



METROPOLITAN  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY



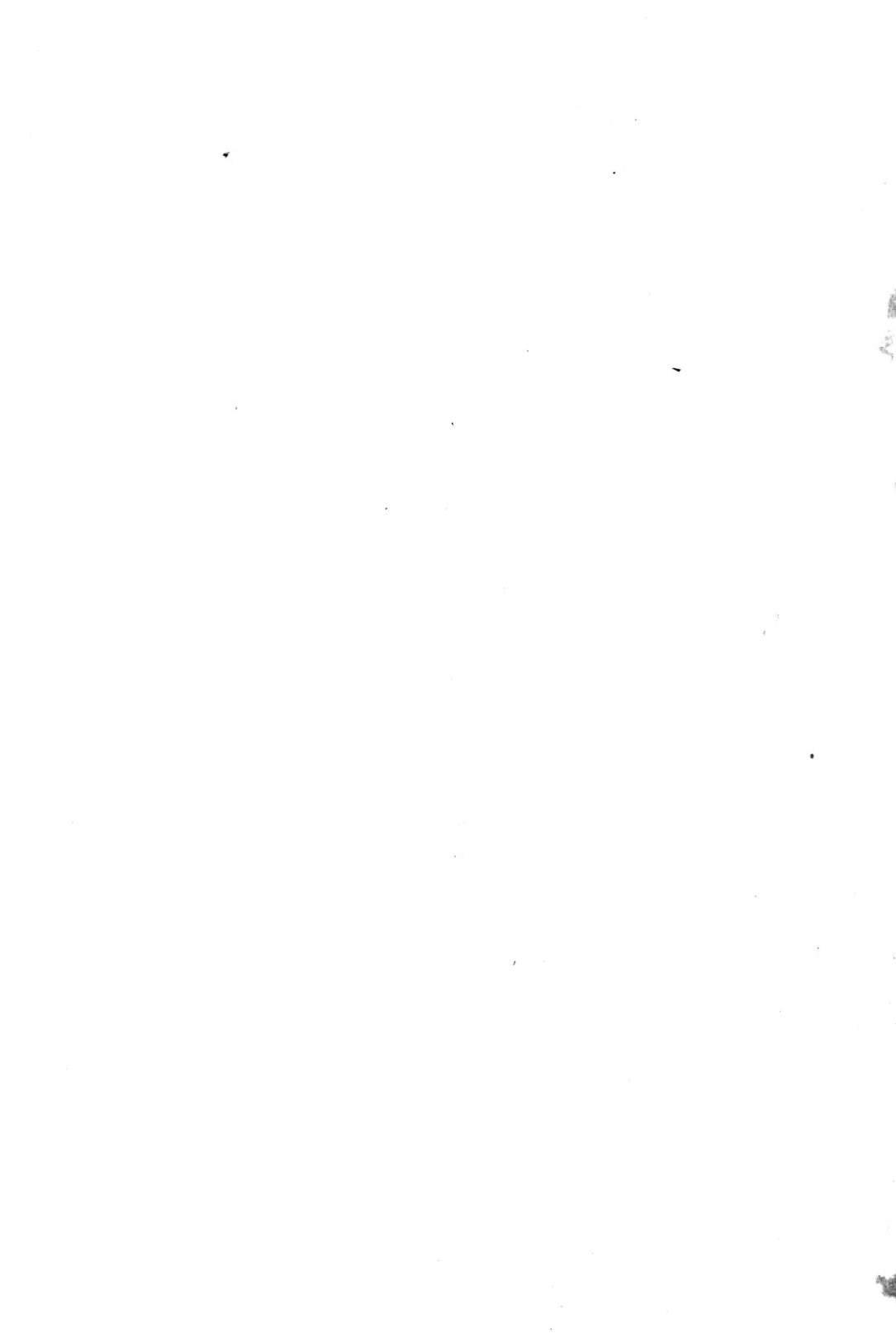
789  
YONGE  
TORONTO  
M4W 2G8



**METROPOLITAN  
TORONTO  
CENTRAL  
LIBRARY**

---

**General Information  
Centre**



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XLI.

MAY, 1913, TO OCTOBER, 1913, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO  
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED  
1913

296093

# Contents of Volume XLI

MAY, 1913—OCTOBER, 1913

## FRONTISPIECES.

	PAGE
SIR GUY CARLETON.....A Portrait	2
THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.....Painting by Laura Muntz	110
SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BAR'T.....A Photograph	218
ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX.....Color Etching, by Gyrrh Russell	326
MUSIC.....Painting by Florence Carlyle	423
A NIGHT IN THE NORTHLAND.....Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald	542

## ARTICLES.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT..... <i>J. H. Haslam</i>	584
ARCHBISHOP MCNEILL..... <i>M. L. Hart</i>	90
ARE WE DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE?..... <i>J. Sedgwick Cowper</i>	166
AUTOGRAPHS OF CANADIAN RULERS..... <i>Bernard Muddiman</i>	117
BIRTH OF THE DOMINION, THE..... <i>John Boyd</i>	219
CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS..... <i>J. D. Logan</i>	486
CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE..... <i>Isabel Skelton</i>	162
CHANGING HALIFAX..... <i>Archibald MacMechan</i>	327
CITY THAT WAS BORN LUCKY, THE..... <i>Samuel Bristol</i>	124
CONFEDERATION, THE SIGNIFICANCE OF..... <i>A. H. U. Colquhoun</i>	229
COOKING AS AN AID TO EMPIRE..... <i>Harold Sands</i>	567
DOMESTIC ANIMALS WE SHOULD KNOW..... <i>F. A. Wightman</i>	497
EDUCATION, A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN..... <i>J. C. Sutherland</i>	57
FATE OF THE EMPIRE, THE..... <i>D. Creighton</i>	363
FERGUSSON, THE HON. ADAM..... <i>J. C. Boylen</i>	555
GIVE THE FARMER A CHANCE..... <i>J. H. Haslam</i>	584
HALIFAX, CHANGING..... <i>Archibald MacMechan</i>	327
HEROINE OF LUCKNOW, A..... <i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	439
HIGHER CRITICISM, THE..... <i>Rev. Dr. Geo. Coulson Workman,</i> 111, 263, 337, 515,	571
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF CANADA, THE..... <i>Wilfred Campbell</i>	433
HON. ADAM FERGISSON, THE..... <i>J. C. Boylen</i>	555
HOW LADIES SHOULD BEHAVE..... <i>Donald A. Fraser</i>	383
JOHNSON, PAULINE: A REMINISCENCE..... <i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	273
JOHNSON, PAULINE: AN APPRECIATION..... <i>Charles Mair</i>	281
LIVING WITH GOD'S AFFLICTED..... <i>E. J. Phillips</i>	253
LLOYD GEORGE, THE MAGNIFICENT INSISTANCE OF..... <i>W. A. Barr</i>	129
MCNEILL, ARCHBISHOP..... <i>M. L. Hart</i>	90
MEDICINE HAT..... <i>Samuel Bristol</i>	124
MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CANADA..... <i>J. D. Logan</i>	142
NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION..... <i>J. C. Sutherland</i>	57
NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK, THE..... <i>Rev. Dr. George Coulson Workman,</i> 111, 263, 237, 515,	571
NEW BRITAINS AND THE OLD, THE..... <i>Prof. H. T. F. Duckworth</i>	245
NOVA SCOTIA: A REVIEW..... <i>A. W. Savary</i>	634
ONTARIO AND QUEBEC..... <i>M. O. Hammond</i>	543
OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN..... <i>Arnold Haultain</i>	32

# CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
PEACE COMING AFTER, THE.....	<i>J. M. Harper</i> 549
PHILOSOPHY OF TIFFS, THE.....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 150
QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.....	<i>M. O. Hammond</i> 543
SIGNIFICANCE OF CONFEDERATION, THE.....	<i>A. H. U. Colquhoun</i> 229
SPIRIT OF TRAVEL, THE.....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 561
SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS.....	<i>Duncan Armbrust</i> 94
SWIFT: A PRECOCIOUS PIONEER.....	<i>W. Lacey Amy</i> 508
THE SHADOWS: A FANTASY.....	<i>Margaret Bell</i> 16
TIFFS, THE PHILOSOPHY OF.....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 150
TOLL OF THE CRESTING SEAS, THE.....	<i>F. William Wallace</i> 469
TORONTO'S MELTING-POT . . . . .	<i>Margaret Bell</i> 234
TRAVEL, THE SPIRIT OF.....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 561
TUPPER, INTERVIEW WITH SIR CHARLES.....	<i>John Boyd</i> 219
UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES.....	<i>William Renwick Riddell</i> 48
VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY.....	<i>C. Linern Sibley</i> 444
WOMAN SUFFRAGE. . . . .	<i>Isabel Skelton</i> 162
WOODEN WALLS OF CANADA, THE.....	<i>Charles S. Blue</i> 3

## FICTION.

ABBOTT'S ROOM, THE.....	<i>Christian Lys</i> 67
AMBITION REALIZED, THE.....	<i>Vineent Basevi</i> 155
ANATHEMA IN THE FAMILY.....	<i>Anne Warner</i> 502
ASSIMILATION OF CHRISTINA, THE.....	<i>Jean N. McIlwraith</i> 607
BEAR'S FACE, THE.....	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 589
BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.....	<i>G. G. H. Reade</i> 479
BILLY. . . . .	<i>J. J. Bell</i> 39
BLIND MAN'S BROTHER, THE.....	<i>Bernard Muddiman</i> 452
BROWN STUDY, THE.....	<i>Louis Joseph Vance</i> 21
CROSSING, THE. . . . .	<i>W. H. Oglivie</i> 177
CRUMBS OF CULTURE.....	<i>Myra Kelly</i> 622
EDICT UPON THE WALL, THE.....	<i>Ed. Cahn</i> 359
ELINOR. . . . .	<i>Clare Giffin</i> 396
FIRING ON THE FLANK, THE.....	<i>Frederick C. Curry</i> 173
GARDEN GATE, THE.....	<i>E. F. Benson</i> 191
GRIP IN DEEP HOLE, THE.....	<i>Chas. G. D. Roberts</i> 523
HER POINT OF VIEW.....	<i>George W. Hall</i> 343
HEMOCOMING OF JIM SAUNDERS, THE.....	<i>Lloyd Roberts</i> 405
IL CONTE. . . . .	<i>Joseph Conrad</i> 595
INCORRIGIBLE JAMES, THE.....	<i>Wells Hastings</i> 81
LAST OF HER RACE, THE.....	<i>S. Walkey</i> 303
LILA OF THE LILA FRUDE.....	<i>May Austin Low</i> 62
LONESOME. . . . .	<i>Zona Gale</i> 625
MATE OF THE PARAWAN, THE.....	<i>E. St. John-Brenon</i> 576
OTHER WOMAN, THE.....	<i>Stanley Portal Hyatt</i> 197
PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.....	<i>Tom Gallon</i> 284
RABBIT, THE . . . . .	<i>D. Douglas Eppes</i> 351
REGAN'S DELL . . . . .	<i>Rene Noreross</i> 387
SILVER FOX MUFF, THE.....	<i>Anne O'Hagan</i> 299
SPEEDING THE PLOUGH.....	<i>R. Murray Gilchrist</i> 75

## CONTENTS

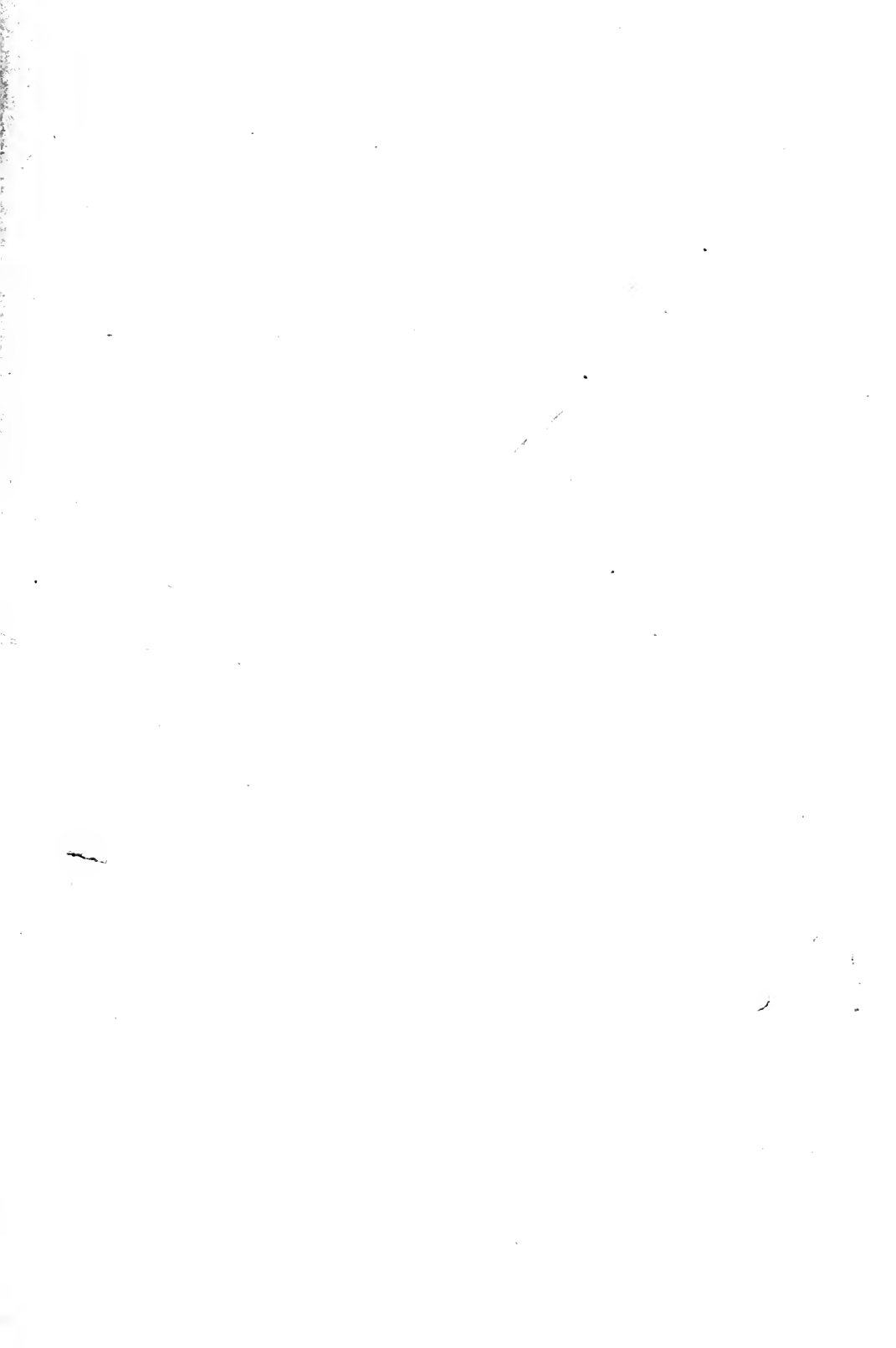
	PAGE
SPELL, THE. . . . .	<i>Ethel Hamilton-Hunter</i> 269
STOLEN RING, THE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Campbell Praed</i> 183
TRANSFIGURATION OF JAMESON, THE. . . . .	<i>Peter McArthur</i> 43
UNQUIET SPIRITS: . . . . .	<i>W. C. Gaynor</i> 412
WITH THE AID OF THE WIDOW. . . . .	<i>Peter McArthur</i> 293

## POETRY.

BENEDICTUS. . . . .	<i>Pauline Johnson</i> 278
DAPHNE. . . . .	<i>Clare Giffin</i> 622
DOMINIC. . . . .	<i>R. C. Reade</i> 521
ECHO DELL. . . . .	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 476
ENIGMA. . . . .	<i>Carroll C. Aikins</i> 583
HIS GIFT. . . . .	<i>Violet Crerar</i> 411
JUNE. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 176
O CANADA. . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald</i> 233
SONG. . . . .	<i>E. Pauline Johnson</i> 548
SPRING. . . . .	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i> 149
ST. JOHN CITY MOURNING HER SAIL. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 31
THE LOG-BOOM. . . . .	<i>Bernard Freeman Trotter</i> 554
THE LOVER TO HIS LASS. . . . .	<i>Duncan Campbell Scott</i> 292
THE MONK'S DAY. . . . .	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 54
THE PASSER-BY. . . . .	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 18
THE SONG SPARROW. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 366
TO ARCADY. . . . .	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 382
TO A YOUNG GIRL. . . . .	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 268
TORONTO AND NEW YORK. . . . .	<i>James P. Haverson</i> 512
WE WILL REMEMBER. . . . .	<i>James P. Haverson</i> 152
WILLOW PIPES. . . . .	<i>Duncan Campbell Scott</i> 72
YOU. . . . .	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 272

## DEPARTMENTS.

THE LIBRARY TABLE. . . . .	102, 209, 317, 423, 533, 643
TWICE-TOLD-TALES. . . . .	106, 213, 322, 428, 538, 648
CURRENT EVENTS . . . . .	203, 311, 417, 527, 637





*Guy Carleton*

---

SIR GUY CARLETON (FIRST BARON DORCHESTER)

Father of the Canadian Navy





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, MAY, 1913

No. 1

THE WOODEN WALLS OF  
CANADA

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

FATHOMS deep, in the placid waters of the little bay, o'er which the scarred ramparts of Fort Henry, at Kingston, cast their shadow, lie the decayed relics of what was once the pride of naval power in Canada. Here, nearly a century ago, were unceremoniously laid to rest all that was left of the fighting *Temeraires* of our inland seas, sunk, "by Death's superior weight of metal," in a grave unmarked, unhonoured, and unsung, invisible tokens of a past which is almost forgotten.

That Canada has a naval history worthy of remembrance is a fact which is not sufficiently realised, or, if realised, not adequately appreciated." The creation of a Canadian navy is as old as Confederation," recently declared the leader of one of the great political parties. It would have been more in accord with historical truth if he had said that the maintenance of naval armaments was as old as Canada herself. For just

as the greatest sea power of modern times had its foundations in the "Wooden Walls" of Old England, so Canada can look back to a time when her own armed fleets, flying the King's flag, but none the less distinctively Canadian, formed a redoubtable factor in the issues of peace and war, and exercised a controlling interest upon her history.

The naval forces which represented the might of Britain in Canadian waters in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, have been described somewhat contemptuously by an American writer as a kind of water militia; and even our own historians have not been over enthusiastic in praise of their character and performances. Compared with the mighty engines of destruction which it is now proposed, shall represent the Dominion in the power that rules the waves, the old Canadian navies, no doubt, appear almost ludicrously insignificant. But as an

eminent authority reminds us, "the art of war is the same throughout, and may be illustrated as really, though less conspicuously, by a flotilla as by an armada; by a corporal's guard, or the three units of the Horatii, as by a host of a hundred thousand." And it is the case that, though organised under conditions of great difficulty, for the most part inadequately equipped, at certain periods notoriously mismanaged, and, on at least two occasions, decisively defeated, the King's ships on the great lakes played a part which forms an interesting and illuminative chapter, not only of Canadian history, but also of the history of the world's sea power.

That the old "wooden walls" of the lake frontier formed a Canadian navy in a very real and distinctive sense cannot be too clearly emphasised. As Major-General Robinson, in his work on "Canada and Canadian Defence," points out, the armed vessels on the inland waters, prior to 1813 at least, formed no part of the Royal Navy of England. "They were ships — schooners, sloops, barges, etc.—built, bought, or hired by the Canadian Government, and then armed; and they were manned by scratch crews, composed partly of seamen, partly of men accustomed to boats and acquainted with the lakes, and often partly by soldiers (regular and militia). Nevertheless, they formed the only naval force for the defence of the Canadian southern lake and river frontier; and it was not until after a long delay that a few British naval officers and seamen were sent out to organise, command, and fight in them."

Though it was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that any attempt was made to organise a naval force in Canada, the history of floating armaments on the great lakes may be said to have commenced with the construction by La Salle of the ill-fated *Griffon*. Described as "a kind of brigantine, not un-

like a Dutch galliot," she was of forty-five tons, and carried five small cannon; and though built for the purposes of trade, was no doubt intended to act as a ship of war, if the occasion demanded. For many years subsequent to the loss of the famous explorer's vessel, however, the old-fashioned batteaux continued in use for military and transportation purposes, and it was not until the latter days of the French regime that armed flotillas made their appearance on the inland waters. Recognising the importance of the lakes as a base of operations, and appreciating the advantage of having a fleet to co-operate with the land forces, the British, in the early stages of the campaign which ended in 1760, built several warships on Lake Ontario and a flotilla on Lake Champlain. Fitted out at Oswego, where a shipbuilding yard had been established in 1755, the Lake Ontario fleet consisted of a schooner with a forty-foot keel, mounting fourteen swivel guns; a decked sloop carrying eight four-pounders and twenty-eight swivels; an undecked schooner with fourteen swivels and fourteen oars; another with twelve swivels and fourteen oars; and two smaller vessels, with four guns each. Such a squadron was allowed to remain at anchor under the guns of the garrison, and, being taken absolutely by surprise, fell wholls into the hands of the French. The prizes were retaken and destroyed two years later by Colonel Bradstreet at Fort Frontenac. Meanwhile the French themselves had constructed and fitted out two armed vessels, the *Iroquois*, and the *Ontaonaise*, and these rendered notable service on Lake Ontario, but met the same fate as the Oswego armada.

On Lake Champlain, embryo navies had also begun to make their presence felt. There, General Amherst was building ships while Wolfe was anxiously awaiting his co-operation in the siege of Quebec. Parkman says that the French had four armed ves-

sels on Lake Champlain in 1759, and these made it necessary for the British commander to provide an equal or superior force to protect his troops on their way to the Ile aux Noix. Amherst's naval attaché was a Captain Loring, and according to historians he was first ordered to build a brigantine. "This being thought insufficient, he was directed to add a kind of floating battery moved by sweeps. Three weeks later, in consequence of further information concerning the force of French vessels, Amherst ordered an armed sloop to be put on the stocks."

We are told that the sawmill at Ticonderoga was to furnish planks for the intended navy, but being overtaxed in sawing timber for the new military works at Crown Point, it was continually breaking down, with the result that much time was lost. "It was the 11th October, 1759," records Parkman, "before the miniature navy of Captain Loring—the floating battery, the brigs, and the sloop that had been begun three weeks too late—was ready for service. They sailed at once to look for the enemy. The four French vessels made no resistance. One of them succeeded in reaching Ile-aux-Noix, one was run aground, and two were sunk by their crew."

Britain's naval supremacy having thus been established on Lake Champlain, attention was again directed towards Lake Ontario, where Amherst proceeded to construct about a dozen galleys to strengthen the fleet which was to transport the troops to La Galette. In addition, he ordered two armed vessels to cruise on the lake. These were in all probability the *Onondaga* and the *Mohawk*, the former carrying twenty-two cannon, and the latter eighteen. Built as merchant vessels, they were a class of craft known as "snows," and had three masts. With the fall of Montreal in 1760, the flag of the French passed from the great lakes, and British power, naval, as

well as military, reigned supreme.

During the next few years, the armed vessels that remained on the lakes were used for trading purposes, the only call made on their services in a military connection being to assist in the suppression of the Pontiac rising, when the schooner *Gladwin*, one of four vessels plying on Lake Erie, played a not inconspicuous part. But it is to the time of the American Revolutionary war that one must look for the real beginnings of Canadian naval history. If the title of "Father of the Canadian Navy" belongs to any individual, it may be applied to Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, to whose services Canada owes so much. When active hostilities commenced in 1775, and the American rebels set out to subdue Canada, there was only the semblance of a fleet on the inland waters. A few armed craft, relies, no doubt of the conflict with the French, were stationed on Lake Champlain, but in spite of Carleton's orders their strength had not been augmented, and they fell an easy prey to the rude but vigorous Vermonter, Ethan Allen, and his force when they seized Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Charles Carroll, one of the American commissioners who visited Canada in the following year, records that one of the captured vessels was called the *Royal Savage*, and was pierced for twelve guns, four- and six-pounders. "She is really a fine vessel, and built on purpose for fighting," he writes. The initial success of the rebels left Carleton without a single armed ship along the whole course of the St. Lawrence, and though he at once took steps to dispute the passage of Lake Champlain by ordering the construction of an adequate flotilla at Ile-aux-Noix, the enterprise failed for lack of artificers and, as a consequence, St John's was forced to capitulate. When Carleton left Montreal to assume command at Quebec, which was being hard pressed by Montgomery,

the only vessels available for the transportation of his troops were eleven boats of the Durham type, long, shallow, and nearly flat-bottomed craft, with guns of small calibre pointing from their sterns, and manned by Canadians.

That the spirit which made glorious the achievements of the Royal Navy on the high seas was not wanting in the Canadian flotilla was evidenced by the bravery of two of the officers, Captains Belette and Bouchette, the latter of whom was destined to play a distinguished part in the subsequent history of the Canadian navy. Carleton's passage being disputed at Sorel, where the American provincials had erected batteries. Captain Belette undertook the face the enemy's boats long enough to enable the Governor to get out of harm's way, while Bouchette, who had already earned the soubriquet of "La Tourtre," or the "Wild Pigeon," by his dashing seamanship, volunteered to run the gauntlet of the enemy's guns with his distinguished chief. The faithful and courageous Frenchmen performed their self-imposed tasks successfully, and the Governor reached Quebec in safety, with what results, every reader of Canadian history knows.

Canada was saved, as it proved, for all time, but Carleton was not satisfied to rest from his labours. He had set himself to "whip this dwarfish war out of our territories," and in order to accomplish that object, and to secure the immunity of Canada from further invasion, he realised that something more than a military force was needed. Mastery of the inland waters, and particularly of Lake Champlain, which, from the first he had perceived to be the key of Canada, was essential to the maintenance of British rule, and no sooner had the Americans retired from Canadian territory than he addressed himself to the task of building a fleet capable, not only of keeping open the British line of communica-

tions, but of taking the offensive. From his efforts sprang what may rightly be called the first Canadian navy, that is, a navy built in Canada, and controlled by Canadian authority, not as a part of the Royal Navy, but as a distinct and separate unit. The difficulties in the way of its organisation were immense. There was little prospect of assistance from the authorities in England, where the troubles in the American colonies were regarded as practically ended. Material for the building of the ships had to be brought from the motherland, artificers were scarce, and supplies difficult to procure. Sir Howard Douglas Bart, writing in 1812, recalled that ship frames for Carleton's fleet were sent out to Canada in the squadron which his father commanded.

A shipbuilding yard having been established at St. John's, "the pieces were sent up the rapids in batteaux and were put together, and the vessels launched in an astonishingly short time." The work was carried out under the personal supervision of the Governor, who had as his master shipbuilder one Jonathan Coleman, and for months the clang of the hammer echoed across the waters of Lake Champlain. Such was the activity displayed in the mushroom shipbuilding yard that before the close of navigation in the winter of 1776 the new fleet was ready to sail.

On the tenth day of October, Carleton, in his capacity of Vice-Admiral of the naval forces in Canada, hoisted his pennant on a schooner, named after himself, a vessel of ninety-five tons, carrying fourteen six-pounders and six swivel guns; and, with flags fluttering, and amidst the cheers of the bluejackets and the soldiers of the garrison, the first Canadian squadron, commanded by Captain Pringle, with Lieutenant Daere navigating the flagship, swept proudly past the Ile la Mothe, and

bore away in search of the enemy. Hastily improvised and fitted out, and unconventional in rig and equipment, the fleet was of a somewhat heterogeneous character, but, as events proved, it was easily superior to the enemy's squadron as a fighting force. In addition to the flagship, it consisted of the *Inflexible* of 203 tons, with seventeen twelve-pounders, and ten swivel guns; the *Lady Maria* (named after Carleton's wife) a schooner of 128 tons, with fourteen six-pounders, and six swivel guns; the *Thunderer*, an ungainly vessel of the ketch type, of 422 tons, with fourteen eight-pounders, and four swivels; the *Royal Convert*, a brig carrying seven nine-pounders; twenty gunboats, thirty feet by fifteen, carrying each a brass piece of from nine to twenty-four pounds: and four long boats with a gun apiece, serving as armed tenders. A number of smaller boats, carrying troops, baggage, provisions, and stores accompanied the squadron, which was manned by 600 seamen, drawn chiefly from the men-of-war and transports at Quebec, but including a fair proportion of Canadian volunteers. The regulations framed by the Governor provided that no person was eligible to serve as an able seaman who had not been more than four years at sea, "nor is anyone to be mustered as an able boatman under the age of sixteen, nor any boy under fourteen, except an officer's son, and then not under the age of twelve." It is evident, therefore, that Carleton was determined to have more than a navy in name.

The Canadian squadron had not long to wait to be put to the test. The American fleet, under the command of the resourceful Arnold, numbered fifteen vessels and carried about the same weight of metal as Carleton's flotilla, but it proved no match for the latter in the matter of seamanship and gunnery, and was almost annihilated after a two-hours'

engagement, only a schooner, sloop, and galley escaping. Thus, at one sweep, Lake Champlain was cleared of practically every hostile vessel; and when the conditions under which it was accomplished are considered, the feat must be regarded as a notable one, and as a striking incident in the early naval history of Canada. Pent up in a province mostly disaffected, and over-run by rebels, Carleton had been left on the navigable waters, to use his own words, with "not a boat, not a stick, neither materials nor workmen, neither stores nor covering, nor axemen!" These he had had to seek amidst confusion and the distracted state of an exhausted province, and yet he was able to announce to an invertebrate British Minister of War that "a greater marine force had been built and equipped, a greater marine force defeated, than had ever appeared on the lake before."

Carleton's reward for his services was his recall, but before he left Canada he made it his business to see that the Canadian navy, which had proved its worth as a fighting force, was placed on a proper footing. To rely upon the Province in its distracted and exhausted state for the upkeep of the fleet was impossible, and accordingly he arranged that "the pay of the officers and men, as well as every other expense attending those vessels are to be borne by the Crown." He further proclaimed that no vessels were to navigate the lakes except such as were armed and manned by the Crown. Officers were carefully selected for the different commands, regulations drafted relating to their status and pay while in the lake service, and steps taken to ensure an adequate supply of seamen. A naval station and shipbuilding yard was established at Carleton Island, with Captain Andrews, an officer of the Royal Navy in charge, a new master shipbuilder was appointed, and a beginning was made with the construction of a fleet on

Lake Ontario, of which Andrews was the first commodore.

It was fortunate for Canada that Carleton was succeeded by a Governor whose interest in the marine service was second only to his own. One of Haldimand's first acts was to divide the lakes into three separate commands, the first comprising Lake Champlain and Lake St. George; the second, Lake Ontario; and the third, Lake Erie and the three upper lakes. Another important step was the appointment of a commissioner, or general director, of the service, and the choice fell upon Captain John Schank, a British officer, who had served under Carleton on the *Inflexible*. That he was somewhat reluctant to accept the office is evident from a letter which he wrote to his former chief. "I must beg leave to acquaint you," he said, "that I would not wish to serve on the lakes without your particular recommendation to His Excellency (Governor Haldimand) and the rank under which I am to act clearly explained. The commissioner's station alone will never recommend me in my service—a service in which it is my most earnest wish to rise as an officer." The requisite assurances having been given, presumably, Schank assumed the duties of general supervisor, and the Haldimand correspondence is full of references to the ability and energy which he brought to his task.

"You are to proceed with all possible despatch," he was instructed, "and visit the vessels navigating on Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and make such regulations on board each vessel as you may have my particular instructions for." He was also authorised to make whatever changes in the establishments, vessels and officers as he should judge best calculated to promote His Majesty's service on the lakes, and he was to inspect all the dockyards and stores.

The strengthening of the fleets was to be his first interest, how-

ever. "The first great object of your attentions is to construct a new vessel on Carleton Island of about 200 tons burthen, and, without waiting to complete her as a finished vessel, to launch her, and arm her in such a manner that she can transport provisions without damaging them, and fight her guns for her defence." Schank proved indefatigable in his efforts to improve the organisation of the naval forces on the lakes, and despite difficulties of recruiting, discipline, and equipment, the service was gradually raised to an efficient standard. The director of the navy received every encouragement in his work from Haldimand. "I flatter myself," wrote the Governor, "that by your example you will encourage others to sacrifice not only the luxuries, but even the conveniences of life, to promote the public service. Indeed, I have no doubt, particularly as the enemy is so near us, but we shall all be very unanimous, and most heartily assist each other in every instance where the common cause is concerned."

Meanwhile the command of the respective divisions had been entrusted to three very able officers in Captain Chambers, on Lake Champlain; Captain Andrews, on Lake Ontario, and Captain Grant, on Lake Erie. All three had served in the royal navy, and had taken part in active service with distinction. Tough sea dogs they were, those old navy captains, worthy representatives of a school which produced as its highest type the hero of Trafalgar, who, but for the accident of fate, it is not too fanciful to suppose, might himself have found a commission in the Canadian service. We know that while stationed in the *St. Lawrence*, Nelson was by no means content with his lot; his impulsive nature craved for a change of scene, and had duty called him to Quebec a few years earlier than it did, it is by no means improbable that Carleton, with his keen eye for men, might have picked

him out to serve the cause he had so much at heart. How vastly different would history then have been written! But though the Canadian navy could not boast of a Nelson, it enlisted the services of officers who worthily upheld the honour of the flag. Chambers, a strict disciplinarian, and a first-class fighting man, was just the type required to lick raw material into shape. His letters to Haldimand, now cursing the officers under his command, now assuring His Excellency of his devotion to duty, and of his preparedness for any emergency, remind one partly of Captain Bowling and partly of the immortal Trunnion. Like the latter,

“He kept his guns always loaded,  
And his tackle ready manned”

And one can imagine him, like the gallant Bowling, addressing his men as “lazy, lubberly, cowardly dogs” and calling upon the jolly boys to “stand by me, and give one broadside for the honour of Old England.”

“I have not more than three or four officers in whom I can put the least confidence,” he writes on one occasion, while in another letter he describes with unction the measures adopted to guard against surprise. “Every night at sunset, if at anchor, every vessel has all hands at quarters; boarding nettings up, and their guns primed, and if, above Split Rock, matches lighted, and the soldiers that have the watch have their side arms and all their muskets on a rack, and those that are off deck sleep with their clothes on”—an interesting glimpse of life on board one of the lake sentinels in the old days, and of the vigilance which was the price of protection. But with all his zeal, the gallant Chambers was never called upon to measure his strength against the enemy. His squadron rendered valuable service in transporting and covering the operations of Major Carleton’s troops, and he succeeded in keeping

intact, what was essential at the time, British superiority on Lake Champlain. But the difficulties of preserving discipline and of securing efficiency seem to have caused him more concern than the movements of the Revolutionaries.

Not only were suitable officers difficult to get, but seamen as well. The former feared for their chances of promotion in a service which lacked the opportunities afforded in the royal navy, while experienced seamen could scarcely be expected to take kindly to a life which involved great hardships and brought little prize money. With the fleet laid up during the winter months in an inhospitable region, with few facilities for naval exercises, and fewer still for rational enjoyment, the officers indulged their bent for mischief and the men their taste for rum, with the result that insubordination was rife and desertions frequent. In 1778 Haldimand wrote that he was “employing all means in his power to procure you a supply of seamen in order to enable you instead of diminishing the number of vessels on the lakes, to increase them.” He was not so reassuring in the matter of officers. “I have taken Captain La Force (a French-Canadian) into the service again,” he wrote some months later, “and I am in hopes of getting two or three more able Canadian officers for the upper lakes, and wish I could say as much for Lake Champlain.”

Captain La Force was subsequently appointed to the command on Lake Ontario, which he held for a few years, and other Canadian officers in the service at this time were Captain Burnett, a stalwart Nova Scotian, who succeeded Captain Chambers in the command of the Champlain squadron; Captain Bouchette, who commanded the *Haldimand* on Lake Ontario, and Lieutenant Chiquette, of the *Seneca*, also of the Lake Ontario fleet.

In the meantime the strength of

the Lake Champlain squadron had been increased by the addition of the *Washington*, a brig of 127 tons, carrying sixteen six-pounders four three-pounders and six swivel guns; the *Lee*, a sloop of forty-seven tons, with eight six-pounders and four swivels; the *Royal George*, of 383 tons, with twenty twelve-pounders, six six-pounders and ten swivels; and the *Jersey*, *Trumble*, *Liberty* and *Spitfire*, all small vessels armed with nine-pounders.

On Lake Ontario, Captain Schank and Engineer Twiss had organised a fleet consisting of the *Haldimand*, *Seneca*, *Caldwell*, *Mohawk* and *Ontario*, vessels of the sloop and scow types, with a number of galleys and gunboats, the whole manned by 150 officers and men; while the Lake Erie squadron, under Captain Grant, included the brig *Gage*, three schooners, the *Dunmore*, *Hope*, and *Fark*; and five sloops, the *Angelica*, *Felicity*, *Welcome*, *Wyandot*, and *Adventure*, with guns of varying calibre, from two-pounders to twelve-pounders, and manned by about eighty officers and men. So that altogether the Canadian navy under Haldimand, or the Provincial Marine, as it was called, numbered no fewer than twenty-three vessels, not counting galleys and gunboats, and the armed ships on the River St. Lawrence, with a total complement of over four hundred officers and men—an armada, which, if concentrated, would have wrought considerable havoc upon any hostile fleet that cared to oppose it. And yet Haldimand was not satisfied that it was as strong as it might be. "I regret the naval force is so small," he wrote to the captain of one of the royal navy frigates at Quebec, and he lost no opportunity to urge upon the energetic Schank the necessity of keeping it up to the highest standard of efficiency, both as regards ships and men. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of able seamen, a difficulty, which, it is interesting to

note, seems to have been ever present throughout the history of the Provincial Marine, the Governor was occasionally compelled to apply to the royal navy for assistance, but it is significant of the distinctive position which the lake service occupied that he was always careful to emphasise its autonomous character. When Chambers complained that a certain officer of the royal navy was interfering with his prerogatives, his Excellency replied that "no officers commanding his Majesty's ships in the River St. Lawrence can be so ignorant of the service as not to know it is out of his power to order anything as regards the lakes, or the officers and seamen employed there."

With the close of the War of Independence and the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783, the immediate necessity for a strong naval force on the Great Lakes disappeared, and steps were at once taken to reduce the establishments. Several ships were sold, others were dismantled; a number of officers, including the redoubtable Chambers, were discharged, their services being no longer required, and nearly two hundred seamen were paid off. It was Captain Schank's opinion that three armed vessels with a few gunboats, manned by about fifty troops, were sufficient to watch Lake Champlain, and that a somewhat similar provision would meet the requirements of Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, respectively. The King's ships, flying the English and French Jacks, and the blue and red ensigns, and controlled by the Provincial Marine Department, continued to patrol the inland waters, but the stirring hail, when they met, of "May God preserve our noble King," no longer echoed over the waters.

During the subsequent decade they were little better than armed trading vessels, and it was not until the Upper Province had come into being that the necessity for strengthening the service again arose. To Gover-



nor Simcoe, acting officially under the authority of Lord Dorchester, but largely on his own initiative, belongs the credit of reorganising the Canadian navy on a basis compatible with the requirements of the country's defences. On his arrival in the Province, he had found it to be "the common language of all people . . . that any attempt of the United States to launch a single boat upon the lakes was to be repelled as hostility," and he set about forming his plans accordingly. He badgered Dorchester into giving instructions for the arming of vessels on the lakes, passed the Militia Act, which gave him power to "employ the militia upon water in vessels or batteaux and thus make it possible to dispute the control of the lakes," and proceeded without delay to place the naval forces on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie on a warlike footing, selecting York in preference to Kingston as a naval base.

In 1794 there were six vessels in the King's service upon the lakes. The two largest on Lake Ontario were the *Onondago*, pierced for twelve guns, and carrying six, and the *Mohawk*, both schooners, the latter commanded by Captain Bouchette acting as commodore of the fleet, which included three smaller craft, the *Mississaga*, the *Caldwell*, and the *Buffalo*, and several gunboats. There is an entry in Mrs. Simcoe's diary which sheds a little light upon the character of the vessels. "We went across the bay this morning," she writes at Kingston, "to see the shipyard. There are two gunboats lately built on a very bad construction. Colonel Simcoe calls them the *Bear* and the *Buffalo*, as they are so unscientifically built. . . . The present establishment of vessels on this lake consists of the *Onondago* and *Mississaga*, named after the Indian tribes, top heavy schooners of about eighty tons, and the *Caldwell*, named after Colonel Caldwell, which is a sloop. They transport all the

troops and provisions from hence for the garrisons at Niagara, Forts Erie and Detroit." She might have added that the *Caldwell* and the *Buffalo* were occasionally used to convey the Governor on his tours of inspection.

