here at that time, and although we were over five miles apart we were always neighbors for the reason that there was no one else to neighbor with. This stranger wanted to know of Bill if many people ever came to his place and Bill said that outside of me no one ever came; so then the stranger told Bill that if he could make it convenient he would like to erect a small shanty on his place as he had some great work in view—invention he called it—that he didn't want a living soul to know of until it was completed. Bill was always an obliging fellow, and as he had more land than he could use conveniently, he told the stranger,—whose name by the way was Saunders—that he could have the privilege of putting up the shanty. However, he only intended this as his workshop and he had his meals at Bill's house. For a long time he did nothing much but read a lot of big books all about electricity and such like. He was a curious sort of chap was this Saunders and he used to amuse Bill and me by doing all sorts of odd things. Once he got an old stove pipe and put a lot of wood inside of it and soaked the wood with coal oil; next he got an old paper flour bag and putting it over the pipe he set fire to the wood. Presently the bag began to want to get away and soon he tied a string quickly around it and away she went sailing off into the air. Bill and I both thought it was rather childish but when he began to explain to us the reason why the bag floated and talked of things like oxygen, hydrogen and specific gravity we concluded he either knew more than we thought he did, or else he was crazy. After a time he seemed to get all he wanted out of the

books for he left them at Bill's and would go to his shanty and stay there all day, working, as he said, on his invention; though what it was none of us had the slightest idea.

"Often too he would hire Bill's horse and light wagon and go to the station at Ormsby, thirty miles away, for material that he said was being sent from the city for his invention.

"So the days wore on into weeks and still Saunders was as mysterious as ever and perhaps even more so for he would confine himself to his workshop all day and half the night.

"Bill and I asked him one day what he was making but he wouldn't tell; he only said he was working on a great invention and that one day the world would hear of it and that we would be the first to witness it. He worked so hard and got so thin and pale that we tried to get him to stop and take a rest, but he refused saying there was no rest for him until his work was finished; we then offered to go and help him but he promptly told us that he would never let any one see him at work much less let them handle his precious treasures. He was so awful scared of letting any one see his work that I thought perhaps he was doing something wrong. I had read once of some fellows who had gone away among the mountains and had made counterfeit money and I thought perhaps since this fellow was so scared of any one seeing him that he was doing the same.

"Bill," said I one night when we were sitting together in Bill's house, 'I'll bet you that fellow Saunders is doing something queer or he wouldn't be so mighty particular about no one seeing him.'

"What do you mean by queer?" asked Bill.

"Well," I replied, 'something not right. Maybe he is making counterfeit money,' and then to strengthen my theory I told Bill of the piece I had read.

"I never thought of that before," exclaimed Bill, 'but by thunder if he is he can't make it on my place—unless,'

he added, quieting down, 'he gives me a share of what he makes.' I was now sorry I had said anything to arouse Bill's suspicions as he was as stubborn as a mule when he took a notion. Well he took a sudden notion that he was going to see what Saunders was doing and keeping so secret about and all I could say or do could not stop him.

"'Don't you remember,' said I, 'that only the other day he asked us not to go near his workshop or let any one else go there?'

"'I don't care what he said,' replied Bill, 'if he is making counterfeit money and I'll bet he is, I'm going to stop it or else make him divide up.'

"With that he started for Saunders' workshop, and thinking it would perhaps be best for both of them, I went with him, vainly endeavoring all the way to dissuade him from his purpose. 'It ain't no use,' replied Bill to one of my many remonstrances, 'honest folks ain't scared of showing their work and this fellow is so secret over his I'll bet its no very good job he's at.' "We soon reached the shanty Saunders used as a workshop and there being no window to be seen on the side we approached it from, Bill went right up to the door, flung it open and walked in.

Hearing the door open Saunders turned around, and when he saw who it was he dropped the chisel he was working with and turning his keen eye full on us said, "Gentlemen I am surprised. I asked you as a favor never to come near hear until I asked you to and trusted you both on your word of honor, but you have disappointed me."

"'Good reason why you don't want us to come I guess' said Bill. 'If you please I'll just take a share of the money you're coining in here or as sure as your living I'll have you arrested.'

"If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Saunders could not have looked more surprised. He simply stared at Bill and me for a minute, and then seeming to realize our mistake he smiled as he replied. 'You may search my work-

shop all over but I assure you, you will find nothing unlawful.'

"A casual survey of the place served to convince one that his assertion was correct, for in this wonderful workshop there was nothing to be seen but models of various kinds of birds in all stages of construction, and many forms of balloons.

"Bill and I were both too much ashamed to speak, and it was fully a minute before Saunders again addressed us. 'Gentlemen he said, you are perhaps as much surprised at what you see here as I am astonished to have you thus unceremoniously drop in upon me; but now that you have discovered what I am at I may as well explain the whole secret to you, only,' he added, 'you must promise never to tell anyone until I give you permission.' Too much surprised and ashamed to do anything else we both promised and Saunders continued, at the same time calling our attention to the many forms of balloons to be seen. You both remember the time I sent the paper bag flying off into the air, well these balloons work on the same principle, only in them I use hydrogen instead of heated air; you don't know what hydrogen is and I can't stop to explain; it is enough for you to know that it is a substance only one fourteenth as heavy as air and consequently anything light and filled with it will ascend. What I have been working on is a flying machine and I am pleased to state I have been successful. I have discarded the usual ideas of having a car attached to a balloon and have adopted the idea of making my machine in the form of a bird. For a long time I have studied the flights of the large sized birds, and after finally selecting the eagle as a model I made a special study of that particular bird and with what result I will now show you. So saying he went to a small cupboard and unlocking the door took from it a perfect model of a large sized eagle. The lower part of the body was of light metal, lint, the upper part of the body, the neck and the head were made of silk, as were also the wings and tail.

When brought to view the silk parts hung loose and limp but he soon inflated them with hydrogen which he had stored in a large rubber bag and then the perfect likeness of the bird to the eagle was seen in all its parts. After filling it with the hydrogen and before liberating it he filled it with ballast so that when he let it go it floated in the room just about the height of a man's head or probably a little higher. We could hardly restrain our admiration at this wonderful sight ; but we were still more surprised when he opened a small door in the breast of the bird and showed within an electric motor that, when set in operation moved a pair of screw-like fixtures under the wings which propelled the bird forward. I would like to explain it all to you thoroughly if I could, but you would require to see one to understand how it worked and all I could tell you would not enlighten you much. Enough for you to know that the bird moved forward and in a straight line. The motion was slow, but Saunders said it could be increased by quickening the motion of the motor. Wonderful as all this was it was still more wonderful when by sloping the wings, as seen in a living bird when circling, he was able to cause this machine to go round and round in a circle smaller or larger according to the slope of the wings.

"This, gentlemen, explained Saunders" is my model. That I was working upon when you came in, is the machine I shall sail through the air with. It is built exactly after the pattern of this small one but will be large enough to carry many persons in it. Instead of filling it with hydrogen before starting there will be appliances within for the production of that gas, so that the duration of flight is only limited by the will of the persons within. I had hoped to get it done before any one saw it, but you know the reason why I haven't. As it is, only two more weeks and my bird will be ready ; only one more trip to the station for material and the work will be done ; then you will see the wonder of this century.'

"The trip was made, the two

weeks passed by and, as promised, his bird was ready. I told you it was big enough to contain a thousand such eagles as Jack says he saw and I am not exaggerating one bit.

"When I got to Bill's, Saunders had the bird all inflated and properly ballasted, ready to ascend. It was a fearful experiment to risk his life in such a thing, but he was confident of success and though somewhat nervous he was calmer than either Bill or I. A light breeze was blowing from the east and it was his intention to go against it and then turn and come back with it.

"Just before he entered the opening in the breast which served as a door he displayed his only agitation. Turning to us he said. "'I am confident of success, but if I should never return for whatever cause, promise me never to tell anyone of this affair for years.'

His lips trembled with suppressed emotion as he spoke and we both promised. He came over to shake hands with us before ascending, but stopped. 'I trusted you on your honor once,' he said, 'and you disappointed me. Swear this time that should I never come back you will keep the secret for twenty-five years.'

"He spoke with a desperation and decision that both awed and cowed us, and with uplifted hand before God we both swore to keep the secret in case he never returned. He then entered and closed the door, and, as directed, Bill cut the rope that fastened the bird down and it shot straight upward for hundreds of feet ; then slowly it began to move against the wind, quickening in speed and getting farther away until it was invisible to the naked eye, and we could only follow it by looking through the telescope Saunders had left us. Grandly it sailed with out-spread wings as natural as a living bird, then slowly one wing drooped slightly while the other raised and it began to turn for its homeward journey. The turn was accomplished in a large sweep and we were now as sure of the success of the venture as Saunders had been. It had now become visible again to the

naked eye but I was watching it through the telescope that Bill had just handed me. Suddenly one of the large wings fell limp and at the same moment the huge bird began to drop like a star through space. I could see it all too plainly but did not realize it until Bill spoke.