Evidently Mrs. Simcoe, who was doubtless echoing the sentiments of her distinguished husband, was not very favourably impressed with the Provincial Marine establishment, as it then existed, and her opinion seems to have been shared by La Rochefoucauld de Liancourt, the French noble, who has left an interesting description of what he erroneously terms the royal navy. "The royal navy," he writes in 1795, "is not very formidable in this place; six vessels compose the whole naval force, two of which are small gunboats which we saw at Niagara, and which are stationed at York. Two small schooners of twelve guns, viz., the *Onondago*, in which we took our passage, and the *Mohawk*, which is just finished; a small yacht of eighty tons, mounting six guns, which has lately been taken into dock to be repaired, form the rest of it. All these vessels are built of timber, cut down and not seasoned, and for this reason they never last longer than six or eight years. To preserve them, even to this time, requires a thorough repair; they must be heaved and caulked, which costs at least from 1,000 to 1,200 guineas. This is an enormous price, and yet not so high as on Lake Erie, whither all sorts of naval stores must be sent from Kingston, and the winter price of labour is still higher. The timbers of the *Mississaga*, built three years ago, are almost rotten. Two gunboats, destined by Governor Simcoe to serve only in time of war, are at present on the stocks, but the carpenters who work at them are only eight in number."

According to the same authority, two of the gunboats were employed in transporting merchandise; "the other two, which alone are fit to carry

troops and guns, and have oars and sails, are lying under shelter until an occasion occurs to convert them to their intended purpose." Such a state of affairs could not have been to the liking of Simcoe, and it is not surprising to learn that it was his purpose to build ten additional gun-boats on Lake Ontario and a similar number on Lake Erie. Had he remained Governor of the Province for a few years longer, there can be little doubt that the Canadian navy would have given a very much better account of itself than it did when the crisis arrived in 1812.

At the time of La Rochefoucauld de Liancourt's visit, the officers serving on the lakes under Bouchette were Captains Earle, Fortiche, McKenzie, Richardson, Steel, and Paxton. Of the commodore, it may be said that a more capable commander or braver seaman than he never paced the quarter-deck of a British man-o'-war. Certainly, the King's lake service never boasted a better officer. His courageous exploit, when he secured Carleton's safe escort from Montreal to Quebec in 1775, has already been referred to, and it was but one of many actions, in the course of twenty-seven years' service under the British flag, which marked him out as a seaman worthy of an honourable place in Canadian naval history. Le Rochefoucauld de Liancourt pays him a warm tribute. His son, Joseph, afterwards the Surveyor-General of the Province, served for a few years on the lake establishment, as first lieutenant of the *Onondaga*, and showed that he, too, had the qualities of a capable officer by floating his ship when she ran aground in a dangerous position and was given up as lost.

Captain Richardson was another hardy sea-dog of the type which made the British navy famous in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had fought under Rodney against the French when, according to the poet,

Rochambeau their armies commanded,  
Their ships, they were led by De Grasse,  
and had also taken part in the engagement off Dominica in the West Indies in 1782, when a French squadron was almost entirely destroyed. Captured by the French, he remained a prisoner of war until 1785, when he retired to Quebec, and was subsequently appointed to the command of one of the Ontario vessels under Bouchette. Like the latter, he gave to the service a son, who afterwards rose to distinction in another field. James, known in later years as Bishop Richardson, joined the Provincial Marine shortly before the outbreak of hostilities in 1812, and served under Yeo.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the only vessel of the old fleet still in commission on Lake Ontario was the *Mohawk*. The *Onondaga*, *Buffalo*, *Caldwell*, and *Mississaga* had all disappeared, relegated to the scrap heap, and had been replaced by the *Speedy* (Captain Paxton), a fast schooner, one of the first vessels built at the Government dock at Navy Point; the *Governor Simcoe* (Captain Murray), taken over from the North West Company and refitted; the *Swift*, a gunboat, and the *Toronto*, an armed yacht, which *The Gazette* of September 14th, 1799, described as "one of the handsomest vessels of her size that ever swam upon Lake Ontario."

With the retirement of Commodore Bouchette in 1802, the Canadian navy entered upon a period which forms perhaps the least agreeable chapter in its history. Captain Steel, who succeeded the gallant Frenchman in the command of the force, was an experienced officer and an excellent seaman, but he was well advanced in years when he assumed control, being as old as the man he replaced, and lacked the initiative and executive ability necessary to maintain such an organisation in a proper state of efficiency. Indeed, the new commodore appears to have been more in-

terested in indulging his artistic bent—for he was an artist whose sketches preserved in the Archives at Ottawa reveal genuine talent—than in the exercise of his official responsibilities. While the Americans were starting to build warships in which strength and durability were the prime considerations, Steel was concerned more about beauty of model, and elegance of appointment. As Joseph Bouchette says of the Canadian vessels of this period, they were handsomer and much better finished than the American craft, but far more expensive and much less durable.

It was probably because of the expense, as well as the result of apathy, or of a false sense of security, that so few additions were made to the fleet during the early years of last century. Economy was the watchword, and the idea which had dominated the minds of Dorchester and Haldimand, namely, the imperative need of maintaining naval ascendancy on the lakes, no longer prevailed. During six years only two new ships were launched, the *Duke of Kent* and the *Earl of Moira*, and though both were of a fine type, they no more than maintained the strength of the flotilla, which had suffered from the loss of the *Speedy*, which foundered in 1803 with a distinguished company on board, and of the *Mohawk*, which had gone out of commission. The result was that in 1807, when the clouds of war were gathering thick about the frontier, the number of vessels in the King's service on Lake Ontario was, according to Joseph Bouchette, "not more than three, two of which are appropriated for the military, and one for the civil department." Each vessel carried from ten to twenty guns.

An effort had been made by General Simcoe and Captain Bouchette to man the Canadian navy with Canadian seamen at a wage of 40s, or eight dollars a month, with rations, but it had not proved success-

ful. A return of seamen who had entered the service between 1794 and 1801 showed that of 189 recruits, only thirty-four were Canadians, and during the following decade the proportion was probably no greater. The fact was, that Canadian seamen preferred to serve in the mercantile marine, where the wages were far in advance of those offered to the men of the naval service. It is to the credit of the merchants of Montreal and Quebec that, at a critical juncture, they agreed to use their best endeavours to keep the Canadian navy supplied with seamen, but there is abundant evidence to show that in that important respect, as well as in others, the establishment fell far short of efficiency during the years that immediately preceded the outbreak of the war in 1812.

It has been commonly assumed by historians of the War of 1812-14 that, when hostilities commenced, the British possessed a superiority on the lakes. It is true that both Prevost and Brock had taken steps to increase the strength of the armaments on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and that orders had been given in 1811 to proceed with the construction of two new schooners, one for each lake, but even so, the superiority was more apparent than real. On Lake Erie, pending the completion of the *Lady Prevost*, there were only two armed vessels carrying the King's flag, the *Queen Charlotte*, a sloop, with sixteen guns, and the *General Hunter*, a schooner with ten guns; while the Americans had a sloop and a fine brig, the *Adams*, carrying twelve guns, both in perfect readiness for service. On Lake Ontario, the proportion was as four to one in favour of the Canadian force, but the superiority thus implied was completely nullified by the state of utter neglect and inefficiency into which the squadron had been allowed to lapse.

There is nothing more painful in the records of the war than the revelation of the condition of the naval

establishment at a time when, properly equipped, officered, and manned, it would have proved a factor of incalculable importance in the contest. Commodore Steel had been retired in his seventy-fifth year by Brock, and replaced by Captain Earle, while Captain Grant, in command on Lake Erie, a veteran of eighty-five years, fifty of which had been spent in the service, had given way to Captain Hall. The latter was described by Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, commanding the western military district, as "an active, zealous, and gallant officer," and his letters indicate that he at least realised his responsibilities, and sought, with the limited means and time at his disposal, to increase the efficiency of his command. Captain Gray, the acting Quartermaster-General, who in 1812 set himself, with great zeal, to reorganise the naval department, admitted that little attention was necessary, so far as Lake Erie was concerned, "as the officers in this division of our marine have invariably done their duty," and he spoke highly of the services of Hall.

But the case was different on Lake Ontario. "The good of the service" on that lake, wrote Gray, "calls for a radical change in all the officers, as I do not conceive there is one man of the division fit to command a ship of war." In another report he declared that "the officers serving in this division of the Province are in some instances extremely inefficient, and in short totally unfit for the situations they hold." They appeared to this plain-spoken critic "to be destitute of all energy and spirit, and are sunk into contempt in the eyes of all who know them," and certainly, if the description which he gave of the appearance and equipment of the ships in the early stages of the war can be relied upon the officers fully deserved the censure passed upon them.

In January, 1813, the Lake Ontario squadron consisted of the *Royal*

*George* (Captain Earle), eighteen guns; the *Earl of Moira* (Captain Sampson), fourteen guns; the *Prince Regent* (Lieutenant Fish), ten guns, and the *Duke of Gloucester* (Lieutenant Gouverneau), while two new ships, one the *Sir Isaac Brock*, designed for thirty guns, and the other, the *Wolfe*, for twenty-four guns, were in course of construction at York, and Kingston, respectively. Commodore Earle had already had an opportunity to prove his worth, and had lamentably failed. He had set out shortly after the commencement of hostilities to capture or destroy the enemy's only vessel on the lake, then lying at Sackett's Harbour, but, to quote the words of a Quarterly Reviewer, "a few shots from two of the brig's guns, planted without cover on a point of land at the mouth of the harbour, were sufficient to send the gallant commander to his own haven at Kingston." While the reviewer, speaks of the commodore's "notorious incompetency and miserable inefficiency," it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he failed to accomplish his object when the condition of his squadron, as described on its return to Kingston, is considered.

"The want of seamen is so great," wrote Captain Gray, "that the *Royal George* has only seventeen men on board who are capable of doing their duty, and the *Moira* only ten able seamen" out of the fifty-one officers and men who formed her company. "The general appearance of the men bespoke the greatest want of attention to cleanliness and good order. Such was the state of the guns on the *Royal George*, that the greater part of them missed fire repeatedly in consequence of the vents being choked up, and would not go off till they were cleaned out with the pricking needles, and further primed." As for the ship, Captain Gray found her to be "everywhere in the most filthy condition." Nor was the condition of the *Earl of Moira* much

better. "The men, guns, and state of the vessel very much resembled the *Royal George*—not quite so bad; or rather, the state of the *Moira* was bad, and that of the *Royal George* worse." Later the inspecting officer found the magazine of the *Moira* empty with the exception of about ten rounds of full cartridges, and he expressed the opinion that the captain "never intended to defend his ship, otherwise he would not have got the vessel in the defenceless state I found her in at a time when the enemy was looked for every hour."

Such were the conditions that marked the last phase of the Canadian navy's existence as a distinctive force. A few months later the Provincial Marine ceased to be, and became part of the royal navy, under the direction and control of Sir James Yeo, and the officers sent out with him from England. That its end was so inauspicious was due to a variety of causes, of which the shortcomings of the officers formed only one. The worst that could be said of Earle and his associates was that they lacked the experience and training required for the proper maintenance of a fleet as a fighting force. Unlike the older school of commanders, who had served and fought in the royal navy, they knew little about the conditions or requirements of naval warfare; they were expert navigators and practised seamen, and those of them who remained in the service under Yeo showed how invaluable their experience and skill as such were. As sailing masters in the reorganised squadron, Earle, Fish, Smith, and Richardson rendered services which earned the high appreciation of the British commodore, while in a despatch written by Barclay on his arrival at Kingston,

preparatory to taking over the Lake Erie command, that gallant but unfortunate officer paid a warm tribute to the zeal displayed by the Canadian officers. Later, he had occasion to acknowledge still further the courage and skill of the men of the old Provincial Marine, for in the action in Put-in-Bay, few distinguished themselves more than Captain Hall and Lieutenants Rolette, Irvine, Barwis and Robertson, all Canadians.

The naval operations on the lakes in 1813-4, the importance and effectiveness of which have not been fully appreciated by some historians, formed, if not a part of the story of the Canadian navy, at least a thrilling sequel. Without the organisation which had been in existence for thirty-five years, and without the ships, ill-equipped and neglected though they were, which Yeo and Barclay found ready to their hands, the task of maintaining British supremacy on the inland waters would have been infinitely more difficult than it proved. After all, it was a Canadian-built navy that, in spite of vicissitudes and reverses, upheld the honour of the King's flag in a struggle in which the odds were heavily against it, and the fact is worth remembering in these days when a naval policy of national and imperial significance is being shaped. The old wooden walls of Canada unquestionably played a useful part; their picturesque story but waits the touch of a Marryat or a Fenimore Cooper, who will reconstruct and re-fit them, man them again with their gallant crews, hoist the flag of romance, and sail them over the inland seas where modestly dwelt for a time the spirit that now rules the waves and has made an Empire great.



# THE SHADOWS

BY MARGARET BELL

THEY used to meet every day about noon, just by the fountain in the park. They must have lived somewhere in the same neighbourhood, for she went back to the publishing house from her luncheon, just as he left the office to go for his.

That is how they met in the centre of the park.

The first time was a day in June, when the shadows of the birds flitted across the basin of the fountain. They stood quite close, looking at the shadows. And involuntarily she looked down at his, he at hers. The day was soft and smiling and kind, and the fragrance of the flowers came to them, as they stood there. They could see scudding bits of cloud, chasing each other across the marble of the basin, and back of them, the kindly blue of the sky.

"It is so good to see the clouds fade away and leave the clear blue sky in sight," she found herself saying, more as the utterance of a thought than a bit of conversation.

"Except the silver ones," he answered.

It was as if he had expected her to say something. He stood with his cap in his hand. A blossom from a chestnut tree flew down into the basin. The children played around them, and threw bits of bark and leaves into the water. The sun made the sparkling spray look like diamonds. They laughed. It was so good to be alive in June.

The next day it rained. The birds did not fly through the park, and the

shadows in the basin were indistinct. They met, and stood looking at the spray and playing raindrops. He noticed that she coughed a little, and drew her coat closer around her.

"The shadows seem undecided today, and waver," she said, just as she had spoken before. She noticed a frown between his eyes, when she looked at his reflection on the water.

"Because there is a storm. It is not easy to remain decided in a storm."

The frown seemed to leave his face at the sound of her voice. People passed quickly by, and wondered at the sight of the two young people in the rain. They did not know what they saw in the shadows.

"The clouds are not bright today," she said. "The silver ones seem to have turned to lead."

"Yes, but it is not the clouds that have turned. It is the forces without, which work upon them. See how they try to run away from themselves."

A bedraggled crow flew, screaming, and perched on a tree near the fountain. He sat pecking the raindrops from his feathers, and uttering strange caws. The girl shivered.

"I don't like the crow to shriek like that," she whispered. And she coughed a hard, little cough, and buttoned her coat tighter around her throat.

"It's because he doesn't like the grayness and the rain," he answered.

And the frown came back again between his eyes.

The next day was bright and sunny again, and tiny raindrops glistened on the grass blades, like points of crystal on a bed of emeralds. The birds were riotous in their happiness, and the little children laughed and clapped their hands. The basin of the fountain reflected a great, clear space of blue. One would almost have thought it was the mirror of an everlasting paradise.

His face showed radiant in the shadow, and there was no frown between his eyes.

"I have never seen your face more beautiful," she said.

It was the first time she had addressed a thought directly to him. And she continued watching the shadows flit across the basin.

"Things must always be beautiful, when they are looked at through the eyes of beauty, just as the thoughts of a beautiful mind cannot be ugly."

"I didn't like the shadows yesterday," she went on. "They were so murky and seemed at war with themselves. And your face too showed frowns and discontent."

"We must have murkiness and frowns, so that the sun may seem more bright. We must have rain to make the rainbow and the chestnut blooms."

\*

There came a time in August, when the grass in the park was seared and burnt, and the loiterers and children bathed their faces in the fountain. The two young people met, as usual, and watched the playing crystals. People had grown to look for them, and conversation was always hushed when they came near the fountain.

"They seem always so sad," said an old woman one day. She was wrinkled and hunch-backed, and carried a heavy basket on her arm.

"Perhaps that's the new way of making love," her companion laughed. "We may not understand it."

"Maybe so, maybe so, but the old way was good enough for me. Young folks nowadays have strange ways of

enjoying themselves" and she cackled a harsh laugh, as she sat down under a tree.

"It seems to me it would be better if the girl would laugh more. And I don't like her cough, and her eyes are getting more sunken every day. I think she thinks too much."

"She seems to like the ragamuffins that play around the fountain, bad cess to them. They never pull her skirt or try to trip her when she walks," and the hunch-backed old woman struck the park seat with her withered hand.

But the two young people by the fountain paid no attention to the comments and criticism. The girl flicked bits of water with her fingers, and watched the little birds hop up to drink.

"The burning heat makes all the birdies thirsty," she said. There was a soft expression in her eyes, when she spoke to him.

"A burning heat makes everyone athirst. And, then, the more it's quenched the greater it becomes. It's human, too, for August suns come, one day, to us all. Let's keep close to the fountain, or we too may feel the burning heat."

She saw his hand tremble, and a strange look came into his eyes. He walked abruptly from her, and left her standing where his shadow had showed beneath the playing spray. She went slowly toward the far park gates, trying to choke down the sobs which rose in her throat, from sadness or joy, she did not know which.

One day in autumn, when bits of red and gold and bronze dropped down from the chestnuts, they stood at their accustomed place. Soon, the water in the fountain would forget to play, and the shadows would be obscured by ice. The girl's cheeks were paler and her cough more frequent. But there was a light in her eyes, which had not been there before, and her voice was sweeter when she spoke to him.

"We have seen many shadows to-

gether in the fountain, we have watched the gloom and murkiness come and go, we have seen the flowers blossom and burn, but never has the fountain been more beautiful than now in the fulness of autumn, when the trees cast their gold into it, and the clouds above send down the shadows of amethyst and topaz."

She could say no more, for the cough came, and left her weak and trembling. He held her close to him, as if he would like to give her of his strength. And she smiled, and a great happiness shone from her eyes.

"I looked at your shadow that first day in June, and then my own appeared to me to change. In the storm

it was dim and uncertain, but when the storm ceased and the sun smiled again, I saw a radiance appear over my reflection, and I knew it was the radiance of your sweetness and purity. And every day it grew more and more, and every day I learned and understood. By keeping near the fountain, we have seen in its shadows all that can be seen by the eyes of life. Already, I have lived a thousand lives."

She did not reply, and he stroked her face and hair. And a sudden shudder passed through him, at the touch of her, and he stood with bared head, holding close the cold beautiful form who had shown him life.

---

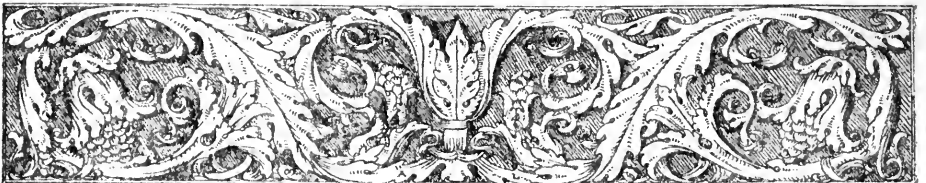
## THE PASSER-BY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

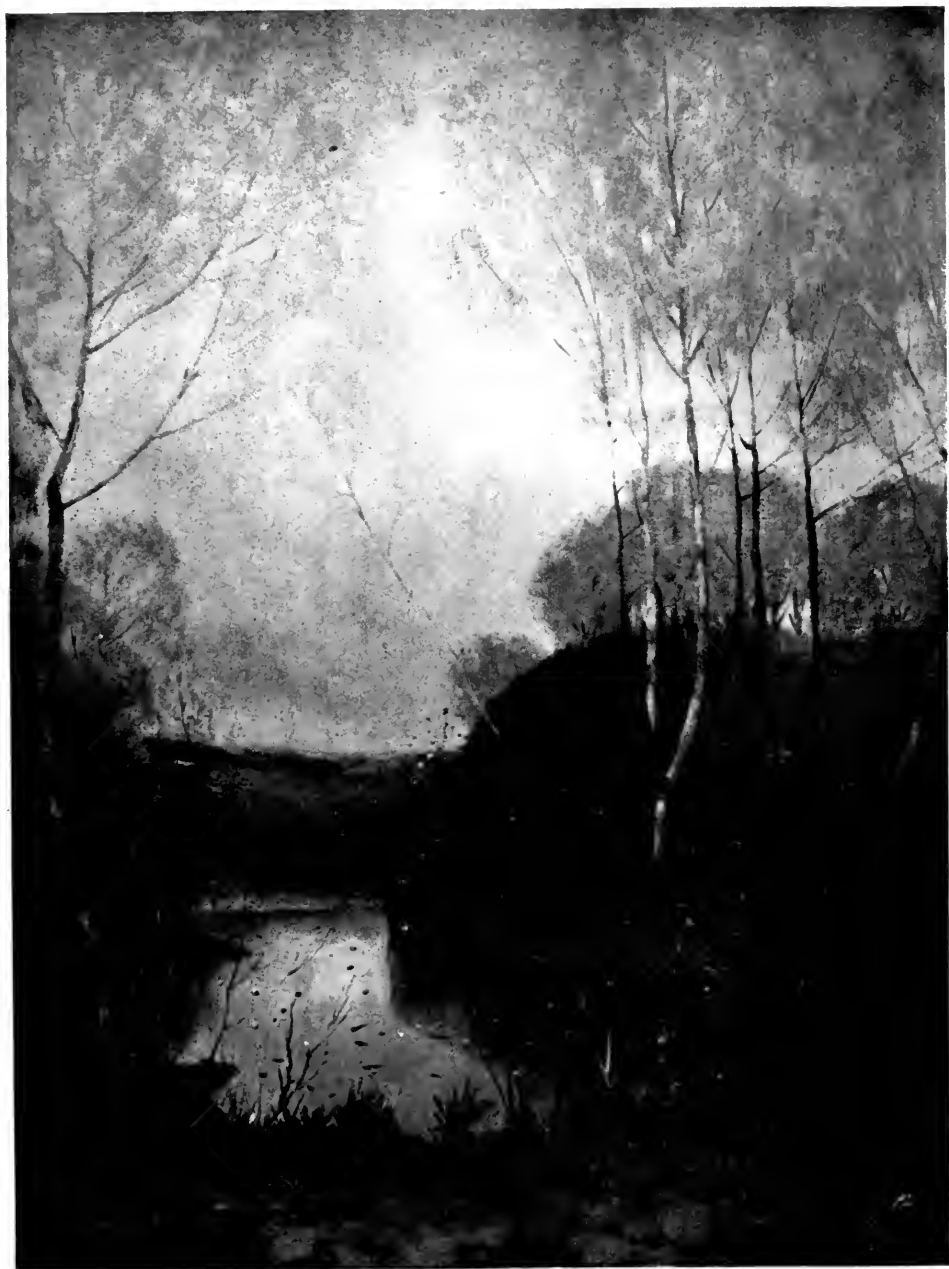
**W**E are as children in a field at play  
Beside a road whose way we do not know,  
Save that it somewhere meets the end of day.

Upon the road there is a Passer-by  
Who, pausing, beckons one of us—and lo!  
Quickly he goes, nor stays to tell us why!

One day I shall look up and see him there  
Beckoning me, and with the Passer-by  
I, too, shall take the road—I wonder where?







“SPRING SONG”

From the painting by Archibald Browne in the Goupil Galleries, London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE BROWN STUDY

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

WHEN with her own hand, as fragile and delicate as a child's, as inexorable as destiny's, Eleanor locked herself out of the empty, darkened house that her girlhood had called home, it was with a sense of having by that act builded an implacable barrier between yesterday and tomorrow. The impatience with which she had anticipated that moment, cooled; a little saddened and reluctant she lingered upon the high brownstone stoop, suddenly made sensible that nothing, not even emancipation, may be achieved without regret for the order that passes.

Over the way, smiling behind its jealous barrier, the Park basked in the hot, gilded sunlight of a mid-morning late in the waning spring. The air was heavy, stifling with the sweet, cloying smell of its verdure. In the hush a child's chuckle sounded above the murmur of the city; a shrill chorus of shrieks followed; through the iron railing Eleanor caught glimpses of slim scampering legs, flashing like wheel-spokes down one of the hedged paths.

So she, too, had one time played in that enclosure. A mist of poignant memories dimmed her eyes; she dried it away with the brave reflection that such emotions were unworthy a budding bachelor-girl, and impulsively ran down the steps, not daring to turn for a single backward glance as she hurried westward, chin high, eyes shining, an adventurous colour mantling her firm young cheeks.

She hailed and swung aboard a

north-bound car, naming her destination to an overworked, preoccupied conductor; and settled back, a slight and slender figure in her modish gown of brown linen, to dream uninterruptedly her dream of independence, until at length, roused by his warning yawp: "Here y'ah, Miss; this's where yeh wantuh gitawf!" she rose and alighted.

Approached in this wise, the quarter wore an aspect quaintly strange to her eyes; she recognised nothing of it other than the unlovely southern cliffs of a large hall and the great park's fringe of green, peering alluringly over the brow of the hill. None the less, aware that she was to know it all more intimately, she reviewed it with interest, ignoring only the street-sign on the lamp-post that reared up on the nearest corner like an unheeded semaphore of destiny.

Downhill to the weather-worn scaffolding of the Sixth Avenue "L," ran a block largely given over to buildings of a curiously composite character, the ground floors occupied by stables, those above by studios. Midway between the avenues Miss Rowan found an open doorway topped by a fan-light bearing a number which she verified carefully, having been there but once before, and that six months ago. Entering, she ascended two long and narrow flights of steps, broken by a cramped landing. At the top, pausing breathless, she found herself in a deep broad corridor, upon which four doors stood open; a fifth, at the rear, was shut.

Through the first door came a rumble of masculine voices punctured by laughter; through first and second drifted a pungent fog of tobacco smoke; from the third emanated a trickle of piano chords, hopelessly emulating a series of crescendo howls—the voice feminine; from the fourth emerged, as Eleanor passed, a gaunt and scraggly female in a gown disconcertingly baggy. Her front hair had strayed casually over her forehead; she wore staring eye-glasses, an inquiring expression, and bore a large portfolio.

With soundless strides this apparition sulked swiftly through the hall and vanished over the lip of the stairs, leaving Miss Rowan with the conviction that she was not to suffer from lack of artistic atmosphere, in her new abode. Before the fifth, the shut door, she knelt and lifted a corner of the mat.

Surely enough, a key was there. The girl fitted it to the lock, opened the door, and shut herself in.

Her initial impression was compounded of disappointment and resentment; the room seemed very sparsely furnished, in distinct contrast to the memory she had of it. She has looked forward to something less Spartan in artistic simplicity. Yet a second glance reassured her to some extent; the room was fitted with all things needful for the comfort of independent youth. If she lacked anything, it would be an easy matter to supply it from her own ample resources. She must not complain at the very outset, who had engaged upon this venture in a spirit finely scornful of hardships; none of which could possibly prove too onerous to be endured in the name of Freedom.

With the ready adaptability of her sex, Eleanor wasted no time in search of closet or clothes-press. The long coat which she promptly removed, she draped over one corner of a screen; her hat she disposed coquettishly on top of the coat. Then she sat herself down in a ramshackle bas-

ket chair, for a moment's rest and quiet survey of her newly annexed territory.

The moment lengthened into a minute; the minute into many. The chair was comfortable, the studio quiet; through an open window at the back a drowsy air breathed, freighted with dreams; green linen shields suspended beneath the skylight manufactured a pleasing gloom; even the graduated wailing, muted by two intervening partitions, had a somewhat soothing effect. One's thoughts wandered while one waited for the express-man to bring one's trunk. . . . After a time Eleanor opened her purse and took from it a note which she re-read with a smile—it was altogether so characteristic of Jerry Donovan, in letter and in spirit! It read in part:

“Dear Nell,—I'm off to-morrow on the Etruria, armed with letters of marque in the shape of a travelling scholarship in Europe—awarded yesterday. No time to see you. . . . Here's a scheme; you've frequently complained of feeling lonely in the Gramercy Square house, since Aunt Emma died. My studio won't be working for a year—unless you use it. Why not? You can be comfortable enough. Shut up the house and take possession; I'm leaving the key under the door-mat and the janitor orders to behave. There'll be some butter in the ice box (on the fire-escape) if you get there quick enough. . . . Your 'aff 2nd cousin, Gerald.”

Still smiling, Eleanor lowered the hand that held the letter. Her gaze wandered out of the open window, her thoughts at random. . . . If Jerry Donovan were rattle-brained, what was she, who had fallen in so readily with his scheme?

In this pose Penoyer found her.

He came in suddenly, out of breath, and slammed the door. Eleanor sat up, startled, then more slowly got to her feet, eyes to the intruder, lips shaping an “Oh!” so subtly enunciated that it was susceptible to half a dozen reasonable interpretations. Penoyer received it with unshaken composure. The sur-

prise in his face gave way to a smile, and he nodded pleasantly, unabashed.

"Good morning!" he gave her cheerfully. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting long. Sorry. But I see you've made yourself comfortable. That's right."

Miss Rowan gasped; but before she could recollect her wits, Penoyer continued.

"Had to run out on an errand; when I found I was to be detained, I hoped you'd find the key under the mat. Too bad, though—this cuts short the pose by about an hour. That is, unless you have no other engagement to-day? No? Then you won't mind sitting until half after one? Bully!"

His voice rang with satisfaction so genuine that one hardly liked to dash it; while Miss Rowan sought for a gentle form of rebuke, he rattled on.

"Sit down—I'm not quite ready yet." And somehow she found herself obeying. "Awf'ly glad you found you could get here to-day. Ballister told me Saturday he'd send you if you could give me the time." His glance appraised her with open admiration. "That's a ripping gown, you know—perfectly stunning! Ballister said there wasn't another model in New York who dressed as well as you."

Eleanor flushed indignantly, and started to protest, getting as far as "I'm not—!" before her words were drowned by the rumble and squeal of the heavy easel Penoyer was wheeling to the middle of the floor. By the time she could make herself heard, she had thought better of it. She was not stupid; she understood clearly now that she had blundered somehow into the wrong studio—though, to be sure, that in itself was stupidity so crass that she would have blushed to own it. It were best, she thought, not to confess; best to accept the game as it lay, pose for the young man who took things so serenely for granted, make an eventual escape

without question, and be more careful thereafter. Besides (this was not altogether an after-thought) she liked him.

Penoyer was likeable. She stole swift, curious glances at him, continually, when he least suspected it. He seemed a new type to her knowledge of men — somehow variously different. She even went so far as to make comparisons with one or two of her set, whose attitude of late eumulatively ardent, had quickened her apprehensive attention; comparisons of which the advantage lay all to the nearer equation.

Before her eyes, quite unconcernedly, Penoyer removed his coat and draped his shoulders with a paint-smeared smock. His demeanor was business-like to an extreme. He squinted at Eleanor with a critical detachment to which she was little used. She had to remind herself that, while to her he was a human being, a personality, to him she was merely a problem in light and colour.

"As you were when I came in, please," he directed tersely. "You were thinking—a letter in your hand, I believe. It's not a hard pose, and the absolute unconsciousness was charming. . . . That's about it. Head a thought this way, please. I want your profile; it's as near perfection as anything I ever hope to see. . . . And the way the light catches in your hair's simply gorgeous!"

"Do you . . . at . . . Is it customary to compliment a model with such extravagance?" demanded the girl, with an uncertain smile that made her heightened colour radiant.

Penoyer impaled an expansive palette on his left thumb, and from an obese collapsible tube squirted a squirming serpent of silver-white. "Not always," he replied abstractedly; "not unless she deserves it. . . . If you're quite comfortable, we'll get to work." He smiled inscrutably to himself; but this the girl could not see; she was posing, and

wondering, and (a little guiltily) beginning to enjoy the adventure.

For some moments no sound was audible within the four walls, aside from the pat-pat of brushes on prepared canvas. Then the young man began to chatter with engaging inconsequence. Fortuitously his name passed his lips. Later it occurred to him to remark that "Ballister" had mentioned the model's name, but that he, Penoyer, had forgotten it.

"I am Eleanor Rowan," announced the girl, with fortitude.

"Thank you. Head a little more to the left, please. There!"

By his tone her name, which to half a score young men of her world stood for a comfortable fortune and a pretty girl into the bargain, to him meant nothing but an inspiring model. He worked on. In twenty-five minutes he invited Miss Rowan to rest; in five more minutes he calmly invited her to resume the pose. Throughout the sitting the half-hours were so divided. Promptly at one-thirty, Penoyer laid aside his palette.

"That's all for to-day." His tone did not lack regret. "What d'you think of it?"

Smiling diffidently, Eleanor rose and joined him before the canvas. Penoyer gauged its effect upon her, covertly, with a shadowy smile, by the ebb and flow of light and colour in her eyes and cheeks. He was rarely endowed with the faculty of justly appreciating the worth of his own work, and knew that this was good—promising, if no more than a hasty, preliminary sketch.

The girl stood silent, rapt in sheer wonder. To her his ability seemed little less than marvellous. . . . The canvas ran the gamut of shades of brown, from the palest-golden brown of the wicker chair to the rich deep coppery tint of her wonderfully woven hair. Between these there was the brown of the tarnished cloth-o'-gold tapestry, which formed the background; the creamy brown of

her shirt-waist, the deeper shade of her skirt, the ivory of cheeks and temples relieved by the rich scarlet of her lips, the velvety, luminous seal-brown of her dreaming eyes.

"The Brown Study," said Penoyer, at her shoulder; "we'll call it that, for a pretty average poor pun—in paint," he rounded out the alliteration with a laugh. "Well?"

"Of course you know," said Miss Rowan seriously, "that it is wonderfully clever. It's fairly incredible that you should do anything so quickly! Why when I looked at it during the last rest, it was only paint—"

Penoyer's eyes shifted from the canvas to her own; he grinned quizzically. "I pulled it together in a hurry," he admitted, "because I wasn't sure of another pose. There's nothing sound there—just mere superficial smartness. It needs — deserves—study. When can you come again? To-morrow?"

"I . . . Why! . . ." Eleanor's face burned beneath his regard. Dared she carry on the deception? And risk discovery? "I'll come—yes, surely," she stammered; and was appalled by her own temerity.

"Good enough. Nine o'clock sharp, then." Penoyer thrust a hand into a pocket and produced three silver half dollars. "Better settle up every day," he suggested amiably. "Then we always know where we stand."

Dismayed, Eleanor put forth a timid hand, hastily withdrew it, hung in irresolution for an instant, and in final desperation accepted her wage. Should she refuse it, she would forfeit her right to return upon the morrow; and quite of a sudden it was clear to her understanding that to-morrow would be gray and empty and profitless unless she posed for Penoyer's portrait.

Stammering her thanks, she suffered the painter to help her with her coat, aware of her one imperative need—to get away, to think things over; that dumb, animal longing for

solitude that is the portion of every woman at least once in her span. In a flurry she adjusted her hat, doubtless with less care than ever before in her experience; dropped her veil between her traitorous face and a keen-eyed world; and—somehow, in a rush—escaped.

Penoyer drifted back to the canvas and there, regarding it with a vague, elusive smile, remained for many minutes. At length, "Wel-l!" he said. "I wonder . . ." As he turned aside he was troubled by a sense of the studio's emptiness.

\*

The corner lamp-post set Eleanor right, verifying her surmise that the conductor's carelessness had conspired with her own absence of thought to set her feet in a street one block removed from that which she had sought. In the next street to the south—like the other a thoroughfare distinguished by the effluvia of the mews below, the ether of the Muse above—she found a building in whose entry-way she was, this time, at pains to pause long enough to search out upon the list of tenants the title and estate of "Gerald Donovan, Artist."

Her mistake, after all, had been pardonable. Here, as in the first instance, she found two long flights of stairs, with the deep corridor at the top, upon which four doors stood ajar, the fifth, and last, being shut. But here, if she required further reassurance, she found it in the circumstance of her trunk, at rest before the closed door: and, superimposed upon it, his back to the rear window, the figure of one whom she hastily assumed to be the expressman, patiently awaiting his receipt. No premonition warned her.

As she hurried toward him the man arose. "You've kept me waiting the deuce of a while, Nelly," he complained, by way of greeting; "most all of an hour. . . ."

The girl stopped short with a brief

exclamation of displeasure: "George Inglis!"

That person shaped his thin lips into a deprecatory smile. His pale eyes remained mirthless; he was of that type which, struggling to simulate depth of character, permits itself to smile only on the surface. "I'd begun to worry about you—really!" he protested.

"You had no right," asserted Eleanor shortly. "Why have you followed me?"

"I had to see you, Nelly," explained Inglis in an injured tone. "Got your letter last night—came to town this morning—found your house closed—a bit of a Sherlock Holmes, you know—easy to trace you."

"If I had wished you to, don't you suppose I would have sent my address?"

The man smiled, furtively apologetic, and began to slip off one of his immaculate chamois gloves. "I felt it was my duty—"

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Inglis," interposed the girl decidedly but not unkindly.

"But, really, it isn't—ah—right, you know—"

"What is not right?"—sharply.

Inglis waved the yellow glove comprehensively. "All this sort of thing—you know—girl of your standing—no chaperone—ah—"

Key in hand, Eleanor straightened up from exploration beneath the door-mat. "George Inglis," she enunciated with deliberation, "you weary me. You always did, I think. Please go 'way."

"Besides," he persisted, producing an object for which he had been fumbling in his waist-coat pocket, "I want to know what this means." He nodded toward the slender hoop of gold, set with a single coruscating stone, as though he held it mute evidence of some heartless perfidy of hers.

"That? I sent it back," Eleanor flashed impatiently. "That has only

one real meaning that I know of."

Inglis bethought himself to look aggrieved. "But, Nelly, it's always been understood—"

"Then it's time the misunderstanding were corrected!"

"But your parents approved—"

"That was a long time ago. . . . Won't you please take no for an answer, George?"

The man's lips tightened sullenly. "I refuse to release you," he said.

Anger flickered ominously in the girl's eyes. She unlocked the studio door, and, with her back to it, turned. "Please do go," she reiterated, still patient. "I've changed my mind—"

"I haven't. I refuse to take back the ring." Inglis attempted to capture her hand; she withdrew it quickly. The ring slipped from his fingers, fell, bounced, and settled at her feet. "I leave it there!" Inglis declared, with much dramatic expression.

Eleanor's lips curled. "You better not. A char-woman might find it, and then you'd be obliged to pay for it."

She darted suddenly into the studio and shut the door.

Inglis checked something on his lips, made as if to follow; reconsidered, glaring malevolently at the inexpressive panels; took three strides towards the stair-head; hesitated; turned back, snatched up the ring, and disappeared.

\*

Consistently Eleanor employed the remainder of the afternoon and the best part of the evening in vacillation, her humour of two complexions; she would, she would not, return to pose for Penoyer's Brown Study. At bed-time, she wouldn't, and fell asleep placidly convinced that she had chosen the safer course. She awoke as unshakably determined. At nine she was sounding a timid knock at Penoyer's studio door.

The matter-of-course reception he accorded her proved annoying. Penoyer himself was exasperatingly

wrapped up in his work; he got at it immediately, with deft, confident brush-strokes building up the groundwork of his brilliant sketch, a living, womanly incarnation of the charming mystery that Miss Rowan was to him. When the girl was permitted to inspect the result of the morning's work, she forgave him. And on the morrow returned—this time a trace more confidently.

She was slipping without a wrench from the old-time ordered routine to the new, so strangely unrestricted; un murmuring, the lonely little lady of Gramercy Square had yielded place to the self-contained and independent young woman of the studio. The novelty of it all enchanted her, and she told herself, with unconscious, ingenuous exaggeration, that for the first time in her twenty-odd years her soul was able to breathe freely. No one, not even George Inglis—certainly no regret for him—troubled her. She was naively happy and contented.