"'My God!' he cried 'Look! Its falling.' "And so it was. Even yet I shudder as I think of that huge thing dropping down hundreds, aye, thousands of feet. I turned sick and faint at the very thought, and though I dreaded to look yet my eyes seemed rivetted upon it. It was over three miles from where we stood to where it fell, yet we both distinctly heard it as it struck the earth.

"Too horrified to speak we only looked at each other in dumb despair. Finally I picked up the telescope that had fallen from my nerveless fingers and we

both went back to the house. The experiment had failed. Saunders was without doubt dead, yet we had sworn to keep secret and we did. Next day we set out to see were it had fallen, but it was not until the day after that we succeeded in doing so. Poor Saunders! He was crushed to a pulp beneath his own work, which had been shattered to atoms by the fall. Too much awed to speak we silently dug a hole and buried the two together—the inventor and the invention—in one grave, and left them alone while we returned to keep the secret. That was twenty-five years ago to night, and though it was hard at times I have kept my promise to the slumberer in the silent mound."

As the old man finished he slowly relit his pipe while a sudden heaving of many breasts told with what breathless attention his story had been heard.



THE NEXT.

BY E. RAYNER.

"All aboard for the Boston, New York, Washington and Chicago Exposition! This way to the World's Fair!"

A silvery chime pealed out, clear and penetrating, as unlike the clang of the old fashioned railroad bell as the soft whirring sound suggestive of myriad bird's wings was unlike the snort and puff of the contemporary locomotive. The aforesaid bell had long since completed an honorable career, and the last of its race had been afforded a worthy burial within the walls of the museum of antiquities, to be looked upon with reverent eyes by coming generations.

A ripple of excitement was at this moment discernible upon the tide of life that flowed along one of the main thoroughfares of the ancient city of Benares. The cause of the ripple was not hard to discover. The World's Aerial Navigation Company's Excursion to the West was about to take place.

"Grand three day excursion to the western world, giving the traveller thirty-six hours in America. Great Columbian Exhibition now open. Unprecedented attractions for the visitor," the advertisements announced.

An unprecedented number of excursionists were availing themselves of the opportunity to leave eastern life and eastern traditions behind them, and wing their way to the birthplace of the new. There was another imperative summons, a breathless rush of the last belated excursionist and then the silvery chime ceased, the musical whirring increased in volume and the aerial navigator, upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of conducting the expectant crowd from the familiar sights of the old civilization to the wonders of the new, sank

back placidly into his cushioned seat, his eye resting approvingly upon the mechanism that was to perform the work and annihilate labor and space at one stroke.

No need for his hand to seek piston or valve. "Automatic" might have been written all over the glistening, flying rods, as it was written all over and through men's plans and occupations now. The minimum of labor and the maximum of result had long been the object of search, and if the absolute minimum had yet to be attained, a relative minimum was even now enjoyed. Labor—the great evil that came in with the fall—had been vigorously fought, and though not actually banished from the world it had dominated, was in a very thorough state of subjection in the year 1992, the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus, and the year of the great Columbian Exposition to which the attention of the world had for many months been directed, and by the thought of which men's expectations and hopes had been aroused. From the islands of the sea, from the old and yet rejuvenated eastern lands, from the uttermost parts of the earth they were gathering to meet the triumph of that comparatively recently discovered continent.

"Due in New York in half an hour!"

The words aroused the sleepers in the air ship, and warned them that with another day a new environment awaited them. The sights and sounds of India had hardly yet ceased their telegraphic messages to the brain and left it free for the fresh impressions that would throng upon it. America, Columbus, the great Exhibition! No time to dream of them. The western world was a reality.

"New York!"

Obedient to the slightest touch the great air ship swung round and dropped lightly to her moorings, swerving not a hair's breadth from the position prepared for her, and coming to rest without the jerk and strain that had at one time been intimately associated with the cessation of swift motion.

New York! And New York in exhibition time! A city of palaces always—a city of wonders now.

The attractions of the whole continent had been gathered there? Not at all. The city had but her own legitimate share of wonders to show. There had been no need at this late date to discuss the question of which part of the American land should have the honor of laying its self out to show to the world the greatness and the resources of the whole. Controversy was out of place where each had her own distinctive work to perform. To the east the things of the east—western exhibits in western fields—had been the principle carried out.

Too far apart? They did not find it so. Space is a comparative term, changing its dimensions with man's power of compassing it. The distance between Chicago and New York was a trifle to-day. Boston and Washington were neighboring cities.

It was immaterial which way the stranger's footsteps wandered, when every fresh turning brought him to sights worthy of more than the whole time at his disposal.

Model of New York as the city appeared in the year 1893 when the last great Columbian Exhibition was opened."

"Model—nay surely—not a model but a city itself, with the life and business of a commercial centre. Witness the heavily laden drays, the express wagons and carts struggling for passage in the crowded thoroughfare, twisting and turning between and across steel rails that occupy a large proportion of the roadway. Through a throng of the business vehicles

dash cabs and private carriages with a recklessness suggestive of self-destruction. In the distance can be seen a crowded street car, with horses straining at the collar as a steeper grade is reached. The beasts of burden of the olden time, they are there to-day to show the contrast between the present and the past. How patiently they tug at the weight behind, and how slowly their progress is made. Little wonder that the streets are blocked. Little wonder that men's thoughts turned to a system of relief for the overcrowded highways. The great iron columns that run the entire length of yonder avenue were not there for ornament. Men used not to shut out the light of day from sheer love of darkness. Practical minds had grappled with the thoroughfare problem, and that thundering monster rattling overhead, and making those same strong pillars tremble as it passes, shaking dust into the upturned faces of the sightseers flying by second story windows and creating a distinctly overhead city, was the outcome of the struggle. An outcome, but not an end. The solved problem of yesterday is to the American the abandoned scheme of to-day.

A city it was then—a great city; a city full of business and pleasure, with workshops and stores elbowing one another; a city that grew upward for lack of room to stretch outward; a grand city; but not the city of to-day.

From the model the wanderer from the eastern hemisphere turns to the reality. It is summed up in one word—space. Long park like vistas, leafy bordered paths, great shady avenues, the song of birds and the scent of flowers, are chief ingredients in the city's life.

And the busy highways, ground to powder by the tramp of steel shod hoofs and the heavy roll of wheels? Gone with the need that called them forth. Business? Yes, in abundance, undreamed of in the days that are past; but business stripped of the fetters and limitations that made its

name a synonym for discomfort. The store a garden of delight, the workshop a thing of beauty. Space and freedom everywhere; for distance has lost its terror when it is no longer monarch of the situation.

The underground delivery of goods by means of a mechanism, simple and almost automatic, aerial navigation at a speed that brings the most distant corner of the city practically within a stone's throw, have solved the problem. A city of palaces truly, but a city of air and sunlight first of all.

"Exhibit of ancient industrial implements. Practical comparison of the old and new."

The traveller's footsteps are arrested. Thirty-six hours in which to view the contents of this part of the exhibit! Thirty-six weeks would hardly suffice. His eye wanders at random over the collection of buildings. He cannot hope to see a thousandth part. A case of bright shining objects meet his gaze.

"Needles as they were made and used a century ago," runs the notice.

In an inclosed space a number of girls, white-aproned and demure, are laboriously plying those same industrial implements. Fast fly the white fingers; slowly grows the long seam. It is a pretty sight from an artistic point of view; as a question of utility the modern mind might be pardoned for being more than a trifle skeptical.

"The next step in the chain."

A neat sewing-machine, with a more than neat operator, demonstrates the immensity of the stride from the modest little needle to its more pretentious sister. But wait. At the rear of that long hall, devoted entirely to the interests of the needle in its ancient and modern garb, the sight-seer arrives at the outgrowth of the industry.

"Latest improvement in shirt-making. First prize awarded."

A bale of cotton cloth appears for an instant, hovering between the first and second stage of its existence, is drawn into a gaping mouth that com-

pletely swallows it up, and reappears in a moment in altered style. The eye follows it through its devious course as it shows itself now in lengths of cloth, and again in a more complete shape, never stopping in its journey, disappearing and emerging, gradually leaving the upper end of the machine, until it finally appears a completed, neatly folded garment, dropping into the basket awaiting it at the other end. Time—all told, two minutes, and not a finger-touch from first to last of the process. The visitor turns to gaze at the white aproned figures by the entrance. The beginning and the end. Perhaps. Who knows?

Exhibit after exhibit, improvement following upon the heels of improvement, labor-saving appliances bidding fair to become labor annihilating processes, at the next step - everything to see, everything claiming attention.

"This way to the Gymnasium. Practical tests of the latest apparatus."

Practical undoubtedly. No lack of work here. Labor inventing and labor provoking appliances every one of them, their very perfection the incentive they gave to effort. In this twentieth century men needed not to dig or saw or plough. Progress had not rested till she had done away with the dire necessity for labor. But there is an evenness about the ways of fate, however much she may be maligned. What one was not forced to do by the exigencies of circumstances, had to be resorted to to keep man's curious bodily mechanism from rusting out. Science had not yet, even in this year 1992, found a substitute for exertion in keeping the machinery of the body in running order, and failing this she was forced to come to the rescue and invent new forms of exertion, happily innocent of the charge of utility in any direction except that of affording much needed strength to the unfortunate worker. Nobly had she performed her task. Her reward was a ready following, to judge by the crowds that eagerly

examined and tested her newest handiwork.

The striking of a clock warns the traveller that there is no time to linger. One sight more must be seen before the three other sections of the exhibit are visited. It is but the work of a few moments to be conveyed to the dock and be put in the way of obtaining at least a glimpse of the shipping that again is illustrative of past and present.

There lies the City of Paris. A great ship in her time, but her time is not now. The curious are swarming over her decks and penetrating to the depths where the hundreds of tons of coal with which the hungry monsters of engines were daily propitiated were shovelled into the fiery abysses. The one vessel's supply would equip a fair sized modern fleet.

A wonder of speed she used to be accounted, crossing the bit of water between east and west in little more than five days. Few present-day travellers would be found willing to spend more than two upon the same journey.

She looks a baby by the side of her modern rivals. They are good-natured giants, these same rivals, scorning to extort from their ill-fated passengers toll in the shape of qualms many and horrible, the unflinching exaction of their predecessors. They are not in league with the sea as those earlier vessels were. The little Atlantic ocean might toss according to its own wild will; it would fail to disturb the equilibrium of the carefully poised self adjusting interiors of those great floating shells.

"Fast passenger service between New York and Boston! Next departure in five minutes!"

Another side of the picture. A visit to science in her own domain. Everything here in art, learning and literature. Which way to go? Follow the crowd, that, though it ebbs away in little side streams towards the countless objects of interest, yet in the main is true to yonder tall towered building. Certainly almost everything

in the world is to be examined elsewhere, but the object of the throng pressing this way is to get beyond the world.

"National Observatory. Mammoth telescope on view. Half-hourly communication with the planet Mars."

The eager crowd stands spell-bound as the signals from another sphere are scanned and interpreted, then presses forward to examine the monster telescope that has bridged the gulf between two worlds, brought to light members of the starry realm far beyond the ken of the largest sister instrument ever before fashioned, and settled many a disputed point of science. By the side of the conquering telescope is poised the instrument that once graced the famous Lick Observatory. Thousands of eyes fall upon it reverently—the pioneer in the field of celestial discovery. To what profound depths of space, depths immeasurably beyond its own reach, it had led its successors. And now it stands aside, in the true spirit of discovery yielding the foremost place to others that but for its own doughty deeds would never have appeared upon the scene.

Chicago and the great west. The city upon the lake, and the rich grain-ary of the nations.

No parched fields here, crying out for rain. Seasons of drought belong to the past. Look carefully at that gigantic bomb. Its mission is to storm the heavens and open the reservoirs of the clouds. Yonder little funnel, pouring fourth a dense column of a smoke-like substance, that circles and spreads until it covers the earth like a pall, is the frost king's deadly enemy. Under its protection the fields can bid defiance to their former foe. Late harvests are no longer a source of danger; early frosts are powerless to nip and blacken the young corn.

That strange looking machine is a powerful wind generator, its mission that of producing currents in the sluggish air, driving away mists and

clouds that hide the sun when his beneficent beams are needed. It is put into requisition to blow back the rain clouds when floods are imminent, and turn the destructive tide into regions where its wrath will be helpful rather than harmful.

Pity that the season is too far advanced to give the stranger the pleasure of viewing the prize competition of the latest improved mowers, that enter a thousand acre stretch of hay at one corner, and in less time than it would have taken under the old system to ride around the great field, emerge at the other, having in the meantime converted the whole expanse of standing grass into chemically cured baled hay of the first quality, loaded it upon a train of trucks, and started it upon its course to the sheds prepared for its reception. It is not even necessary to hurry round to the opposite side to meet the triumphant harvester. If carefully adjusted ere it is started upon its mission, it will come to rest when its work is accomplished, a patient giant, quiescent, even apathetic, until its services are again in demand. A useful machine, but not one whit in advance of many another implement that is doing its share to make the west the prosperous region it has become.

Triumphs of man's ingenuity are on every hand, proofs of his ascendancy over nature meet the eye at each turn. But the combined wisdom of the nations, the deepest thought of the most cultured mind, has found old father Time too clever to be attacked. Science has not succeeded yet in stretching one minute to the length of two, and so the glories of the west must be left behind and the face turned eastward again.

Not due east, however. Before going back to the old lands, an hour must be spared for a glimpse of the central spot, the heart of this great nation.

Objects of historical interest, relics of the country's infancy, mementos of the great struggles through which it has passed, give to Washington an interest all its own. One does not witness here the progress of the fight against the forces of nature, the swift onrush of trade, or the steady progress of education. It is to the nation as a unit that the eye is directed. The nation's life, its triumphs, even its mistakes, are before us here. No pains have been spared to present to the gaze of the world America as she was and is; to illustrate the breadth of her possessions, the character of her government, her status among the nations.

Her armies are drawn up around the seat of her government, a force strong enough to awaken awe in the breast of the stranger—her war-ships lie conveniently at anchor, ready to guard her coast?

They are there, truly, but not as the nation's safeguards. They tell of the order that has passed away. Their efficiency was their death warrant. Handle cautiously those instruments of destruction. The last time others akin to them were put into use, whole armies were swept from the face of the earth. Man has learned that he must either cease to fight or cease to be. And the love of life is strong.

Yet, warfare is not entirely a thing of the past, only men fight now with brain instead of fire-arm. Supremacy comes to the nation of keenest wit. No, more than ever has it become the guerdon of the purest in heart. Statesmanship has taken the place of military prowess, and still, as of old, to the strong belongeth the spoil.

The soft chiming of a bell—the musical whirr as of wings—a long drawn sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret—a last look back at the land of Columbus—and for the eastern traveller the World's Fair of 1992 is a thing of the past.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY SUSAN GREENHILL.

She was a tall, magnificent woman, in brown draperies, with a brown veil that had a thin line of flame color about the face, that gave point to the slow glints of her eyes. Sittrington lay in the court of the deserted temple where his man had put him. He had been drinking heavily, and his full dress uniform was all dishevelled. The hot Indian night, the piercing passionate sweetness of the nightingale's love song, the dead heaviness of the roses' scent, and the red light of the starshine all conveyed a subdued sense of expectation to his sodden brain. He had not recovered fully from the effects of the wine he had taken, and now he was drunk anew with the combined influences about him. It was no surprise to him that the woman had come into the court, she seemed to exhale from herself the influences of the roses, the bird's song, and the night. Her dark face had an expectant look, and from her thick brown throat there sounded a soft, cruel laugh, but so soft one could think the sound was only in imagination. Her brown hair hung in heavy waves about her, and seemed to undulate in rhythm with her sinuous walk.

Suddenly she stopped, not suddenly, for there was nothing sudden in her slow grace of movement. She seemed to be waiting for something, and out from the dark shadowed marble at one end of the court she and Sittrington saw a dark body come gliding. The woman gave a sweet sound of delight, and Sittrington saw a large serpent undulating towards her. She stood like a bronze statue; the huge snake approached her, and began winding himself about her tall figure. As he wrapped himself closely around her, she swayed to

and fro, like a tall tree laden with too much fruit. Then she sank to the pavement with a little sigh of contentment, settling herself comfortably in the cold, close clasp of the serpent. The green and gold of his beautiful skin gleamed in and out among her brown draperies, and his bright, lidless eyes seemed to derive some softness from the still dark depths of her's.

When she had first appeared, Sittrington had staggered to his feet, and attempted to attract her attention, but she had not seemed to be conscious of his presence. She was oblivious to everything but the snake. Then jealous anger began to burn within Sittrington as he saw the flat head lifted from its resting place against her soft throat, and held closely to the carnation of her cheek. He could endure it no longer, and with an oath he approached them. With a few little twists of her supple body she extricated herself from the snake's embrace, and Sittrington saw the love die in its eyes as they grew bright with venom and anger. Fear did not seem to be in the man, and as the snake poised with head erect and venomous fangs out, Sittrington seized him just below the head, and exerting all his strength, attempted to strangle him. In an instant the folds which had encircled the woman were around Sittrington in a death clasp, and there was a writhing heap of man and snake on the pavement. For only an instant the man's grip relaxed, and just at that instant the fangs of the snake were driven deep into his breast. With a super human effort Sittrington again joined his hands about the slippery throat, and in dying, strangled his enemy, the last sound in his ears being a soft cruel laugh. Slowly the fold of snake

and grip of man relaxed, the woman looked down at both, laughed again, and glided from the court.

"Poor devil, too much drink," said his brother officers sadly, next morn-

ing, when they saw him, but the native servants whispered together and said, "He interfered with the Brown Woman and her snake-lover."

GOD'S FOOT ON THE CRADLE.

BY (REV.) J. H. CHANT.

The air is chill with the frost of doubt,
 And men's hearts are sadly failing;
 They do not hear the great Victor's shout,
 But indulge in bitter wailing.
 "The old gives place to the new," they say,
 "And fond hopes are daily buried,
 "Our cherished views are oft borne away,
 "As if by the tempest hurried.
 "The world is stirred to its very heart,
 "And the church shares the commotion;
 "With systems old we are loathe to part,
 "To sail on an unknown ocean.
 "The world now heaves like the great sea's breast,
 "And rocks like an infant's cradle,
 "And looking up, by sore grief oppressed,
 "We find the sky draped in sable."