Of course this couldn't last. . . . On this third morning she assumed her pose in the basket-chair with a sigh of sheer delight, to be there, not altogether unaware that part of her enjoyment was derived from Penoyer's greeting, which had been tinged with the ardour of his gratitude. As the easel the young man painted steadily through a still, singing half-hour. Then came interruption—a rap on the door, which, as always, stood ajar, the opening protected by a screen. The girl neither moved nor turned her head as the painter went to answer—smothering an exclamation of annoyance.

"Oh," he said, none too graciously, "helloa, Inglis."

"May I come in?"

The girl, perturbed beyond belief, steeled herself to absolute immobility; there was no mistaking George Inglis's affected drawl. Her indignation,—that he should have dared follow her!—burned high, but she subdued its evidences.



"Why . . . yes," assented Penoyer at the door. Nothing disconcerted, Inglis entered. Out of a corner of her eye Eleanor saw that he was in riding costume.

"On my way to the Park, old chap," he explained airily. "Happened to remember your invitation to drop in and look over your pictures. Hope I don't intrude? See you've got a model?"

"Yes," Penoyer agreed to the obvious. "I'm working. . . . You may rest now—"

"I am not tired," interrupted the girl quickly. "I will continue posing."

Penoyer thanked her with unaffected warmth, believing that she was furthering his own design to discourage the intruder.

"Go right ahead," Inglis protested. "Don't mind me. I'll just look 'round and see what you've got."

"Help yourself," Penoyer told him brusquely. "Pardon my going on."

He took up palette and brushes and for some time worked with commendable application. Inglis prowled, spurs clashing, hither and yon, pausing now to eye a framed study, now to turn to the light a canvas that had been placed face to the wall. At intervals he ventured comments complimentary or otherwise, which the painter received with unbroken equanimity. Once Inglis was smitten with admiration by the studio's one expensive bit of furniture—a Colonial escritoire in a splendid state of preservation.

"Fine thing, this," he enthused, waving his riding-cap. "Sheraton?"

"Chippendale," corrected its owner.

"Care to sell it?"

"I'm not running an antique shop," retorted Penoyer, offended.

"Oh, of course not, old chap—beg pardon."

Again, Inglis stood staring at the girl for several moments, in silence. Beneath her pretence of absolute un-

consciousness she was aware of his shallow, ironic smile. Presently he turned away to join Penoyer before the easel. After a pause he inquired when it would be finished. "In three days," said Penoyer.

"And what 're you asking?"

"For this?" There followed a prolonged silence. The girl understood that Penoyer for the first time was permitting himself to study his handiwork with a detached, impersonal eye. Under his brush another Eleanor had emerged from the painted cloth-of-gold background, a breathing presentment of her sweetly thoughtful self. Beneath the silken texture of her cheek, mirrored by the painter's craft, the rich young blood leaped and flowed visibly; in her hair entangled light struggled vibrantly for freedom, or, tiring, lay content, suffering itself to be merged insensibly into the deep, soft, coppery shadows; in her eyes the long, quiet thoughts lingered pensively. Her hands, slender, delicate, their cream-white veined imperceptibly with blue, fingers rosy at the tapering tips, were pictured with a truthful tenderness, a sympathy that had required something more rare and fine than simply an artist's understanding eye. . . . Penoyer shook his head gently. "I don't think I care to sell."

"No?" queried Inglis in counterfeited surprise. "It's very—ah—interesting, you know."

"Yes, I know," agreed Penoyer in a dry tone that closed the question.

Shortly after which Inglis took his departure without betraying any resentment of the painter's lack of cordiality. He said nothing about returning; Eleanor dared hope that he would not. What she did not dare hope was that he would refrain from annoying her by a call at her studio; but in this apprehension she was pleasantly disappointed. The fourth sitting, too, was marked by no interruption of any sort; the fifth only by a curious change in Penoyer's demeanour.

She remarked that he seemed to be working with a devotion notably less sedulous; for minutes at a time he would stand motionless, brush poised, eyes dwelling upon his model with an effect of profound brooding, slightly tinged with melancholy. She discovered that his eyes did not always smile; that they could be even sombre and weary. The discovery affected her with an unaccountable feeling of resentment, an instinctive antagonism to whatever outside concern it was that worked upon him so distressingly. What could it be? Was he poor? She found it hard to comprehend poverty, but all that morning she tried to, and sat strengthening her determination to refuse her daily stipend, when dismissed at noon. When the time came her resolution evaporated. But Penoyer did not pay her, after all.

He made no reference to the omission, and she tried to think of it as an oversight; but the constraint in his manner troubled her; she could not forget it. She remembered, too, a fancied trace of interesting pallor in his countenance, a rather grim expression in the lines of his good-humoured, wide-lipped mouth, and faintly bluish rings beneath his eyes—so faint as to be discernable only to a solicitous regard. Then his extraordinary reticence. . . . She was alarmed and dismayed to discover that the young man was occupying her imagination to a degree for which she knew no precedent. She endeavoured to dismiss from her mind—with a result which might have been discounted by a more sophisticated person.

Penoyer, however, proved unexpectedly normal the next morning; his careworn manner had disappeared. So she discovered presently, had the Chippendale escritoire. She mused vaguely on the connection between the two circumstances, throughout the first pose. During the following rest Penoyer surprised her by producing three one-dollar bills, which he proffered with elaborately off-handed air.

"Oh by the way!" he said. "I forgot to settle up yesterday. Careless of me! But this covers both yesterday and to-day."

"Thank you," she said, stricken with a compassion she dared not give way to. Her study of him had already warned her of his sensitiveness and pride. She took the money without demur, and instinctively resumed the pose, the wicker chair offering itself as a refuge from distraction wherein she might sit and scheme. . . . So it *had* been poverty, after all! And he had parted with his beloved bit of Chippendale to get money to pay her!—and that when, only a day or so before, he had refused to name a price for one of his paintings. Why? Because it was *her* portrait!

A soft colour flooded her face. Her eyes grew brilliant. She began to plan for him with all the generosity of her unselfish heart. Something must be contrived to relieve his distress, and that at once. Someone must be commissioned to buy some of his canvases, immediately, secretly.

There came a knock at the door. The girl caught her breath sharply, stabbed by a pang of intuition as by a knife. She sat up suddenly, then sank back into the chair, hearing Penoyer greet Inglis as if their voices came from a great distance.

"'Morning, Pen. 'Couldn't forget that study of yours, you know, and thought I'd drop up for another look. It's great, you know—immense."

"I'm glad you like it," returned Penoyer quietly.

A slight pause followed, Inglis, assured, at ease before the easel, Penoyer standing to one side, his glance wavering between the model and the portrait, his manner inquiring.

"You haven't changed your mind, have you?" Inglis advanced at length.

"About what?" Penoyer parried uneasily.

"Selling."

"Why . . . You really want to buy?"

"Act that way, don't I? Put a

price on it and watch me. Fire away."

Penoyer hesitated. "It's — it's quite the best thing I've done. . ."

"Well?" interrupted Inglis insolently. "You don't want five thousand, do you?"

Penoyer blushed painfully. "No," he said slowly; "you know very well my work's not worth so much, to-day. But I do want money. Will you . . . will you pay a thousand?"

"You'll sell for that?"

"Yes—for cash," Penoyer conceded wretchedly, his face crimson.

"Will a cheque next Monday do you?"

"Ye-es . . ."

"Done!" Inglis slapped his puttee exultantly with his riding-crop. Momentarily the girl was conscious of his glance upon her, informed with extravagant malice. She sat sunk in effable misery, deaf to his concluding remarks as, pleading an engagement, he made off, too politic to linger and gloat over her discomfiture, lest Penoyer should find cause to change his mind again.

As he left another took his place at the door, a student occupying one of the other rooms in the building, asking Penoyer to step into his "place" for two minutes and help him out with some technical difficulty. The painter acceded, and Eleanor was alone.

Abruptly she arose, in a whirl of excitement, aware of one thing more important than all else; that she could not remain to face Penoyer again. He had sinned beyond forgiveness, though unwittingly. That he should have sold his work she could have pardoned; but that he should have parted with her portrait to George Inglis! —that was unendurable.

She struggled dazedly into her coat, put on her hat, and darted quickly down the empty corridor, blind with anguish.

\*

In the dull warm dusk of evening

she returned, timing herself to reach Penoyer's studio at an hour when he would most probably be absent, dining. But even if he were there, she was determined. . . .

She climbed the stairs a little wearily, drooping with fatigue, worn and spent from the conflict of the day's emotions.

The hall was dark and silent, the studios all deserted, for any evidence to the contrary; even the day-long wailing of the musically-afflicted one had been hushed. She stole quietly, a shadow among shadows, to Penoyer's door, there to pause, a trifle frightened. It stood ajar. No sound came from within.

Waiting a moment, Eleanor tapped, but educed no answer. Timidly she pushed the door wide. The screen had been folded against the wall; the studio was deserted. Only, in the middle of the floor, rose the gaunt framework of the easel that held the Brown Study, now invisible behind its dust-curtain.

With an inaudible sigh of relief the girl pushed the door to. Beneath the skylight she paused to examine her purse and reassured herself as to the safety of its contents—more money than she was in the habit of carrying: ten one-hundred dollar bills, newly drawn from her bank, that same afternoon.

Inglis should never have her picture, but Penoyer, she was resolved, should not suffer. It was not his fault . . . poor fellow! . . .

Thrusting the drapery aside, with adroit fingers she unfastened the canvas and lifted it to the floor. The curtain fell back into place. The portrait itself was not too large for her to carry through the darkening streets, in a neighbourhood where the sight of art students carrying their work about was nothing uncommon, even in daylight. But she hesitated, temporarily at a loss for a place to leave the bills, where Penoyer would be sure to find them, where another would not think of looking. . . .

In the corridor footsteps sounded. A man laughed briefly, and then she heard Penoyer's voice, subdued and steady. He had evidently been calling in one of the other studios, and was returning! In panic she cast about for a hiding-place. . . . Doubtless he would soon go out. . . . There was the screen with the cloth-o'-gold, behind the basket chair . . . But the canvas? She had no time to restore it. If he found it gone . . .

His footsteps were approaching, but an interruption gave her an instant's advantage. Someone called his name from the stairway, and he stopped to reply.

"Helloa?"

"Penoyer?" — Her heart leaped and fell: it was Inglis! "I say, Pen, I want to see you a moment."

Trembling with dismay the girl seized the canvas and bore it with her behind the screen, from which refuge she heard Penoyer somewhat coldly invite Inglis to "Come in, then," And the two men entered. A match was lighted; a gas jet flared. Then the painter's voice: "Well?"—with a note of weariness.

"I got your note at the club." Inglis spoke with restrained heat. "I want to know—"

"Doesn't the note explain itself? I've decided not to sell."

"But—you agreed: a bargain's a bargain. I intend to hold you—"

"You'll find that a hard job. I won't sell. That's final."

"I suppose you think you'll get a higher price by holding it?"

"Possibly."

"Well, I can inform you that you're wasting your time. Eleanor—"

"You mean Miss Rowan? What about her?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know she's my fiancée?"

A pause; then Penoyer, slowly: "No-o, I didn't know that. Furthermore I don't believe it. Circumstances don't bear out your statement."

"Why, you fortune-hunter—"

"Before I throw you out," said Penoyer, "I give you two minutes to explain just what you mean."

"Mean!" Inglis snarled. "I mean you know well enough she's got a small fortune in her own right, and that you're refusing to sell me this portrait in order to make a gallery-play—"

"That's enough," interrupted Penoyer. "Now—I'll throw you out of the door for your insolence any way, but first I want to say something. . . . I didn't know this. I only agreed to sell the picture to get money enough to ask Miss Rowan to marry me. Apparently she resented the sale; she ran away, and I've no notion where to find her. Therefore I purpose to retain the picture. Now, Mr. Inglis, out you go!"

There was a scuffle of feet; a sound of hurried breathing; an oath from Inglis, and an abrupt, heavy fall in the corridor. Then: "Had enough?" inquired Penoyer, from the threshold. "If you like I'll give you a hand downstairs—or a foot."

But Mr. Inglis was satisfied, it appeared. With some indications of haste, he departed. Penoyer turned back into the studio, and stopped still with a little cry of rueful wonder: "Oh-h! . . ."

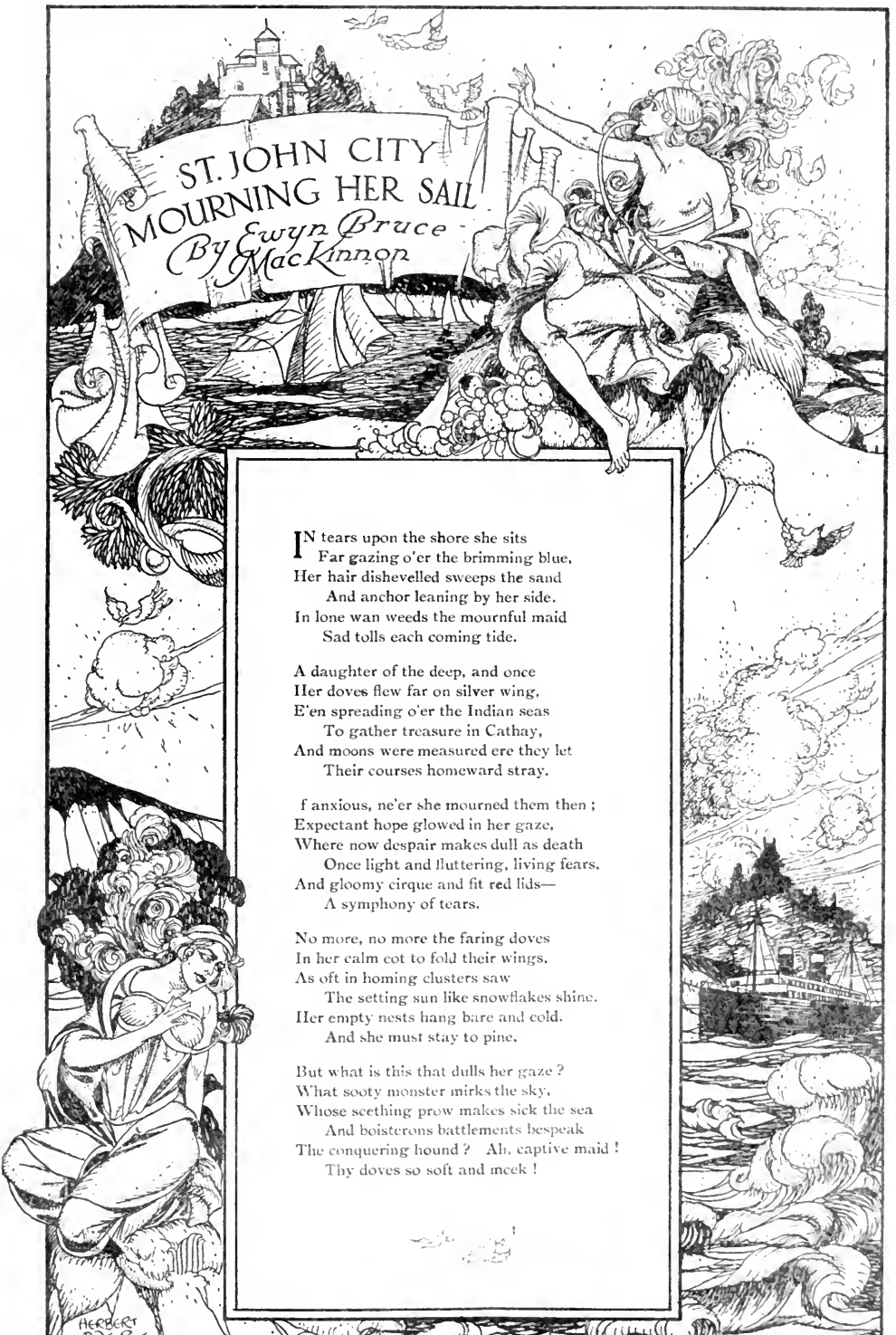
Eleanor stood by the edge of the screen, poised timorously, as if on the point of flight. But she met his gaze with eyes lambent with the light of her divine courage.

For a space neither moved, nor spoke. Then Penoyer shook his head, smiling sadly.

"Of course," said he, "you heard. I . . . I don't know what to say to you, Miss Rowan. I . . ."

With an adorable gesture she raised her hands and held them out to him. "Can't you," she pleaded in a low voice broken by a little, fluttering catch—"Aren't you brave enough to say to me now, dear, what you said a moment ago, when you thought—?"

But Penoyer was already saying more.



ST. JOHN CITY  
MOURNING HER SAIL  
By Ewyn Bruce  
Mackinnon

**I**n tears upon the shore she sits  
Far gazing o'er the brimming blue,  
Her hair dishevelled sweeps the sand  
And anchor leaning by her side.  
In lone wan weeds the mournful maid  
Sad tolls each coming tide.

A daughter of the deep, and once  
Her doves flew far on silver wing,  
E'en spreading o'er the Indian seas  
To gather treasure in Cathay,  
And moons were measured ere they let  
Their courses homeward stray.

f anxious, ne'er she mourned them then ;  
Expectant hope glowed in her gaze,  
Where now despair makes dull as death  
Once light and fluttering, living fears,  
And gloomy cirque and fit red lids—  
A symphony of tears.

No more, no more the faring doves  
In her calm cot to fold their wings,  
As oft in homing clusters saw  
The setting sun like snowflakes shine.  
Her empty nests hang bare and cold.  
And she must stay to pine.

But what is this that dulls her gaze ?  
What sooty monster mirks the sky,  
Whose scething prow makes sick the sea  
And boisterous battlements bespeak  
The conquering hound ? Ah, captive maid !  
Thy doves so soft and meek !

# OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I WRITE in the Bodleian — the Mecca of book-lovers, as the British Museum Reading-room is the Medina. (There is something more sacrosanct about the fabric of Bodley.) I write in the Bodleian. And it is not easy to convey to home-keeping youths the pleasure experienced in being able to pen those words.

The Bodleian: renowned and ancient fane, to the which one must be introduced "*a probato aliquo viro*," by a gentleman approved by the University, but in the which, when introduced, and when there has been doubly signed a long Latin "Statutory promise," all the treasures of its shelves are open, and all the courtesy of its courteous officials is lavished, from that of the erudite High Priest of Books, to that of the errant acolyte who brings you the same. Carved but crumbling stone; oaken floors and desks; niches and nooks; relics, autographs, portraits; and manuscripts in every tongue under heaven—these on every side. Looking up I see, within reach as I sit, Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum"; near by is "Digesta seu Pandectae Florentinae, 1553"; and, not far off, "Davidis Doringii . . . Bibliotheca Jureconsultorum. Francofurti, ad Moenum, 1631." And—symbolical of this changing age—on looking up, also, I see fitting among these musty tomes, youthful women, good to look at, gentle, with fly-away hats and tight-fitting skirts. At Oxford, age and adolescence strangely

jostle. Indeed, I find at Oxford the adolescence as interesting as the antiquity. Out of the crumbling portal of a mediæval edifice I see come trooping a band of hatless youths, comely of feature, rubicund of cheek, careless, and careless of dress, bound for the river or the crease or the courts or the links; and in the narrow tortuous streets through which they hurry, streets bounded by ivied walls and overhanging boughs, meet them bands of damsels, equally careless, but, unlike, dainty in dress and lissome in form. Nowhere have I seen softer cheeks, brighter eyes, or looks more jocund. Ah! Oxford, Oxford! so often heard of, read of, sought! . . . what emotions thou arousest!

I write in the Bodleian. And what are my feelings? Well, as Alexander said to Diogenes, Were I not son of an Alma Mater oversea, I would be Oxonian. (The Oxford man will perceive neither the compliment nor the banter; so for neither need I apologize.)

It is customary, I believe, to speak of the "spell" of Oxford. It may be sign of æsthetic deficiency, but me the spell of Oxford leaves not wholly subjugated. It may be that long residence far from the emollient centres of English culture blunts the sensibilities; or that harsh struggle with elemental nature on the confines of the Empire dulls one's appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. It may be; and yet

I, too, have wandered, intoxicated with the sense of beauty, through quadrangle and hall, beneath the shade of cloister and tower, in gardens and groves; I have wandered, too, by the peaceful meads which encircle this lovely borough, the "green-muffled Cumner hills" and "the Berkshire moors." I know not; but to me the untravelled denizen of Oxford may be likened to one domiciled at Mecca; he needs to go on no pilgrimage; he sits at the shrine of all that is sacred to learning and culture. And yet (may I roun it in his ear?) his very immolation at that fane begets, I think, a mental attitude deficient in catholicity of taste. He is apt to forget that other creeds have other Meccas; that there are other "doctrines" (*doctrinae*, as he himself would learnedly term them) and other cults than those of the beautiful city that sleeps by the banks of the Isis.

Let me exemplify: I sent, some months ago, to a nephew oversea a picture of Magdalen Tower, with the words "Will not this tempt you over?" (I meant for a post-graduate course). Some weeks afterwards he did come over, and his reply, written from Oxford on a picture postcard of another Oxford College, was, "Almost as fine as my own Alma Mater." That will be Greek to Oxford men; or rather, it will be like those certain opinions which were said to be foolishness to the Greeks. Oxford men forget that there are actually existing, here and there, non-Oxford men as vertebrate—if not as rational—animals as themselves. Perhaps they forget, too, that each *terrae filius* is enamoured of his own Alma Mater. It is not because one's own proper Alma Mater is unique, but because "our hearts are small" that it is, as Mr. Kipling sings.

"Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all."

The Oxford man, all unknown to

himself, has, I take it, modelled himself on the pattern of Aristotle's megalopsychos — the great-souled or high-minded man. In all his ways, both of thinking and of doing, he is lofty, austere, dignified, slow-moving, with a certain reserve; as who should say, as the Stagirite assuredly would have said, "I have the good fortune to be of Oxford; ye—ye are . . . not of Oxford"; which latter, being interpreted (in thought, never in uttered language), is tantamount to the Greek adjective *barbaroi*. It is a magnificent pattern, this; but, if copied just a little too closely, or too rigidly, it is apt to give to these same *barbaroi* an impression more of one who stands aloof than of one high-minded; more of an unsympathetic self-seclusion than of a laudable self-restraint. Ostentation, the Oxford man contemns as much does the premier peer of the realm—and we all know how free from that particular failing is His Grace of Norfolk. But the excessive avoidance of ostentation sometimes gives the pagans amongst whom he moves an impression, I will not say of rudeness or crudeness, because at heart the Oxonian is cultivated and polite to the last degree; but, shall I say of brusquerie? of a brusquerie coupled with a curious *insouciance*, both of dress and demeanour. The overseas exile looks in the Oxford man for the glass of academic fashion. What does he find? Well, of course the day of the "dandy" has gone. The day of loud tweeds has gone. Come in their place has the day of up-turned trousers, extraordinary waistcoats, negligé shirts, soft collars, and a mien and a carriage befitting these laxities of dress; laxities "significant," in the phrase of Carlyle, "of much." The Oxford man lacks the gentler graces (and "gentle," he knows as well as I do, signifies, etymologically, pedigreed birth). He lacks what the most cultured of his own prophets called a "sweet reasonableness." "Light"

he has in abundance, a very dry light; but "sweetness" he lacks. He lacks a catholicity of taste. He lacks a catholicity of interests. With Nathaniel, he seems to say, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—Nazareth being any locality which is not Oxford's towers, Oxford halls. Speak to him of a great University oversea, many of the staff of which, perhaps, are Oxford men like unto himself, and he will gaze at you quietly with quiet eyes and say that he thinks he has heard of it. Speak to him of currents of thought, of waves of feeling—philosophical, social, economic—flowing over distant shores, shallow currents it may be, spumy waves, but actually existent nevertheless, and wielding in their way a real influence—assuredly more significant and more far-reaching than many a storm-in-a-tea-pot which has swept over Oxford—speak to him, I say, of such, and he will gaze at you quietly with quiet eyes and answer not a word. To him the *Litterae Humaniores* are the Law and the Prophets as expounded by Heads of Colleges—the Heads of his Colleges.

To all Oxford men not only are all Oxford things of prime import, but no other things matter. (The inference may be strictly in accord with Aristotelian logic, but the world at large denies the major premiss.) What clamorous strife, for example, surged around that wholly topical, wholly ephemeral, "Tractarian Movement"! (The very nomenclature bespeaks diminutiveness.) Which reminds me that surely a very sage and subtle-minded Don not undeliberately infused a tincture of irony into his saying, anent the catastrophe of that Movement, that though, to Oxford, the secession of Newman was as the crack of doom, it was as natural and as trivial as the coalescence of two raindrops on a window-pane. *That* bell-wether Don had over-leapt the Oxonian wattles.

For, of a truth, Oxford is a wattled

cote. From his youth up, the Oxford man has been hedged about with a sort of divinity—a multiplex divinity, made up of convention and tradition, and assuredly of beauty—beauty of houses and halls, horses and dogs, manners, customs, and people. At Eton, most carefully constructed and guarded are the hurdles. The traditions, the "houses," even the sports and the dress of the place, keep youth grazing within a narrow fold: a smooth-sliding river upon which to row; smooth-shaven lawns upon which to play—and he must not wander off the central street, nor, unless in flannels, may he doff his silken hat. At Oxford—again the miniature pasture, though the area of divagation is somewhat extended: but still a nice little river, upon which races are won by "bumps" (in those who have seen Abana and Pharpar—or, shall we say, the mouths of the Irawady and the Gulf of St. Lawrence—this always raises a smile); nice little meadows, nice little fields. From school-days, up to the days when he goes to a crammer, never does the Oxford man consort with anything that is common or unclean. It may be excellent for the morals—perhaps it is excellent for the morals; but for the intellect, the outlook, the understanding, for adaptiveness, for manners . . . I hesitate to conjecture, but I bethink me of the apophthegm of the sagacious Bacon, to wit that the two best schools for the manners are the Court and the Camp. I bethink me too of a passage by that Oxonian who could not praise a "fugitive and cloistered virtue." And, if more modern authorities are asked for, they are in court. Hear "Democritus" in *The Daily Mail*:

"He goes from Oxford to Whitehall, to a nest of men brought up like himself, with the same manners, the same tradition, the same prolonged pupillage behind them . . . He has never been in contact with real life as it throbs and palpitates outside the walls of lecture-rooms and examination halls and offices."\*

\*The "Daily Mail" of Wednesday, August 14th, 1912.



Again let me exemplify: More than one son of my own Alma Mater have I known: this one, called almost suddenly to a responsible post in a Troop of Horse in regions where to preserve the life of both rider and beast required knowledge untaught in aulic halls; that one, all his impediments on his back, seeking gold, or adventure, or fame in snowy sub-arctic zones, where, for food, he was dependent on his rifle and on that of his only mate. A third, transporting himself to territories newly constituted, and making laws for conglomerate peoples rent by every divergence of race, religion, social custom, fiscal policy . . . divergences compared with which those of Newman and Pusey and Manning and Pattison and Keble and Ward were as the bickerings of petulant children. A fourth ( I knew them all), thrust unexpectedly into positions in which the organization and regimentation of bands of lawless men—miners, ranchers, navvies—were subsidiary details of everyday life.

Not that *Almae Matres* in parts infidelious exactly teach such things; but that many of their sons spend the long vacation in penetrating, with rod and gun, far into the wilds of nature, carrying their packs, and portaging their canoes, like the humblest habitants; or supplement a scanty income by signing-on as rod-men or chain-men or ordinary mechanics—donning jeans and overalls and learning the A B C as well as the X Y Z of exploring or surveying or mining or constructing. At the heart of somnolent England such things may be unknown, unnecessary (there are seven Professors and two Lecturers in Theology at Oxford to one Professor and an "Assistant" of Engineering); but on the outskirts of the Empire somebody must and will do them.

Does the great and ancient University of Oxford recognise this significant fact?"

But the teaching of such things, I hear some one say, is not the function of a University. Yes; I knew I should be told that. It is one more sign of imperviousness to ideas. Why should it not be a function? One of the most beautiful academic buildings I know of in the New World is devoted—what to, think, you, reader? It is devoted to dairying. Besides, am I not right in thinking that Oxford itself was largely built by clerics and for clerics, and that it was only about half a century ago that it was unshackled from clericism? Well, in the Middle Ages "learning" was the most esteemed, the most powerful and influential of qualifications. To-day learning must go hand in hand with doing; and, if this combination is the most powerful and influential to-day, the Universities of to-day must provide for it.

The high-minded Oxford man, following Aristotle's model, "loves to possess beautiful things that bring no profit, rather than useful things that pay" (*Ethic. Nicom.* iv. iii. 33). But he mistakes. It is not things pecuniarily profitable that I ask his University to provide; it is things absolutely necessary to the life of the Empire.

The wonder is, not that the Oxford man is a little impervious to ideas, a little unadaptive to the rough-and-tumble of pagan and barbarian life, but that he bears himself as well as he does when flung over the hedge into the hedgeless world. He succeeds, not because he is impervious and unadaptive, but because that Aristotelian ideal of high-mindedness is perhaps the most valuable asset that Oxford culture can give. This is why, all the world over, the English Public School boy and the Oxford man keep immaculate England's ancient reputation for honour before all men. *It is this makes Oxford holy ground.*

\*

Ah! Oxford men, ten centuries of

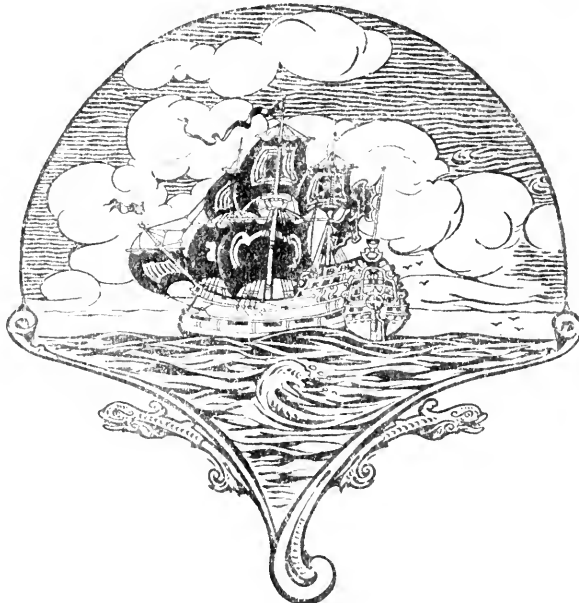
honourable human endeavour, honest human fame hallow this your sanctuary.

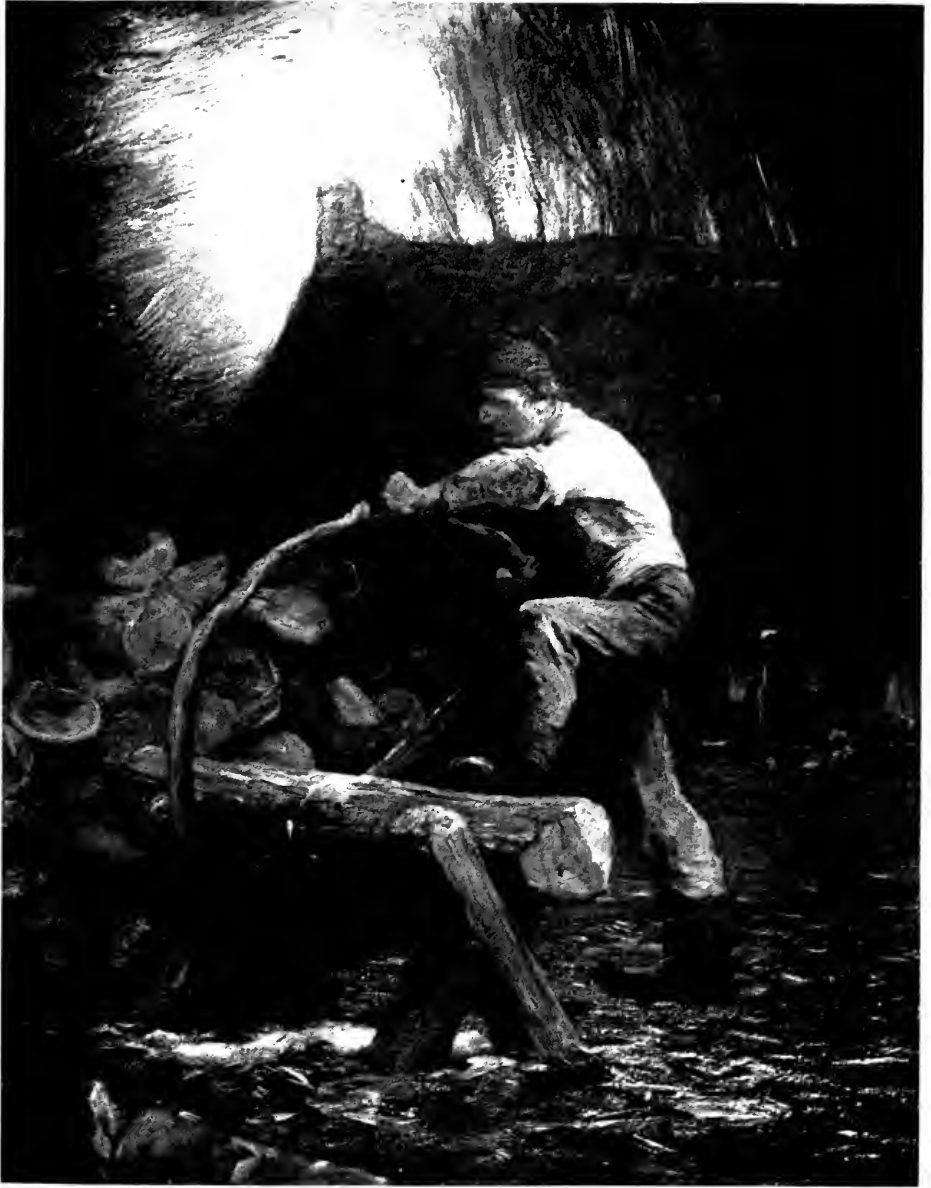
“Human.” It is this word breaks Oxford’s spell. When in learned Oxford, I too, with Schopenhauer, try to view all things *sub specie aeternitatis*, from the standpoint of all time; and . . . I remember there was human culture, human fame, long ere Oxford was born, and will be long after Oxford has ceased to exist. Alexandria, Lacedemonia, the Troad; Nilus’ banks, the banks of the Ganges; Mexico and Peru; Iceland and the mountain fastnesses of Athos and Thibet—each, no doubt, had, in its day, its own particular and perfervid spell; and some day, alas! I suppose that Oxford’s fame will be as is now the fame of Bologna or Salerno, and Oxford’s ancient fanes as deserted as are now the fanes of Paestum or Meroe. Ten thousand years hence the Superman will regard all Oxford’s learning as we to-day regard the superstitions of Bosjesmen or the Ainu. Ten million years hence . . . where will be Oxford’s spell then? Buried twenty feet beneath incursive peoples from the East—if, by that time, our whole

pygmy planet be not drownd in cold and night . . . . .

\*

There comes a time in the affairs of men when it is well to question the intrinsic value of age and tradition and convention and custom, *qua* age, tradition, convention, custom. Coming from long residence on the outskirts of the Empire, but educated in beautiful England, I cannot but remember that “England” does not now mean the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but means an Empire vast and complex. The political theories, the social and economic schemes, and, above all, the educational methods, suitable to the one may not be at all suitable to the other. The Empire is governed by those brought up and nurtured at its heart. Imperial Parliament makes laws for all. Upon Oxford, surely, lies a very large share of the responsibility for such nurture, such laws. Much should I like to see a Royal (and Imperial) Commission which should investigate the whole question of the education of the youth of the Empire, and how that youth may best be tutored in the responsibilities which the governance of that Empire entails.





*Copyrighted by N. E. Montross*

THE WOODCUTTER

Painting by Horatio Walker

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# BILLY

BY J. J. BELL

**B**OOTH body and face belied his age. The former was much too slight, the latter much too wise for nine years. But sturdiness and fresh simplicity are not bred on "poverty, hunger, and dirt," and this boy had known little else from his cradle, which had been an old soap-box. Probably he had been more in contact with soap than than since. The past, however, troubled him as little as did his personal experience; and as for the future, there was no necessity to consider it; seeing that the present contained food and warmth. In the summer sunshine he squatted on the door-step of the shut-up mansion, and ate a thick slice of bread and jam.

Some weeks previously he had made a grand discovery. For the first time in his life he had left the city proper behind him, and after a pretty long walk had come to where there were neither shops nor factories, only great, beautiful houses and fine gardens. Many of the houses were closed, but more than sufficient for his purpose were open; indeed, it gave him a comfortable feeling to realise that he would never be able to call at them all. It is true that every call did not result in a meal far nicer than he could get at home; as often as not he met with a rebuff; but he did not mind making two or three calls on the certainty of being once successful.

To-day the results had been even more encouraging than usual, for two maids had willingly responded

to his appeals with a delicious beef sandwich and the aforesaid bread and jam. And what with the blue sky, the bright sunshine, the warm step, the electric cars and motors, and carriages flying past, not to mention his satisfied appetite, Billy was as happy as ever he had been in his life.

The closed house, whose bottom step provided him with rest, was one of a short terrace, standing on a carriage drive, well back from the main road. Broad square pillars flanked each end of the step; and when he saw the policeman strolling along the main road, Billy was wont to squeeze behind one of them. So far he had escaped observation, though once in his anxiety he had nearly fallen into the area, twelve feet below. Of ordinary pedestrians, who were few and far between, he was not greatly afraid. On the contrary, since that happy day when a lady had given him a penny, he had regarded their approach more with expectation than apprehension; albeit no more pennies had come to him. Still one can hope on a full stomach.

Having swallowed the last morsel of the bread and jam, he licked his fingers and wiped them on the leg of his trousers. Then from his ragged jacket he produced a half-smoked cigarette and a wooden match. Presently he was leaning back against the pillar, puffing luxuriously. He felt perfectly comfortable.

And he would have felt perfectly happy, also, had he not begun to

think of his brother. He missed his elder brother Bob very much. Bob, it is true, had never been particularly kind to him, but he had never failed to champion him against the other street boys who were inclined to make a butt of the younger. Billy had always been a solitary little soul, and since Bob had been taken away he had been lonelier than ever. As he sat on the step he wondered what Bob was doing, and what Bob was getting to eat, and how Bob was being treated, and whether Bob would ever come back again. He was sorry for Bob. He vividly remembered the day, a year ago, when Bob, struggling and screaming, had been taken away by two men who kept on smiling and saying it was all for Bob's own good. Billy would have kicked the men had not his mother restrained him. She had not seemed to mind much. Indeed she had afterwards expressed the wish that there had been a vacancy for Billy too. Billy shuddered, and felt in his pocket for another "fag."

He was in the act of igniting it from the remains of his first smoke when a sound on the pavement startled him. Someone was coming along the terrace. Billy had gathered that ladies did not give pennies to boys who smoked, so he extinguished the second "fag," and replacing it in his pocket, at the same time dropping the first regretfully into the area. But when he peeped round the pillar he discovered that he had acted rather hastily.

An old gentleman was approaching and Billy at once summed him up as quite harmless. For the old gentleman was hobbling laboriously with the assistance of two sticks, and was peering through uncommonly large dark glasses.

"He'll likely no' see me," thought the boy, "an' he couldna catch me onyway. I'll just bide here. He drew in his bare legs and waited, regarding the new-comer not without interest. There was something fas-

cinating about the great black spectacles on the ruddy, white-moustached countenance.

"I wisht he wud gi'e me a penny," said Billy to himself. "But I doot he'll no' dae that."

The old gentleman did not appear to observe the lad until he reached the steps. Then he halted abruptly.

"Well, boy, what are you doing here?" The question was put in a somewhat gruff voice.

Billy's last faint hope of a penny evaporated.

"Naethin'."

"What were you doing five minutes ago?"

Billy began to feel uneasy. "Nae-ethin'," he said again, and wriggled slightly.

"You were smoking, boy."

Billy made to rise.

"Sit still, boy."

Billy collapsed. He wanted to bolt, and yet he could not.

"I saw you from my window," the old gentleman continued. "You shouldn't smoke. You are much too young. You must stop it. You must promise me never to smoke again till you are—Ah!"