I will not fear though the earth should rock,
 If God's foot be on the cradle;
 But rest in peace 'midst the tempest's shock
 Rejoicing that God is able
 To still the world with his mighty hand,
 If His timid child should waken,
 Or if it rock, He will by me stand,
 And my heart shall not be shaken.

VIENNA, ONT.

A LITTLE BILL.

BY S.

"She owes the money and she's got to pay."

The speaker was Mr. Scruff, of the firm of Scruff & Co.; one of the wholesale houses of the city. He was a man of about fifty years of age; one of those ignorant, avaricious species of humanity, with which the world unfortunately abounds.

It is a puzzle how such men ever rise at all in business life. They are the sort of men who delight to rule in their warehouses with that despotic sway which is begotten of ignorance and selfishness, and which is so noticeable by the way in which they order their employes about.

One would almost think that fortune, having become blind, was showering her favors indiscriminately, smiling often on the undeserving.

"Yes, I know, sir;" replied Mr. Freeman, who was Mr. Scruff's city traveller. "She owes the money all right enough, and would pay it too, if she could, but she really can't. She's had a very hard time of it, poor thing. She lost her husband about six months ago, and has had to struggle on alone ever since."

"Well, what if she did?" retorted Mr. Scruff, hastily. "What have I to do with her husband? She can pay if she likes, and she's got to. D'you suppose we're going to let the thing run on forever? why don't you make her pay? What's the good of your collecting like that? You'd better go back, and tell her, from me, that, if she doesn't pay inside of twenty-four hours, I'll sue her. See?"

The traveller started for the door, but Mr. Scruff called him back again.

"And say, look here. Mind you don't give her any discount on it. Don't forget, now."

"Very well, sir. Just as you say,"

replied Mr. Freeman, as he walked out of the private office into the warehouse.

"I wonder why such men live;" muttered to himself, as he packed his sample-case, preparatory to starting out on his daily round of calls.

"They say there's good in everything, but I'll be hanged if I can see any good in that man. If meanness and contemptibility were attributes of goodness, he would be an angel. I have to appear civil to him. If I told him what I thought of him, I should be—er—well, not here. And now he wants me to go and dun that poor woman again. I'd help her myself, if I could, but a salary of nine dollars a week, and nine to clothe and feed, doesn't leave much of a balance. Confound it all, how shall I tell her? Ah! I have it, write a note; one can put things into a letter, which he wouldn't like to say personally. I can give it to her and hurry away before she has time to read it."

Having written the note, and folded it up, he took his sample-case, and walked out. It was very cold, and very windy. Although only a little after four o'clock, the lights were beginning to bob up here and there in the shop windows, making them bright and cheerful-looking.

A busy throng of people were hurrying along, each engrossed in his own thoughts, each pursuing his own object.

Mr. Freeman hurried along, pursuing his object, and engrossed in his thoughts, which were anything but pleasant.

After swerving off down a side-street, from the main thoroughfare, and then down numerous other side streets, he came at length to a blind alley, dark and dreary-looking, on which was the shop of Mrs. Grant,

the woman who owed the little bill.

Mrs. Grant kept a small "candyshop," behind the counter of which she dealt out "one cent candies" to dirty faced youngsters, who generally came in batches of about ten, one going inside to buy, the rest standing outside each one pointing eagerly, the while, to that particular kind of candy which he liked best. When the buyer emerged from the shop he was instantly surrounded by his "pals" who strongly urged him to "divie up squeeer now." If he were smaller than his chums he "divied up" very promptly and very squarely.

The stock in trade of Mrs. Grant's little store was small, very small; but what there was, she had arranged so as to make it look as large as possible.

Mrs. Grant herself, looked a weak, nervous little woman; and no wonder, for she had five children, the eldest barely seven years old, to provide for. How she managed it would be difficult to explain.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Grant," said Mr. Freeman, as he walked in.

"Oh! Mr. Freeman, is that you," exclaimed Mrs. Grant, emerging from the little back room, which served as a kitchen, sleeping apartment, and living room, all in one, for herself and her children.

"I suppose you have come for some money? I wish I could pay it all. You have no idea, Mr. Freeman, how much anxiety and worry it causes me. It preys upon me so. I can't sleep sometimes for the thought of it.

"I know its hard, Mrs. Grant," replied Mr. Freeman. "But how can I help it?" I've explained how it is, to Mr. Scruff, but he won't take any explanations.

Then he muttered to himself "something must be done. Something must be done."

"I'm thoroughly worn out," con-

tinued Mrs. Grant, speaking more to herself than to Mr. Freeman.

"There's baby, he's so sick, poor little mite, but I can't afford a doctor. Then the constant running backwards and forwards, first here, then there, never a moment's rest; poverty all around me, and not a single friend to help me. Oh! my husband, my poor husband! I never knew what want was when you were here!

Tears rolled down the careworn cheeks. Mr. Freeman looked at her in silence. A vision rose up before him. He fancied that he saw his wife struggling on alone, and unaided, battling with poverty and fighting against despair, as this woman was doing. He wondered if anyone would lend a helping hand to her, should she ever be in a similar position.

He tore up the note he had in his hand, and resolved in his mind, to help her. He would have to scrape and save a long time to pay it. He might even lose his position. He knew how enraged his employer would be when he returned without the money and told him his purpose. But he had made up his mind to help her, and help her he would, come what might.

With a little cough he began: "Er —, as I was about to say, Mrs. Grant, about that bill; Mr. Scruff and myself have arranged, or, at least, we are going to arrange about it. So you need not worry any more."

"What do you mean, Mr. Freeman, I don't understand;" broke in Mrs. Grant.

"Well, er, that is, I mean that Mr. Scruff and I are,—are, going to fix it. It will be paid. Well, good evening, Mrs. Grant. Oh, by-the-way, I have a brother, he is a doctor, I'll get him to come and look at your little child."

Saying which he hurried out, before she had time to speak to him again, or thank him.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE ?

At the outset let me say that under the present abnormal condition of society the writer has no objection to women using the franchise. With the present low state of manhood in the sterner sex ; with the present attitude of man not caring much how the country is governed so long as he can succeed in what he is striving for with might and main, namely, money ; with his present willingness to part with his vote for a consideration ; with the degraded position many have sunk to through social vices, the drink habit notably as one ; it would seem that some other element needs to be incorporated into the body politic ; it would seem that a desperate remedy is required to effect the cure of a desperate malady. But if the cure is a desperate one it is also dangerous, perhaps so dangerous that it will leave evils behind worse than those it is sought to cure. The couplet of

“ Better to bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of,”

although often quoted, contains almost inexhaustable food for thought.

Often when radical changes are made, with all our owl-like wisdom of forethought, effects flow from those changes that the greatest flights of imagination did not dream of. So it might be with women exercising the right of franchise, although it might take ages to unfold the evil effects of such a step. The three-score-years-and-ten of one man's life are often too short to weigh, comparatively, the incipient and later stages of a movement and note the changes, either of good or ill, which have been developed.

The right to the suffrage is only a half-way step in the direction it tends—the right to sit in the legislative halls to make the laws of the nations, is the other ; the only reason why the claim

to the law-making power should at present be kept in the background—although, indeed, it can scarcely be said to be kept there either—is the resorting to political methods to gain the desired end—the saying “let us get one thing at a time ; let us enter the thin end of the wedge ; when we have gained the franchise, then will be time enough to agitate for the second claim.”

What does the law-making power involve ? What are the duties of legislators ? In the popular consideration of this point, at least, the full duties of the law-making body are obscured. The “ways and means” part of the business—the yearly gathering and expenditure of the finances—is often magnified out of all proportion to its importance—important though it is. It is true, too, that in the annual quota of laws sent out from our legislatures very few of them there are which do not involve the taxation of the people, either directly or remotely, yet there is another branch of their work of, at least, equal magnitude—that is, the laws which regulate the moral and intellectual side of society, the criminal laws and such like. To this it will be replied that woman is equally concerned in both these duties, that she has property the state taxes and so she has a right to a voice in the economic expenditure of it, and she is also concerned—deeply so—in the laws which govern the actions of men and women in the social fabric. It could be urged further that, as all women—those who do not own property as well as those who do—are concerned in the laws pertaining to the morals of a nation, the franchise should be extended not only to those having property in their own right but also to those who desire that just laws should prevail—laws which are of much more importance to us than those that simply involve money. But this leads

to the very important question of manhood (as well as womanhood) suffrage which again involves the "one man, one vote" principle; questions that men themselves are divided upon so that it cannot be said, if any should think so, that man is firmly arrayed against woman in the suffrage question.