Here the old gentleman gave a queer grunt and seemed about to fall on Billy, who shrank into his corner; but recovering himself he tottered to the steps and, with great difficulty, seated himself on the step above Billy's.

"Don't be afraid, boy," he gasped, and went on grunting for fully a minute, while Billy eyed him with fear not unmixed with curiosity.

"A spasm, boy," he said at last, the colour returning to his face. "Merely a spasm, but a—a dashed severe one. Enough to make one swear. But you must never do that. Do you hear, boy?"

Something compelled the boy to nod his head and mutter, "Ay."

"That's right." The old gentleman's voice was not quite so gruff. "And no more smoking—eh?"

This time Billy did not respond.

"Come, come!" said the old gentleman. "Surely you do not really enjoy smoking?"

"Fine!" said Billy, off his guard.

"Well, I'm—er—surprised! But all the same, you must give it up. Do you hear, boy?"

Once more Billy made to rise.

"Sit still, sit still," said the old gentleman reassuringly. "I want to talk to you, boy. We'll drop the question of smoking in the meantime. Where do you live?"

Billy gave the information grudgingly.

"Father and mother quite well?"

"They're fine!"

"That's right! And what does father do?"

Billy hesitated. "He's oot o' work the noo," he replied at last, with a suspicious glance at the questioner.

"That's a pity. And mother—has she any work?"

"Ay; she washes."

The old gentleman sighed. "A hard life! . . . And have you any brothers and sisters?" he inquired.

"Five leevin' an' five deid. What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Are your five brothers and sisters at home?"

"Bob's awa'."

"Is Bob the eldest?"

"Ay."

"And where is Bob? At work?"

"What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Tell me where Bob is," said the old gentleman, with a quiet authority that Billy could not resist.

"They took him awa' to a home to be trained, an' I doot I'll never see him again." The boy's voice trembled.

"Oh, yes, you'll see him again. And you must remember it is a splendid thing for your brother, my lad."

"It's no! He didna want to gang."

"Yes; but he'll know better now."

Billy shook his head. "Bob'll never get ony fun whaur he is."

"Fun!" murmured the old gentleman. "Do you know what fun is?"

"Fine! What d'ye want to ken for?"

The old gentleman became silent, and after a little while Billy got up.

"Stay, my lad. Don't go yet. You haven't told me your name."

Billy retired a couple of paces, regarding his questioner with increased suspicion.

"Come, tell me your name."

"What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Don't be afraid. It's for your own good."

The words "for your own good" fell like a knell on Billy's ears. With all his suspicions he had never imagined the old gentleman to be anything worse than a sanitary inspector in plain clothes, wearing the extraordinary spectacles by way of disguise, and hobbling on two sticks to deceive people. But now!

Billy turned and fled, thankful that he had given a wrong address and incorrect details as to his relatives.

"Stop, stop!"

But Billy tore along the carriage drive, expecting momentarily to hear sounds of pursuit, and blind to the policeman awaiting him at the end of the terrace.

"I've had my eye on you for a long time," said the constable who, as a matter of fact, had never seen the boy before.

Weeping bitterly Billy was dragged to where the old gentleman still sat, unable to rise without assistance.

"Has he stolen anything, sir?" asked the constable, saluting.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the old gentleman, rather testily. "I seemed to frighten him—that's all. Help me up, will you? I think you had better bring him along to the house. Don't cry, boy! There's nothing to cry about. Good heavens! I'm not going to eat you, and neither is the policeman."

\*

At the door of the big house the constable was dismissed with "some-

thing for his trouble," and Billy, realising the uselessness of flight, yet still sobbing and trembling, accompanied the old gentleman indoors.

"Stay here for a moment, my lad," said the old gentleman, indicating a chair in the hall. And Billy went and stood against the chair, as though he had been stricken with catalepsy.

Softly the old gentleman opened a door, peeped in, made a remark to someone inside, waited a little as if listening, nodded his head several times, and finally beckoned to Billy.

"Come away, my lad," he said, and took off his dark spectacles; and the boy, as he obeyed, wondered if this was really the man who had sat on the steps with him.

Then Billy found himself pushed gently into a room, large and beautiful—far finer even than the Mission Hall at Christmas, though it seemed dark after the brilliant sunshine outside; and it was some time ere he caught sight of an old lady, with such white hair, lying on a couch.

"This is the young man, Mary," said the old gentleman. "See what you can make of him. I seemed to put my foot in it. I'm afraid I've been too late in beginning this sort of work."

"Not a bit too late, John." Then she turned to Billy, who had taken off his cap as he did at the Mission.

"Come nearer, my dear, and sit on that chair, and help yourself to those sweets on the table—but perhaps you are hungry."

Billy shook his head.

"Well, perhaps you'll have an appetite later on," she said, smiling.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Billy Martin," he mumbled.

"Well, I'm—surprised!" exclaimed the gentleman. "When I asked him that, he ran away!"

"But you won't run away from me, will you, Billy?"

"Naw, Mistress."

The old gentleman hobbled to the door. "I'll look in later," he said.

By the time he came back Billy

had turned his little heart inside out, and the old lady had proved it to contain neither more nor less than the heart of a carefully nurtured child.

"Billy is going to think over it, John," she said to her husband. "He has told me about his brother, and I have been trying to tell him how well off his brother is. And I think it might be arranged—I'm sure you could arrange it, John—that Billy might go to the same home as his brother is in, and be beside his brother. And some day Billy will be a great help to his mother, and—isn't that so, Billy?"

"Ay," said Billy, hastily, swallowing a jujube.

"And Billy is going to tell his mother about this whenever he gets home, and he is not going to be alarmed if someone comes to see his mother about the matter in a few days—are you, Billy?"

"Naw, Mistress."

"Because I've explained to Billy that he is not to go to the Home unless he likes. Still, it would be nice to be beside your brother again, and get plenty of good food and become a fine, strong, clever man—wouldn't it, Billy? And—do you know?—I believe you'll choose to go to your brother!—And now it's time you had something to eat. Ring the bell, John, please."

\* \* \* \* \*

About an hour later Billy left, laden with a parcel of good things for himself and his relatives. The old gentleman hobbled to the door with him, and at the last moment placed some pennies in his hand.

A lump came into Billy's throat. He fumbled in his jacket pocket.

"Ha'e!" he said huskily. "I thoct ye was coddin'."

The old gentleman held out his hand. Billy put something in it, and ran down the steps.

"Well, I'm—surprised!" muttered the old gentleman, staring at his palm whereon reposed three "fags" and two wooden matches.



# THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JAMESON

BY PETER McARTHUR

JAMESON was busy opening his morning mail and giving instructions to his clerks with surly curt-ness. Presently he picked up a large square envelope and paused, with the paper-knife poised, ready to be inserted under the flap. A whiff of vio-lets greeted him.

"Humph!" he snorted, as he looked at the address and the red seal on the back, and wondered whom the unusual letter could be from. Square envelopes have no place in business correspondence, and business letters are more likely to smell of brimstone than of violets. After the first surprise he inserted the paper-knife and gave a savage rip. As the knife passed through, it brought out the end of a little blue ribbon, and a moment later the surly lumber merchant had a birthday card in his hand. He felt dazed as he looked at the flimsy lace paper and the little pink and white Cupids that smiled out at him. Turning it over he saw, written on the back in a childish hand: "With love to papa, from Millie."

A remembrance from his little daughter, the first he had ever received! He read the simple verse that was printed on it:

If your heart be pure and free,  
I pray you give your heart to me,  
Mine to you I send away  
On this your seventieth birthday.

As he handled it gently with his rough, hard fingers, a glow pervaded

him, as if something for which he had been longing all his life had come at last. Just then he heard a titter behind him, and, turning quickly, saw that the typewriter girl had been watching. With a muttered oath he threw the card to the back of his desk, and a feeling almost of nausea overcame him. The success with which he had been satisfying his pride and starving his heart became odious to him in an instant, and the emptiness of his life came back with stinging force. What did it matter that he had fought his way from the lumber-camps in the backwoods of Maine to the position of foremost lumber dealer in New York? He had allowed himself to be married for his money; he was a stranger in his own house; he was hardly acquainted with his only daughter, because, forsooth, his wife kept them apart for fear the child should acquire the Scotch burr he inherited from his parents, and for which he was freely ridiculed. She must acquire a pure English accent, and to this end had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school, after a preliminary course of study with an imported governess. Faugh! It made him sick to think of it. Only work would give him even a fleeting relief. He must bestir himself, instead of dreaming. She had sent him the card simply because other girls were sending them, not because she meant it! The heart-sick, lonely man roused himself from

his unpleasant reverie and resumed the work of the day. He punished the tittering typewriter by giving her enough work to keep her fingers rattling the keys until after hours. Then he went into the yard to see how things were going on. Everything was wrong.

"Here!" he growled to his foreman, "don't you know enough to pile them planks wi' the heart side down? You're piling them sap down, an' they'll check an' rot. How many times have I told you how to do it? Can't I ever learn you to do it right?"

One after another, the workmen were scolded, and they, good men, credited it all to the "old man's stylish wife."

"He's been havin' another row at home," they said, "an' is takin' it out of us."

\*

What if his little daughter did love him? What if she, alone among strangers, were lonely, too? Humph! What an old fool he was. What could he do about it? He had married a woman who was above his station and below his wealth, and would have to endure his mistake. Still that little card with its flowers and lace paper and silly little rhyme, jammed into a corner of his desk, would force itself upon his mind. And a sweet-faced little girl would look wistfully at him. Was she lonely, too, and heart-sick? How he did long for the pure child-love that his only daughter should be giving him! How he would lavish all his love on her! Then he thought of his Scotch burr, the rolling r's that he could not soften, and he laughed. His laugh was not good to hear. The heavy grizzled eyebrows were knotted into a fierce frown, and his shaved upper lip became harder, and squarer, and sterner over his whiskered chin. Still the little rhyme and the wistful face would come back to him.

After making himself thoroughly disagreeable to everybody he return-

ed abruptly to his desk. He made a feint at occupying himself with his papers and finally picked up the card.

One of the Cupids looked out at him with an expression that was indescribably roguish. "Oho, you old dry bones!" it would have said if it could, "you despise me, don't you? But I have had my sport with you already. Didn't I make you fall in love with a woman who only loved your money? And I'm going to have more fun with you than ever."

He looked at the writing again. "With love to papa, from Millie." Again the wistful face looked at him, and as the repressed love of his heart welled up a mistiness came over his eyes. He sprang from his seat and walked hurriedly out into the street, with the card in his pocket. Perhaps mingling with the crowd would rid him of his brain-sick fancies. But it didn't. The Cupid looked out at him more teasingly than ever, and there was a look of loneliness on the childish face that sent a twinge of pain through his heart.

"Dugald Jameson," he muttered to himself, "are you acting the part of a father, or a Christian, in not ruling your own household? Have you not neglected your duty? Where is all your strength of will and the manliness that has made you succeed in life, if you will let a woman who neither loves nor honours you rule over you?" Then the cold indifference of his wife came back to him like a blow in the face: the bitter discovery that she merely endured his awkward caresses, the feeling that he was repulsive to her, then the years of well-bred contempt. It staggered him, but it was love and not pride that was ruling him now, and he rose serene over all obstacles. He forgot the mother. Only the daughter, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh! How his heart yearned for her! It was then that Jameson was transfigured by a great resolution that lit his hard face with love and changed

his uneasy gait to that of a strong and happy man.

The little Cupid said nothing. He had passed from memory. He was only a trifler with the love of boys and girls. This was something beyond him; the love of a father—love that has been long pent up, and now broke out in an irresistible flood.

Jameson telegraphed to the superintendent of the school to send his daughter home by the next train. Then he went home to make preparations for her reception.

"Set things in order in Millie's room," he called cheerily to the housekeeper, when he entered the mansion in which he had hitherto been a lodger. "She will be home to-night."

"What!" exclaimed his astonished wife, who was attracted to the spot by the hearty tone in which the order was given. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that our daughter is coming home! And she's coming home to stay. I have telegraphed for her."

"Have you lost your senses?"

"No! I have found them! I am going to be the head of this family!"

"Who has been putting these fine notions into your head?"

"Woman," he exclaimed, towering to his full height and making use of a Scotticism that at another time would have made her smile, "I have neglected my duty too long. After this my daughter shall be educated in her own home, as a Christian child should be, even if I have to hire the whole school to come here to teach her!"

"This is outrageous!" said his wife angrily. "Is it not enough that I must endure you and your uncouth ways that are a constant source of shame to me among my friends, without Millie being brought home to learn them from you? I intended that she should be a lady."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say—"and you'd marry her to a title as you yourself married money," but the love that was in him made



"He carried her in his arms to the carriage

him feel kindlier to all the world, and all her sarcasms and storming could not affect him. Jameson had covered himself with the panoply of silence that is the birthright of everyone of Scottish descent, and made no reply. Finally she burst into tears and left the room. He then took out the card and looked at it again. To his uneducated taste the little chromo Cupids were high art, and the



"With what a dainty air Millie played the hostess"

little sentimental rhyme true poetry. It was beautiful to look at. It should be framed! He looked about the walls to find a suitable place to put it, and decided it should be put in the place of that absurd little Meissonier that had cost such a mint of money. The little Cupid looked more roguish than ever as it realised what its fate was to be, and the face that rose in the old man's memory was no longer wistful and lonely. It was trustful and happy as a child's should be and his heart sang within him.

\*

When the train stopped at the station the little girl that was carefully helped off by a prim teacher was picked up with such an embrace as she had never felt before. She was but a little wisp of a thing, and he carried her in his arms to the carriage, as if she were a child of three instead of a young lady of ten, with the irritating grown-up manners that children of these days have. Of course

it was a shock to her, but there is something conquering in strength and love, and she was soon cuddling up against his shoulder, listening to his occasional broken expressions of affection and feeling the pressure of his protecting arm about her. The intuition of children is quick, and before they reached home they were like old cronies, and she even forgot to wonder why she and her father had never been like this before.

Her mother's tearful face was a surprise to her, but the mother was too much overcome by the conflict with her husband in the afternoon to have anything to say. She loved her daughter too, as only a lonely woman who lives a life of self-inflicted suffering can love, but she let her affection spend itself in ambitious plans. But she never took the trouble to understand the man with whom she had linked herself, and now he had risen in his might and she felt that defeat and utter misery were before her. She kissed her child again



"She saw the great good heart that was under all his uncouthness"

and again, and pleading a headache left the two together.

What a supper they had, and with what a dainty air Millie played the hostess and poured his tea for him, and how she rattled on about her schoolmates and her little troubles, while he listened with his face beaming unbounded love! After supper he showed her that he had the card safe in his pocket, and they pledged themselves to be true to one another for a year and a day. She sat on his knee, and at last fell asleep while listening to stories that he had heard from his mother, many hard and long years ago. Then he carried her tenderly up to her room and helped a nurse to put her into her cot. After tucking her in, he stood looking at her innocent beautiful face buried in curls and resting on her little tired arm. It was something he had never

seen before, and was all so pure and sacred he feared to stoop and kiss her "good-night."

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a sob, and looking up hastily, he saw his wife standing half-hidden in the curtains at the other side of the bed. Her face was haggard and miserable. She had suffered too, but why? Then the two souls, that were hitherto blind and dumb and yet joined by the bond of a great love for their child, at last saw and understood. He tip-toed to her side, and as he put his arm about her she did not think him awkward. She saw the great good heart that was under all his uncouthness.

The little card was not put into the frame that held the Meissonier. It was altogether too sacred a thing to be profaned by the eyes of the careless.

# UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES

A REVIEW

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

JOHN HOWISON, a surgeon in the East India Company's service, spent some two years and a half in Upper Canada in the second decade of the nineteenth century, and he has left us a most entertainingly written account of his impressions of the country and its people. He brought down on himself by his book\* the wrath of Robert Gourlay the "Banished Briton," who admitting that "we see a book very well written, very readable as a romance"—still considers it "the tale of a sentimental weak man. . . worse than trifling—scandalous;" and his account of the people of Niagara District "is indiscreet, is ungenerous, is ungrateful."

Landing in Quebec after a seven weeks' passage across the Atlantic in company with a large number of British emigrants, mostly from Scotland, and all bound for Upper Canada, he was pleased with the appearance of Quebec as a commercial city, as well as amused by the manner in which the officiousness of the French-Canadian porters was damped by the watchfulness and suspicion of the Highlanders.

Taking a steambat to Montreal, he found there the "lightness of the streets, the neatness of the buildings, the hospitality and polished manners of the people and the air of enterprise and activity that is everywhere exhibited in it . . . truly attrac-

tive"; and they "appear to particular advantage when contrasted with the dullness, gloom and dirtiness of Quebec." Even "individuals of the lower classes . . . carry with them an appearance of vigour, contentment and gayety very different from the comfortless and desponding looks that characterise the manufacturing population of the large towns of Britain." Which, *en passant*, sounds very modern.

He drove in "an amusing ride which lasted more than an hour" from Montreal to Lachine; then, next morning, provided with another *calash* and driver, continued his journey west; he stopped for breakfast at St. Anne's, where he first had the opportunity of observing the manners of an American inn-keeper. "Gentlemen of this description," he later found in Upper Canada. They, "in their anxiety to display a noble spirit of independence, sometimes forgot those courtesies that are paid to travellers by publicans in all civilised countries; but the moment one shows his readiness to be on an equality with them, they become tolerably polite." So the St. Anne's boniface seated at his door poising his chair on its hind legs and swinging backwards and forwards, paid no attention to the traveller as he alighted, or walked into the house or even when he desired him to get breakfast ready, but when he said, "Will you

\*Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local and Characteristic. By John Howison, Esq., Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, High Street. 1821.

have the goodness to order breakfast for me if convenient?" the tavern-keeper replied "Immediately, Squire," and rose and showed him to a room where an excellent breakfast was at once set before him.

We are not told the terms or the tone in which Dr. Howison's "desire" for breakfast was first expressed, but we may imagine. The traveller apparently finds it impossible to understand how innkeepers can consider themselves on a par with other people—and he afterwards speaks of an incident related to him by a gentleman in Upper Canada concerning a major in the American invading force of 1813 taken prisoner by the Canadians, who stated to one of them that "he hoped to be treated with respect for he kept one of the largest taverns in Connecticut—Howison added that this showed that the American Government granted commissions to many whose "rank in life did not entitle them to such a distinction."

Dr. Howison wholly disapproved of "those absurd notions of independence and equality which are so deeply engrafted in the mind" of those whom he calls peasantry, and regrets that such notions are acquired by emigrants in a very short time. At Kingston, he accosted two Scotsmen whom he had seen in Montreal less than a fortnight previously; and "instead of pulling off their hats as they had invariably done before on similar occasions, they merely nodded to me with easy familiarity," He adds: "I addressed them by their Christian names." Precisely why a Scots bricklayer should raise his hat to Dr. Howison rather than the Doctor to the Scotsman we have no information.

After being ferried over the Ottawa River at St. Anne's, he went westward in the *calash*, passing through the settlement of Glengarry, and after "the polished and interesting peasantry of Lower Canada," he finds the inhabitants of Glengarry "blunt and

uncultivated," displaying "no inclination to improve their mode of life, being dirty, ignorant and obstinate. The surface of the soil was excellent, "to the depth of several inches it is composed almost entirely of decayed vegetable matter . . . too rich for the common purposes of agriculture . . . cropped twenty-one years in succession without receiving any manure whatever." *O, si sic semper!*

The following appears in the first edition; but good taste or good sense caused it to disappear in subsequent editions.

Speaking of Glengarry (or Glengary), as the author always spells it, he says:

"This account filled me with high expectations, and the more so, as I had been told that the upper part of the settlement was in a state of rapid advancement. I, therefore, hoped to see my countrymen elevated in their characters and improved in their manners, by the influence of independence, and stopped at a private house, which my driver had recommended as being much superior to the tavern. Here I found a large family devouring pork and onions, and a room containing as much dirt as it could conveniently hold. I had scarcely passed the threshold, when I was importuned by signs to take my seat on the head of a cask and helped abundantly to the family fare. Resistance was vain, as none of the party seemed to understand a word of English, and I suppose my unwillingness to join in the repast was attributed to *false modesty*.

"The evening being far advanced, I was obliged to resolve upon remaining with them all night. After listening for a couple of hours to Gaelic, I followed the landlord to my bedroom; but the moment he opened the door, a cloud of mosquitoes and other insects settled upon the candle and extinguished it. He made signs that I should remain a few moments in the dark; but I followed him down-

stairs and firmly declined paying another visit to the apartment intended for me, as it seemed to be already occupied."

The other changes in the several editions—there are three editions that I know of—are merely verbal.

After leaving the Glengarry settlement, he travelled upwards of sixty miles—"half cultivated fields, log houses and extensive forest all along composed the monotonous scene . . . destitute of variety and interest . . . a dull and unvaried prospect." He reached "two small villages . . . within twelve miles of each other called Prescott and Brockville" [*sic*]. Prescott with twenty or thirty houses and a new fort occupied by a few soldiers.

He discharged his carriage at "Brockville" and secured a passage to Kingston on a *bateau* [*sic*]. Five *bateaux* went together, a brigade, each boat with five rowers and a man with a paddle to steer—the noise of the oars startled the deer "browsing along the banks"—the water exquisitely pure and transparent but producing in gentlemen from Upper Canada nausea, pain in the stomach, etc., i.e. on the way down before they became accustomed to it. Indians were met, "their heads adorned with steel crescents and waving feathers, the rest of their dress consisting of the skins of wild beasts and long scarlet cloaks covered with ornaments."

Reaching Kingston, a fine town of 5,000 inhabitants, he found a good hotel—more fortunate in that than most of us. Then he took passage for York on the steamboat *Frontenac* and soon felt himself impelled to "invoke a thousand blessings on the inventor and improvers of the steamboat for the delightful mode of conveyance" furnished mankind. The *Frontenac* was the largest steamboat in Canada—her deck 171 feet long and thirty-two broad—her tonnage 740 tons, and her draught when loaded up, eight feet. "Two paddle-wheels, each about forty feet in cir-

cumference, impel her through the water," and she sailed "when the wind was favourable nine knots an hour with ease." A fine boat, indeed.

York was reached, a town of 3,000 inhabitants whose trade was trifling—he remained there for an hour or two and re-embarked for Niagara, thirty-six miles distant, reaching this village at 10 p.m. The village, with a population of 700 or 800, was "neat, gay and picturesque, and was crowned by a small fort [Fort George] at a little distance, the ramparts of which were crowded with soldiers"; "a detachment of military was always stationed at Niagara."

In the vicinity, "the soil and climate . . . seem to be admirably adapted for the production and growth of fruits . . . the orchards may almost be said to grow wild. They raise wheat, Indian corn and potatoes enough," but the visitor saw everything in a state of primitive rudeness and barbarism."

After paying a high tribute to the Canadian Militia, of whom he says "the bravery of the Canadian militia which was brilliantly conspicuous on many occasions, has neither been sufficiently known, nor duly appreciated, on the other side of the Atlantic," he goes on: "In Upper Canada a man is thought dishonest only when his knavery carries him beyond the bounds prescribed by the law."

"Between Queenston and the head of Lake Ontario, the farms are in a high state of cultivation and their possessors are comparatively wealthy . . . Many of them possess thirty or forty head of cattle . . . They are still the same untutored incorrigible beings that they probably were when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment or the outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would neither find means of subsistence nor be countenanced in any civilised country. Their original depravity has been confirmed and increased by



the circumstances in which they are now placed. The excessive obstinacy of these people forms one greater barrier to their improvement; but a greater still is created by their absurd and boundless vanity"; "they can, within certain limits, be as bold, unconstrained and obtrusive as they please in their behaviour towards their superiors, for they neither look to them for subsistence nor for anything else.

"It is indeed lamentable to think that most of the improved part of this beautiful and magnificent Province has fallen into such 'hangmen's hands.'"

Some of these Canadians must have failed to raise their hats to the Doctor. That he was one of "their superiors" goes without saying.

We have no hint throughout the volume of the writer's profession, but Gourlay perhaps gives the key to this unfavourable view of the character of the Canadians. In his General Introduction, Gourlay tells us that Dr. Howison, assuming the name of "The Traveller," was "advertising for employment . . . as a practitioner of physic" and assisted Gourlay for a time "in rousing . . . attention to the iniquities of the government and the pollutions of Little York . . ."; but he seems to have been unsuccessful and ultimately deserted the cause "keeping up a silly correspondence with the Major . . . now made Sheriff of Niagara District . . ." Gourlay contends that "the great mass of them [i.e., the Canadians spoken of by Howison] are well meaning, honest, sober and industrious men," and "some of those who set themselves up for the respectables—the gentlemen of the country were, in fact, the most ignorant, mean, disgusting and infamous char-

acters that ever came under my observation."

Whether the failure to obtain a medical practice was the cause or not\*—and Dr. Howison never was qualified to practice in Upper Canada—"the Traveller" does not spare the character of the Canadians.

Some of the information he gives is not without interest—Ancaster, at which we know the Courts of Assize were then held, is described as a village of a few dozen straggling houses and between 200 and 300 inhabitants, near which was a church, one of the two within fifty miles—the nearest to the west being more than 200 miles away. "Thus in the space of nearly 300 miles, there are no more than four villages at which public worship is conducted regularly throughout the year."

A good description is made of the manufacture of maple sugar. "The Indians sometimes refine the sugar so highly that it acquires a sparkling grain and beautiful whiteness, this they put into small birch-bark boxes called *mohawks* and sell to the white people."

Dr. Howison travelled to the Grand River and gives a description of the Mohawk Indians, their religion, virtues and vices. He rode to Long Point where he saw a frog fascinated by a black snake, saw "partridges spring from every copse and deer often bound across the path," and tells of the passenger or wild pigeon, now, alas a thing of the past—(the last I ever saw, I shot in 1871). "Myriads of them are killed by firearms or caught in nets by the inhabitants; for they fly so close and in such numbers that twenty or thirty may sometimes be brought down at a single shot." (The best I ever did was six.) Wilson, the ornithologist

\*In the biography of the Honourable W. H. Merritt, M.P., by J. P. Merritt, St. Catharines, 1875, p. 45:

"A Dr. Howison spent the winter of 1819-20 here (i.e., "The Twelve," now St. Catharines) and kept his office at Paul Shipman's Hotel. He appeared to have been a man of means and practised but little at his profession, spending most of his time in visiting around the neighbourhood, where his society was much appreciated."

saw a flock in Ohio more than a mile in breadth and at least two hundred and forty miles in length which he calculated to contain 2,230,272,000 pigeons—And now in 1913, it is not known that a single bird of the species survives!

Coltman's Tavern comes in for commendation. There Howison got delightful venison which had been kept for three or four weeks and "was in such a fine state that it almost fell into powder under the knife."

The Talbot Settlement was visited where "the excellence of the soil, the condensed population and the superiority of climate all combine to render it more agreeable and better suited to the lower orders of Europeans than any other part of the Province." But while "the first view . . . excites pleasing emotions . . . a deliberate inspection will destroy all these Arcadian ideas and agreeable impressions. He who examines . . . in detail will find most of its inhabitants sunk low in degradation, ignorance and profligacy, and altogether insensible to the advantages which distinguish their condition. A lawless and unprincipled rabble consisting of the refuse of mankind, recently emancipated from the subordination that exists in an advanced state of society and all equal in point of right and possession, compose, of course, a democracy of the most revolting kind . . ." But then "the farmers of the Niagara District, many of whom have been thirty or forty years in the country . . . are in no respect superior to the inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement: they are equally ignorant, equally unpolished . . ." Some of these Talbot settlers must have shown that they considered themselves equal to a new-come-out Englishman!

And their habits did not commend themselves to the stranger—"Many of the settlers . . . follow the habits and customs of the peasantry of the United States and of Scotland,

and consequently are offensively dirty, gross and indolent in all their domestic arrangements." They must apparently have lived up to the old Scottish proverb "The clartier, the cosier."

The Scotch perhaps were the worst for they "do not fail to acquire some of those ideas and principles which are indigenous to this side of the Atlantic. They . . . become independent, which in North America means to sit at meals with one's hat on, never to submit to be treated as an inferior, and to use the same kind of manners towards all men." I must admit that having seen many who have been brought up in a Scotch immigrant home, it did indeed seem as though some of them had been taught all these except "to sit at meals with one's hat on," which I never saw or elsewhere heard of—I shudder to think what would happen if they tried that. Notwithstanding all their faults, "the utmost harmony prevails in the colony and the intercourse of the people is characterised by politeness, respect and even ceremony." And "any poor starving peasant who comes into the settlement will meet with nearly the same respect as the wealthiest person in it, captains of militia excepted." Unfortunately being thus treated, the newcomer "generally becomes most obtrusive and assuming in the end: and it is a remarkable circumstance that in Upper Canada the *ne plus ultra* of vanity, impudence and rascality, is thought to be comprised under the epithet *Scotch Yankey*." I have been calling the Doctor an Englishman—I withdraw the name—no one but a Scot could give that touch.

There can be no possible doubt about Howison's politics, either—he says "the lower classes are never either virtuous, happy or respectable unless they live in a state of subordination and depend in some degree upon their superiors for occupation and subsistence." There was noth-

ing unduly democratic about the Doctor—and he was one of “their superiors” even if the “peasantry” did not lift their caps to him.

Nevertheless “the time I lived in the Talbot Settlement comprehended some of the happiest days” he ever passed in the course of his life—he read Plutarch’s Lives, which he borrowed from a farmer, and *one* number of Blackwood.

Then he went from the Talbot Road to the head of Lake Eric, and on his route found Scotch, New Englanders and Indians. “The Scotch peasants had been degraded by a life of poverty, servitude and ignorance. . .”

“The New Englanders unaccustomed to subordination stood much higher in their own estimation . . . but they were destitute of any sort of principle either moral or religious”; “The Indians were not in a state of debasement and they seemed more entitled to respect than either the Scots or Americans.” Poor Canada!

He was ferried over the Thames on a raft and got into the Long Woods, nearly lost his horse and at length reached Ward’s Tavern, came again to the Thames and a populous settlement but was grieved for there too “the Canadians in addition to their indolence, ignorance and want of ambition are very bad farmers.” He found some mineral oil which was used as a medicine—“it very much resembles petroleum, being of thick consistency and black colour and having a strong penetrating odour.”

Then he came to “a spot called the town of Chatham. It contains only one house and a sort of church, but a portion of the land there has been surveyed into building lots and these being offered for sale, have given the place a claim to the appellation of a town. There are many towns like Chatham in Upper Canada and almost all of them have originated from the speculations of scheming individuals. When a man wishes to dispose of a piece of land or to render one

part of his property valuable by bringing settlers upon the other, he surveys a few acres into building lots. These he advertises for sale at a high price, and people immediately feel anxious to purchase them, conceiving that their situation must be very eligible indeed, otherwise they would not have been selected for the site of a town.” No, this is not written of “towns” in Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1912, but of “towns” in Upper Canada a hundred years ago. There is nothing new under the sun.

Reaching the Detroit River, the doctor was charmed with the “amenity of manners which distinguishes them from the peasantry of most countries:” and “this quality appears to particular advantage when contrasted with the rudeness and barbarism of the *boors* who people the other parts of the Province.” The French-Canadians must have doffed their caps to the visitor.

He visited Sandwich “which contains thirty or forty houses and a neat church,” also Amherstburg which had a population of over 1,000, “many of them persons of wealth and respectability, and the circle which they collectively compose is a more refined and agreeable one than is to be met with in any other village in the Province.”

He remained at Amherstburg and Sandwich ten days and left for the Talbot Settlement again: arriving at Arnold’s Mills, he was deserted by his companions and left to make his way alone. He got to the Talbot Settlement and at length to Niagara—in June, 1820, he was conveyed across the Niagara to Lewiston on his way homeward.

Dr. Howison is typical of a certain class of visitor—he comes to Canada firmly convinced that he knows it all, that his way is the only way and that all who differ from him are fools or worse. The courtesy of the French-Canadian he accepts as homage paid to a superior person and

thinks that he is entitled to homage from English-speaking Canadians. Their independence he resents as insolence and he is wholly unable to understand that they do not look upon him as a superior. He cannot see that the free yeomanry are not a peasantry, but that they consider themselves—and rightly so—the equal of

any man on earth. They hold up their heads, and do not consider it a sign of condescension for which to be grateful to be addressed by their Christian names. And with all their manifold failings in the eye of the stranger, he is, as we have seen, bound to admit their prosperity and their happiness.

## THE MONK'S DAY

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THIS morn I footed far  
 Down towards the city there,  
 This step and that step  
 Lured me in the spring air,  
 New birds were on the wing,  
 My heart bounded to sing.

Lord, if my heart forgot,  
 Lord, if it gave Thee pain,  
 This joy and that joy,  
 If the joy, Lord, was vain,  
 For this I tell a bead,  
 For this I bow my head.

Later, a flower girl climbed  
 Up from the city street,  
 White face and drawn face,  
 I found her a cool seat;  
 Had I her life reproved  
 She had been all unloved.

Yet, should I, Lord, have bared  
 To her her inmost sin,  
 Weak fault and black fault—  
 She was so pale and thin?  
 If I was wrong to spare,  
 For this now, Lord, a prayer.

At noon a band of boys  
 Scaled up the white cliff's steep,  
 Big boys and small boys,  
 To shout, and throw, and leap;  
 I left my prayer to show  
 Them where the wind flowers grow.

Should I, my Lord, have kept  
 Rapt to my prayer and book,  
 Deep eyes and far eyes  
 For Thee, for them no look?  
 My Lord, if this be so,  
 For it my head is low.



GIRL IN WHITE

From the painting by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION

BY J. C. SUTHERLAND

INSPECTOR GENERAL OF PROTESTANT SCHOOLS IN THE PROVINCE  
OF QUEBEC

WE have not yet a supreme national purpose in Canadian education, urban or rural. In this respect we are at one with the English-speaking world at large. We have purposes in education, in common with Great Britain and the United States, but like them we lack the proclamation of that supreme national purpose of developing national efficiency which marks the educational history of three countries, namely, Germany, Denmark, and Japan. We have many purposes in education, and various incentives to educational progress. Some of them are of historical origin. It was religious considerations, for instance, which founded the parish schools of Scotland and the township schools of Massachusetts, and the same considerations have had their influence in Canadian educational history.

Another incentive to modern countries in general during the last half century has been the extension of the suffrage. It has been recognised that every man who exercises the right of a vote should have sufficient education to follow intelligently in the newspapers the political issues of the day. Those who opposed the extension of the suffrage were also for a time opposed to the extension of education to all classes of the peo-

ple. The minority who are still doubtful of the benefits of general education may be regarded as a very small one in Canada. Conservative fears of the policy prevented England from having a popular education act until 1870. Ontario's first large workable act dates from 1846. The records show that there were many people opposed to the principle of public schools and to the idea of being taxed for the education of other people's children, but the broader public spirit of to-day, of which the Province is proud, was rapidly developed.

There has been great progress in Canadian education, and particularly in that of the towns and cities. Whatever defects may exist to-day and call for remedy cannot mislead the historical student as to the fact. There has been progress, and there is sound hope of further progress. But the greatest impetus which our education can receive must come from a more general realisation of the truth that our schools, urban and rural, should be more fully dominated and directed by the national purpose of developing national efficiency. In other words we want a national policy in education.

It may be asked whether all sensible people do not look for efficiency

—sometimes with disappointment — in the pupils turned out from the public and high schools. This is true, but it is equally true that as a whole people we have not yet a definite national purpose of efficiency in our education, such as has been manifested in Germany, Denmark, and Japan. The large measure of local self-government which we possess in the management of our schools has many benefits, but it has tended to develop local points of view and to obscure the vision of larger national purpose.

Germany's modern and effective school system may be dated from 1806. There were good schools in Prussia before that time, but it was only after Napoleon had crushed and humiliated that country in 1806 that a great statesman arose with a splendid policy of rehabilitation by means of national education. It was with the definite purpose of creating and developing the industrial efficiency of the whole mass of the people that Von Stein proposed the system of public instruction which all educational authorities, German, English, and other, concur in regarding as the basis of the great system of German education to-day.

It was in 1860 that Denmark began to establish those splendid rural high schools which are acknowledged to be the foundation of the marvellous agricultural and dairy development of that country. Practically all the farmers of Denmark are educated, and well educated. Many of them are proficient in modern languages or in the modern sciences, such as chemistry and physics, which have a bearing upon agriculture. It is the high standard of their intelligence as developed by sound education, indeed, which has enabled them to see the wisdom of allowing none of their products, such as butter, bacon, and eggs, to be exported if below a certain quality. Their products, even to the individual eggs, are stamped, and the Danish stamp

is a certain one. The child of the workingman in London, when sent to the grocer for a pound of "Danish No. 3" butter, knows exactly what it will taste like. The self-denying ordinance which ensures this uniformity is the act of the farmers themselves through their legislature. It is no wonder that their exports in butter alone have reached some sixty million dollars a year. This result has been attained, also, in spite of the fact that the soil of Denmark is not equal to that of many parts of Canada. But in her education Denmark has the definite purpose of developing national efficiency. That was the avowed purpose of Bishop Grundtvig, who started the first rural high school over half a century ago. Before that time the people of Denmark were unprogressive and "stupid and dull." They are not so to-day.

It was in 1880 that Japan adopted a modern school system, and that with the definite purpose of developing national efficiency. Her success against Russia was surely due in some degree to the education given to her people. She thinks so, at any rate. There are now nearly thirty thousand elementary schools in Japan, giving an admirable six years' course; many middle and high schools; over five thousand special and technical schools; a complete system of normal schools, and the great university at Tokio. Over eight million children attend school.

With technical education now rapidly developing in the cities and towns of Canada, it is plain that our greatest need of a directed national purpose is in connection with rural education. It has been said that the cultivated area of the older Provinces of Canada became practically a fixed quantity about 1870, and that traditional methods in farming became fixed about the same time. The latter part of the statement is, of course, only relatively true. In sections of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime



Provinces there has been great progress to the credit of individual farmers and groups of farmers. There are butter, cheese, fruit, and stock sections whose development deserves the fullest recognition. But the point is that they are limited to sections—townships and counties usually—and that in the aggregate they are much less in area than the unprogressive. It is to this large unprogressive element that we owe the fact that there is under-production in agriculture in older Canada. Professor Robertson is within the mark in saying that our production could be trebled at once by the general adoption of modern methods. Educational history shows that the whole mass of a people can be uplifted in industrial efficiency in the course of a very few years. Progressive movements in education may be slow in the matter of their adoption, but once they are adopted they bear fruit with remarkable rapidity.

The Dominion Government has announced its intention to assist agriculture and agricultural education throughout Canada by the expenditure of a sum of ten million dollars, spread over a period of ten years. While the main purpose of the annual grants is to disseminate more generally, in coöperation with the provincial departments of agriculture, a knowledge of the modern principles of farming, a direct and indirect influence upon the rural schools should be looked for. The writer was long of the opinion that good schools were necessary before the value and importance of scientific agriculture could be recognised. Experience of recent years, however, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec has convinced him that an awakening to the value and interest of modern principles of farming may take place among men of strong native intelligence, even in sections where the schools are poor. The awakening, however, is immediately followed, on the part of the younger

men particularly, by a desire and demand for better rural schools. All recent educational history throughout the world, indeed, goes to show that the spread of modern ideas in agriculture tends to stimulate local effort in education. This has been admirably shown of late in Ireland, in connection with the work inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett, and in Wisconsin and other Western States.

But whether good rural schools precede or follow the awakening to modern ideas, they are the indispensable means for the progressive development of the principles upon which scientific agriculture is founded. It is not a completed or closed branch of human knowledge. Like steel-making, or the manufacture of pulp, it is still capable of large developments. Its greatest results are not achieved in the laboratory only; they are possible also to the working farmer of trained mind. But at the back of such efforts and possible contributions to the sum of human knowledge there must be a sound and progressive system of rural education.

No one can study the reports of the provincial departments of education from east to west of the Dominion, during the last few years, without being impressed by the fact that the educational authorities of our country are everywhere fully alive to the great importance of this question of the rural schools. Not less certainly also is the fact disclosed that everywhere there is room for improvements upon existing conditions. The standing problem in every Province, with varying degrees of urgency, is to provide competent instructors for the thousands of small-group schools scattered over the whole country. It is these small-group schools which are, in general, inefficient, because the trained instructors cannot be engaged to take charge of them, and they are left to the tender mercies of the incompet-

ent. Now that the great majority by far of the elementary teachers of this continent are women, the question of keeping up a supply of the trained is more difficult than ever. It is a difficulty in the older Provinces, quite as much as in Alberta and Saskatchewan, where new schools are being opened daily. A large percentage of the teachers marry, and consequently give up the profession. Others, where the salaries are low, either make their way into other work or move to those parts of the country where the salaries are better. In the Province of Quebec, twenty-five per cent. of the Protestant rural teachers are new to their work each year. Even if the whole annual output of the Training School at Macdonald College was placed in the Protestant rural schools of the Province, it would be insufficient to meet the annual demand. As a matter of fact, also, over one-half of the graduating teachers are absorbed by the cities and by the academies and model schools.\* The shortage in Quebec is perhaps exceptional, but only from the comparative point of view. Nowhere is the supply equal to the demand; all over rural Canada one may find backward educational conditions, due primarily to insufficient salary or to unattractiveness in the physical conditions or to both.

The one grand remedy is school consolidation. General success with the small-group schools is a proved impossibility. With the expansion of the country it is becoming more and more impossible. There are too many openings for young women of ability in the towns and cities to make the teaching of a small country school attractive. But with half a dozen or more of such schools united into a central one, there is new life and purpose, not only for the teachers but for the pupils and the whole

community. This is not theory, but demonstrated fact. Consolidation began in Massachusetts at the close of the Civil War, when the rural depopulation made it a necessity. Owing to the local prejudices which always arise, it made slow progress at first, but it is now generally adopted not only in that state but all over the American Union. Recently the New York *Outlook*, in speaking of the backwardness of a certain county, said that it had "only one consolidated school" and that less than twenty-five per cent. of its roads were macadam or gravel. The consolidated school has now become a measure of civilisation with our neighbours.

The efforts of Sir William Macdonald to inaugurate the movement in the older Provinces of Canada a few years ago have not entirely failed. They served at least to bring the question before the public. Opposition was widespread, and the experiments were few and far between. Some of the experiments, in centres of hostile opinion, naturally failed. But there are now indisputable signs of a far more favourable attitude towards the principle, which bid fair for its general adoption. The most powerful objection has been the idea that the removal of a school more than a mile or two from one's farm would lessen the value of the farm. The objection is passing away before the higher consideration that a much better school is possible under the consolidation plan, and the more active realisation of the truth that much better schools are desirable.

In Manitoba alone, however, is the plan fully alive at the present moment. There the pupils are conveyed distances of seven, eight and even ten and eleven miles. The Department of Education reports, in spite of these long distances, a greatly in-

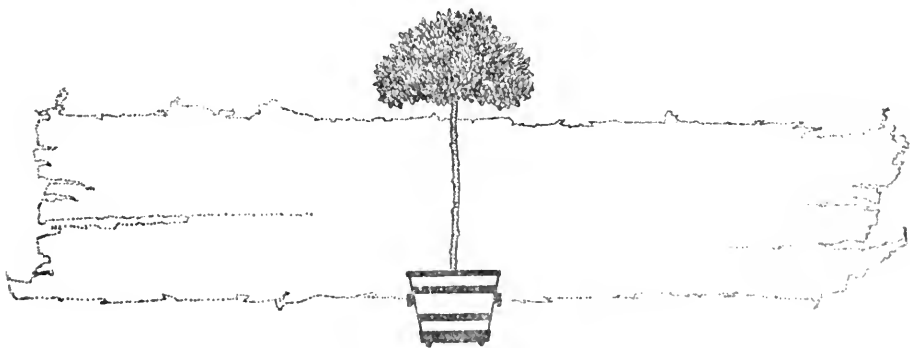
\*In the Province of Quebec a model school is not a training school for teachers, as in Ontario. It is the name for the kind of school which is intermediate between the elementary and the academy.

creased average attendance among the results so far obtained.

Everywhere that the system has had a fair trial—and wherever it has had this fair trial it has been permanently adopted—other beneficial results have followed. The younger pupils are conveyed in comfort distances of four or five miles in rough winter weather when they would have been unable to walk half a mile. The consolidated school ensures a livelier local interest, better equipment, more advanced instruction, a larger school library, and a community centre for the people. Above all, its more general adoption in Canada would afford the grand means of taking up in earnest and efficiently the teaching of the elementary principles of agriculture in our rural schools, on larger and more satisfactory lines than has ever been afforded by the mere text-book, however excellent it may have been. Here, again, we must look outside for an example, but this time within the Empire. In New Zealand expert and trained instructors are sent from

school to school, and the results have proved so satisfactory that whole communities have benefited by improved conditions, and farmers and farmers' clubs are supporting the movement with voluntary contributions.

Consolidation of rural schools on a large and general scale, with the definite purpose of providing an education that will be of service to progressive agriculture, is a national policy that will now meet with far more favour than it would have received even five years ago. The last few years have seen a large awakening to the need of better agriculture—a need which has been emphasised by the work of the Conservation Commission—and the demand for better rural schools will follow. The progress will be the more certain, and the results the more effective, if public policy with regard to education is steadily illuminated by the principle that the schools should exist largely for the purpose of developing the industrial efficiency of the rising generations.



# LILA OF THE "LILA FRUDE"

BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

TO the passer-by she was merely a barge girl, with a narrow, low, and monotonous life. How could they guess at the depth and breadth of the vision of Lila's soul.

Lila's first recollection was of the barge, after which she was named, and of a mother who lavished love upon her and made her know the world was a beautiful place; who kept the little cabin as she kept it to-day, with shining windows, and spotless floor, a row of sweet-scented geraniums in one window and a bird cage in the other. But she had lost both father and mother, and the barge had fallen into the hands of her mother's brother, who appeared to be her only relative.

In the winter they lived in a tiny tenement in New York, and Lila went to school and longed for the summer and the barge—and the Chambly locks.

Once, while going through the locks, Lila had looked up from her perusal of the story of Priscilla to encounter a pair of eyes fixed curiously upon her. It seemed to her as if she had looked into the sky's blue and been dazzled by the sun. And after that the Chambly locks grew but dearer to her heart. It was there she had seen him; it was there she would see him again.

Her beloved book of poems was full of deeper meaning to her now. It was her mother's legacy, this little gray covered volume full of such wonderful things; and her mother

had first read it to her—and the world took shape from the things she had read and seemed an enchanted land. Her glad young blood beating high with the belief in a happy future.

Often she had lain awake, looking out of the little cabin window over the lake, so full of sweet mystery beneath the summer moon, or to the hollow by the canal bank, where the fire-flies gleamed, looking like tiny stars that had trembled earthward; but life's sweet and sad and beautiful story is an unwritten scroll to each youthful soul, wherein it marks the ciphers only age may read.

\*

Lila stood at the cabin door as the *Lila Frude* slowly lifted in the locks, looking backward, over the blue lake whence they had come.

To the left the sun had just set, leaving the long sweep of western sky a vivid crimson, against which was outlined a group of giant elms. And out of their midst rose the slender peaked steeple pointing upwards towards the sky with its silent message to mankind. Just then the *Angelus* rang out. Lila crossed herself.

Through her thin muslin bodice, you could see the fair full flesh, and the outline of her scapula. Her eyes were so dark as to appear almost black, with the fringe of thick black lashes above and below them. In reality they were gray, with hazel

lights, which showed strangely in moments of unusual excitement. And her hair was brightly golden, as only a fair French girl's hair can be. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and then let it fall bringing her hands together with a little sigh of content.

On the bank a Frenchman in a faded blue shirt and a battered straw hat on the back of his head was doing his best to attract the girl above him.

"Sacre! Get on!" he cried to the tired-looking horse cumbered with yards of cable rope.

But man, horse, and language were all lost on Lila.

"Earth is so beautiful; there seems no need of a heaven," she thought to herself, and then she saw him.

He was standing by the canal, waiting for the barge to pass by.

Again to Lila's mind came the thought of blue sky (his eyes were such a vivid blue), still looking into each other's eyes, they smiled. Life was so fair, and young, and beautiful.

And then the barge went on, and the bridge swung slowly back to its place, and Phillias Milliare walked homeward, across the common, carrying the image of Lila in his mind.

How unconsciously beautiful she was! How thrilling her glance! How radiant her hair! The romance of his nature was fired. She might have been the Lily Maid of Astolat, sailing so slowly by one without the stillness of death on her features. Would he see her again?

Fate was kind, or unkind—who shall say? For before another month had gone by, the *Lila Frude* was lying under the long, Chambly wharf, waiting for a tow boat.

There Phillias espied her.

He paddled close to her in his little bark canoe. Lila was at the cabin door. She had been straining her eyes in the direction of the common, when suddenly he appeared

beneath her, close to her side. He plied his paddle so noiselessly she had not heard his approach.

He lifted his hat. There was true homage in the movement, and the girl blushed a soft pink and smiled.

"I suppose you think my craft very unsafe," he said.

"I think the barge is safer," she made answer.

"And prettier."

"No—not prettier."

"But it holds treasure."

"Only some grain."

"And a fairy princess in charge."

"There's a dragon in the hold."

"No, not in the hold. I saw the dragon just now going after the cup that cheers. So I came to cheer you."

"But you shouldn't have. You don't even know my name."

"I will call you Lila."

"You might as well: I was christened it."

"Now I call that strange. Do you want to know mine?"

"At once."

"Phillias Milliare, dreamer of dreams, and loafer at large."

"It sounds"—she hesitated a moment—"unsafe. I wonder what men dream about. I dream too."

"Will you tell me what you dream about?"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Because you don't know me well enough?"

"Perhaps."

"When you know me better?"

"But I won't know you better."

"Won't you? You are coming with me in my canoe just as soon as it is dark enough."

"For my lord not to be seen with a common barge girl?"

"For the good for nothing not to be seen with the uncommon barge girl."

"I have only dreamt of happiness said Lila. I will come."

He paddled off, under the shadowy shore of the lower village, and in half an hour he returned.

Lila had wrapped a crimson shawl about her shoulders. She stepped deftly into the canoe.

"Now you are not to move or we'll go over."

"Oh I know the danger. And I can't swim. See how I trust you."

As she spoke the canoe shot past the end of the wharf into the reflection from the lighthouse.

\*

At the moment her uncle, having his fill from the cup that cheers, sighted the canoe.

"Sapre! if that doesn't look like Lila's shawl. But I suppose the minx is in bed.

When he got into the barge he tried the handle of the cabin door, but it was fastened. Lila had got out of the window.

"Asleep, as I thought," he mumbled, and soon slept heavily himself.

They came back noiselessly, for fear of waking him. When the moon was high in the heavens, and the lights along the shore had grown few indeed, the air was breathless, and the heavy dew falling on Lila's bare head had forced every stray hair to curl about her forehead.

"Good-night," said Lila softly, something of her exuberance had left her. It was long until to-morrow.

"And you will remember to-morrow?" he whispered.

"If we are here."

"At eight, near Hangman's oak."

Lila laughed a little hysterically. "It sounds so uninviting," she said.

Her hilarity chilled him—A man appreciates humour when he isn't the cause.

"Oh we'll only hang care," he said, and laughed too.

Lila watched him until the wharf hid him from sight. Then she crept through the cabin window and fell asleep with her beads half said, but her hand on her scapula.

\*

The *Lila Frude* made many trips up and down the Chambly canal that

summer, and it never happened that she went by, without at least sighting the tall, slight, figure of Phillias Milliare, who had taken to haunting the locks.

When luck was on their side and the *Lila Frude* stayed over night by the wharf and the summer moon shone on the water filling Lila with desire for love and loving, what more easy than to climb up the wharf along the bank to the common, where Phillias was certain to be waiting her.

"Isn't it beautiful to live," she said one night, as close to his side she nestled and looked over the lake to the mystery of the mountains—"Ah! and the *Savanne* is on fire. "Don't you love the smell of it! It fills my viens with rest."

He laughed, putting his hand on her bare white arm.

She put her own hand over his so as to keep it there.

"Ah *mon ami!* If it could only be always like this."

Even at this delicious stage his masculine mind asserted itself and told him he would not care for it to be always like this.

To him he had come as the ideal of her girlish life. The hero she had dreamt of, thought of since she first began to dream.

To him she was a piece of sweet womanhood—flesh and blood, made to be loved and kissed and petted; and, coming his way, could he do aught but claim what he might, being a man. But come what might, should he not be forgiven for the heights to which he had lifted her in lifting him. For we each have a Plain of Dura whereon we set a golden image, that all may see and worship.

The Fort flooded in the mellow light of the September moon seemed to stand as a monument to the littleness of human life.

What was warfare? Or the strength of nations? Or the sword of the brave? Or the hearts of hundreds?

But Lila sitting close to the water, with Phillias by her side, could only feel that since the world began it had only tended to this moment, when she felt the impassioned kisses of her lover.

Then came a little chill—a breeze now suddenly sprung from the north and Lila shivered. It had all happened before. Just a moment to think clearly and she would remember the rest. But she got up without having remembered.

What was to tell her that, just twenty years before her mother had harkened to Phillias's father's avowal of love within the shadow of the old fort?

But that night Lila got a surprise as she stepped upon the barge her uncle confronted her.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. How you did frighten me!"

"And it's not a timid maid to traverse the common alone so late."

Lila hung her head with shame. There was such a visible sneer in her uncle's tone.

"*Tien!* I mean no harm. Only I would not see you in your mother's foot-steps."

She raised her head, and confronted him with scornful eyes.

"Of myself, say what you will; but my mother, she is holy and the Saints protect her."

The man laughed. Evidently he had been drinking enough to make him have the folly of speaking the truth.

"'Tis a holiness all would escape, for your mother has been in the the Longue Point Asylum for over twelve years."

\*

"*Dieu!*" Something snapped in the girl's head, and she fell at his feet.

When she recovered consciousness she was on her little bed in the little cabin that had been such an earthly paradise to her, but she could never be happy again.

The mother she had mourned as dead, lived, but as one dead, and the taint was in her own blood. She must never think of Phillias again, she must tell him, and all would be over between them. And she had thought earth so joyous there was no need of a heaven. All through the night she lay with eyes that stared out of the little cabin window, on the silvery lake, seeing nothing.

The water lapped against the barge as was its wont, but Lila's ears were deaf to the sound. She would see Phillias once more and tell—and bid him good-bye. Then—

When the day broke it brought no hope with it. How could it, to a grief like hers?

\*

Phillias had begun the flirtation as a pleasing pastime for a season, but something in the girl's own nobility of soul roused his highest sense of honour; and, though there were many love passages between them, there was no thought of wrong on the one side or wish for wrong on the other. Waiting for her, the next evening, he was surprised to see that she did not come as she was wont to come, every movement telling of the buoyancy of a happy spirit, but slowly and in heaviness, as one grown suddenly old.

"Darling," he said, and clasped her hand, leading her to the stone where they always sat in the shadow of the old Fort. But she stood to tell him her story. How often times he had likened her to the Lily Maid of Astolat. She looked a Lily Maid indeed with all the colour gone from her face, the light from her eyes.

She had dressed herself in white, and above her somewhat low bodice the string of her scapula showed, and through the fabric of her light frock you could see the scapula rise and fall on her bosom.

"I can never marry you," she began, and stopped, putting her hand to her heart.

In his wildest moments he had never thought of marriage, but the pathos of her voice almost touched him to tears.

"O Phillias! I thought my mother was dead. She is not—she is not." Again a pause, and her voice sounded as of one who could not hear. "She is mad! She is mad!"

"Poor darling," said Phillias. He drew her down upon the stone by his side, and then tears came to her relief. She cried till she slept. Sleep had not visited her the night before.

When she awoke Phillias took her by the hand, and so they walked across the common. They met no one, for all was quiet, even at the canal.

Lila had spoken no word. When they reached the barge she moved on, as one in a dream, speaking no farewell as he turned to go.

"To-morrow," whispered Phillias, but it seemed she did not hear.

She did not enter the cabin. In the stern of the boat her uncle slept,

breathing heavily as in a stupour.

She threw herself down in the bow.

How strange things seemed . . . what was real? Was anything real? What could reassure her?

She put her hand to her breast, with the old familiar gesture, sure of finding her scapula—but it was gone.

She did not for a moment guess that Phillias had stolen it from her bosom, as she slept, reverently, as a mother might take a curl from her dear dead babe's head.

"Holy Mother!" she moaned — but who would now protect her?

The yellow moon, so full and round, seemed coming closer—closer. How it scorched her! And what dread was in her soul!

Anything, anything to get away from it before it came too near. To forget. To forget!

She gave a sudden spring, over the side of the barge, and the water closed over her. And the full moon, straight above her in the sky, looked down, unmoved.





# THE ABBOT'S ROOM

BY CHRISTIAN LYS

"THE funeral is on Wednesday. Please come, Philip, and forget the past altogether if you can."

So my aunt had ended her letter, and I was so hungry to see the old place again that the joy in my heart was sadly at variance with the solemnity of the occasion, I fear, as I drove to the Grange from the station, and glanced down the lane which led to the Rectory and Maud.

The Grange stood in a hollow of the downs, an old house with a history, for into the present building the ruins of an ancient Abbey had been incorporated; that was how the Grange came to have an Abbot's room, and it was hardly wonderful that village gossip should declare that it was haunted.

I only arrived just in time for the funeral, so it was not until the evening that my aunt and I could talk over matters.

"It was very good of you to come, Philip," she said. "After all that has happened it is not possible that you can really be grieved at your uncle's death."

"At any rate I want to make things as easy as I possibly can for you," I answered. "I shall come and live here, but that is no reason why you and the boys should go. The house is big enough to hold us all."

"But you will soon marry," she said.

"Have you seen Maud lately?" I asked eagerly.

"No. We have never seen much of the Blackmans; couldn't expect it."

Her words made me realise how much might have happened in the three years during which I had virtually been an exile from the scenes of my youth.

"It is kind of you to think of me, Philip," she went on, "but I have already taken that cottage which is at the corner where the road dips down to the village. I could not stay here. There is something uncanny about the place. Your uncle was never the same man after he came here. He had a haunted look, was startled at the slightest sound, and always seemed to be listening for someone."

Considering the manner in which he had secured my inheritance this did not appear very wonderful to me, but I would not hurt my aunt by saying so.

There was a fire in my room, for it was late November and cold. I was glad my aunt had thought of giving me this room, the Abbot's room. It was the one my father had used, spending a large portion of his time there, and was in much the same condition as when I had last seen it. Of the original room very little was left, a part of the walls only perhaps, but its mediæval character had been retained and it felt odd. A superstitious person might not have been comfortable in it at night, but happily I was free from any imagination of this sort. I was tired and soon in bed, but once between the sheets all desire for sleep left me. For a time I tossed from side to side and then, part-

ly dressing myself, I pulled an arm-chair close up to the fire and sat thinking over the past.

My father had always been a stranger to me. He was absorbed in money making, and I am quite sure never played a game with me in his life. When my mother died I was sent to school, and often in the holidays did not go home because my father was abroad on business. We lived in London in those days. After leaving school I was sent abroad, and on my return found that my father had retired and bought the Grange. He had made a fortune, and I was his only son. At the Grange he lived the life of a recluse, and I was free to come and go as I pleased. I grew to love every corner of the old place, and I often went to the Rectory, for Mr. Blackman had a daughter. We were both young, but a very real love had blossomed between us, and although I had never actually asked her to be my wife, all our thoughts concerning the future took for granted that we should be together in it. My Eden was suddenly broken into by my father, who ordered me to London to qualify for a partnership with a merchant of his acquaintance. My own inclinations were not considered in the matter, and I hated the work I was called upon to do. In six months my father died suddenly, and to my utter consternation left practically everything to his brother, a man I hardly knew, although I had seen a good deal of my aunt at various times and liked her. The will declared that: "The character of my only son, Philip Danvers, is such that I do not consider it good for his welfare to leave him master of a fortune," and then went on to make provision that at my uncle's death the property was to revert to me if I were still unmarried, but if I were married it was to go to his eldest son; it also went to this son should I subsequently marry and die without an heir. I was left two hundred a year, and a certain sum was set aside to

buy me the partnership when I had qualified for it.

My uncle had enjoyed his ill-gotten gain for three years and now he was dead. I was master of the Grange and a fortune; I had small reason surely to regret the death which made me so. To-morrow I should see Maud and then—then I suppose the soothing warmth of the fire had its will upon me, and I fell asleep in the arm-chair.

I do not know what woke me. I believe I suddenly said: "Come in," so perhaps I heard footsteps on the landing outside. The fire had burnt low, but as I sat up straight in my chair the cinders fell together and a single flame leaped up in the grate. It was the only light in the room, for the candle had burnt out, and for a little while it set weird shadows dancing about me. One shadow seemed to flit across the bed, jumping and twisting there until it suddenly disappeared as though it had sprung into the curtains at the head. Of course, I was only half awake, and by the time I had thoroughly aroused myself the flame had gone out and the room was in darkness. I remembered that I was in the Abbot's room and thought of the ghost, but I am sure my hand did not tremble as I lighted another candle. I glanced round the room, looked at my watch to find that it was three o'clock, and then got into bed and slept soundly until morning. As I dressed I had the curiosity to try and discover what article of furniture had produced the peculiar shadow, and why it should have danced so, but I could make no discovery.

My aunt was down before me reading her letters.

"I hope you slept well," she said.

"Yes, in the armchair," I laughed.

"Why not in bed?" she asked.

"I was restless and I never can lie in bed when I am awake," and I said nothing about the shadow, thinking I might frighten her.

I went to the Rectory after break-

fast to find that Maud was away from home. Mr. Blackman received me rather coldly, but having so much at stake I was persistent, and meant to find out his reason for treating me in this manner.

"I shall be coming to live at the Grange almost immediately, Mr. Blackman," I said. "I should much regret if there were any misunderstanding between us."

By degrees I got him to confess that he and my father had quarrelled, the matter between them trivial, but the quarrel was bitter. Knowing my father's peculiar temper this did not surprise me.

"That was why my father made me leave home, I suppose."

"No doubt."

I could not explain my father's treatment of me, I could only declare there was no warrant for it.

"Both your father and your uncle were peculiar men," he went on, "and although I am bound to believe what you say, I may frankly confess that I am not very anxious for an intimate acquaintance between the Rectory and the Grange. You force me to speak plainly, and I think you must understand what I mean."

"I do only too well, but may I ask whether Maud shares your views?"

"I have trusted to time rather than to persuasion," he said. "Three years count for much in a young girl's life, and I had better tell you at once that I am expecting to hear of Maud's engagement every day."

I left the Rectory with bowed head. Mr. Blackman evidently believed there was something queer about us as a family, and knowing the close union there was between father and daughter, I could not hope that Maud had remained unchanged. Under the circumstances I was in no hurry to take up my residence at the Grange. When I went there Maud had been back at the Rectory more than a month, and my aunt had moved into the cottage.

I did not go to the Rectory, and

for two Sundays I stayed away from church. I could learn nothing about Maud's engagement, and then one morning I met her. I was riding and she was coming towards me walking on the grass by the roadside. Had she changed? In one way, yes, for she was more beautiful than ever. She did not notice me until I was close to her, and then I was out of the saddle in a moment.

"Maud!"

I think she must have understood all the questions in my mind as she looked into my eyes.

"You have not been to see us at the Rectory," she said, the colour mounting to her cheek.

"Yes, I came the day after my uncle's death. Surely your father told you."

"I understood that he expected you to come."

"But of our conversation, did he tell you nothing of that?"

"A little, but I am sure he expected you."

"And you, Maud?"

"I have been wondering why you did not come."

"May I come this afternoon?"

"I—we shall be pleased," she said.

What Maud had said to her father I do not know, but his manner, even from that first afternoon, was different. He had not exaggerated when he said he expected to hear of his daughter's engagement. The man had asked her more than once, but she had never loved anyone but me. She confessed in the Rectory garden as we walked one afternoon in the shelter of the high red brick wall which glowed in summer time, and made a warm corner even in winter.

"The Grange is terribly empty and silent," I whispered. "When will you come and be its mistress?"

She said something about a year, but that of course was absurd. I think I mentioned a month which she declared was impossible. It ended in a definite four months, the wedding to be a quiet one.

"We must not forget that it was your uncle who died," she said.

Perhaps I smiled a little hardly.

"Your uncle puzzled me," she went on. "Soon after he came to the Grange he stopped me one day, was rather curious in his manner, and hesitated a good deal, but he tried to make me understand that you were blameless.

"Very subtle of him," I laughed. "Don't you understand, dear, that if I were married I could no longer be a rival to his son?"

"Somehow I do not think that was in his mind."

"My dearest, my aunt has unconsciously shown me that from the time he came here he was a haunted man. He had been poor, terribly poor, and the temptation to acquire riches easily was too much for him. He lied, succeeded, and may have repented. I have forgiven him.

I was honest in saying so, yet my aunt's description of her husband's haunted manner had set the germ of a terrible suspicion at the back of my mind. I could not forget that my father had died suddenly; I could not forget how my uncle had profited by his death.

The middle of June was fixed for the wedding and two days before Merrit came down. He was the only real friend I had made in town, and was to be my best man. The night before the wedding we sat up till midnight yarning. I am afraid I kept him up for he yawned over an exceedingly amusing story I told him, and I do not think I could possibly have been prosy that evening. When he had gone upstairs I opened one of the library windows. It was an exquisite night and there was a happy restlessness about me which made the thought of bed odious. I let myself out by a garden door and went straight across the downs, walking quickly and taking no note of my direction, thinking only of Maud. It was close upon three o'clock when I approached the village again, and

I took the path which joined the road close to my aunt's cottage. I was surprised to see a light in the sitting-room window, just lit it seemed to me, for I noticed it suddenly. Was she ill? I debated whether I should knock and inquire, and had just decided that should probably frighten her if I did, when the door opened and my aunt stood upon the threshold. Only a narrow strip of garden lay between the house and the road.

"Is there anything the matter?" I called.

She did not answer, nor did she move.

"What is the matter?" I asked as I opened the gate and went towards her. She appeared to see me then for the first time. I knew at once that I had startled her by the way she flung out her arm to the doorpost for support, and I hurried forward to reassure her. Her other hand shot out to keep me back and her sudden shrieks literally cut through the silence of the night.

"It is I, Philip!" I cried, but to no purpose. With a shriek, more shrill than any of the others, she turned and fell in a heap in the passage.

The old servant who lived with her came rushing down the stairs, and together we tried to force brandy down my aunt's throat. Then I ran into the village for the doctor, confident that my errand was useless, certain that my aunt was dead.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings adequately; they were complex and not without a selfish element in them perhaps. This day was to have seen the fulfilment of my desires, and now my wedding must be postponed. It was my sudden coming which had killed my aunt; with all his preamble regarding the state of her health this was what the doctor's verdict came to. Why should my presence have terrified her? Why indeed was she up and dressed at this time? The servant said she had gone to bed well at her usual hour.

The servants were stirring when I went back to the Grange, but I let myself in by the garden door and no one saw me. I went to my room to change and have a bath. At first I had occupied the Abbot's room, where I had slept on the night of my uncle's funeral, but lately I had moved to a smaller bedroom Merritt, who was very much interested in the story of the shadow, was in the haunted chamber quite anxious to see the ghost. I knocked at his door as I crossed the landing.

"Jack! Jack! Wake up!" I called. There was no answer. I hammered at the door without any effect, and then I became alarmed. My nerves were at high tension; anything seemed possible this morning.

I went on to the terrace, and looked up at the windows. One was open, and, not waiting to call anyone to my assistance, I fetched a ladder from the stables and climbed into the room. I made noise enough stumbling in, but he did not stir.

"Jack!" I cried, and a trick of memory recalled the dancing, twisting shadow which had seemed to vanish in the curtains. "Jack! wake up!"

I pulled the bedclothes aside to rouse him, and then with staring eyes bent forward to look into his face.

"Jack!" I think I called his name aloud, but I knew he would never answer. He was dead!

Had I not fallen asleep in the armchair that night, I should doubtless have been found next morning even as I found my poor friend, had I not seen and remembered that twisting shadow, the cause of Merritt's death might never have been discovered.

The Grange had its secret, when planned I do not know, but it was a devilish trap. Hidden in a shrubbery at the end of the terrace was a small door, and a narrow stairway led into a tiny chamber immediately behind the bed in the Abbot's room.

We did not discover it this way; we found the mechanism of the bed first. It was a large wooden one with a heavy canopy hung with dark curtains. When my father had bought the Grange he had bought a good deal of the furniture, no doubt this bed amongst it, for it was not in our house in London. Behind the head of it was a powerful spring which, when released, sent down part of the solid woodwork upon the sleeper where it remained heavily forced down until a counter spring sent it noiselessly back to its proper position again. The scroll work was so arranged and shaped that it would almost certainly press with irresistible force upon the sleeper's neck and throat; except by a miracle it must do its murderous work once it was set in motion. We hammered at the wall behind the bed to discover how this was done, and found a small trap large enough for the arms to be thrust through, but we had to break part of the wall away before we could get into the chamber, and so discover the door in the shrubbery. In that little room we found a handkerchief belonging to my aunt.

How she first discovered the secret I have never found out; she had left no record. Everything else she had carefully noted in a diary which we found locked amongst her private papers at the cottage. On the night of my uncle's funeral she tried to murder me, and I must have awoke at the very moment when the infernal contrivance went back to its place. Not until next morning, when she heard me moving, did she know that she had failed. My statement that I had slept in the chair told her why, and my manner showed her that I had no suspicions. Still she did not make another attempt at once. She waited until the night before my wedding, and she had evidently some means of knowing that this time she had not failed, for the record of my death was the last item in her diary. Probably she made the

entry directly she returned home and then, as she stood at the door of the cottage, I came to her. The reason of her terror was no longer a mystery. It was evident that she had poisoned my father's mind against me, indeed she seems to have exercised a complete fascination over him, and the only blame attaching to my uncle was that he was weak, entirely ruled by his wife, and quite ignorant of much that she did. There was no actual statement that she had killed my father, but she made an entry about the signing of the new will with the significant remark that there was no need to delay now. My father's death was mentioned later without

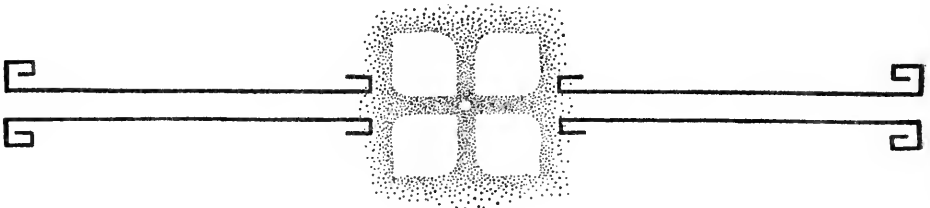
comment, and I have no doubt whatever that she was responsible for his death. Of course she must have been mad, desperately determined to secure the inheritance for her son, but the method was truly terrible.

Before my dear Maud came to the Grange the Abbot's room was dismantled and the bed destroyed. The door is always kept locked. I sometimes show the room to curious visitors who usually exclaim at its fine proportions, and declare that it ought to be used and the tragedy forgotten. In our time, at any rate, it will not be used. When in due course my son becomes master, he must do as he likes.

## WILLOW PIPES

By DUNCAN CAMPBEEL SCOTT

SO in the shadow by the nimble flood  
 He made her whistles of the willow wood,  
 Flutes of one note with mellow slender tone;  
 (A robin piping in the dusk alone).  
 Lively the pleasure was the wand to bruise,  
 And notch the light rod for its lyric use,  
 Until the stem gave up its tender sheath,  
 And showed the white and glistening wood beneath,  
 And when the ground was covered with light chips,  
 Gray leaves and green, and twigs and tender slips,  
 They placed the well-made whistles in a row,  
 And left them for the careless wind to blow.





OLD FRENCH-CANADIAN PIONEER

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy

11-12-1941

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# SPEEDING THE PLOUGH

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

‘YOU’RE a good lass, and not so bad to look at,’ observed Aunt Maria, “—in fact there’s times when I do think you’re a bit too good for this world!”

Elizabeth Bagshaws had gathered sufficient flowers to fill the posset-jug on the parlour table. She smiled pleasantly, and lifted up the posey so that she might inhale the rich fragrance.

“You’re wanting to say something,” she said. “I’ve known ever since you came a week ago this evening—as you meant to give me a talking-to! Prythee out with it.”

The stout old woman, who sat very comfortable in a wooden armchair that her niece had brought from the house and placed under the sycamore tree, shook her head and pursed her lips. She was comely to the eye—a creature whose very aspect declared content with the world. Her hands were clasped complacently in her lap, over which she had spread a great yellow-and-red handkerchief.

“Well, I reckon what’s got to be said had best be said,” she remarked wisely, “And as I’m going back to the Woodlands to-morrow, there isn’t much time. I’m not one of those as minces matters. Why don’t you and Joel Haslam set up house together?”

The rich colour rose to Elizabeth’s cheeks. For the moment she looked not a day more than twenty-five.

“I don’t—I don’t know,” she stammered. “That’s more nor I can answer—”

“Od’s me, you’re a riddle, that you are,” cried Aunt Maria. “Here’s the chap been coming after you two or three times a week for the last ten year, and yet nayther of you seem any forrarder. Do you mean to have him or not?”

“I’m sure I can’t say,” replied poor Elizabeth. “To tell you straight, Aunt Maria, he’s ne’er put the question!”

“And whose fault’s that? Why long before I was your age—and that’s forty year ago—I’d as many lads running after me as I’ve fingers on both hands. ’Twas pick and choose, by Marry, so ’twas! Do you mean to tell me as you won’t give Joel a chance to speak?”

“Oh, chances—he’s had chances time and time again,” said the young woman, with the faintest shade of bitterness; “but ’tis all one—he’ll ne’er take his chance.”

“Then if you take my advice, you’ll put a stop to his hanging about,” said Aunt Maria. “Lord bless me, you’re thirty now—and as far as I can remember you’re the only one connected wi’ me who has kept single beyond twenty-two.” She shook her head more seriously than ever. “If you are not careful you’ll be left an old maid. Give Joel the go-by, and get another chap—once you’ve shown him the door they’ll swarm quick enough. ’Tisn’t as if you hadn’t money—”

“I couldn’t, Aunt,” said Elizabeth. “Him and me’s grown up together; we’re like brother and sister.”

"Twittle-twattle!" exclaimed the dame. "He's no good is Joel, and that's plain."

She chuckled inwardly at the sight of Elizabeth's pretty anger. The young woman's head was thrown back, her eyes sparkled as though she had been seriously affronted.

"He's one of those as won't wed," continued Aunt Maria, "—that is save to his own comfort. Every year putting more and more in the bank, I make no doubt. Spoiling you for other men, too—like a regular dog i' th' manger!"

"He's the best and kindest lad that was ever created!" said Elizabeth hotly. "Look to it how he stuck to the farm and paid off the mortgages as his father raised, so as his mother, poor soul, could rest with a peaceful mind!"

"Ay, but she passed away two or three year ago. He ought to have married you then—"

"He knows his own business best," said Elizabeth. "I've never made any complaint—"

"Happen 'twould have been better if you had," Aunt Maria made answer. "You needn't get ruffled, my dear, 'tis only for your good as I'm speaking."

Elizabeth moved towards the house; the dame, turning her eyes towards the sunken road, saw a corpulent little man waddling along the side-paths of rain-hollowed flags. She recognised the tenant of the next farm—a youngish widower who had inherited the place from a lately deceased cousin. He was dressed more smartly than the ordinary farmer, wearing a fine gray knickerbocker suit, gorgeous plaid stockings, and bright yellow shoes. His face was clean-shaven—a large expanse of red, with small eyes and nose and mouth. As he reached the moss-grown wall of the garden, he stopped short and touched his cap.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, but is Miss Bagshaw in?" he said. "I haven't had the pleasure of be-

ing introduced, but I heard as she's some fine Plymouth Rocks, and be-thought myself I'd like a sitting—one of my hens being broody."

Aunt Maria rose from her chair and made towards the gate. "To be sure, to be sure," she said. "Do you come inside—I'll go and tell my niece as you'd like a word with her. What name shall I say?"

"Mr. Daffy, at your service, ma'am," he replied, rubbing his forehead with the back of a fat smooth hand. "By Jowks, but 'tis vastly warm for May."

She bade him be seated in the chair she had left, and then went indoors to summon Elizabeth, who had just arranged the flowers to her satisfaction.

"There's Mr. Daffy, the new neighbour," she explained. "A good-like chap, there's no gainsaying. Wants a clutch of Rock eggs."

Elizabeth accompanied her to the garden, and the dame performed the introduction in a very stately fashion. The stranger had already made himself curiously at home. His pipe was lighted; Aunt Maria sniffed the fumes with outspoken pleasure.

"Better nor any flowers," she sighed. "Eh, dear, eh, dear! 'tis just the same shag as my poor dear man used for to smoke."

"Glad it pleases you, I'm sure," said Mr. Daffy. "There's nought sweeter in the country air than good shag. Eh, but you've a pretty spot here, Miss Bagshawe; being lifted up above the road, it gives one a fine view."

He proved himself a man of taste and perception; Elizabeth being home-fond, thought the glimpse of the river through great elms, and the water-meadows on the farther bank, with the heather-covered hills in the background, unparalleled in all England. And surely she was competent to judge, since she had travelled two or three times as far as Scarborough on the East Coast and Blackpool on the West. She went indoors, brought

out another chair for Mrs. Dobbs, then drew a jug of sparkling home-brewed for the suitor.

"Just the spot as pleases me," replied Mr. Daffy. "I was brought up to the hotel-keeping—my home was The Green Dragon at Ashbourne. A noisy rattling spot, never at rest from morn to night. It made me rare and glad to think that Cousin Wardlie had left me his property—I was thankful to know as I could rest—"

"You don't look as if you'd had overmuch work to do," said Aunt Maria agreeably. "I'd say you'd been accustomed to take things easy."

"So, so," he made answer. "You see, ma'am, though 'tisin't perhaps the thing for a man to tell about hissen, I've always had money in both pockets. My father he left me a pretty bit—if so be as I wanted, I could keep my horse and carriage with the best. Then I got a fortune with my wife, bless her! Ey, me, 'twas a fearsome blow—her death."

Elizabeth had presented the tankard; he raised it to his lips, nodded first to her and then to her aunt. "Here's to you, miss and ma'am." Then he swallowed the contents at a draught; a pleasant gurgle of satisfaction sounded in his throat.

"But I'm taking up your time," he said, "and I'm sure you won't want a man worriting about."

"You're welcome," Aunt Maria assured him. "Some there are who hold newcomers at a distance—just the same as if they'd got summat poisonous about 'em, but we—none of us—were e'er given that way. And you're here on business, and business is business."

As he conversed with Elizabeth about the setting of Plymouth Rocks' eggs, the good woman sat complacently, delighting in his personal charms.

"A bonny colour, there's no deny-ing it, she said to herself. And as for legs—well, those calves are a

sight to see! My word, but he looks as if he'd gotten money-bags more nor any man could empty—his stockings they're fair extravagant."

Her contemplation was disturbed by the unhasping of the gate, and the approach of a tall and well-knit man of about thirty-five. Unlike the stranger he was somewhat shabbily dressed—a patch was noticeable upon his right knee, and the edge of his blue tinted linen collar was frayed from end to end.

"Why, 'tis Joel Haslam!" cried the old woman. "Happen you've met him, Mr. Daffy—he lives at Silver Flat, t'other end o' the valley!"

Mr. Daffy protested that hitherto the pleasure had not been his, and soon the two men were engaged in a conversation about farming matters. Aunt Maria, after the first few sentences, rose and went to the house, turning to beckon for Elizatbeth to follow her.

"If I may take the liberty," said she as they passed through the doorway, "I'll ask 'em both in for a bit o' supper. 'Tis always best to be neighbourly, particular to folks as have just come. No use you saying as you're not provided—there's that great piece o' beef, and the cheese as I brought from home. I'll set to and lay the cloth, whilst you go to the pantry. Merey on us, wench, what-e'er do you think of Mr. Daffy's stockings? I ne'er in all my life saw ought so grand!"

"I hadn't noticed 'em, Aunt," replied Elizabeth. "What are they like?"

"Do you look through the window, my dear—they're gay as a kingfisher—all green and blue, wi' a dash o' gold. And in great tartant squares—each big as 'n envelope! I'm sure they're a sight to see!"