In the discussions of all the ramifications of this intricate question there is another principle which is sometimes laid down. The claim is that if any property is taxed, the owner, be he man or woman, has a right to a voice in its expenditure, and it finds popular expression in the oft-repeated words "no taxation without representation." To this it is replied that government is akin to a joint stock company who undertake to do a certain thing—provide suitable roads which all can use, for instance—upon the payment into their hands of a certain sum. It is a bargain, and if government does what it agrees to do, when the persons served pay for the service that is all they have a right to—that having fulfilled their agreement, the joint stock company have a right to conduct their own affairs in their own way. Now, it is evident there are individuals in the state—those under age, as an example—who are in this position of paying into the state treasury for just such a purpose. This is seen in the law of Prince Edward Island—and I think a similar law exists in most if not all of the other provinces of this broad, or long, Dominion—which compels a young man over sixteen years to perform statute labor, while he does not enjoy the franchise until he is twenty-one.

This brings us to the question of what under normal conditions, should constitute the voting unit. Society is composed of men and women, but these do not exist as independent units—they bear a certain relation to each other. That relation is seen in society's goal, the married state, and this involves offspring with a season of tutelage. In the family is the social unit under normal conditions. It is almost im-

possible to conceive of a sound reason for any other premises. Do you say that some may prefer to remain single—as individual units—yes, but the laws in place of facilitating such a course should rather be framed to frown upon it—to throw obstacles in the way. The tendency to some extent now is, since the sphere of "woman's usefulness" has, rightly or wrongly, been widened as a result, partially at least, if pride and ambition are allowed to step the purpose for which man and woman was created—to thwart nature; yet both reason and revelation stamp their signet ring upon the foregoing principles. If then the family is the social unit then in this should the voting privilege of the body politic lie. And this follows the universal law of units—they can combine to make higher numbers but they can also be broken up into parts—into fractions. How should such a unit cast a ballot in a normal state of society? by a calm consideration at home of the questions at issue and a marking and depositing of the ballot by either member of the parental combination in accordance with the conclusions arrived at.

But it is stated in reply, your principles are for a normal state of society; are they not out of place under the present abnormal condition? Or, it might still be contended, nay, insisted, that the man and woman, whether as unmarried or married, should be looked upon as individual units—each a social factor in the commonwealth. Under this view it is claimed there is danger that women when exercising the franchise may become "unsexed." What is there in this argument? What is it to be unsexed? to become like a man in nature. What effect has our political system had upon the average man? Man is the bread-winner of the family; he has ever before his eyes the fact that he has to "provide for his own household." When the political briber, therefore, at an election comes to a man and offers to buy his vote the temptation is intensified by the fact that he is the provider of the family. Were

woman to remain as the one provided for and given the right of suffrage it is quite conceivable that she might never fall so low as to sell her vote for a consideration. And yet it is quite possible that the butterflies of fashion might desire pin money in greater abundance, so that she might adorn herself with gaudy trinkets, that the temptation, for this class at least, might be equally as great as with the man. But there might be other and more subtle ways, in which she might unsex herself. It could scarcely be otherwise in the course of time, more or less benighted, but that she would gradually take an interest in the open discussion of the question she was voting upon.

“And from words fell to blows,
Just like Donnybrook Fair.”

says the old song; and, although somewhat roughly expressed, yet it is evident that, as with men at times, a discussion will almost inevitably lead to the excitement of the angry passions which would necessarily be followed by high words at least, if not blows. Then it is natural, seemingly, for politicians, of the men stripe, to separate into parties. This is the outcome of our political systems under the present political conditions—the evolution of man in the direction of statecraft. Can anyone doubt, granting a sufficient lapse of time, that woman would not gradually unfold in the same direction under the same conditions; that she would gradually come to justify, on the score of politics and for the sake of party, as the average man at least does, what she would scorn, as he does, to do as an individual in her own private business. As a politician man does do many acts of baseness, cruelty, deception, uncharitableness and even lying, that he would not do in private life, and there is no reason to believe that the result would be otherwise with woman. True, she would not descend to all this in a year and a day; a change of character, even of the individual, takes place comparatively slow, and a change of the race at even a much slower pace.

In the discussion of this question some arguments have been advanced which it might be well to glance at. It is urged that the laws of the land, written or unwritten, prevent women from entering the more paying professions. I suppose, by the written law is meant the social in opposition to the legislative laws. Now it must surely be admitted that woman has as much to do in making the social laws as man has, and these laws have the merit of being almost implicitly obeyed, a feature that many of the legislative enactments do not possess. Might not the fact that, in bygone years, woman was not employed in any of the competitive walks of life have been due to social laws which she herself was largely instrumental in making. Now she is being rapidly emancipated—if that is the right word—from this thralldom, but it is possible that the hindrances yet in the way to complete freedom may be due, partially at least, although man is undoubtedly to blame as well, to her own natural—second nature—diffidence. It must be remembered that men have wrongs to redress in the body politic, as well as woman, that they find difficult of amendment through the perverseness, as well as the natural conservatism of the human mind.

The law which takes the child from the mother, when she can no longer live with her husband, and gives it to him may have been made through the dictates of humanity. Is not the plain intention that when the husband has so acted that he has rendered the wife's life with him unbearable that the law says to such a man “you shall at least be compelled to provide for the offspring of your married life—they shall not become a burden upon the shoulders of your separated wife. It may not perhaps be the fault of the law so much, when injustice in this case is wrought, as the proper administration of it.

To say that the wife's services belong the husband is scarcely true, although with regard to the stored up wealth of the family, the law, unless otherwise

dealt with by special settlement, does give the husband control of it, and yet even here, the wife, in many countries, has the right of dower. The injustice in these laws is, however, being gradually got rid of by changing the laws themselves and the injustices which woman specially labors under are being remedied as quickly as those peculiar to man.

The *age of consent* has been dwelt upon and it has been wondered at that the law should fix any age. Now, all human laws are necessarily imperfect, and it has been found that in such cases a line must be drawn somewhere. The law does not say it is right to do wrong in this case; it only says *when* the law shall punish the man. It should not be forgotten that while it is easy to picture a wronged girl it is quite possible to have a wronged boy—that the blandishments and inducements and seduction may all be used by the female and that she may deliberately lay her plans to entrap and does entrap the male member of society. It is true the effect upon him, as far as this world is concerned, is not so great as the possible effect upon the seduced female, but the moral effect upon him is as great. Just the proportion of these two cases I do not know, possibly there are more girls led astray than boys, but that the

latter are entrapped at times is beyond gainsaying. Then it is complained that the age of consent is fixed far lower for the poor man's child than for the daughter of the rich man. But is there not greater danger in the latter case? Not only is there the temptation caused by the man's evil lusts, but there is, in addition, the hope that when his desires have been gratified, the "infant" may be compelled, for honor's sake, to link her life with that of her worthless and fortune-hunting seducer.

Let me repeat that the present abnormal state of society may demand the sacrifice of woman to purify, if in the end it would be a purification, the state of it's filthy injustice, both as regards the crystalization of its political beliefs into laws, as well as the pure, just and vigorous administration of them, but there is danger in the attempt—it is a real sacrifice and those who are so eager to storm the breach lay themselves open to have the saying applied to them. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Were the desire for the franchise only a temporary one then not so much harm could flow from it's temporary gratification, for it does seem at the present time especially, in the temperance movement, that help from above is needed.



HER STORY.

BY FLORA MACDONALD.

She is a strikingly handsome woman ; to all appearances a devotee of fashion, society, theatres, etc. Upon closer observation I saw that she lived two lives, one for the world to see, and the other what she could not help but feel.

A sad expression would come over the proud, lovely face when she imagined herself unobserved ; it was painful to see, but directly she was addressed it vanished and a careless smile or rippling laugh took its place. When I knew her better I asked her for a sketch of her life, for mine had been more clouds than sunshine, and I would be very glad could my sympathy brighten hers. I will give her story in her own words :

"I was born in London, England. My mother was an Italian and played and sang in the streets, but further than that I know nothing about her, only that she was beautiful and good.

My father was an Englishman. He died when I was but three years old. At eight years of age I was left all alone in the world, with very little earthly goods. A small room in a tenement house contained all that belonged to my mother. A harp, violin, and small cottage piano were all there was of any value. She had taught me to speak Italian and I had learned English, selling newspapers in the streets. I could play by ear any of the instruments and sang, in Italian, many songs she had taught me.

My education was of course neglected and although I knew the English alphabet and many words from looking at the newspapers, I could not write my own name. I felt the loss of my mother very much and sold no papers nor went out of our own little room.

I had been thinking all the time, however, finally coming to the conclusion that no matter what hardships I

underwent I would not part with any of the things my mother had left me, and would still keep the room, though it cost a shilling a week.

It was very hard at first, sometimes I would only have a piece of bread or a bun all day, but I was happy at the end of the week did I manage to make up the shilling.

My favorite spot in summer was near the gates of one of the parks. I would fain have entered but only those with keys were admitted. Every fine afternoon through the summer many children came to play. Oh, how I envied their pretty clothes and dainty lunches their nurses had for them.

One little boy, perhaps nine or ten years old, always bought a paper from me, and took so much interest in me that through his influence I easily disposed of all my papers.

He sometimes gave me a picture book or school book, and I longed to read. I got the old woman from whom I rented my room to teach me and was delighted to find she was quite capable.