Elizatbeth satisfied her curiosity. "They are fine, that I won't deny," she remarked. "A bit too bright, though, for everyday."

Aunt Maria frowned. "Not so," she said. "I do love fine colours,

and I always did love 'em. Why, I'd give ought to have a pair like 'em myself."

"Well," said Elizabeth, recklessly. "There's no reason why you shouldn't. I'm a good knitter, as you're well aware—I'll make you some."

The dame clasped her hands in delight.

"Eh, 'twould be grand!" she murmured. "Same colours and same—same size—fro' the sight o' 'em his would just about fit me! Take notice o' the pattern, my love—I'll not be content if they're not exactly alike."

They laid the oval gate-legged table quickly: Elizabeth hastened to the vegetable garden for a salad of lettuce, and drew another jug of mild home-brewed. Then she summoned the two men indoors, and all sat together for a hearty meal. Mr. Daffy proved very entertaining, indeed he talked so much of his history at The Green Dragon that Joel—as he declared afterwards—could not "get a word in edgewise." And afterwards all drew round the low fire, whilst the men smoked, and the women sewed, just in as homely fashion as though Mr. Daffy had been a lifelong friend.

He spoke of music, and declared himself proficient as a concertina-player, and Aunt Maria bid her niece bring to light the instrument her deceased father had loved beyond all other. Then for an hour Mr. Daffy, who loved to be the centre of interest, played such tunes as quaint inn-keepers love, and at last, with no warning save a clearing of the throat, lifted up a sweet reedy pipe in "The Anchor's Weighed," and delivered the sentimental old song with such pathos that after the last "Remember Me," Aunt Maria was weeping openly and unabashedly.

"A lovely thing!" she sighed. "My husband used to sing it at Feast times—eh, but it does bring back the past! You don't sing, I reckon"—she turned to Joel—"in

all the years I've known you, I've ne'er heard you chirp a note!"

"Only in church of a Sunday even," he replied. "I'm not much good at warbling, for sure. 'Tis a fault in our family to know scarce one tune from another."

"Sing us something else, do ye, Mr. Daffy," she entreated. "Something about courting, for old as I be, I'm fond of hearing such."

The man was not at all reluctant; for the next hour or two all sat listening to his tender falsetto. Joel grew somewhat uneasy: he frequently coughed and looked at the clock. But Mr. Daffy made himself entirely at home, and seemed determined to stay until the very last moment. When his voice became tired, Aunt Maria suggested a game of whist, and they played "ten-up" until an hour before midnight.

"I reckon we'd best be going," said Joel pointedly after the third rubber. "'Early to bed and early to rise' is a good motto, and I know you're glad to go bedward by ten."

"Bless my soul!" cried Aunt Maria, "there's no hurry. It's many a year since I had such a pleasant time! Well, if you must go—you must. I wish you were going to be a neighbour of mine in the Woodlands, Mr. Daffy, 'stead of being one of my niece's. You're rare good company, and there's no denying it."

"It has been as pleasant to me," said Mr. Daffy. "Made me feel as if I wasn't a lorn widower any more. Ay, ma'am, I have enjoyed myself finely, and I hope as I shall again."

"I'm off home to-morrow," said Aunt Maria, "but I come over now and then to see Elizabeth, and I've no doubt we'll meet soon. Good-night to you both."

Joel strove to attract Elizabeth's attention for a word in private; but the good woman clung to her arm, and began to complain of her rheumatic twinges. For the first time she missed the habit of accompanying him to the gate. In the lane the

men said "good-night." Joel moved on a few yards, then stopped and watched the other pass out of sight in the shadows.

"Egad, this mustn't go on!" he said under his breath. "I must put a stop to him coming for sure!" Then he loitered back, and tapped at the house door, just as the candle-light flickered in the upper window. Realising that they had gone to bed, he went reluctantly homeward, switching the hemlocks by the wayside with a temper remarkable in one of such placid nature.

Meanwhile Elizabeth assisted her aunt to undress, and saw that she rested comfortably in the canopied bedstead. The dame rhapsodised concerning Mr. Daffy's physical charms, protesting that he was the handsomest man she had seen in a "week o' Sundays," and that the charms of his voice would wile the coyest bird from the tree.

"And on the look out for a wife, I dare swear," she concluded. "My word, Elizabeth, 'twould be a mighty fine thing if he chose you."

The thought made Elizabeth shiver. "How you do run on!" she expostulated. "You know as well as can be that Joel and I some day—"

"Ay, someday!" said Aunt Maria. "Well, we shall see, what we shall see. Good-night, wench, be sure and sleep well."

Elizabeth moved to the door; she called her to her bedside again. "You'll knit me them stockings as you've promised," she said. "'Tis a secret between us — and you must promise not to tell anyone as they're for your old aunty."

"Set your mind at ease," said Elizabeth. "I'll take good care nobody knows they're for you. Good-night."

It is certain that Aunt Maria's thoughts gave her an almost painful pleasure; as soon as she was alone she laughed—her head under the blankets — with such violence that her sides ached prodigiously. Exeite-

ment hindered her from resting well, and when Elizabeth brought her a morning cup of tea, she protested that she had not slept more than an hour. She made no further allusion to the stockings until she was sitting in the trap that had been sent from her home twelve miles away.

"Now mind you get the colours right," she said. "Eh, but I shall be set ut! 'Twill make me wish I was a little lass again, and able to dance among t'others with kilted skirts!"

That same day Elizabeth journeyed to Calton St. Anne's, purchased the necessary wool, and before evening, she had already done over one-third of the first stocking. The house felt curiously quiet without the garrulous old woman; she found herself wishing more than once that Joel would appear to alleviate her loneliness. A knock at the door made her heart jump; when she raised the latch, she saw the laughing Mr. Daffy standing cap in hand, in the porch.

"Time passed so quick last night that I quite forgot to ask for the sitting of eggs," he said. "I hope as I'm not intruding by calling now."

"Come inside," said Elizabeth. "I'll have the basket ready in a minute. 'Twas my place to have reminded you, but it quite slipped my memory."

Mr. Daffy sat in a corner of the settle, and brought out his pipe: when Elizabeth returned from the little lime-washed pantry he was smoking lustily. But as her aunt was no longer present she felt somewhat embarrassed, and prevented him from feeling entirely at ease by not sitting down for a talk.

"You're busy, happen," he said tentatively, "though for sure you don't look so."

"Woman's work is never done," replied Elizabeth. "So my mother used to say. Here's the eggs—I wish you luck with 'em."

He produced his purse. "And how much am I in your debt, Miss?" he inquired.

"Nought," said she. "As we're neighbours I can't charge—you shall give me a pullet when they're raised."

The man rose unwilling. "I'd best be getting home," he said. "I'm much obliged, that I am—if there's ought I can do for you, you're but to ask."

Elizabeth thanked him and declared that she would bear his offer in mind, then gave him her hand in token that he must depart.

"I was wondering as I come along if you'd give me a few Sweet Williams," he said softly. "You've a good many in the garden. A favourite 'tis with me, being my name-flower."

Much against her will Elizabeth accompanied him to the garden, and gathered a nosegay. Mr. Daffy having no further excuse for staying in her company, retired down the steps to the gate, almost stumbling into the arms of Joel Haslam. The bachelor was red and angry-looking—he gave no heed to the muttered apology, but strode towards Elizabeth, who turned hastily into the house.

"Tell you what, I don't like it," he said hotly. "I'm not going to

have yon chap coming after you in this fashion!"

Elizabeth stood aghast, her trembling hand overturned the wool-basket so that the gaily-coloured balls rolled upon the floor. "I don't know what you mean, Joel," she faltered. "Whatever have I done amiss?"

He caught sight of the stocking transfixed with needles. "'Tis to match those he's gotten!" he groaned. "Oh, 'Lizabeth, I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

The young woman's face brightened; there was something wonderfully fascinating in this hovering betwixt tears and laughter. He caught her roughly in his arms, and strained her to his breast.

"I wed you as soon as hanns are over," he said brokenly. "I daren't let you be free any longer."

"Why, Joel! Why, Joel!" she murmured.

"And you chuck yon stocking on the fire back, 'Lizabeth? Don't give him a thought—"

"I shall do nayther," said Elizabeth. "The stockings—the stockings—" then she began to laugh almost hysterically, "they're promised—but never to Mr. Daffy!"



# THE INCORRIGIBLE JAMES

BY WELLS HASTINGS

MRS. OAKLEY TODD thrust her needle impatiently into her work and laid it down for the fifth time within the hour.

"James," she called, "James."

There was no answer, and with a sigh that partook of the nature of an exclamation she left her seat by the window, which looked down so enthrallingly upon the busy street, and pushed aside the portières that separated the two rooms. Now the small rasping sound that had first attracted her attention was plainly audible above the muffled outside city noises—a shrill distinct little sound, and Mrs. Todd's rather fine eyes found at a glance its visible cause. Before the fireplace a little, black-haired boy was kneeling in a very ecstasy of intent endeavour, his thin back bent and rigid in laborious preoccupation.

"James," said Mrs. Todd again, "what are you doing?"

The thin oldish face, that seemed mostly eyes, glanced across at her for a moment but she received no answer; only the eyes flickered over her fearfully, then sought again the work at hand, and the rasping noise recommenced. Mrs. Todd, often as she had seen it, had never grown used to this look of still terror, nor had been able to read what it meant. Certainly the boy never acted as if he were afraid. It was always like this. If she called him he did not answer; then when she spoke to him suddenly and sharply, he would glance up round-eyed, look at her for a moment

as if she was a spectre, and turn again to whatever he happened to be doing at the time. And the things he happened to be doing were almost invariably things that Mrs. Todd particularly disliked. It must be admitted that they were things that almost anybody would have particularly disliked.

Now she left her place by the door and swept with pretty majesty across the room to bend graceful shoulders above the huddled, angular little form. With no very gentle hand she jerked the boy to his feet, then:

"James Bradley," she said, "you're a wicked, wicked, wicked little boy. What is the matter with you? How can you do such things?"

James squirmed and dug the point of the nail file, with which he had been at work upon the brass fender, through the loosely woven fabric of his sleeve.

"Give it to me." Mrs. Todd's voice was hard and cold, for the top bar of the fender was cut halfway through. "Give it to me, I say."

James put the file behind his back and scratched nervously at the mantel-piece.

This was more than Mrs. Todd could bear; the shapely hand resting on the boy's collar tightened convulsively; with the other she struck him a staggering little blow on the ear.

"Oh," said James, "oh, oh!" and squirmed away from her grasp.

She caught him again in a moment, but he still held the file behind him, and for all her superior strength she

was forced to scuffle for it until the pretty face was mottled with exertion and anger, and the piled hair toppled and disarranged. The file at last in her possession, she stood panting and speechless, while the boy fidgeted before her.

From time to time he snuffed a little, but it could not be said that he was crying. He, too, was out of breath. With one foot he made little crosses in the pile of the rug. Once or twice he raised a brown hand to the injured ear, rubbing it tentatively, but his eyes were kept on the floor. Through her anger Mrs. Todd heard at last the placid ticking of the mantel clock. With an effort she brought herself under some control.

"What made you do it?" she asked. "How can you be so bad?"

No answer.

"James, you must answer me. Don't you know you're a wicked boy to do such things?"

No answer.

"You're a sulky, wicked boy," said Mrs. Todd. "You're to go to your room, and stay there. I hope your uncle will see fit to whip you when he comes back."

James sighed and walked slowly toward the door, stopping on the way to kick the leg off a chair. On the doorsill he paused.

"May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd sank hopelessly into a chair.

"Haven't you got any sense of shame—or right—or wrong?" she asked.

James did not answer, but stood twisting and pulling his lower lip with finger and thumb. Mrs. Todd had turned her back on the door.

After she had thought him gone for two or three minutes and had begun to watch with absent interest the hanging out of an intimate "wash" in the cramped yard next door: "May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd started nervously.

"James, I told you to go to your room."

"But may I play with my cars?"

"Yes, yes, yes, play with anything you like, only obey me and leave me alone."

The little boy sighed and she heard him trudging evenly up the stairs.

For a long time Mrs. Todd sat still in weary reflection. Since his father's death, two years before, she had had many of these hours. Her sense of duty, if it was vague, was at least as strong as it was cloudy. And it was this very powerful, indefinite sense that had brought the perplexing care of little James Bradley into the Todd household. As a matter of fact, there had been no need that they should take him at all; for at his father's death, Janey Carson, his father's sister, had actually begged for him, and Sam Carson himself had been much more keen on taking him than had Oakley. And yet it seemed to her at the time, that she, more fitly than anyone else, should assume the care of her sister's child. As she pointed out to Oakley, Sam and Janey had their hands more than full already with their two little girls (who had always seemed to Mrs. Todd very much of an age) and a house so overrun with dogs and various other miscellaneous pets that it always made her uncomfortable to visit there.

Now, as many times before, she found her sense of duty rather a barren comfort. There could be no doubt about it; little James was a disappointment. There was even a disquieting mental whisper that perhaps after all she was not carrying out her duty well. Of course she had seen that the boy was well dressed, and his food what the doctor approved of. She had said his prayers with him and tried to teach him his letters. At the end of two years she found that she knew no more about the boy than she had at the beginning. She had known him to be his father's constant companion, and



had naturally expected him to be affectionate and demonstrative, qualities that she considered as admirable in a child as their open display to be vulgar in a person of maturer years, and yet, except for a natural little burst of tears on his first arrival, the boy had never shown much emotion of any kind. She recalled those tears now almost wistfully.

He had come, she remembered, a pathetic little boy of four, dressed in the outlandish mourning his father's devoted servants had chosen for him; and she had stretched out her arms to him, and, after a moment he had run to her, to bury his head against her breast and burst into a little storm of weeping, the first, the housekeeper said, since his poor, dear father's death. She herself was newly clothed in the garments of sorrow, and because she was not used to children and good clothes had always filled a large part of her rather empty life, she had shifted him ever so slightly that she might interpose her handkerchief between the new dress and the ruin of his tears. But at the handkerchief his tears had dried on the instant and he squirmed uncomfortably from her lap.

She had evidently overrated the child's capacity for emotion. Her sister, she knew, had adored him, and she was quite certain had never even been concerned about the boy's evident lack of intelligence. She wondered now if all parents were equally and instinctively blinded to the open faults of their children. For the boy was not only sullen and mischievous but actually dull. Other children of his age learned their letters readily enough, some could already read; but James professed an absolute and persistent ignorance of even the first three letters of the alphabet.

Nor could Oakley, who managed his office successfully and well, make any more of the boy than she could. Indeed, he had even laughed at her at first, until he himself had taken a

hand. Now he not only admitted failure but openly declared him mentally and morally deficient.

Perhaps this view of Oakley's was a little hard, and his own failure may have contributed somewhat to his harshness, but Mrs. Todd in spite of herself almost agreed with him. The filed fender before her was only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual gracelessness the Todd household had suffered under ever since the boy had come. He was like some malicious little hermit mouse who choose for the most part an unobtrusive solitude that was more apt than not to culminate in some small act of mischief, utterly upsetting the household serenity. Soon after his coming, she remembered, she had returned from an afternoon of shopping to find her room decked in disorderly brilliant festoons of already withering flowers, where bright carnations and roses predominated, and which told her at a glance that her dearly cherished boxes in the tiny conservatory off the dining-room had been stripped ruthlessly bare. She remembered this the more plainly as it was the first time her indignation had got beyond her self-control, and James had received silently the first of a series of well-deserved but unprofitable punishments.

Even then she had only struck him because her temper had got beyond her, for she did not believe in corporal punishment, and save on such occasions as this, when the enormity of the offence had induced a swift retribution, she had taken the saner method of sending the child to his room to ponder in solitude on the wrong he had done. She wondered if he ever did ponder on these wrongs, if so imperfect a sense of right and wrong had any reflective or repentant quality. And as she wondered she heard the front door opened and closed, and Oakley came down the hall and into the room. She looked up at him and sighed wearily.

"Why, what's the matter, Hilda?" Mr. Todd asked. "Has the boy been at it again?"

He was a handsome man, well-knit and correct, and she was fond of him and his sympathy.

"Look at that, Oakley," she answered, pointing at the outraged fender and the sift of brass filings on the hearthstone. "I don't know what on earth we are ever to do with the boy."

Oakley looked and swore softly under his breath.

"Lord, Hilda," he said, "do?" The boy deserves a beating and he is going to get one. It's all very well for you to send him off to reflect, as I suppose you've done now, but a child that does that sort of thing doesn't reflect at all. The old-fashioned remedy is the only one that will make him feel and remember."

"But don't you think it will seem inconsistent of us? I have carefully explained to him so often why he was not whipped, that every time we whip him I wonder if we are not doing wrong."

"No, we're doing wrong to let this kind of thing keep on. What on earth we took him for is more than I'll ever be able to explain to myself. In another year we can send him away to school. Before then, I expect, he will burn down the house about our ears. Do you suppose it would be too late to lend him to the Carsons for a little while? They seemed anxious enough for him at first, and you're getting all tired out with the child. I think it's only fair that they should stand part of the burden, and he has as much claim on them as he has on us."

"I don't know what we're ever going to do with him, Oakley, and I do wish that we had let Sam and Janey take him in the first place. But if we should go to them now, wouldn't it look as if we had no steadfastness of purpose?"

"Steadfastness of purpose be hanged! I am not going to see you

in nervous prostration just for a little thing like that. Good gracious! What's that? I told you so."

The wild screams of a frightened servant sounded from the floor above. Oakley Todd dashed out of the room to take the stairs at a rush, leaving his wife standing with one hand pressed against her heart.

For a moment or two there were omnious runnings to and fro and the rumbling shift of furniture. Then, a somewhat disheveled Mr. Todd returned, dragging by the collar a resisting, black-smutched little boy.

"Just as I said," panted Mr. Todd, "he'll have the house burned down about our ears. No, don't be frightened, a pitcher of water put it out. But the curtains are ruined and the carpet soaked. The boy's a perfect little devil."

James rubbed the back of a blackened hand across his mouth. He looked puzzled, but this time was plainly frightened.

"I was lighting a fire in my locomotive," he said, as if half in explanation and half in apology.

"That settles it," said Mr. Todd savagely. "If Carson is fool enough to take him, he shall have him. The country's the place for a child anyhow."

When Mrs. Todd wrote Janey Carson that night, however, she thought it only fair to give the Carsons some hint of the true reason of their request and a fair warning of the problem they would undertake should they now, at this late date, consent to receive their incorrigible nephew.

"He is cold, mischievous and sulky," she wrote, "and I am afraid would have a bad influence on your two, sweet little girls; but our resources and our patience are both at an end, and unless you care to try the experiment, we shall have to send him away as soon as possible to some school where they know how to manage such boys."

"Sammy," said Mrs. Carson, when

she had read through to the end, "they're beaten. They're at the end of their rope six months sooner than you said they would be, and we can have him. They shan't get him again, shall they, Sammy?"

Carson, long, thin and humorous, unfolded himself from the armchair at the head of the table, and coming around, bent over his wife's shoulder to kiss her.

"You bet they shan't, Janey," he said. "I'll stipulate that we're to keep him, if we take him at all. What do they say about him? Why Janey, girl, what on earth are you crying about?"

Mrs. Carson turned blue eyes that struggled between laughter and tears to her husband's face.

"Oh, just the whole thing," she said, slipping her hand into his "Just those good, proper, dutiful idiots, and that poor forlorn little serap. Hilda must have suffered torments. You know duty and fairness are hobbies of hers and she writes me that 'James,' as she calls him, in addition to many other things is 'cold, malicious and sulky.'"

"Well, I guess he is," said Sam Carson.

"Sam!"

"Certainly, I mean what I say. Isn't it about time you were off to school, kiddies?"

The little Misses Carson blushed and put down their suspended spoons. When they had said good-bye twice around, and the Carsons were left alone, Carson drew his chair close up beside his wife's.

"I mean exactly what I say, Janey," he said, "and if we are going to take the boy we must make up our minds to it. We undoubtedly shall find him all of those unpleasant things, and it will upset things and spoil the kiddies' manners, but if you are game to try it, I am."

"But 'cold,' Sam!"

"Well, I know, but I really think he will be cold. You will have to soak him in the solution of yours, Janey,

and then we can peel him for fair."

"Peel him?" Mrs. Carson asked suspiciously. "What solution?"

Sam Carson's humorous mouth twitched. "Oh the same you soaked another erank in," he said.

"Don't tease me," she said. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Love," Mr. Carson whispered, and pushed back his chair. "I believe I'll go up and get him this afternoon, if you say so."

"You'd better telephone them," said Mrs. Carson, "and then bring him here as late as you can. I want some chance to get his room ready. The children's room is so nice that his will seem pretty bare to him at first, I am afraid."

"He probably won't notice it one way or the other," said Mr. Carson.

"Yes, he will, Sam. You know as well as I do that's part of the whole thing. If he is ever going to be proud either of himself or of us, we must give him something to be proud of. Of course, I don't know, never having had a son before. But from what I've seen of other people's boys, I should say a boy took as much satisfaction in a room of his own as girls do in theirs; although of course in a different way."

So that all that day Mrs. Carson moved, shifted and arranged, pausing to view her efforts from time to time, and trying the very difficult feat of imagining herself a little boy of six. But when she came downstairs from tucking her new problem into bed, she smiled in happy triumph at her husband.

"Well, how did you get on?" Sam asked. "You will admit he's not demonstrative."

"No, poor little soul, he isn't," said Mrs. Carson, "but I got at him well enough. I think we rather puzzle him, Sam, and that he will be good enough for two or three days while he wonders about us. I never saw such a child. All his emotions seem to have been replaced by a sort

of passive resistance. I actually had to put his arms around my neck myself when I kissed him good-night. He doesn't know what an honest hug is. But you wait and see, Sam, I am going to teach him."

For two or three days things went smoothly enough. Jimmy, as he had been rechristened, crept about awe-struck in a strange new world. The little suburban town seemed to him the wildest open country — and the people careless happy-go-lucky beings. He said little to anyone and his small cousins; prepared and eager to welcome him as a brother, were surprised and disappointed at his silent rejection of the affection they frankly offered.

"Jimmy isn't used to little girls," their mother explained to them, "and you must pretend not to notice if he isn't nice to you."

But as the strangeness wore away, the old imp of silent mischief returned to Jimmy. Little things disappeared from their familiar places, small trifles were found broken, and here and there a door or panel bore the devastating hieroglyphics of restless accustomed little hands.

"I guess it's your turn now, Sam," said Mrs. Carson.

She told him the tale of growing outrage.

"All right," said Sam complacently, "send him along."

"You won't hurt him, will you, Sam?" said Mrs. Carson.

Carson grinned expansively. "Not unless he needs it," he said.

Mrs. Carson brought Jimmy into the room with her arm about his shoulder. At the doorway she stooped, kissed him and left him to his fate. The old trouble was in Jimmy's eyes and the old look of still uncomprehended terror on his face. With his hands behind him, he picked and twisted at the portière.

"Well, Jimmy," said Carson.

Jimmy's eyes sought the floor, but he did not answer.

"I want to talk to you, Jimmy.

Suppose you come over here near me."

Jimmy did not look up, but dragged laggard feet across the floor. When he reached Carson's side, Carson leaned over and swung him onto his lap with a strength that startled and pleased him—he naïvely and secretly supposed that Carson acquired it in tilling the soil.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said. "I want you to listen to me very carefully, will you?"

In the surprise at his new situation, Jimmy nodded.

"Well, this is it, Jimmy boy. You've come here to stay for always. Do you remember your father, Jimmy?"

There was a little pause, then the close-cropped head nodded eagerly.

"Well, it's like that," said Carson. "I haven't any little boy, you know, and so you're to live here with us and be our little boy, and I'm going to be your father, as soon as I learn how, and you are going to have a mother too; and we are going to love you for always and always. Do you understand?"

As Carson talked the boy's brows drew down in a deep frown. With the question he positively scowled, then his face cleared, and sighing deeply, he nodded again, almost smiling at the success of his mental effort.

"Good," said Carson. "Now, I want to talk about that scratch in the door. I know you made that one, because I saw you do it. You aren't going to do that kind of thing any more, Jimmy. It isn't very much fun, anyway, and it's foolish to go around scratching your own house. You see, if you are going to be our boy and this is our house, then it's your house too. You must be just as careful of it as you can. You mustn't take little things, either, Jimmy. If you want a thing, you ought to ask for it. I wouldn't go up in your room and take one of your new chairs unless I asked you. And when you break something, come and

tell about it. Nothing is going to happen to you for something you didn't mean to do. But you come and tell about it right out and see how much better you'll feel around your middle."

Jimmy nodded again, and the ghost of a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

"All right," said Carson. "You look up mother now, and tell her that's all fixed."

This talk with Jimmy was supplemented by finding him something to do.

"He can learn the school things when he gets over his mental paralysis," said Carson. "In the meantime, we'll get him ready."

So Jimmy was introduced to the delights of gardening. Carson was himself a gardener of sorts and his heart warmed at the boy's first evident enthusiasm. For Jimmy, once gardening was explained to him, once his little, lonely, cramped mind in some way glimpsed a fragment of the majestic panorama of delving, seed-time and harvest, lavished his restless activity of mind and body upon the six-foot corner that had been staked out as his own. And with the garden he was endlessly patient; although plants were mistaken for weeds, or died of too much inspection, with his garden Jimmy never lost heart.

"It seems as if he grew with it, Sam," Mrs. Carson said, and Carson thought her quite right. For although the mischief continued, it grew less and less, and day by day Jimmy learned better what Mrs. Carson was pleased to call his "lessons in demonstrativeness." This does not mean that he successfully kept out of all trouble. Little by little the Carsons discovered that Jimmy was a liar.

"It's the one thing I won't stand," Carson said. "and we'll make it plain to him as soon as we can get hold of one thing we're sure of."

The opportunity was not long in

coming, and it came in such a way that Carson was able to "kill two birds with one stone," as he explained it afterwards to Janey, when they were comforting each other about what they had done, and refreshing themselves with mutual assurances that they had lived up to their convictions. Carson had acted swiftly and promptly, but when he had finished found himself unexpectedly sick and in need of his wife's reassurance.

"I am sure that there will be welts on him, Janey," he said. "It was perfectly disgusting."

"Never mind," Janey repeated for the twentieth time. "Any sensitive child would rather have it than be sent into Coventry. You had to do it, you know, Sam, but now you may never have to do it again. You have always said, you know, that a whipping should be a thorough job, something to be always remembered."

"I shall always remember it, at any rate," Sam answered ruefully. "I got the poor kid in my room, Janey, and gave him plenty of chance to tell me the truth. At first he wouldn't say a thing, then he lied out of it amazingly. If you and I both hadn't seen him take the thing from Dora's bureau, I should have thought he was really innocent."

"Then what did you do, Sam?"

"Well, I took the knife out of his pocket and showed it to him. I had already told him I would let him off if he told me the truth. Then I explained that he was to get two licks for stealing, because it's sneaking and ungentlemanly, and three licks for lying, because that was worse. I told him I was going to hurt him a lot and that I hoped he would be man enough to try at least not to cry about it. And by some marvel he didn't, Janey; only a tear or two sneaked out. That was doing pretty well, for I hit him about as hard as I could, and a bamboo cane is no joke. I am afraid I blubbed as much as he did myself."

Carson blew his nose savagely and

swore under his breath. "I am going to look the kid up now," he said, "and help him dig up that last corner of his garden. The poor, little soul needs some help." And all the rest of that afternoon he and Jimmy grubbed side by side together, conversing in intimate monosyllables.

And as the summer advanced, it commenced to look as if Carson really had killed two birds with one stone; for Jimmy's petty thievings came abruptly to an end, and as far as anyone knew, he had overcome his more deep-rooted habit of lying. His look of stupid terror had gone, too, banished by care and outdoor work and the thralling interest of two great and growing passions, only one of which, however, the Carsons realised. This was the interest he took in his garden in general and in a freakishly tremendous watermelon in particular.

It was really an enormous melon. Carson himself bragged about it on the train, and to Jimmy's dreams it appeared as big as the promises of a seed catalogue. Janey, too, took a vivid interest in it, and found it a sort of Rosetta stone by which she read the obscure writings of Jimmy's heart. They all agreed that the melon would be ripe about the time of Jimmy's birthday, and that then there should be a feast and the neighbours and their children asked in—the elders to admire, the children to banquet in Jimmy's honour, at a table where the birthday cake should be only incidental, and the wonderful melon the *pièce de resistance*, Jimmy always went out to see it the first thing in the morning and bade it tender farewells at night.

It was in the garden that Carson found him one evening on his return from the city. To his surprise there were two other boys with him, bigger boys, whose rough voices and oath-spangled speech told Carson, even before he came near enough to make out the trouble, that they were what Jimmy and boys of his ac-

quaintance called "muckers." He heard Jimmy's voice rising in shrill protest, and started toward them on a run, but changed his mind and hid behind the sparse hedge of lilac bushes which partly hid the garden from the house. He stopped with the deliberate intention of eavesdropping, for it seemed to him an excellent opportunity to observe the conduct of Jimmy.

One of the boys had a watermelon already in his arms, not the sovereign and incomparable melon, but a smaller, ordinary one of Carson's own. They were not standing in Jimmy's part of the garden.

"You can't have it, I tell you," Jimmy was saying. "It is one of father's melons."

"Who's going to stop me?" the boy asked roughly. "Not you," and he described Jimmy's slightness and physical ineffectiveness profanely. The other boy shoved Jimmy back with a laugh.

"You're—you're thieves," Jimmy panted. "It doesn't belong to you. It belongs to us."

Carson glowed at the "us."

The boys laughed again scornfully. The old look of pallid terror and obstinacy had begun to show in Jimmy's face. Carson told himself argumentatively that this was not cowardice; it was perfectly natural to be frightened at such odds.

"Hey!" Jimmy called out, when the boys had gone only a few steps.

"Well?" the one who held the melon snarled.

Jimmy's face was working with a great internal strife. "It's poisoned," he blurted.

The boys turned and came back to him. "Poisoned? Wotcher mean?"

Jimmy shifted his eyes to the ground, as was his habit of old; but now that he had taken the plunge, he was glibness itself.

"Yes," he went on, "my father got tired of having his melons stolen, and so he poisoned a lot of them, and that's one of them."

"Well, show us one that ain't," the boys said, half convinced.

"I—I don't know them apart," said Jimmy.

The boy cast the melon from him, where it thudded without breaking in the soft earth. Jimmy skipped between it and the foe. For a moment the boys lingered, undecided whether to believe him or not, but dark shadow of possible death was too much for them, and at last they turned away. Carson from his place of concealment heard Jimmy's sharp sob, and saw something in Jimmy's face which almost frightened him.

"Hey!" Jimmy called again, and again the boys stopped, "I—I lied," blurted Jimmy. "They're not poisoned at all, but you can't have them. Won't you please go away and not touch them?"

Their answer was to pick up a melon apiece. Jimmy was sobbing openly now. "If you put them down," he blurted, "I'll give you *my* melon, a much, much bigger melon, truly, the biggest melon you ever saw, the biggest melon in the world."

Carson had heard enough. With a shout he sprang out from behind the hedge, and swept down upon them, vengeance incarnate. It was the work of a minute to dispose of them, to crash their heads together,

and kick them from his boundaries. He caught Jimmy up in his arms as if he had been a baby. "Good boy," he said, "good boy," and Jimmy looked up at him surprised at the queer roughness in his voice.

"Sam," said Mrs. Carson that evening, when she came down from tucking the children into bed, "I had a telephone from Hilda this afternoon."

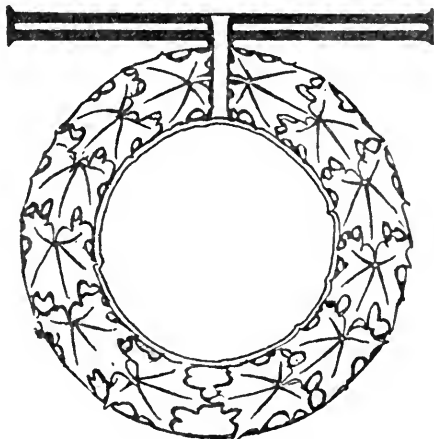
"Anything particular?" Sam asked absently.

"I can't understand Hilda, Sam. She said her conscience had been troubling her and she was worried because she had put such a great burden upon us, that it wasn't fair we should have the entire worry of that little incorrigible."

"Huh," said Carson, "what did she propose to do?"

"She wants to share the expense with us of sending him away to school."

"She does, does she?" said Sam angrily. "Well, you tell her that when Jimmy is old enough and wants to go, we'll send him ourselves, but just at present Jimmy is enjoying himself being part of a real family." He laughed and reached for the hand that rested on his shoulder. "If she doesn't believe it," he said, "she can ask Jimmy."



# NEIL McNEIL : ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

BY M. L. HART

NEIL McNEIL! There is, at least to those of Celtic blood, something euphonious and compelling about this simple reiteration—Neil McNeil. It reminds one of that other dauntless Celt who when offered an earldom by Elizabeth gave out the proud reply: "Earl me no earl; I am the O'Neil!"

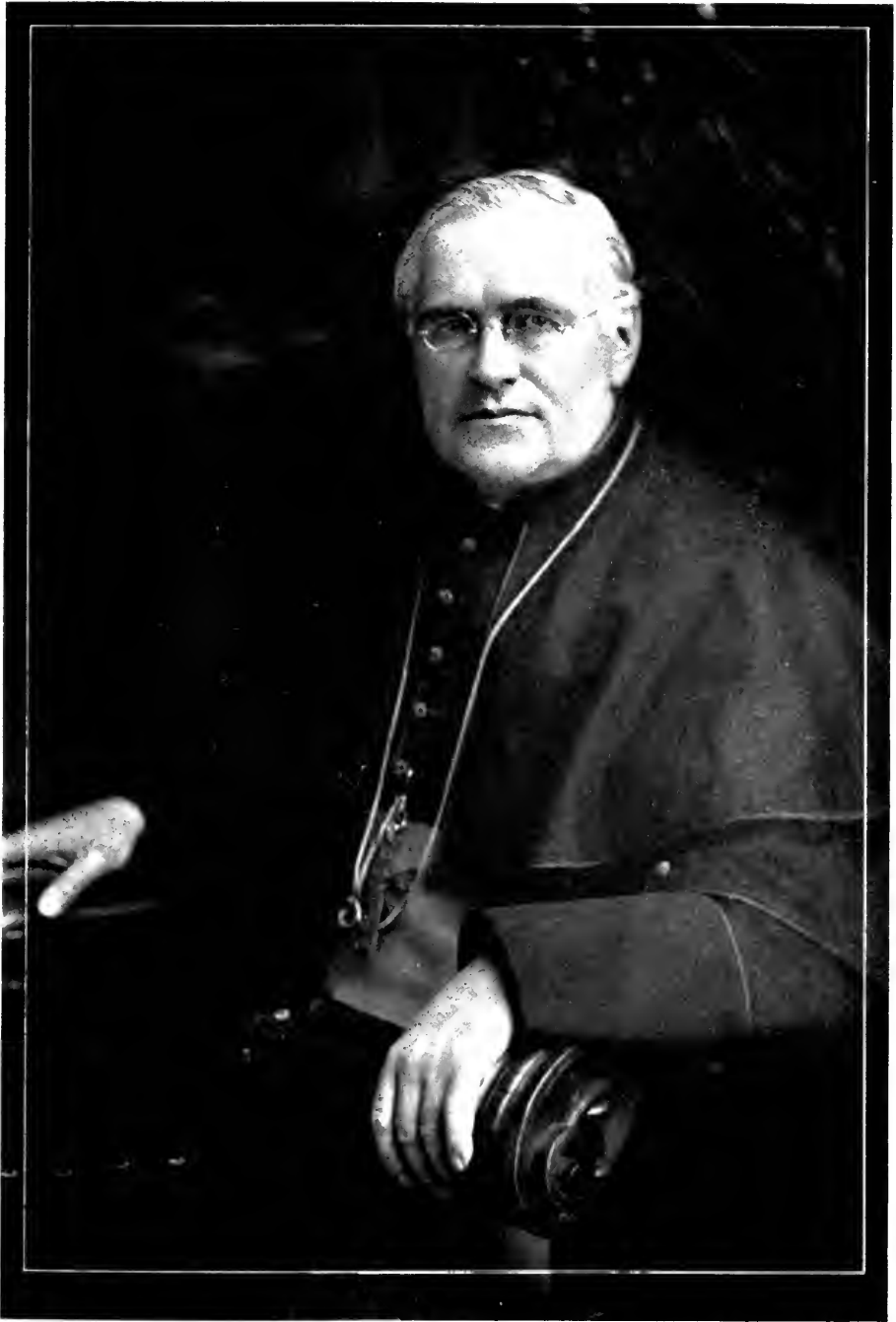
A scholar of undoubted eminence, a mathematician who can solve abstruse astronomical problems, a linguist with a knowledge of many tongues, French, Latin, Italian, Greek, Gaelic and English, acquainted with scholastic life in France and Italy, with missionary life in far-away Newfoundland, and Episcopal experience in both the west and east of Canada, Archbishop McNeil remains, nevertheless, a prelate of the most unassuming character.

As may be inferred by anyone interested in the study of names, this new head of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Toronto is of Highland Scottish descent, even though another of the great Celtic nations has a claim, and that no small one, his mother being Irish. So that we have in charge of this important jurisdiction a Celt of the Celts, and in the same person a true Canadian, for Neil McNeil was born at Hillsborough, Nova Scotia, and his energies have been devoted to the work of what is best for Canada and its people.

The position of an ecclesiastic of

high standing in the Catholic Church is one that lends itself to an atmosphere of grandeur that often impresses even to the point of the spectacular. On occasions of church ceremony it has been declared by a critic that a bishop arrayed in full canonicals is more impressive even than a king in his robes of state. Sometimes, however, impressiveness is given by forces more subtle than habiliment most rare and costly—simplicity, directness, earnestness, sincerity, naturalness in word and action, an utter lack of ostentation. These are qualities that make themselves felt by all who come within their influence and they are all attributes of Archbishop McNeil in an exceptional degree. At his official installation in St. Michael's Cathedral, on the Sunday preceding Christmas, when the large church was taxed to its utmost capacity with those anxious for a first look at the new Shepherd, the unassuming bearing of the man who in the procession of ecclesiastics wore the mitre and carried the crozier of the Archdiocese was felt by everyone present, and at that moment was established between pastor and people a feeling of kinship which all circumstances since have served but to strengthen. The opening words of His Grace, when after the ceremony of enthronement, he ascended the little pulpit which had been rolled out into the middle aisle to give all the best opportunity pos-





HIS GRACE THE MOST REVEREND NEIL McNEIL, D.D.

Archbishop of Toronto

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

sible of hearing his address, were felt by everyone to come right from the heart, and as such they went right to the hearts of those to whom he spoke. He told of his great surprise when one morning in far-off Vancouver he found among his ordinary mail a letter from Rome. This in itself was not especially out of the ordinary, but the surprise came when the contents informed him he had been appointed to the Archbishopric of Toronto.

At first the news was not welcome. Had he consulted his own pleasure he would have refused. So absorbed had he become in the Diocese of Vancouver, so interested in its affairs, that to leave it would never be of his seeking, but in obedience to the power to whom it had been given to "bind and to loose" he accepted the commission which loosened him from the far West and would carry him across the continent to bind him to another diocese.

On the same occasion, too, the broad and democratic spirit of the new prelate revealed itself, when he urged that a wider outlook than parish, city, or even province, should prevail, that all parts of the Dominion should learn to know and to understand one another, and he added his conviction that before the close of another century Canada would stand among the great nations of the world. He urged his people to live so that posterity might be able to credit them with a laudable share in the evolution of the greater Canada.

On the occasions when His Grace has since made opportunity to visit our institutions or mingle with the people, the friendliness of feeling between him and all classes and creeds has been everywhere increased. At these times there has been nothing in dress save the touch of purple rising

above the coat collar to distinguish him from others of clerical rank. Even the hand that wears the jewelled circlet of office is for the most part carried behind the back, seemingly to avoid the formality of "kissing the ring" which many unaccustomed to the little ceremony find trying.

When Archbishop McNeil speaks, his words are few and they are never wasted. His one leading desire seems to be for an outlook over the Dominion as a whole, to lead people, young and old, away from provincialism and the narrow outlook of "ourselves and ourselves alone."

His broad sympathies are a result, no doubt, of his varied career. After studying at St. Francis Xavier College, at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, he pursued his courses in theology at the College of the Propaganda, Rome, and at the University of Marseilles, France. Returning to Nova Scotia, he became rector at St. Francis Xavier, editor of *The Aurora*, and later, of *The Casket*. Afterwards he became Bishop of Nilopolis, then Bishop of St. George's, Newfoundland, and in 1910 Archbishop of Vancouver.

So interested has he become in the people and things of his new diocese that his figure is already familiar to a great number. Men of all classes and creeds have given him welcome. The press has greeted him with cordial words. Representatives of different religious and municipal bodies were at his installation and his reception at the beginning of the year. The Gaelic Society, in a beautifully-worded address, greeted him in the tongue of the McNeils, bidding him *Caid milc faillte*. In a word, Archbishop McNeil is at home in Toronto, and he is held in high esteem by all classes among whom his lot is now cast.



"The mystery and wonder of a Spring evening descended upon the Woods"

## SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS

BY DUNCAN ARMBRUST

AFTER many days of severe frost there came a night when there was a sound of musketry in the woods. Trees were cracking continuously and from the pond came a great boom, which went ripping up the creek, past the elms and into the heart of the Beech Woods, sending a thousand echoes out upon the still night. Winter was making her last stand.

Through the days that followed, a black curtain of haze hung low on the horizon to the north. The air was soft and caressing, full of rumours of the south, flowers and sunshine and the vast migrations of feathered folk that had already begun.

Over the ice in the creek a broad, clear sheet of water came sweeping out past the elms and flooded the

pond. It did not rest there, but journeyed on through the fields and meadows, under bridges and old rail fences down to the Chippewa.

Close on the heels of the great thaw the March Wind came and swept the woods with vociferous thunderings. It sang and shouted and tossed the giant tops at will, threshing the supple limbs about in its boisterous play. It flew down the avenues in majestic strides, hurtling last year's leaves from place to place. Like a thousand charging steeds they raced through the woods, past the gray boles of the beeches, to rest for a moment in some hollow until the caprice of another eddying gust sent them charging back again. At night the wind died down. The roar of battle ceased for a time. The 'coon



"Upon the smooth bark nature had painted with a subdued and wonderfully soft brush

descended from his home in the elm by the creek and hunted the pools for food. From time to time he sent forth his thrilling message of love upon the still night and started his nocturnal wanderings in search of a mate. In the gray of the dawn he climbed back to a hollow in some tree wherever his search had led him.

Up from the earth the pungent od-

but and from hut to apartment. It is the ancient germ of restlessness which rouses us, even as it did the nomad, eons and eons ago.

A voice from the pond awoke and was joined by another and another. As the nights became warmer a perfect oratorio of praise ascended along the creek and far back to the dark pools of the woods. This is



"A clear sheet of water runs past the Elms"

ours of dead leaves and moss arise, filling the air with the very essence of spring. This is the indomitable call of the out-of-doors. It is not the light of the morning, nor the lengthening of days nor the call of the first robin which awakens the spring unrest, but the magic breeze that floats in at the open window, laden with memories of a glorious green earth. This is the potent incense which awakens the ancestral vagabondage of man and drives him out to seek the healing of the sky and fields and woods. This is the primal instinct following us down through the ages, from cave to tepee, from tepee to

sweet music to the growing boy, and is a signal to remove boots and stockings and tickle those longing toes of his in the new grass. It is a true harbinger of summer warmth. At this time the Beech Woods begin to take on new life. In the centre, where the old snake fence winds its way among the trees, the gray and black squirrels began to frisk about and renew acquaintance with their kind. They played tag among the upper branches and sped along the smooth limbs, leaping the open spaces between and sailing gracefully through the air with broad outstretched tails, alighting on the very fing-

er-tip of a swaying branch. When they reached a rough-barked maple they changed their game to hide-and-seek and went circling round and round the trunk in reckless chase. Like children let loose from school they froliced in the sunshine and the newborn freedom of spring. However, they seldom strayed far from their home trees. Besides the dang-

the shrill cry of the jay or the merry voice of the chick-a-dee. But now the drummer came to call the scattered army of the feathered tribes together. From the top of a hollowed stub there sounded on the morning air the long roll of the yellow-shafted woodpecker, heralding the arrival of spring and alternately making the woods resound with *weccher*.



"Sometimes the neighbour's dog came to the woods."

er from the neighbour's dog, who sometimes interrupted their foraging expeditions on the forest floor, they had a natural enemy who was a constant menace to their life and happiness. The reds sometimes made life a trial and often drove them home, where they remained to scold in harsh defiance. The gray squirrel, with his slow movements and his peaceful nature, is no match for the peppery red, who is a fierce fighter and always a bad neighbour to his gray and black kindred.

The winter birds seldom strayed from their pine thicket to the north, and only occasionally was the silence of the Beech Woods enlivened with

*weccher!* A note true to the woods.

A robin carolled from the topmost branch of the old beech by the road and a song-sparrow, on his favourite stake in the fence below, answered with his one splendid tune. Of the robin's song there was no beginning and no end; no subtle prelude, no grand climax; but a continuous flow of pulsating melody. The sparrow below sang an old old song, suggestive of the dawn in its first clear notes, then growing in fervour and ending in a mad, ecstatic whirl. Oft repeated, it was assuring, assuring to all renewing life that spring had really come. The bluebirds examined last year's home in the birch and

held an animated conversation at first. Then one disappeared and returned through the little door and seemed satisfied that all was well. Theirs is the sweeter song, because of its low, soft tones, and one must be close and listen carefully to catch the fine grace and beauty of the notes.

echoes of the turmoil and strife of battle. The English sparrows—those rogues of the bird world—do not sing but fight or dance their way to the heart of a mate with a dizzy reel or a stately cotillion as the case requires.

Down by the creek the “pussy willow” catkins hung loaded with yel-



“Far back in the deep pools of the woods

Every day added numbers to the army of choristers, each hour new voices were heard to swell the grand festival of song. The meadow larks returned to the meadow at the east of the woods and gave an added touch of life to the creeping greenness of the fields. The family of crows who, all through early spring, had been disturbers of the peaceful woods, now became silent and wary as they began the business of home-making. Echoes from the farmyard of the Neighbour reached the woods;

low pollen. Buds swelled in the warm sunshine, and the earliest flowering tree—the June berry—showed its white stars at the border of the woods. Long before this the hepaticas had pushed their dainty flowers above the soil and run riot among the roots of the beeches. The yellow adder’s-tongue, with its beautiful spotted leaves, grew abundantly along the eastern clearing and nodded in banks of yellow loveliness. The first hint of renewing life—that purplish haze of the far spring woods





" Stroked with a giant brush nearly to its top



" The Incomparable Beauty of Beech Bark "

—was lost in a braver colour, and now blood and sap mounted gloriously together.

When the beeches began to unfold their russet-jacketed buds it was here the Neighbour came with his dog, to walk among the trees and share in the great new hope of the

squirrels and the birds and the violets of the woods. After the first flush of reviving life had passed, there came a pageant of golden green that brightened the gray of the Beech Woods and gave a setting of rarest beauty to the gray blue boles of the trees.

Who has watched the birth of the beech leaves? One day we see the unfolding of the frail young things in pairs, with a downy covering of silver-green; in the night there comes a shower, and, behold! next day the leaves are open—exquisite delicate forms of transparent green.

Few trees there are that approach the incomparable beauty of the beech bark. The buttonwood, with its marvellous browns and creamy white and green, is perhaps the only serious rival. From the pale gray of the young whip beech to the sombre green of the patriarehal tree there is an unending variety of colours. Upon the smooth bark nature has painted with a subdued yet wonderfully subtle touch. There is nothing extravagant or loud about the colouring, but something infinitely restful and harmonious. No two are exactly alike in form or markings, no single tree is destitute of some individual touch. Here we see a giant rearing its head far above its fellows, straight and clean of limb, stroked with a mammoth brush nearly to its top. Now we meet a sturdy cousin, strong of build, wide of girth, with limbs far spreading, low to the ground. Again we see the graceful rounded form of one painted in a dozen tints of delicate colour, with here a touch of blue and there a touch of purple, now a shade of green and even a suggestion of unobtrusive yellow, all rare and pleasing. Mosses and lichen cling to the older trees, often supplying the distinctive touch that beautifies some otherwise plain guardian of the wood. Down in the soft loam the beech trees sink their roots like giant fingers clutching the earth. The elemental forces may wreck their tops but seldom does it lose that splendid grip.

The neighbour came to the woods one May day when all nature was busy performing her wonders. A chipmunk who had his home under the stump by the gap waited in silence until he came within three paces

then disappeared in his hole with a chattering squeak to re-appear almost instantly on the opposite side. A little way beyond a yellow warbler perched in the branches above, startled him with a rollicking song. This was at the full tide of the mating season of the birds, the season of promise, of love, hope and home-making. The neighbour sat down beside the solitary chestnut which stands near the path, to watch and learn the many secrets of the woods. A saucy red squirrel discovered his presence and then and there began a dissertation on the virtues of mankind in general and this one specimen in particular. As he grew louder in his protests he became bolder and approached by little runs with hind parts flat and raised on his fore paws. His eyes sparkled with mischievous fun, his tail quirking and jerking in accompaniment to his spasmodic utterances. He scolded and chattered and scoffed, then suddenly turned with a squeal of derision and ran up the tree where he remained to scold from safer distance.

Farther along the path the dogwood was a bower of white, and its strong perfume filled the air, blending with that of the flowers beneath and the apple blossoms which came floating to the woods from the orchard near by. The mandrake with its umbrella-like tops crowded the open side of a little knoll, and the sarsaparilla grew thickly about. A brave jack-in-the-pulpit stood facing a company of trilliums, some white, some red, and all attentive, while a cluster of violets near by, listened with rare humility. Somewhere unseen, perhaps Pan was playing the music of this woodland service—who knows?

As the sun descended and the shadows became long, the tragedy and comedy of the day ceased. The mystery and wonder of a spring evening descended upon the woods. A rabbit with big sleepy eyes hopped out in the path to sit with one forepaw raised and ears thrown back. It

seemed to come from nowhere, so silently it moved and as silently disappeared among the leaves. A predatory skunk, with his awkward gait and his slow deliberate movements, stopped at the edge of the clearing and sniffed the air. He sat and looked in the direction of the neighbour's house: but his was not the strange surmising of civilised ways in which other forest creatures indulged, for he had visited too many farm-yards and knew the taste of young fowl. The little owl sat in the doorway of his home in the hollow tree, awaiting the darkness, when he would go forth like a gray shadow to the open fields.

The woods seemed to sleep, the whole world sought rest after a day of happy activity, and little disturbed the great quiet except a sleepy bird note now and then and the boom of the bittern down by the pond.

Spring had come to the Beech Woods, and the trees and the earth had responded gloriously to the call. The neighbour had felt the magic of it also and had become young once more. The poet who lived up the road knew it well when she wrote:

If one might live ten years among the leaves,

Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,  
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath  
the eaves

Low sloping to some slender footpath  
way?

To learn to speak while young birds learned  
to sing,

To learn to run e'en as they learned to  
fly;

With unworn heart against the breast of  
spring,

To watch the moments smile as they  
went by.

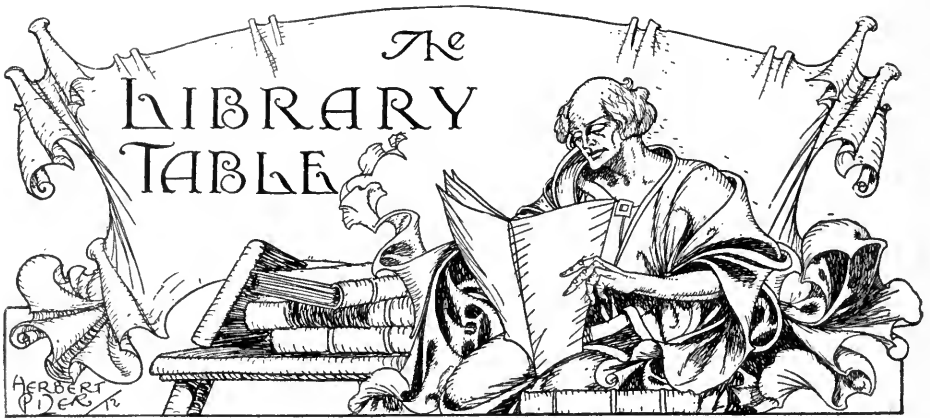
Enroofed with apple buds afar to roam,

Or clover-cradled on the murmurous sod;  
To drowse within the blessed fields of  
home,

So near the earth—so very near to God.



"Journeyed on under the old rail fence"



### THE BLUE WOLF.

BY W. LACEY AMY. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

IT is safe to say at the outset that "The Blue Wolf" will be popular, for it has plenty of action and colour, and contains many novel and dramatic situations. The story in brief is that of a young Torontonian who goes to Alberta to take a three months' holiday at the ranch of an old college chum, one of a group of five who have had a lasting bond of friendship. Two of the five have already visited at the same ranch, and both have met with fatal accidents. It so happens that the rancher's household contains, at the time of the arrival of the Torontonian, the rancher himself, his wife, his sister (Margaret) and one other of the five chums. The mistress of the household (Aggie by familiar name) was well known to the other members of the "quintuplets" in the East, and it appears that her husband has developed a deadly jealousy, so deadly indeed that it has driven him in the past to cause the death of the two

chums who have visited at the ranch. Now his purpose seems to be to bring about the death of the other two. Margaret was a former sweetheart of the last of the chums to arrive on the scene. This last is familiarly known as "Count." When they meet again at the ranch their old love for each other is revived, although the Count suspects that the girl is in love with a corporal of the North West Mounted Police. "The Blue Wolf" is a name given to a mysterious creature that emits terrific howls at night, and terrifies the whole neighbourhood in a certain section of the Cypress Hills. These howls, and several other terribly supernatural noises, cause much discomfort in the ranch household, and there is over all a suppressed air of mystery. The development of a feeling of impending fate is one of the best parts of the book, and that part, together with the character of the Count, are the chief features of the story. The character of the Count is indeed a novel venture, and Mr. Amy has succeeded in depicting a snob who goes to the West, and, notwithstanding his inherent

tendency towards snobbery, displays at times some evidences of manliness, and he might with exceptional opportunities become a hero. His natural cowardice, however, is always apparent, and the author manages to keep this character's weaknesses well to the front, notwithstanding evidences now and then of a wish to be tolerant. It forms a good instance of the rounding-out that the West can give to the Easterner who needs it. The leader of a sect called "The Dreamers," and the corporal are principal characters of the story, and the leader's appearances and disappearances at unexpected times add much to the mystery. There are many tense, even melodramatic, incidents, and one wonders that in the Canadian West to-day there could be discovered a *locale* that almost rivals Rider Haggard. One cannot help regretting that it does not present a pleasanter picture of life, a picture indeed more in keeping with what is usually encountered there; but the author's purpose, no doubt, was to write a story that would hold the reader's attention, and in that he has succeeded. Mr. Amy writes of the West from considerable first-hand knowledge. He lived for a time at Medicine Hat, and had opportunity to witness the operations and life of the ranchers in that part of the Dominion. Already he is well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine* as a writer of descriptive articles, light sketches and short fiction. "The Blue Wolf" is his first novel.

\*

### THE SHADOW

BY ARTHUR STRINGER. Toronto: Bell and Coekburn.

IT has been observed in these columns before that it is not easy to think of Arthur Stringer's poetry and his fiction as being the product of one mind. While the poetry is lyrical and fanciful and full of colour, the fiction is remarkable for



Mr. W. Lacey Amy, Author of "The Blue Wolf"

rapid action, cold, calculated plot, with a lack of feeling and subtlety. Of course, one does not look for poetry in a detective story, and we feel that in this novel in particular the author has endeavoured to write a book that would attract the average reader. As such it should be a success, and undoubtedly it will sell well. In one respect it rises above ordinary, in the portrayal of the character and attainments of Blake, a detective, who has managed to build up a false reputation, and who falls into a trap set by his associates to bring about his downfall. The New York detective force has failed repeatedly to capture a notorious crook named Binhart, and at length Blake, who has acquired the sobriquet of "Never Fail" Blake, is induced to give Binhart a chase. His associates, wishing to remove him from office, succeed in starting him off on a false trail, with the result that at first he is disconcerted, but only for a few minutes. He thinks

that he has been unlucky, so that he starts out again without any clue, and as chance would have it, he picks up Binhart's real trail. He follows him across the continent, across the Pacific, and, indeed, all around the world, and back to New York. Meantime his office has been taken by another man, and he finds himself in disgrace, with his "old-time" methods held up to ridicule. He deteriorates into a peddler, and as such goes about from city to city, until one day he suddenly pounces on a man in the street and exclaims:

"I got him!"

"Yuh got who?" demands a young patrolman, who has taken a hand in the encounter.

"Binhart!" answers "Never-Fail" Blake, with a sob. "*I've got Binhart!*"

\* .

### THE LONG PATROL

By H. A. CODY. Toronto: William Briggs.

**T**HIS, in brief, is an account of the adventures of Norman Grey, a member of the North-West Mounted Police, who is sent into a remote part of British Columbia to recover a child that has been kidnapped by white desperadoes and taken into the Hishu territory, a section of the country that was visited but rarely by white men, and that was occupied by a tribe of hostile Indians. Grey is quite like the acceptable type of North-West Mounted Policeman, and he is enabled to perform numerous heroic deeds and make many hair-breadth escapes. Besides the Hishus, he has to outwit a gang of lawless ruffians, who strike terror into the breasts even of the Indians by such names as Siwash Bill, Windy Pete, Buckskin Dan, Shifty Nick, and One-Eyed Henry. The strangest part of the adventure is that Grey discovers a former sweetheart among the Hishus, and naturally he succeeds in winning back her affection, but he

manages also to get the child and restore it to the grateful parents.

\*

### POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY

By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HERE is about the writings of Mrs. Kathleen Norris a wholesomeness and freshness that is always to be commended. Perhaps these merits are more to be noted in "Mother" than in any other of Mrs. Norris's books, but her optimism and general hopeful outlook on life are well illustrated also in "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." She is particularly successful as the writer of tales that can be read in the family circle, and it will be gratifying, therefore, to many of her admirers to know that a book of her short stories has just been published under the title of "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby." The title is the same as the first story in the book, which well illustrates the author's style and bearing towards life in general. A rich, married couple, living in all the luxury that wealth can give in New York City, find that they are unhappy and discontented with life. Suddenly financial distress comes upon them, and for a time they are separated. The husband takes a position in a small town some miles from New York, where he is finally joined by his wife, and, as a result of the new environment, children come to them, and the ending shows a happy, contented family. The tales throughout the book are notable for their buoyancy and good humour.

\*

### THE UNBEARABLE BASSINGTON

By H. H. MUNRO. London: John Lane.

**F**EW novels nowadays give one so many vivid impressions as this one, which fairly scintillates with

wit and epigram and cynicism. Every dart is light and the point is polished to a nicety. The story deals with a section of London where froth, flippancy, frivolousness, bridge-playing, much talking, much shopping and much killing of time are the chief items of the moment. With these things the author deals with the pen of an expert. He forms his characters with a keen and sure view. Basington, for instance, is the kind of persons who, if a dish of five eggs had to be shared by himself and another invariably would take three as his portion. Were it not for this selfishness, which permeates everything he does, he would be a great man. But to make up for his lack of greatness the author presents a great book.

\*

### ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

By ROBERT HERRICK. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HIS is a serious arraignment of the modern American wife and daughter. It gives a picture of the beautiful, queenly, dissatisfied, socially ambitious woman who ruins her father, ruins her husband, ruins her woman friend, but who after all seems to get many of the good things of life and to end up with a chance of living happily ever after. Milly Ridge is the high-spirited daughter of a man who is at first unsuccessful in business, and who has not much in himself to command attention. He goes to Chicago, and takes Milly with him, and for a time they have to live

in somewhat unalluring circumstances. However, they manage to have some temporary financial success, and are able to move into a fashionable section of the city. There Milly meets a man who promises to establish them on a sound social footing, but during a time of petty annoyance, she throws him over and falls in love with a young, struggling artist. She and the artist marry, and she ruins her husband's art because of her constant demands upon his resources. He is ambitious for his art, but it takes all and more than he can make to satisfy the wife, and he finally tires of it all and dies. Milly is then befriended by a woman of her acquaintance, much to the woman's discomfort. But, ere long, she marries a second time, and the outlook is brighter, particularly for herself. Many admirers of this author's style as a writer and novelist will prefer this book to his entitled "Together," which was rather too unconventional for the prudish mind.

\*

**E**VERYONE who likes to read a good love story with spiciness interspersed will be glad of "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Alice Hegau Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Like its illustrious predecessor by the same author, this story develops a number of lovable characters, such as Miss Lady, Mr. Gootch, Phineas Flathers, Donald Chick and Myrtella. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and everyone who makes Miss Lady's acquaintance is sure to fall in love with her.





#### CELESTIAL INGENUITY

"I hope our dear old Dr. Wu Ting-fang is on the right side in these Chinese troubles," said a diplomat at a dinner in Washington.

"Dr. Wu," he continued, "used to tell me many illuminating anecdotes about the Chinese character. I remember one about ingenuity.

"A Chinaman, the anecdote ran, found his wife lying dead in a field one morning; a tiger had killed her.

"The Chinaman went home, procured some arsenic, and, returning to the field, sprinkled it over the corpse.

"The next day the tiger's dead body lay beside the woman's. The Chinaman sold the tiger's skin to a mandarin, and its body to a physician to make fear-cure powders, and with the proceeds he was able to buy a younger wife."—*New York Tribune*.

\*

#### LAST EXTREMITY

Clara—"May I borrow your beaded belt, dear?"

Bess—"Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission?"

"I can't find it."—*Smart Set*.

#### CRUEL PAPA

"Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he will present me with a pair of diamond earrings."

"You have never worn earrings, have you?"

"No; I should have to have my ears pierced."

"Ah! yes, I see his idea. He wants to pay you back in your own coin."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

\*

#### A WILD THROW

Judge M. W. Pinckey at a recent banquet recalled an incident to show that there is some humour associated with such a serious thing as the law. In Dawson City a coloured man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said Sam. "I's gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

\*

#### HE AGREED

She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absently-mindedly) — "Yes, my lamb!"—*Sketch*.



THE PUBLICITY BUSINESS

New Congressman—"What can I do for you, sir?"

Salesman (of Statesmen's Anecdote Manufacturing Company)—"I shall be delighted if you'll place an order for a dozen of real, live, snappy, humorous anecdotes as told by yourself, sir."—*Puck*.

\*

LITTLE LEFT

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess "Not at all. My daughter was married last week, and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."—*Detroit Free Press*.

\*

VERY DECEPTIVE

She—"You deceived me when I married you."

He—"I did more than that. I deceived myself"—*Boston Transcript*.

COUSINS TO SOLOMON

The story is told of a well-known traveller who on one journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning. The traveller bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely said:

"My friend you and I know all that is to be known."

"How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a complimentary association.

"Why," said the traveller, "you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."—*London Evening Standard*.

\*

A CRIME

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theatre manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—*Washington Star*.



YOUTH: "Oh, everything bores one nowadays. Worst of it is, when I'm bored I can't help showing it."  
 LADY: "Oh, but you should learn to disguise it under a mask of gaiety, like me." — *Punch*

## CHERISHED MEMENTOES

Senator Clapp, at a dinner in Washington, chucked over the appearance before his committee of Col. Roosevelt.

"The Colonel," he said, "certainly got back at everybody. He reminded me of the Irishman.

"A friend of mine, travelling in Ireland, stopped for a drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof, and, as he sipped his refreshment, he noted, on a centre table under a glass dome, a brick with a faded red rose upon the top of it.

"Why do you cherish in this way," my friend said to his host, "that common brick and that dead rose?"

"Shure, sir," was the reply, "there's certain memories attahin' to them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick."

"But the rose?" said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

"The rose," he explained, "is off the grave of the man that threw the brick."—*New York Tribune*.

\*

## POETS WITH POWER

"Twinkle! twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!

Way above the earth so far the stars atwinkling go.

—*Toledo Blade*.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean roll!" another voice was heard.

And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.—*Louisville Herald*.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command

And every winter now we hear it blow to beat the band.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State," a poet once did sing;

And ever since the ship of State's been doing that same thing.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.



A contrast in winter fashions. —*Punch*

## KATHARINE'S KINDNESS

Katharine is two and a half years old. Her father came home one afternoon, after working three days and three nights at high pressure, with almost no sleep. He lay down with the feeling that he did not want to wake up for a week. Half an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a small clear voice, "Father!"

The sleeper stirred, and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! father!"

He stirred again, and moaned.

"Father! father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

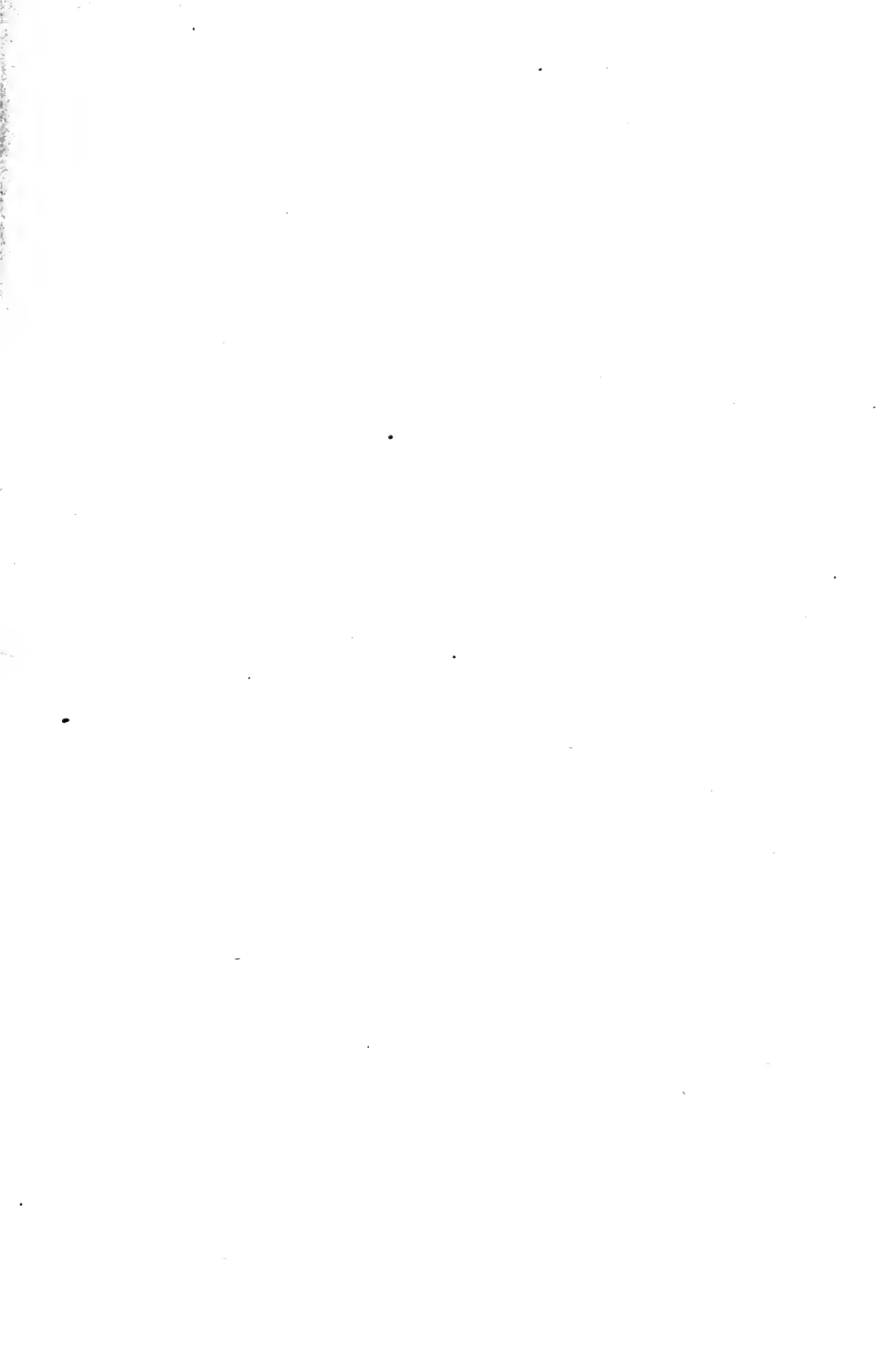
"Father, are you having a nice nap?"—*Youth's Companion*.

\*

## ANSWERED

The Rector—"Now, Molly, would you rather be beautiful or good?"

Molly—"I'd rather be beautiful and repent."—*Punch*.





THE MANDOLIN PLAYER

From the Painting by Laura Muntz. Exhibited by the Montreal Art Association



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, JUNE, 1913

No. 2

THE NEW STUDY OF THE  
OLD BOOK

I.—THE MEANING OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

**M**ANY years ago, no matter when, at a public gathering, no matter where, I heard a minister, no matter who, declare with complacency, "I don't know anything about Higher criticism, and I don't know anyone who does." The speaker, who was a person of some prominence, seemed to glory in his ignorance. I could have told him something about it, had an opportunity been afforded; but, as the occasion was not suitable for telling him and as he did not seem desirous of being told, I kept my seat and held my peace.

Now the time has come for a thorough discussion of the subject, so far as its meaning and object are concerned. Reading people are not merely thinking of it and inquiring about it, but multitudes of them are eager to understand it. So I have been requested by the editor of this magazine to write a series of articles on the Higher criticism, or the crit-

ical study of the sacred Scriptures; for, while the expression may be used of any kind of literature, it is specially or technically used of the literature of the Bible. In this paper I intend to deal with the meaning of the term.

According to a common usage, criticism is fault-finding; but, according to its etymology, it is judging. It comes from the Greek *kritikos*, able to discern, and is cognate with the Latin *cernere*, to sift or separate. The root of the word means to separate or divide, and from its literal meaning the idea of judging or deciding was developed. Hence, a critic is a judge; and, broadly speaking, criticism is an act of judgment. It is the act of passing judgment on a person, on a production, or on a performance. Since to criticise is to pass judgment on something, all men are critics in a sense, because they all judge freely of the character of

things, and so indulge in criticism of some kind.

Strictly speaking, however, the word implies scrutiny, and denotes the act of judging with propriety; so that true criticism is an impartial judgment of a subject after a careful examination of it. A hasty judgment does not count for anything, and cannot properly be called criticism. A competent critic does not judge without full information, nor does he publish his decision without due deliberation. Moreover, such a person looks for beauties as well as blemishes; for excellences, no less than defects; and a critic who will not weigh both merits and demerits is not worthy of the name. To criticize fairly, therefore, is to judge favourably as well as unfavourably, if one find worthy qualities in the object scrutinized.

It seems important to emphasize that fact, I think, because so many critics dwell mainly on imperfections and deal chiefly with defects. I think it is important also to emphasize that fact, because so many people expect a critic to judge harshly or unfavourably, as if they considered his office was rather to blame than to praise, or as if they thought his work consisted in detecting errors and exposing faults. There are many such critics, of course; too many, indeed; but, as a rule, their criticism shows prejudice, and is generally unjust. "Just criticism demands," as War-ton says, "not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellences and faults be accurately ascertained."

By distinction criticism signifies a judgment in literary matters, or the art of judging literature in conformity with an acknowledged standard. With this limited signification the term is generally used at the present time. In this restricted sense each branch of learning has its appropriate criticism, that is, a recognised

criterion by which it should be judged. As a department of literature, criticism consists in examining any writing, either ancient or modern, in order to ascertain its characteristics and estimate its qualities. Such criticism is synonymous with neither praise or blame. It is merely an examination of a literary document with a view of judging of its character and contents.

The criticism to be discussed in this paper is a section of General criticism, and has two definite phases, or two separate spheres. These are called the Higher criticism and the Lower criticism. Though the distinction between them is familiar to scholars and students, most persons who are professedly opposed to a critical study of the Scriptures do not know the meaning of these phrases. Many who distrust criticism and denounce critics are utterly uninformed in this respect. Some ridiculous misuses of the terms "higher" and "lower" in connection with critics and criticism have come under my notice, or, at least, they would have been laughable, had they not been painful; for it is painful to hear men speak contemptuously of something of which they are ignorant, or to find them using incorrectly phrases which they should, but do not, understand.

Without stopping to give examples, I may say that Higher criticism has been supposed to be a presumptuous kind of criticism by one who arrogates to himself superior learning, and that Lower criticism has been supposed to be an inferior kind of criticism by one who has no title to learning at all; so that to the uninstructed the former has stood for arrogance and the latter for ignorance. But these were only popular misconceptions. The adjectives "higher" and "lower" are here used conventionally. Hence, in the ordinary sense of the words, the former is not superior to the latter, nor is the latter inferior to the former, but both kinds of criticism are equally

scientific and equally important. In each of these phrases the adjective is a technical term, and in neither phrase does it mean what it has so often seemed to the uninitiated to imply.

The Higher criticism is the critical study of the Bible, or any part of it, as literature, and the Lower criticism is the critical study of the text of any of its books. The one deals with its literary features, the other with its textual forms. Hence the first is Literary criticism, and the second Textual criticism. By these two adjectives they have sometimes been designated, and each of them is less ambiguous than either "higher" or "lower"; but Literary criticism is a broader term than Higher criticism, the latter being only a department of the former. Much confusion might have been avoided, possibly, had the adjectives "literary" and "textual" been used instead of "higher" and "lower"; but the use of them would not have prevented prejudice against critics and criticism, partly because some of the pioneers in Biblical criticism were sceptical-minded men, and partly because some of the results of such criticism are subversive of traditional views.

The way in which the terms "higher" and "lower" came to be employed deserves a few remarks. Criticism of the Scriptures is not a new, but an old, practice. It extends far back into pre-Christian times, and there have been Biblical critics down through the centuries. But, as a science, Biblical criticism is a comparatively modern thing, having commenced with the Reformation, which was essentially a critical movement. For a good while, however, the critical study of the Bible was of a rather general character, and was largely devoted to the text of Scripture. But, about a century and a quarter ago, when Biblical criticism had come mostly to mean Textual criticism, Professor J. G. Eichhorn,

of Germany, began to employ the term Higher criticism in connection with Biblical literature. The term was used by him to denote the study of the contents of Scripture in contrast with the study of the text, which, because it deals with the ground-work, so to speak, was called Lower criticism, it being fundamental to the other.

Thus the adjective "higher" must not be understood in the ordinary sense, much less in an invidious sense. Like the correlative "lower," it is, as was previously stated, a technical term. These terms are used correlatively to indicate a reciprocal relation between the literary and the textual study of the books of the Bible. But, inasmuch as the Higher criticism has to deal with a more difficult class of problems, and inasmuch as the contents of a book may be considered a higher study than that of the words in which they are expressed, the adjective "higher," though not selected for either reason, is suggestive of each fact. Such is the actual relation between these two terms, and such is the true distinction between these two branches of criticism.

The Higher criticism is concerned with the date, the origin and the structure of a literary production. When employed in the study of the Bible, it inquires into the age, the authorship and the literary characteristics of any book of Scripture. Some persons make it include a consideration of the credibility and value of a writing, but such a consideration is the work of a historical rather than a higher critic. The Lower criticism is concerned with the text of a literary production. Its province in the study of Scripture is to ascertain, so far as possible, the exact words which the writer used. By collating old manuscripts, by comparing ancient versions, by examining early quotations, by sifting conflicting testimony and by weighing complicated evidence, it

seeks to determine the probable reading of every doubtful passage.

Each of these branches of criticism has its recognised canons or rules; and these canons or rules are neither arbitrary nor capricious, but rational and scientific, having been formed in accordance with the laws of human language and of logical thought. Since the purpose of this paper is to deal with the first of these branches of criticism, I need say no more at present about the second branch. I should observe, however, that as the Higher criticism has to do with the literary features of a book or writing, its principles are applicable to any kind of literature. It makes no difference whether the writing to be examined is sacred or profane, the same general principles must be applied. Hence there is a Higher criticism of the Classics, as well as one of the Old and New Testaments. Indeed, the term Higher criticism was originally used of Classical literature.

The proper application of these principles requires a special equipment on the part of a critic. He should have excellent judgment, thorough scholarship and careful training. The work of a critic has often been vitiated by his lack of one or other of those qualifications. No matter what his scholarship may be, no matter what his training may have been, if he have not a balanced and sober judgment, his conclusions will be questionable, and they may be false. Many a critical conclusion that has startled Christian people has been owing to a hasty judgment on the part of an impulsive critic. All criticism should be sober; but, because of its sacred character, all criticism of Scripture should be both sober and reverent. Sobriety and reverence are indispensable to a thoroughly furnished critic of the Bible.

The function of the Higher criticism is to deal with the Scriptures as a body of literature (as a body of religious literature, of course) con-

taining spiritual or inspired ideas. Its office is to examine, to analyse, to dissect. It endeavours to ascertain when each book of the Bible was written, by whom it was written, and what its literary features are. It inquires also whether the subject-matter is to be taken literally or figuratively; that is, whether the record is history or allegory, prophecy or parable, poetry or prose. These questions must be answered before we can intelligently expound a writing of any kind; and, in answering these questions, let me remind the reader, critics apply the same literary canons that are applicable to profane or irreligious literature.

Throughout the inquiry the Higher criticism seeks to discover whether the writing is the product of one author, or of more than one; to ascertain whether any part of it has been modified or not in the course of its history, and to indicate the relation of one part to another, and of each part to the whole. Such an inquiry furnishes the key to the historical situation, and is preliminary to the work of exposition; because, until we know the date or origin of a document, or, at least, until we know the circumstances under which it was written, some portions of the exegesis must remain obscure. Thus the work of the critic is fundamental to the true interpretation of any book in the Bible. It may now be seen that the Higher criticism is the basal part, so to speak, of a scientific process whereby each section of Scripture is to be properly interpreted.

Such criticism, therefore, is merely a method of study. Being a method of study, it becomes a method of knowledge, by helping us to learn what we should not otherwise know, and what those who lived in earlier ages did not know. As it is concerned with ancient writings or literature belonging to the past, it is really a historical method, and it may properly be described as such. We



must be careful, however, not to identify the Higher criticism with either Literary or Historical criticism; for, while it has much in common with both of these kinds of criticism, it is different from either, and should be distinguished from each. Literary criticism is concerned with all the known qualities that pertain to a piece of writing, and Historical criticism is concerned with all the supposed facts connected with its history; whereas the Higher criticism concerns itself solely with its date, its origin and its structure. Because of having affinities with each of the other two kinds, the Higher criticism has been happily called "Historico-literary criticism."

Still, while the Higher criticism must not be identified with historical criticism, it is a truly historical method. As such, to borrow and adapt a figure, it is a kind of torch, whose light conducts us in the obscure tracts of antiquity, and enables us to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, the probable from the improbable, the true from the false. For want of a proper method our fathers fell into many an error with regard to the Scriptures. Most of their mistakes respecting them were owing to that lack. But by means of the historical method, which is a thoroughly scientific method, we are enabled to detect and rectify their errors, and in so doing to disengage ourselves from them.

The Bible records a historical literary development, just as the rocks record a historical physical development, so that there is a perfect analogy between the two records with respect to their growth. The book of Scripture, like the book of Nature, came gradually into its present form. Those facts are now known and acknowledged by men of every school of thought. To obtain an accurate understanding of either book, therefore, we must study it in the order in which its separate parts arose. The character of the record

in each case requires it to be studied in the light of its own history. That way of studying is the only proper way to get a clear understanding of anything that has a history. Hence the historical method of knowledge is based on the divine method of working, and, for that reason, may be called God's method of complete knowledge for mankind.

It was this method that led to the evolution of Biblical science, for Biblical criticism is a science, no less than botany, biology, or geology, in the sense that it is a mode of knowledge that is governed by appropriate rules, and leads to assured results. It was this method which enabled men to evolve astronomy, or the science of the stars, from the absurdities of astrology; and chemistry, or the science of matter, from the superstitions of alchemy; and physics, or the science of energy, from the simple mechanical contrivances of the lever and the pulley. It was this method, moreover, which enabled them to penetrate the mysteries of surrounding objects, by investigating their constitution and ascertaining their elements.