As soon as I could write legibly I wrote a letter to my young hero thanking him for his kindness. He wrote me in return saying he would do all he could for me and so we wrote little letters occasionally till he was fourteen, while I was twelve. What a manly handsome youth. He was very tall for his age. He seemed to me the embodiment of everything grand and noble.

How much I thought of him ; he was the hero of all my stories, the picture prince in all my air castles. Thanks to him and the pride I took in his friendship I was no longer ignorant, and in every way possible tried to improve myself. What a reward it was if he approved of what I did.

But this was not to last. I had out-grown newspaper selling and become flower-girl, while he was fast out-growing the play-ground in the park. A change came.

How well I remember the last day he was there. He came to me, bought a bouquet; said he was going to college and would probably not see me again, but he did not like to think of me always on the street selling flowers. There was a great lump in my throat. I could not speak.

I had been so happy studying and working only for him, and now he was going away out of my life. The tears came to my eyes. This was too much for my brave, tender-hearted boy to stand. The firm, proud lips quivered, the dark eyes became moist as he said, "Madge; I shall have holidays in two years. Where will you be?" I said I would be in the same room where my mother left me, were it possible. "Then," said he, "in two years I will be back to London before deciding on a profession and will come and see you. Remember the date, Madge." With this he left me. Two years! What an eternity! Would I live that long, I thought. Once again I was alone. The old woman who taught me was kind, but he had talked to me as if I were his equal and yet he was the younger brother of a lord. In two years I would be fourteen. How I worked those two years, studying every spare minute, and when they had joined the ages of the past I found myself at fourteen almost a woman.

My education was very good, and I knew I was pretty, for often I heard ladies in their carriages remark "what a beautiful flower-girl?" I was not flattered, only pleased, for Ralph would perhaps think me pretty, too. At last the day arrived when he was to return. It had never entered my mind to doubt that he would keep his word, for as a child he had never broken it.

I made the room look as cheerful and comfortable as possible, and putting on the first *real* dress I had ever had, I waited for my hero.

Heaven was then kind; he came. If he was a bright, beautiful boy at fourteen, at sixteen he was far brighter, far more handsome. The same frank face, the same happy, kind smile; but instead of a boy in size, a man, almost six feet high, stood before me.

"Well, Madge," said he, after a while, "you will have to hurry up or I will not be able to look down so far."

I had to tell him all I had gone through since his departure, and when I would touch on any hardship, the tears would come to his eyes as of yore; and what large, lovely, dark eyes he had. He would rather I did not sell flowers any more. "For," said he, "the streets of London is no place for a face like yours."

I concluded to grant his request and try to get a place as day governess.

Before he left for Cambridge, I had succeeded in securing a situation and he was satisfied that I would be no longer in the streets. Teaching was for me much harder work, but I did not mind if only he were pleased. Time wore on. I was a child no longer. A woman now, with all the hopes and fears and longings that go with a warm, passionate Italian nature, and now I knew that I loved the handsome, polished Ralph Livingstone. I thought he must care very much for me else why should he take so much interest in me.

At last I was twenty-one, while he was twenty-three, with the profession of barrister-at-law. Had I doubted his love; I no longer did.

How well we seemed to know each other and how many happy evenings we had spent together, playing, singing, reading poetry or an occasional novel, arguing, discussing, till our very lives seemed one.

I had not a thought apart from him. I had forgotten that he had plenty to interest him besides me; in fact I was only a mere page in the book of his life. One happy night he told me that he loved me, only being a younger son I would have to wait till he had made a mark in his profession.

How gladly I promised to wait.

I saw him often and I did not think he had any cause to be ashamed of me. Our love was as pure as heaven. I never had any cause to be jealous, for he saw me often and he knew how I spent my every minute. One day it occurred to me that I would give anything could I see him with those of his own social standing. If I could see him with his sister, with his mother, with his friends. I had asked him about them, and he had told me I was so different. I would know the difference, and this was the first time I had ever deceived him.

Were my sufferings afterwards a recompence for my deception?

I complained of not feeling well and would take a month's holidays in the country. This he thought a capital idea.

I then went to his home in the disguise of a red-headed scotch girl and wore blue spectacles to hide my dark eyes. It was easy for me to speak with a Scotch accent. I applied for a situation as seamstress or lady's help. It so happened that a lady friend stopping there had just parted with her maid and was so badly in need of one that she accepted me without references.

She was soon delighted with me for I took every pains to please her. I got a few glimpses of Ralph, and when I saw him talking to his mother, sisters or friends, a thrill of satisfaction went through me, for I remarked how coldly reserved though scrupulously polite he was. How different he was towards me—kind, loving and tender—and I envied them nothing. What was dress, society or position in the balance with his love. How happy I was, so near him too, if he did not know.

I found that it was the wish of the family that he should marry the lady whose maid I was, in fact she herself seemed to consider it an understood affair. I did not mind, I was so sure of Ralph, till one evening after dinner he stopped me in the hall and said to take the message to my mistress that he

wished a private interview with her in her own parlor at ten o'clock.

He seemed strangely agitated and I wondered the cause. Was he going to tell her he was bound to another. Did he feel an explanation necessary. I would know.

How cruel of fate to let us go where we will be so hurt.

A small hall leading to one of the main halls was curtained from her parlor, and at ten o'clock I stowed myself behind the curtains, bent on hearing all that was to be heard.

Would I had died before that night.

Ralph came in calm and collected, remarked on her kindness; said she must have seen his preference for her and now he could only say his future happiness depended on her answer—Would she be his wife?

He hardly raised or lowered his voice; hardly changed his position while speaking the words that were to turn the tide of the remainder of his life. Had he been passionate and longing in his manner, had his voice told of the slightest affection I could not have kept still, but all he said came only from his lips.

She looked at him, smiled, murmured something about being surprised and said that of her scores of lovers, she preferred him.

She held out her hand which he touched to his lips, and then placing a ring upon her finger, said he hoped she would name a wedding day not far distant.

I do not know how long I stood there, I felt cold and numb, everything looked black.

Was there no honor left in the world, was there no pity left in Heaven.

This was the ending of all my happy dreams—this the end of all the pleasant hours together. Was it any wonder I lost faith in man and God. But I would see it all over. It was a short engagement.

Was it grim satisfaction to torture myself? All was easy to bare after I had lived through the first shock.

I dressed her for the wedding, wit-

nessed the ceremony, saw them depart on their wedding tour to France, then returned home to my one little room.

Why did I not go mad? I found a long letter from Ralph waiting my return, saying he had called often and was anxious to know the reason of my prolonged visit. He had to leave London on business but would return a month from date and would see me as soon as possible after arriving. Why did I stay, what right had I see him. As well ask the miller why it flutters round the light when sooner or later its wings will be scorched.

I waited, I saw him.

He was more kind than ever and very sad. He was only happy when with me so why need I be jealous of his beautiful, cold wife.

But what now did his love for me mean; only an insult, and when this thought became a conviction in my mind, I flew into one of the most awful passions.

All the Italian blood in my veins was boiling and I told him what I had done.

Why had he been such a coward not to have told me.

Poor Ralph! Even I felt sorry for him. He tried to give an explanation about the financial affairs of the family being in such an embarrassed condition and the only redemption was for him to make a wealthy marriage, so he had chosen to sacrifice himself. "Yes," I added, "and sacrifice me as well." I refused to see him again, left London and went to Paris. I secured a position in a milliner's store.

The sunny side of life was darkened now, I had no hope, and only cursed a cruel fate.

It was easy to work hard; it helped me to forget. Finally I was given

charge of the establishment. The proprietor was a wealthy old man and when I had been there over five years, he died, leaving me the possessor of all his wealth.

Had it come sooner how glad I would have been to have shared it with Ralph, but now I hardly cared.

I soon had many friends, for dollars win friends where merit fails.

I went to London and saw Ralph—but oh, how changed. He looked a man of forty, sad and unanimated.

When he saw me the old glad look returned. He begged me to see him sometimes, but of what avail. Yet I could not stay in London and not see him, so I came to America.

I tried to enjoy life in a whirl of gay society. But this was empty. I visited the poor to make life for them a little less drear.

I visited the hospitals and there one day in the fever ward I sat by the death bed of Ralph. There seems a fated destiny for us all, that tosses and twirls us about and lands us in scenes which however trying we live through.

I was with him when he died; but it would be too much to recall that.

There are passages in our lives too sacred to be read by other's lips, so we draw the curtain. My life has been one long disappointment. In the future I will try to forget my own grief in trying to lessen that of others.

And now my dear friend, my nerves are all unstrung. If you see me flitting about like a gay butterfly do not blame me. "Things are seldom what they seem."

So this was her story, and many thought her vain, thoughtless, heartless and even cruel. But for her there was only one Ralph and he had been her's in death.

QUEEN AMOLAI.

A Summer Dream.

BY THOS. F. LYNCH.

What a beautiful spot this is—cool, delightful! How tempting and inviting the green mossy bank appears, sloping gently downwards to where it is kissed by the rippling brook, whose surface is as smooth as the paper on which I write, save when a faint breeze slightly ruffles its crest like a smile stealing o'er a sleeping child's face. I am idle this bright August afternoon, and think I can not do anything more appropriate than take a snooze in this new Eden I have discovered. So, stretching myself lazily on the green sward, I am unconsciously sung to sleep by the feathered songsters overhead. In dreamland I wander hither and thither, looking for some thing, or some place, or some person, I know not what, where, or whom. On, on! In the strange place I have entered, I go listlessly about—never stopping, never hurrying—just as though I was perfectly at home. I alone appear to be the only inhabitant of this beautiful paradise. After walking what seems to have been miles and miles, I notice a slight figure attired in a spotless white dress moving gently through the leafy bushes which skirt the way on either side of me. I hurry on to catch up to the being ahead of me, who, all unheeding, walks directly towards a huge hedge wall a little distance in front. I breathe easier as I see this obstacle in the way of her progress, and as there is no possible outlet visible, I know I will be rewarded by meeting her on her return.

When she reached the wall she paused and turned around. I beheld the most beautiful face I had ever looked upon; never in my wildest imaginations did I picture such a beautiful countenance as that one. For the

moment I was like one dazed, but, summoning up my habitual coolness, I approached, and lifting my hat was about to make some suitable salutation, when, Lo! the vision vanishes as though the very ground had opened up and swallowed her. Feeling the relax of nerves, and weary with my long walk, I sank to mother earth in profound slumber. After what seemed to me hours of rest, I was awakened, whether by instinct or human aid I know not which. I looked up and beheld the beautiful face of my late quarry smiling down at me. What eyes were set in that visage, bright as gems, yet kind and loving. Hark, she speaks! "What wouldst thou know of Amolai?" Heavens, what a voice! as if some golden instrument were being softly played and wafted to me by the faint summer breeze. Seeing my evident embarrassment, my mentor again addressed me: "Who art thou who enters unannounced, unbidden, to the gardens of Amolai?" I essay to speak and fail. Where was my tongue? I could not use it. What's that? Listen! "Wouldst thou behold the beauties of the realms of the Auganatees?" I nodded assent. "Then rise and follow me." So saying she turned to go, and I, springing to my feet, hastened after her. She led me on in silence through numbers of beautiful courts and gardens, the like of which I had never seen before, and passing through the largest and most magnificent one of the group, we entered a large castle, the floors of which were embedded with the most beautiful gems my eyes ever feasted on. Passing quickly from one to another of the many rooms contained therein, we entered at the further end of the house what I judged,

and rightly so, to be the Chamber of Justice, at the further end of which was a large throne emblazoned with burnished gold and studded with jewels of all descriptions. In the centre of this throne stood a large chair, and on the right of it stood a smaller one of equal grandeur. My guide stood in front of the throne, and after a careful survey of the room, said to me: "You are now, oh, noble stranger from earthly regions, in the royal chamber of the castle of the Auganatees, who are a very powerful race. I, Amolai, am Queen of all this vast domain, and here do I dispense justice and make laws for the guidance of my people who number millions. On three days in each year do I administer justice, and this is fortunately one of them. If you will deign to grace the throne on my right with your presence we shall be greatly honored." I quickly acquiesced and we then withdrew to partake of luncheon, which was served in an elaborate manner by six ladies in very strange garb. After finishing the repast, which was by far the finest I had ever sat down to, we adjourned straightway to the Chamber of Justice, where gathered on all sides were great multitudes of the people. The Queen, with head erect, firm step, and stately carriage, ascended the throne, and motioning me to the seat on her right, thus addressed the gathering:—"Faithful subjects, your Queen bids you welcome to the Chamber of Justice, and ye who have undergone wrongs will be heard in due time concerning them. We have by our side a distinguished visitor from regions unknown to you, who in his native land is a great counsellor, and we hope by his aid to-day to decide more satisfactorily than ever before the matters of difference between you." Throughout this speech the people stood with bowed heads, listening intently to each word which fell from their sovereign's lips. The manner in which the large lists of complaints were settled would astonish a person a great deal more learned than I. One case—the last—touched me most. A young

man, evidently about thirty odd years of age, came forward, and, making a low obeisance, spoke to the Queen: "Oh, mighty sovereign, your humble supplicant, Targand, acknowledging your wisdom and goodness, implores you to pardon his father, who was so unfortunate as to fall under your gracious majesty's displeasure some time ago, and was condemned to die. Think, oh, thou noble Queen, of the life at stake. Reflect on the good which you will do by releasing my aged parent, and allowing him to return once more to the bosom of his family, that his declining years may be made comfortable by his loving children. Oh, honored sir, whomsoever you may be, if you have any influence with our beloved ruler, I pray you intercede for me, and help restore happiness to a now heart-broken family." The Queen looked at me as though wishing my views on the matter, and after finding out that the man's crime was poaching in the royal gardens, I implored her to pardon the old man. After bestowing on me a smile which meant volumes to one so romantic as I, the Queen said to Thargand: "Thou, Thargand, hast pleaded thy cause well, and your Queen, recognizing the value of a life, as well as the humblest of her subjects, deems meet, by the intercession of her guest of honor, to pardon your aged sire his life, but," and here the mellow voice grew stern, "let not this be a bait to others of my subjects to poach in the royal gardens, for, by the memory of my ancestors, the next offender shall meet death at the hands of our musketeers." Everything having been settled, the people withdrew and left us alone. The Queen, after giving me a radiant smile, full of tenderness, said: "My noble, generous, high-souled friend, Amolai has reached the age of twenty-six, and has not yet taken unto herself a husband. It is the custom amongst the monarchs of our race that when they wish to wed they choose their own fiancee, and after a reasonable time has passed, they are publicly married. Since first I beheld your

beautiful face, I have been aware of a feeling I never before experienced, and in some unaccountable way your arc connected with it. I feel as though I have known you all my life, and it would be a great blow for me to part from you now. Therefore I ask you, will you live here and be my king? I am, as you have seen, immensely wealthy, and well beloved by my subjects. I have everything the mind can fancy or the heart can wish for. I ask you will you share it? Do not answer hurriedly; take time to consider." Without a moment's hesitation I replied: "Oh, beautiful creature, who am I that you should honor me so by such a proposal? I am as unworthy of you as your humblest subject. Since I first saw your lovely countenance I knew that I loved as I never before dared dream of loving. It was presumptuous on my part, preposterous, too, but, as you are well aware, the mind has no control over the workings of the heart. I am, most noble lady, your obedient slave. If you deem fit to raise me to your level, I will try with as much grace as possible to fulfil your every wish and command." "Thou hast spoken well, my beautiful," said the Queen, "we will make a right royal pair. The nuptial ceremony will not be performed till the evening of the 12th Kalenos of September, and until then you will be my guest, and be treated with the respect and obedience due a King elect. We will now proceed through the castle, and you may feast your eyes on the wealth to be seen on all sides." Taking my arm, she arose, and we proceeded to explore the remaining portions of the castle. On the second flat, adjoining the Queen's room, was the guest chamber, and to this was I consigned. On the splendid dressing case of polished granite, which stood at the further side of the room, lay a large case studded with hundreds of diamonds. The Queen stopped before this, and addressing me, said: "Within this casket lies the crown worn by the Kings of the Auganatees, if touched by hands

other than royal, the punishment is death. Until thou art proclaimed King you must not touch it, for, although I would as soon take my own life as yours, I must do so if you touch the casket before you are crowned. All else is free to thee except this, so be careful." I thought it would be an easy matter to obey, and remarked so. The Queen said: "You may think so now, but will likely change your mind, so be careful." We finished our tour and in the evening sat down to a banquet in my honor, at which all the greatest nobles in the land were gathered. The Queen then disclosed our secret and the projected marriage, which was received with great delight on all sides. Days passed quickly, the Queen and myself being always together, murmuring sweet nothings to each other, singing, dancing, balls, suppers and so on. One evening, after returning, I was dozing gently, when I heard a great noise as of something heavy having fallen in my room. I arose and donned my dressing gown, and to my astonishment and bewilderment beheld the casket containing the kingly crown lying on the floor. Fearing to displease the Queen by some act of what I thought was carelessness on my part, I raised the casket, and by a great effort, set it on the dressing case again. As I did so, a low bell started ringing, and armed men appeared in my room and conducted me to a dungeon outside the castle, to there await the horrors which came all too quickly on me. I was brought before the Queen, who, in a sorrowful tone spoke thus: "My beautiful, you forgot the warning given you by Amolai not many days gone by, about the casket containing the kingly crown. To see if thou wert faithful, I caused the casket to be, invisibly to you, thrown down upon the floor. But you, fearing my anger, instead of leaving it there picked it up. Although I love you more dearly than life and will slowly pine away in sorrow for having lost you, I must obey the laws and traditions of my illustrious antecedents. So,

my beautiful, gaze once again, the last time, on the face of her whom you professed to love, but do not. You will be taken to the dungeon from whence you came and at the expiration of three days you will be shot dead by our musketeers. Adieu! Adieu! I am sorry you did not heed my warning. I go to grieve for one who was all in all to me." In the depth of my agony I cried out: "Hear me, Amolai! Hear my defence, and if you cannot be made relent by my excuse, at least remember that I love you distractedly. Do not turn from me without hearing my plea. By the love you bear me, hear me out." But no! she turned around and left the room, while I was conducted back to my dungeon to await death. What agony and mind torture I underwent in those three days clapsing between my sentence and its fulfilment. I was fed as well as before, but the air in the dungeon was so insufferably close and foul I could not touch a morsel of it. On the morning of the fourth day, at sunrise, the chains on the door of my cell clanked rustily and the door was swung wide open. Outside were six sturdy

musketeers dressed in a curious uniform. One of these stepped forward and, after blindfolding my eyes and binding my hands, led me forth outside the door. As I stood there offering up my petitions to the Heavenly throne, the ominous words were spoken, "One!" Oh, heaven, how long he waits! "Two!" Why don't they fire and finish it. "Three!" The rifles belch forth their deadly fire. As they did so a shriek was heard, and a pair of soft arms encircled my neck. It was the Queen, who had thrown herself in front of me and received the bullets intended for me. She was gently carried away, and again the words "One, Two!"—but here I awoke and found myself on the bank where some three or four hours before I had lain down to sleep. A cold perspiration was standing in large drops on my brow. I jumped up, and after giving myself a good shaking to find out whether I was hurt from the bullets, returned home mentally resolving to tell no one of my trip, but after having kept it a secret for over fifteen years, I thought I would let the world know of my dreamland trip to the realms of the Auganatees.

PAST YOUTH.

BY ADA A. SQUIRE.

When the wane of life falls o'er our path
 We gaze on another shore
 At the reddened gold of a sun that has set
 To rise on us nevermore!

And we softly list to the voices which
 Made glad the long ago;
 And the by-gone faces come again
 Just as they used to do.

Oh, dear lost youth! our memories
 Will ever hold thee dear;
 When falls the gloaming o'er our lives
 We turn to thee for cheer.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

BY KOMUS.

"Yes, Tom, I am gloomy to-night and not without cause."

I had noticed that some painful subject was occupying my friend's thoughts and hoped to learn what could make such a lively companion dull. I was not disappointed, for Jack continued:

"Come nearer the fire, Tom, and I will relate a chapter in my life, hitherto known only to myself and my God. You are my best friend and I can trust you. I must repeat the story if only to relieve my mind. For about five years I have kept this secret, and now it shall be revealed to you alone."

Then a painful expression overspread his handsome dark features as he related this story.

"About five years ago I was the manager of a branch bank in the State of California where my position gave me an excellent opportunity to meet the best people of the city. At that time I spent most of my evenings fully enjoying the amenities of social life."

"The city was not very large in those days; but, even then, was the resort of many tourists during the winter months. I had met all the ladies of the city and its vicinity without being particularly impressed by any. Not that they were not pretty and attractive, for many of them were both; but, rather, that I was hard to please. I have since been glad to hear that most of them now are brightening the lives and cheering the homes of proud husbands and fathers."

"I had satisfactorily filled my position for nearly three years, and my friends concluded that I never intended to marry, when, in a day, the whole tenor of my life was changed."

"One afternoon, while returning to my hotel, a strange lady asked to be

directed to a certain street, explaining that she had stupidly lost her way. As the distance was considerable I offered to be her guide. After a moment's hesitation, she accepted my services and a few minutes later we parted as much strangers as when we first met. I then returned to my rooms at the hotel and, for an hour, wondered who that strange lady could be."

"That evening I attended a "Ball" and was introduced to Miss B—, a lady from the east, who had come to spend the winter in our City with her uncle, Mr. B—."

"I immediately discovered that the strange lady of the afternoon was Miss B— of the evening."

"Perhaps it was our former meeting, perhaps it was fate; I don't know, nor does it matter which; but I found Miss B— different from any other lady among my many acquaintances. Her face was beautiful and classical, her form was perfect, while all her movements were light and graceful. Her voice was sweet and expressive. Even her lovely blue eyes seemed to speak."

"From what I have stated, you can judge I was hopelessly in love with Miss B—, and that, in less than five hours. Early in the morning I left the ball-room for my hotel, intending to get a little sleep before day, only to find that I could not rest. One beautiful face was always before me and my eyes would not remain closed. From a calm, almost indifferent man, I was quickly transformed into an impulsive and restless fool."

"The days wore on, and I lost no opportunity to enjoy the society of the only woman who ever won my heart. She always welcomed me with a bewitching smile; but, in vain, I watched for any action, word or look

expressive of love. Miss B— was an enigma. I could not understand her. However, I determined to hear the truth at once, from her own lips; so, one afternoon we took a long walk beyond the city limits."

"The bright rays of the declining sun danced upon the waves of the bay; the white sails of many vessels and yachts flapped in the fitful breeze from the west; while gulls were dipping their breasts into the sea, and all nature seemed hushed before the approach of a terrific storm. We had reached a slight eminence overlooking the city and the sea, and there, under the most favorable circumstances, I requested the answer which, I supposed, would make me happy or miserable for life. If I had not been blinded by love her actions on that occasion, interpreted by her words, should have crushed the warm affections which possessed my breast and subdued my will. Now, as I calmly survey the past, I wonder more, day by day, how my infatuation could have survived her reply. Miss B— answered that she liked me as well as any man, and that, if I was worth one hundred thousand dollars, she would willingly become my wife. I assured her that I held a far smaller sum than she had mentioned, and begged her to give me two years in which to make the money. She replied that two years was much too long to wait; but, as a special favor, would wait two months. My heart sank within me at my possible and probable failure; for, at the time, my earthly possessions would be overvalued if fixed at the moderate sum of two thousand dollars. I feared to tell the truth lest she should immediately refuse to consider my offer."

"We hastened home, for the sun was dipping into the ocean, and darkness would soon descend upon the land. All the way she was as talkative and unconcerned as if nothing unusual had occurred between us, while I was the most uninteresting and discontented man on the Pacific coast. When we parted Miss B.—never

even wished me success. The state of my mind was desperate. I hurried back to my hotel, left instructions that I was not to be disturbed upon any consideration, and retired to my rooms to form some plan of making a fortune in two short months. I walked nervously from room to room, one minute cursing my spendthrift manner of life and my pending fate; and the next, enumerating the ways in which fortunes are quickly made."

"My cogitations only increased my distraction. I soon perceived that even the chance of accumulating great wealth only comes to those who are comparatively rich, and that even such men as frequently lose all as gain more. So I reasonably concluded that with my small capital nothing could be done in sixty days. Then assailed me the most trying temptation of my life. Under my control were ample funds to engage in large speculations with some hope of success. Besides my superiors implicitly relied upon the integrity of Jack, so that I could use the bank funds without much fear of detection. I was conversant with the details of many promising commercial ventures and, in addition, was confident of being able to place every dollar to the best advantage. This was the only way which I could make one hundred thousand dollars in the limited time, and win the hand of Miss B.—without whom life itself had for me no charms. In case of failure or detection, there remained for me a suicide's grave; but, if I should win! The very thought made me wild with delight. The struggle that night between my passions, supported by the mysterious influence of love, and my principles, has left its impress upon my brow and life. It was as the swaying and rushing of opposing armies within my breast. Now one side and then the other gained the ascendancy, only in its turn to be overthrown. The very shouts of the contestants seemed to fall upon my ear. At last it seemed as if the forces of evil would win the

conflict, and I was preparing to join in the triumphant pæan of demons, when the pale face and slender form of my angel mother, robed like a priestess of Jehovah, deployed the armies of her God, and with a simple charge drove the devil and his hosts back, and still back until they entered the mouth of hell. I shall never forget the horrors of that memorable night."

"On the following morning I was but the ghost of my former self. The selfishness and meanness of Miss B— were now apparent to me, and I shuddered to recall the depth to which I had almost fallen. My love for her was dead, and I had willingly pronounced the last words over its hidden grave. Once more I was a man. I have never seen Miss B— from that day to this, although, out of curiosity, I have kept track of her many wanderings."

"Within two weeks my employers accepted my resignation and, by their strong commendation, I obtained the position in which I have ever since remained."

"About one year after my departure for the east, Miss B— became the wife of a wealthy merchant who ap-

pears to have been worthy of a better spouse. All her whims were gratified and still she was discontented, and made his life utterly miserable by petty complaints. At last he discovered that she was untrue to him, and, moved by jealous rage, he published her infamy and drove her from his beautiful home, an outcast, to wander alone and unpitied from place to place. She went from bad to worse, descending more quickly than ordinary women, until she became the associate and accomplice of cut-throats and thieves."

"The story is almost complete. I have told it to-night because the days of her wickedness are at an end, and henceforth I wish to forget her forever. To-day I received reliable information of her death, which was as terrible as her life had been degraded. She was shot by a jealous rival in one of the lowest dens of the city of New York, and now lies buried near the walls of the state prison. Her fate was, indeed, horrible to contemplate. Never mention her to me, Tom, but help me to forget. Leave me, now so that to-night I may mourn her sad and untimely end. Your hand, there, good-night."



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