Thus the science of criticism was an outcome of the modern spirit of inquiry. Like each of the other sciences mentioned, it was a natural and necessary development. As Biblical criticism had to begin, so it is bound to continue. We can no more stop it than we can keep the sun from shining or the grass from growing. Having once commenced, the movement had to take its natural course; and having become a science, it is certain to go forward. To quote a sane religious writer, "It is useless, as it is insincere, to try to check this devout study of the Scriptures, or to brand it as something wrong. It will go on, for it is God's purpose that it go on." The sooner that fact is recognised by Christian people, the better for the cause of truth.

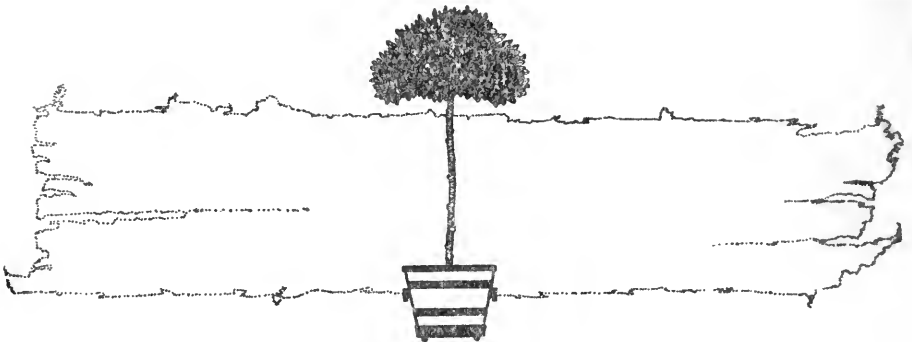
And, when Christians in general become acquainted with Biblical criticism, they will not desire to check it. The method is so rational and its results are so important that it needs only to be understood to be appreciated. Were its importance universally recognised by the leaders of religious thought, antagonism towards the movement would immediately cease. But its importance is becoming recognised more widely every year, and an increasing number of religious leaders are coming to see that rational faith can be maintained in the Church only by the aid of reverent criticism. As far back as 1897, the Bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference, London, stated in their encyclical letter that year that "the critical study of the Bible by competent scholars is essential to the maintenance in the Church of a healthy faith."

Without dwelling longer on the

importance of Biblical criticism, I may conclude this paper by saying that, as men did not understand the construction of the universe or the formation of the earth till they began to adopt the historical method, so they did not understand the Bible till they began to study it historically. But for this method of knowledge, we should still be as ignorant of both Nature and Scripture as those who lived in the Middle Ages. Only during the last century, however, did this method become general among Biblical scholars, and then only among a small number in certain countries; so that the late Professor Franz Delitzsch, the most venerated Old Testament exegete of his day, was undoubtedly right when he declared that the historical spirit, by which he meant in particular the historical method of studying the Bible, was the special charism, or gift of God, to the Church of Christ in the nineteenth century.

---

"The Object of Criticism" is the title of Dr. Workman's paper for the July Number.



# AUTOGRAPHS OF RULERS IN CANADA

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

**T**HERE is something so intimately personal in an autograph that frequently it prompts the same flash of ready recognition as we experience on hearing the tone of a familiar voice or the sight of a familiar face. It speaks to us so vividly of the man and his personality that oftentimes we would fain read something of his character in the mere flourishes of the pen. Indeed the autograph hunter, pursuing poet or actor or other notable persons, believes that with each signature he has acquired something far more precious than the mere name. A printed or typewritten name is a soulless thing, he reasons, but the signatures have something of the personal essence or aroma of the men and women themselves. So, too, it may be that we ourselves, guarding some letter of the dear dead, believe we still retain a relic that binds us closely to them, makes them more real and charges us to keep their memory green.

With such feelings I have garnered here a few of the most prominent signatures of the men who discovered, ruled or made Canada what she is today. And it seems to me as I look at them now that I have brought together a kind of graphological history of the Dominion.\* For all these signatures mean a great deal to Canada.

Here is he, who years ago, in 1534, came sailing with weather-beaten sails from the bleak coasts of New Foundland into a copper-green bay of limped waters devoid of reef or shoal, with occasional green isles asleep on its sleepy tide. And as Cartier stood in the prow he was amazed to find such a summer sea after the tempestuous Atlantic with its fogs and raw winds. Looking at the quaint, involved, flamboyant writing of the old Breton sailor, as rich in flourishes as the curves of his poop and quaint top-sails, do we not feel him the closer to us across the gray dividing centuries?

Of course, whether or not we can infer the character of a man from his signature is a graphological question that hardly worries the majority of autographical hunters. It has been said by the famous French savant Dr. Binet, of the Paris Institute of Psychology, that such a presumption is without scientific foundation. Persons of indecision in character, for instance, he remarks, often write with a firm hand, while to attach significance as to character or intelligence in the flourishes is a ridiculous criterion. Indeed one famous graphologist decided that Rénan, the author of the famous French life of Jesus, in his handwriting showed a "small and narrow mind," and one "prone to over credu-

---

\*At the time I wrote this I had not read a very interesting article on the same theme in French by Francis Y. Audet, of the Archives Department, Ottawa, entitled "Administrateurs du Canada," and read before the Royal Society of Canada, 1908.

JACQUES CARTIER  
First visited Canada in 1534.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN  
Founded Quebec in 1612.

MAISONNEUVE  
Laid the foundation of Montreal in 1642.

COMTE DE FROTENAC  
Erected Fort near present site of Kingston about 1762.

LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE  
Explorer in North America, 1686 to 1697.

CHAUSSEGROS DE LÉRY  
Made Plans for Canadian Fortifications from 1716 to 1750.

lity"! However, it is admitted that the kind of education given to any individual may often be safely inferred. For lawyers write one kind of hand, artists another and soldiers a third. Graphology may not be able to determine at all exactly the sex, age, intelligence or character of a writer; but its error is one of deduction, for in each hand there is undeniable data from which to work. But our deductions are oftentimes too sweeping as that common one that fickle women write in the most beautiful manner. The error, indeed, like that of all intuitive sciences, rests with the capaci-

ty of the particular deducer. Yet its amazing popularity to-day, as shown in the columns of the newspapers, makes it evident that it is a belief, at once wide-spread and founded on a certain general suspicion, that everyone leaves a trace of himself and none other behind on everything he performs. And, perhaps, it is not a fond fallacy to say, to employ one of our examples here, that much of Champlain's simplicity of purpose and credulity of heart may be seen in his childlike signature. Again there is a irascible note, a fierceness and arrogance in the penning of Frontenac.

LORD AMHERST  
Appointed Commander-in-Chief and Governor, 1761.

*Jeff: Amherst.*

JAMES MURRAY  
Governor of Canada, 1763-6.

*Ja: Murray*

SIR GUY CARLTON  
Organiser of the first Canadian Navy.

*Guy Carleton*

SIR FREDERICK HALDIMAND  
Governor of Canada, 1778.

*Haldimand*

ROBERT PRESCOTT  
Governor of Canada, 1796.

*Rob: Prescott*

SIR JAMES CRAIG  
Governor of Canada, 1807-11.

*J. Craig  
Gov: C.*

Both have the mark of genius in their well-defined strokes, with curious inequalities; that of alert intelligence, for they are clear, simple and uneven. Largeness of the writing, a graphical

friend of mine has pointed out, reveals imagination — the imagination that in the case of Champlain dreamt of converting the whole world to the faith of Christendom and brooded

over voyages to far Cathay; while, in the other, we have an imagination dreaming of a court à la Versailles in old Quebec. My readers can amuse themselves here by reading a character for each of these great men and then turning to the page of history to test his veracity.

All I purpose to do here is to recall a few events in the lives of the least known of these Canadian heroes and rulers. For some like Frontenac or Guy Carleton, the Clive of Canada, played during their lives such picturesque rôles that we shall never forget them, nor will the historian, who dearly loves a vivid page, ever allow us to. There is, too, a pathetic charm in examining the signatures of many of those figures who only half appear in the full light of our Canadian history; the hand of de Léry, for instance, who built early fortifications at Quebec, at Detroit, and other places in Canada; or, again, of Sir James Henry Craig, who saw fighting on every corner of the world, laid the foundations of British supremacy in South Africa, and then, sick and old, became one of Canada's most hated governors. One is reminded of the quartraine:

“The moving finger writes; and having writ  
 Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor wit  
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
 Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.”

For these men not only wrote their names with their fists, shipboard or forestward, 'mid battle or at the judgment table, but they also wrote with their deeds the history of Canada. Maisonneuve, a fanatic that no unknown land or Iroquois terror could daunt, lives to-day in the pride of Montreal, the child of his daring. Le Moyne d'Iberville, not inaptly described as the Drake of France, was born and bred in Canada and roved the seas in the true filibustering fashion that delights every boy's heart.

Those who have read of his exploration of the Mississippi, which he ascended in 1699 with his brother, Le

Moyne de Bienville, a **Franciscan**, who had been a companion of La Salle, and forty-eight men in two barges, with provisions for a fortnight, will remember his adventures far better than those others who only pass through Iberville Junction from Montreal on their way to the Eastern townships. Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Maisonneuve, Le Moyne d'Iberville and Lévis belong to that old régime that has passed away, the heroic period of Canadian history, when the white silk banner with its golden fleur-de-lys bravely flaunted over the Chateau St. Louis at Quebec. And of their company was Jean Bourdon, the first engineer and surveyor to behold Canada's great stores of white fuel.

After these came the English governors. In my collection of signatures they turn out in full force from Amherst (1760) down to Sir Edmund Head (1861)—a century of rule and administration prior to the modern governor-general. What men they were too—for the most part honest soldiers vainly safeguarding the infant colony in a civilian mode when their instincts and their training called them to war's alarms.

Amherst, who ruled the land in the interregnum before the French had gone or the English had come, was in reality a military governor. His successor, James Murray, who like so many of these later governors only lives a year or two in Canadian history, distinguished himself at the sieges of Louisburg and Quebec and was consequently appointed to this unenviable post, and harassed beyond endurance in retaining the loyalty of good King George's new French subjects and satisfying the exorbitant demands of the conquering English. Sir Guy Carleton, who followed, is one of the most golden of all names in our annals. No other man but Carleton could have done what Carleton did. Fortunately justice has been done him in the monograph on his life in the splendid “**Makers of Canada**” series.

SIR JOHN SHERBROOKE  
Governor of Canada, 1816.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND  
Governor of Canada, 1818-19.

DALHOUSIE  
Governor of Canada, 1819-25.

LORD AYLMER  
Governor of Canada, 1830-35.

EARL OF GOSFORD  
Governor of Canada, 1835-38.

SIR JOHN COLBORNE  
Lieutenant-Governor, 1837-8.

LORD SYDENHAM  
Governor of Canada, 1839-41.

CHARLES BAGOT  
Governor of Canada, 1841-3.



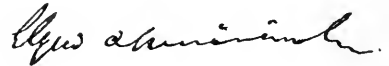
CLARLES METCALFE  
Governor of Canada, 1843-5.



CHARLES CATHEART  
Governor of Canada, 1846-7.



LORD ELGIN  
Governor of Canada, 1847-54.



LORD DURHAM  
Came to Canada to Report Conditions. 1838.



SIR EDMUND HEAD  
Governor of Canada, 1854-61



Haldimand was a Swiss, one of those strange soldiers of fortune who carved his way to fame with his bare sword. Robert Prescott, besides ruling Canada, conquered and held for the British Crown the Island of

Martinique. Sir James Henry Craig fought everywhere from the Low Countries to India, from Cape Colony to Italy and Sicily. His name French-Canadian historians have particularly delighted to besmirch, but the Empire



owes him a debt larger than the sin of a few years of unsatisfactory Canadian administration can annul, since he won for the British Crown Cape Colony, the beginning of the South African Commonwealth.

Sir George Prevost was, like Haldimand, a Swiss by birth, and ruled and fought in many of the West Indies Islands under the British flag. It will be noticed that I do not speak of his or the services of the others in Canada. My object is rather to point out that, besides ruling here, they had won laurels in other fields and parts of the Empire, which brought on them their selection. For it has often been supposed that the English Government sent men here hap-hazard, without careful discrimination. Nothing is further from the truth. One example must suffice here to substantiate my contention. Murray, Carleton, Haldimand, Prescott, and Prevost were coming to a land where the majority was French, and they were all excellent French linguists. Indeed in those days French was a far more common language among the English coming to Canada than it is now, and the necessity of its knowledge was greater.

However, to proceed in chronological order, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke was one of Wellington's assistant generals in the Peninsular war. Charles, Duke of Richmond, was hardly a success. The French-Canadian historian Garneau says: "Before coming to Canada he had made such a muddle of his rule in Ireland that he was obliged to travel on from one land to another so that he might recoup a fortune his luxury and extravagances has dissipated." He died of hydrophobia in August, 1819, near the village of Richmond (called after him) in Ontario.

Dalhousie, who was present at the battle of Waterloo, as every Canadian

school-boy knows, seems to have succeeded by a natural perverseness in arousing the Canadian feeling of indignation to a fever heat. Lord Aylmer fought everywhere, serving at one time under Sherbrooke. Lord Gosford's only adventure beyond the seas was his Canadian administration. Lord Durham, who stayed the shortest time of all, by means of his report will be perhaps the always most discussed of them all, and is too well known in history to justify further attention here. On the other hand who was in command under Wellington at Waterloo and crushed the rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837-8; of Charles Edward Poulett Thompson (Lord Syderham) who united Upper and Lower Canada and died at Kingston from injuries received in falling from his horse. Sir Charles Bagot also died at Kingston in 1843. Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe served most of his life in India and left little impression on Canadian history. His name, indeed, most likely will be remembered in connection with the famous Metcalfe Street of Ottawa. Lord Cathcart, besides governing Canada, among other things discovered the mineral "Greenockite." Elgin's name is worthy of comparison with Carleton. Indeed the work of these two men in Canada stands out far above the others. With Elgin our modern life and government begin in Canada. For Head, indeed, is only the tail of the old system, before the present office of governor-general was created under Monck.

"The moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on." But it would be unjust to forget that all these men, each in his own way, helped to make Canada, even if they have not all attained the Valhalla of Canadian fame. Their hands have written her history and their names worthily adorn our statutes.

# THE CITY THAT WAS BORN LUCKY

BY SAMUEL BRISTOL

**O**UT in Sunny Southern Alberta, where the sun prolongs the day in order to make the prairies and the wheatfields golden, where the keen winds gradually give way to the all-conquering chinook — in this mild prairie land there was an insignificant and unassuming town that for twenty years had suffered under the unfortunate name of Medicine Hat. It is the only place of that name under the sun, but, unlike most hats, this one was upturned upon the prairie, so that it seems to catch in its broad crown more of the glittering sun rays than any of the conventional hats of the West.

But Medicine Hat had a bad name; there is no doubt about it. When Eastern people heard the name they shuddered, for they had heard of Medicine Hat, "the place where the weather comes from," and so strong was the illusion in their minds that the chill had pervaded their very systems like an ague. So great was the dread of that frigid place that mothers were in the habit of quieting their babes with the threat of sending them to Medicine Hat to freeze to death.

The opprobrium of the name must have arisen from the fact that the weather man stopped at the "Hat" a few years ago and decided to establish a weather station there. As it was the most northerly point in the sphere of that tyrannical genius, some

of his satellites became imbued with the idea that all the weather which he made, up in the Yukon, in Alaska, and the Hudson Bay, got its frigidity from that town with the queer-sounding name. Like an epidemic the notion spread and grew, and before long Medicine Hat was doomed to Arctic loneliness—so far as they were concerned.

Fortunately, however, for Medicine Hat, there were some brave spirits who forswore their allegiance to the weather man, who left the homes of their childhood, and, going boldly north to the land of dread, they were surprised and delighted with the reception they received. Here were days and days of sunshine, and miles and miles of grassy prairie, with thousands of cattle grazing upon the thick mats of buffalo grass or drinking from the streams and resting in the long coulées. They found also immense beds of coal in the banks of the rivers, lying in veins seven feet deep, coal that burned hot and kept off the chill of winter. But, more wonderful still, they found that their wells gave up not only water but also a gas that burned forever and kept their lights blazing night and day. All of these things were the lot of men who would not believe and who dared to think—men from Ontario, and Indiana, as well as Missouri.

Years have passed since these pioneers went to Medicine Hat, and a

city is now growing up on the prairies of Alberta, covering the face of the plains with the works of man. Thousands went during last year to this city and thousands more are going. The secret of their going is not, as might be supposed, the Alberta sunshine nor the rich prairies; nor is it the chinook wind, which makes the blast from the north subside into a murmur. It is none of these that has brought the thousands to Medicine Hat, for the kind chinooks have been blowing since the Orient began sending her warm breath across the Pacific ages ago, and the sun has been shining as brightly in Southern Alberta, for aught we know, since the world began.

The secret lies deeper in mother earth, and the unfolding of the secret has awakened the world to another of the marvels of her great empire. Gas flows from the bosom of the earth in quantities so vast, and with a force so great, that it seems that the very earth had become impregnated with everlasting power, sufficient to solve the problems of heat, light and energy for all the generations that are to come.

Thirty years have passed since gas was discovered in Medicine Hat and for more than twenty years natural gas has been the principal source of energy, heat, and light for that city, but the flow continues with exactly the same force that it had when the first pipe pierced the cover of earth and opened the vast cavern of ceaseless and inexhaustible energy. Seldom has the world witnessed such a wonderful gift of nature. For years the street lights have been burning constantly in Medicine Hat, like the fires of the Parsees, but no attendants are needed for these fires and no one thinks of turning out the lights, not even when the sun in summer travels

three-fourths of the way around the horizon before passing towards midnight below the skyline for a few short hours.

Winter is not a dreaded name in Medicine Hat, for although the mercury drops low in the thermometer during some of the winter months, there is a wealth of bright sunshine and the knowledge that the warm chinook is never far away. Even in the months of January and February, when the midland cities are held fast in the grip of the frost king, Medicine Hat and Sunny Alberta often for weeks are tempered by mellow sunlight\*

The world was slow in awakening to the importance of Medicine Hat's resources, but since the awakening there has been so remarkable an industrial activity that the city has been transformed within a period of two or three years into a maze of factories and mills. Five hundred men are busy converting the clay, which they take from the nearby cutbanks, into tile, brick, and pottery. Two hundred toil daily in the iron and steel mills, making the products that will find their way into every part of Canada. Two large cement mills are being built, which with their five hundred operators will convert the ores of the earth into material for the further conquest and subjugation of the whole West, with great concrete bridges across the rivers and colossal buildings for the cities. Four flour mills with a capacity of twenty thousand barrels daily will be grinding wheat from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Glass factories, crayon factories, linseed oil mills and a score of others are turning out their products with the power that comes unaided from the depths of the earth.

The sleepy little town that for twenty years was offered no more ex-

---

\*If any skeptical reader should wish to verify these facts about the climate of Medicine Hat he should consult the handbook given out by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which says, among other things, regarding that city: "The snowfall here is lighter and the winter shorter than anywhere else in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains."

citing entertainment than that afforded by the cow-punchers who came periodically to the "Hat" to buy their provisions and have their sprees awake one day to find herself grown famous. The town that, according to Rudyard Kipling "was born lucky," was finally coming into her own, for the secret was out. Manufacturers were flocking to Medicine Hat and building their factories beside the gas wells, and new wells were being added. Men and women were talking about the wonderful "Gas City," and every month brought its hundreds of arrivals. In one year the population grew from five thousand to twelve thousand. The hotels were crowded to overflowing and people lived in tents and hastily-constructed shacks. Builders came in by the hundred, and the town spread out over the prairie, with rows of houses marking out new streets in every direction.

The amount of building permits increased in one year from seven hundred thousand dollars to nearly three million, and yet there were not enough houses for the new-comers. A score of business blocks were erected in the summer of 1912, modern five-storey and six-storey structures that transformed the prairie town into a modern city. Not since the days of the Forty-Niners in California had there been such a remarkable exhibition of city building.

It was Rudyard Kipling, the inventor of unique ideas, who christened Medicine Hat "The City that was Born Lucky," and a more fitting name could not have been found. Yet the luckiest thing about this lucky city was not its gas wells, nor its surrounding rich prairies, but rather its government.

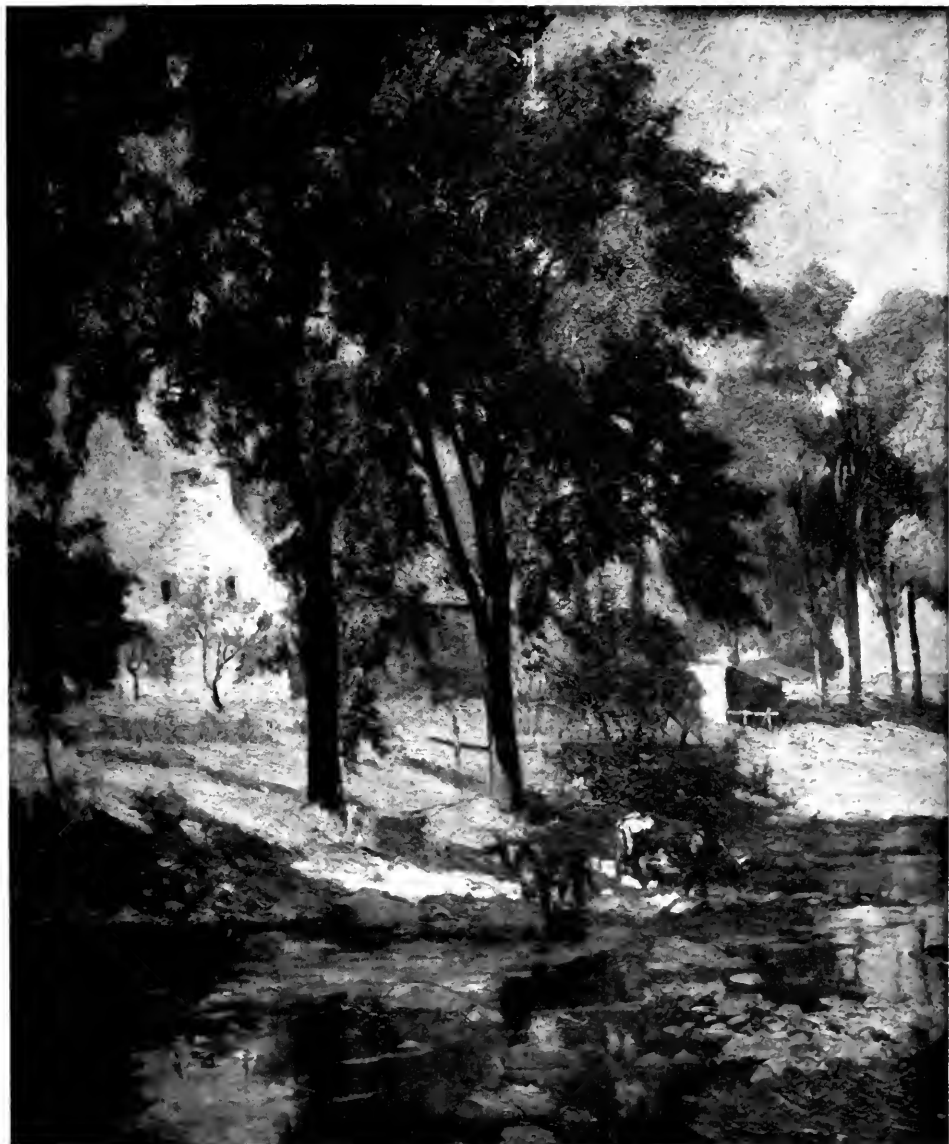
The guiding of Medicine Hat to its present position as an important manufacturing city was by some good fortune placed in the hands of conscientious and capable men who have given the city a remarkably good administration. Their policy of giving free

leases of land to manufacturers has brought to Medicine Hat many of her leading industries, while adoption of the single-tax system at the same time encouraged improvements instead of levying a tribute upon them. The Council have been responsible for providing the city with what is regarded as the best system of water and sewerage in Western Canada. By openness and fairness to all they have developed a most efficient police force, which has made Medicine Hat one of the most orderly cities on the continent. What is of still greater importance, they have encouraged the building of schools, churches, and parks, in order that the city may have its foundation in the better social conditions among the people.

A large number of cities in Western Canada have been the stock in trade of the boomsters who have fed to the eager and credulous investors the almost romantic stories of the fabulous wealth of these cities and the remarkable opportunities which they offered for "getting rich quick." In the face of these precedents the record of Medicine Hat in 1911 and 1912 would appear like an Englishman's joke.

But in terms of actual work—the development of resources and the building of a city, the perfecting of good municipal government, and the preparation for the future needs of her people—in this work Medicine Hat has a record that is not surpassed by any of her Western neighbours.

But it should be clearly understood that Medicine Hat is not now "The Metropolis of the Prairies," not the "Pittsburg of Canada," but just Medicine Hat, and the only one in the world. It is a busy, rapidly growing town of fifteen thousand people, and with resources which if utilised will support a manufacturing city whose trade would radiate for thousands of miles in every direction and whose population would not be limited by tens of thousands.

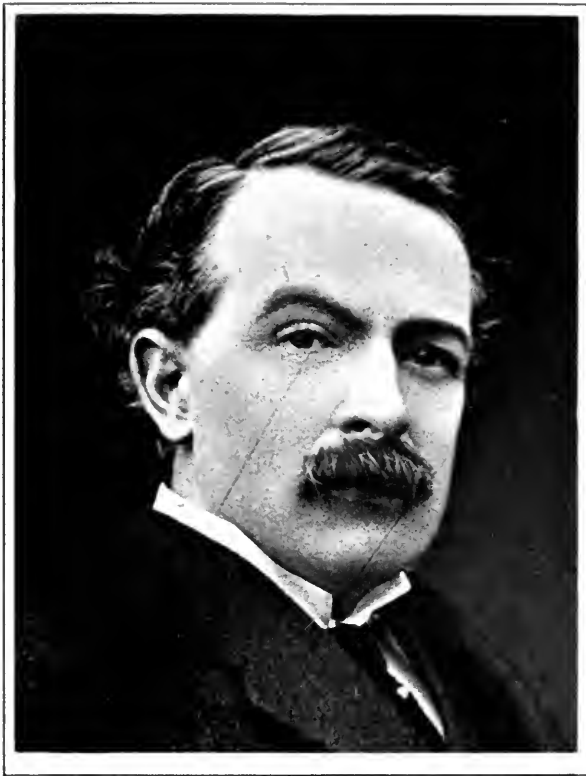


THE OLD HOMESTEAD

From the painting by Maurice Cullen. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy.

1934

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

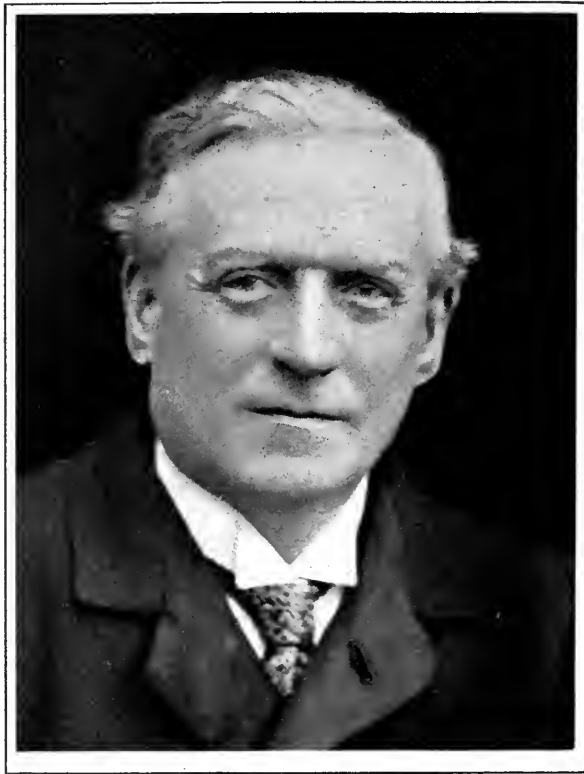
# THE MAGNIFICENT INSISTENCE OF LLOYD GEORGE

BY W. A. BARR

**I**T is the mark of a little negligible legislator to be applauded uniformly by the state at large. When, on the contrary, he is hailed by one portion of the community as heaven's own messenger, and railed upon by the other part as a man possessed of a devil, it is safe to say that he must contain at any rate some parts of greatness. Such a man was Joseph

Chamberlain, and such a man is the Right Honourable David Lloyd George.

Broadness of mind again, however admirable in itself, however indispensable to the statesman, is by no means an asset to the politician who would achieve results. You cannot split a log with a mallet. It is too broad-minded. You must use an axe



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE H. H. ASQUITH,

Leader of the British House of Commons.

The similarity of Mr. George's intellect to an axe is closely paralleled by the resemblance between Great Britain's political mentality and a log. This is no insult to either party—in point of fact, the greatness of this man and of this people is intimately associated with these very qualities.

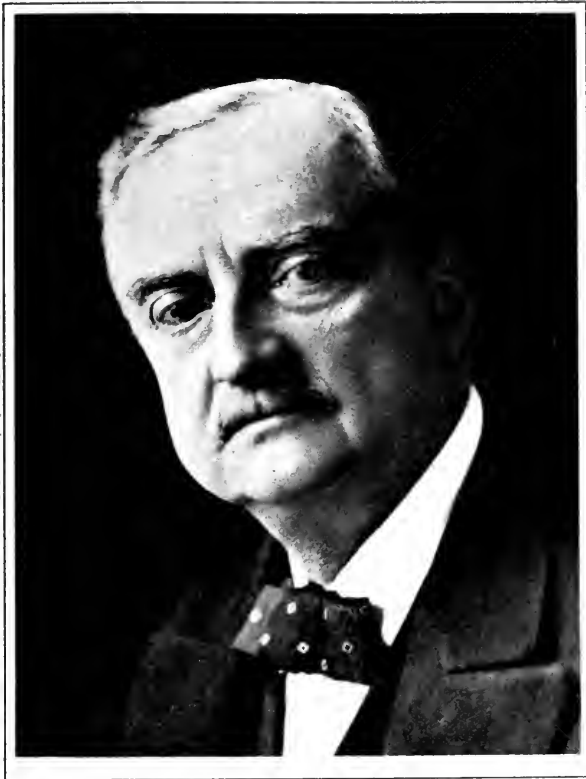
By the first of January, 1906, Mr. Arthur James Balfour—universally beloved—had completely lost the confidence of the great British Log, simply and solely on account of his breadth of mind. Balfour has a constitutional weakness for studying the other man's point of view side by side with his own; he is, in fact, one of nature's ambassadors, and not a politician at all. Never in the whole of his political career has Mr. Balfour made an enemy, and never has

he lost his temper. On the other hand, Lloyd George has never yet failed to do either when circumstances have seemed to call for it, nor has the Right Honourable David yet thought it worth his while to consider seriously an opponent's point of view unless the latter has appeared to govern the swing of a considerable number of votes.

I compare these two men, not as the figureheads of their respective parties, but rather as the past type and the future type of British premier. For Balfour has gone. He is now winning well-earned victories on the tennis-courts at Cannes. And Lloyd George is coming. He may succeed Mr. Asquith at any moment; for all practical purposes he has succeeded him already, and with his ad-

10/2/06





JOHN REDMOND

Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party in the British House of Commons.

vent British political history has entered upon an entirely new phase.

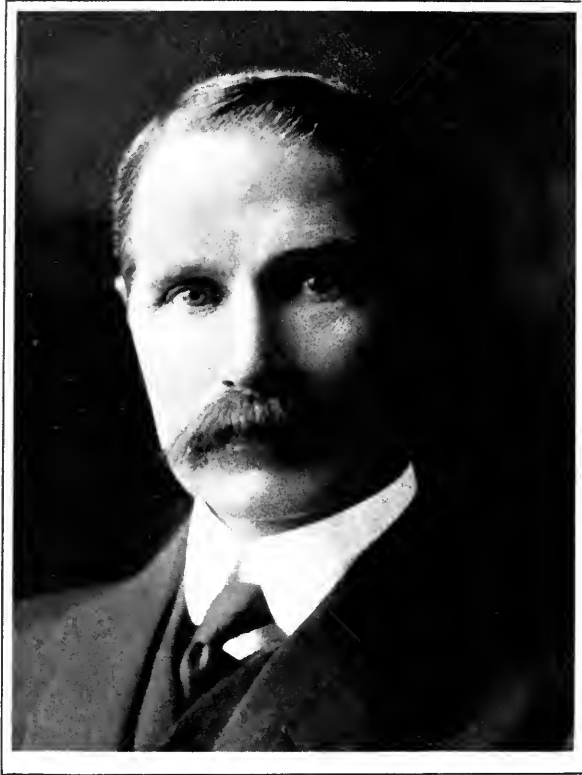
As to the present Premier, he resembles Old Caspar in that his work is done; it was done while he held the post now occupied by Lloyd George, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and big, efficient work it was, nothing less than the total re-organisation of the country's finances and the readjustment of the basis of taxation.

Of the forty million pounds of additional annual taxation which the Tories had been forced to levy between the years 1896 and 1905, no less than 36% represented taxes upon foodstuffs and coal, a burden which fell without distinction upon rich and poor, while nearly 50% consisted of undifferentiated income tax.

Mr. Asquith, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, altered all this, so that by the time the great Budget of 1909 was submitted to the House of Commons, some relief had already been afforded to possessors of small incomes, while coal and food were very nearly tax-free—though it is to be noted that prices, so far from decreasing, betrayed a tendency to rise.

But money had to be found for the Old-age Pensions, a measure of Lloyd George's devising, though passed during Asquith's Chancellorship; and in the method of finding this money lay the cause of the first great controversy.

"The weight of the burden," runs the paternal Liberal doctrine, "must be adjusted to the strength of the bearer."



MR. BONAR LAW

Dark Horse from Canada, new Leader of the Tory Party.

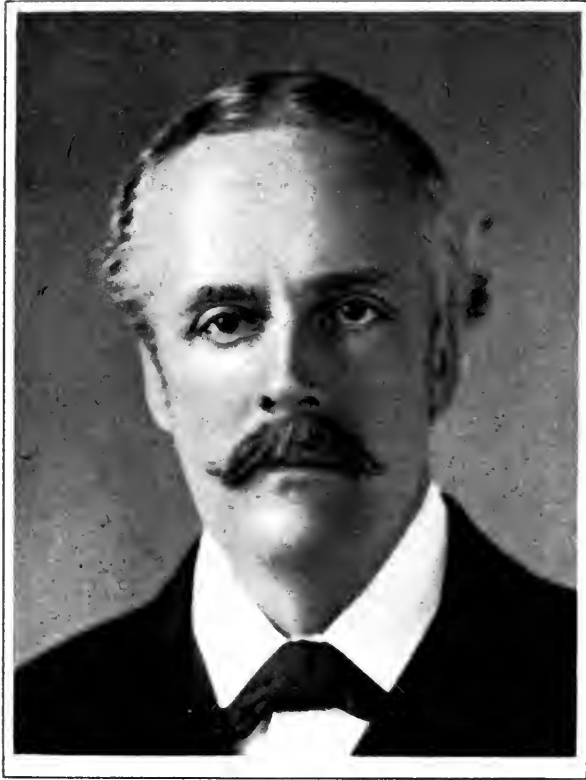
Now the spirit which animates the Tory party is utterly out of sympathy with this principle. The Tory party consists mainly of two classes; people who, having inherited such wealth as they possess, have no working knowledge of want, and people who have hewn their way unaided to success, and so enjoy that contempt for poverty which is commonly bred with the belief that work and determination will scatter all obstacles. This man's god is Darwin. The survival of the fittest is his creed. That, he says, is the root and trunk of a state's well-being, which, again, is the sum of its individuals' success. But to penalise success for the benefit of incompetence is to put a premium on poverty: that is, his key interpretation of the Liberal doctrine. Your

ideal Liberal is the good shepherd, ever thoughtful of the weak. Your true Tory is the Viking, the man who survived because he was fit; he would make his people as fit as himself—at the lash if need be, but never by doles. The Spartans were Tories to a man.

I quote from a typical *Spectator* article:

“Old-age Pensions, it is true; have brought pecuniary relief to many poor people, but, like all other forms of poor relief, they do not destroy poverty, they only assuage it. So far from removing the causes which make people poor, such measures rather tend to encourage the relaxation of effort, and thus to increase poverty.”

But an unimaginative, unambitious, unbrilliant and possibly improvident



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE A. J. BALFOUR

Who still is regarded as the real leader of the Tory Party.

mechanic who has laboured stolidly at his craft for forty hard years and finds himself at the end earning an income which dwindles in merciless time to the tune of his failing dexterity, thinks along quite a different line. Such a man's idea is that the attainment of success is as much a matter of luck as of worth. He holds that he is of the nation's backbone every whit as much as is that former comrade of his who has become his employer.

So thinks Lloyd George, his shepherd.

Viking and Shepherd: both types are fine in their purity. I wonder which type is capable of sinking to the lower depth under the demoralising influence of party politics?

As to the Tories: at the election of

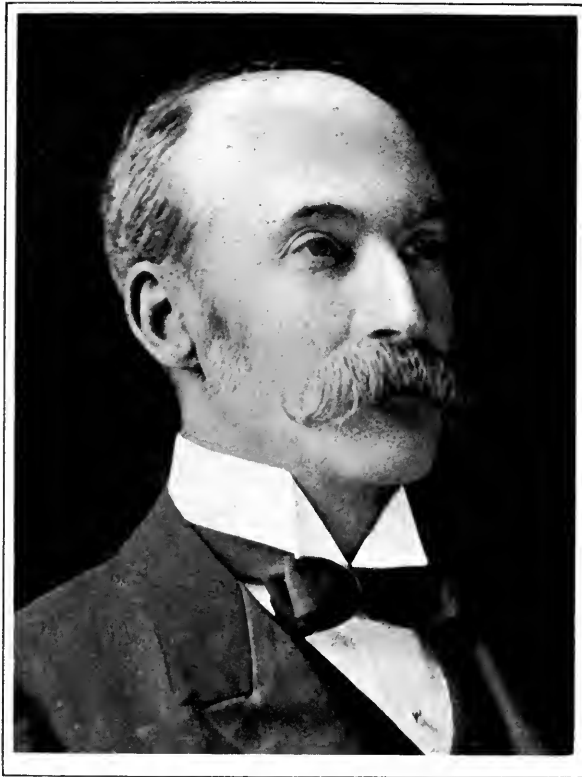
1895 they pledged themselves—in spite of their essential antagonism—to devise a scheme of Old-age Pensions. During ten years of power they got as far as a Royal Commission and two Committees of Inquiry—whose reports they shelved. This was, to say the least, immoral.

As to the Liberal record: we are coming to that.

\*

The youth and upbringing of David Lloyd George form an illuminating commentary upon his political views— that right honourable gentleman did not achieve success unaided.

His father existed as an unsuccessful schoolmaster, and expired as an unsuccessful farmer in Wales. His death occurred when David was



LORD LANSDOWNE

Who gave way to the threat to create a new contingent of Peers.

something more than two years old. It left his widow practically penniless. Little Master George on this occasion made his first recorded stand against the tyranny of want, for he and his small sister piled stones in the gateway to prevent the removal of his mother's furniture at the compulsory sale.

His maternal uncle, an obscure cobbler in the village of Criccieth, an elder of a rigid Non-Conformist sect, took the bereft family under his wing and exhausted the meagre savings of his lifetime in educating his nephew for the law.

Later on, when young George had built himself a practice and had taken his younger brother into partnership, the brother assumed entire charge of

the little provincial office and supported Lloyd George through the initial—and unremunerative—stages of his parliamentary career. Which facts, if they do not inspire any great confidence in the "Little Welsh Attorney's" grasp of Imperial finance, show, at any rate, what stuff these Georges are made of; incidentally they go far to justify his steadfast adherence to the Liberal doctrine of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. He has seen a good deal of this shorn lamb business at close range.

Up to the time of the triumphant Liberal return in 1906, Lloyd George's fame rested solely upon his skill at words. Few British orators have surpassed him in his magnificent use and



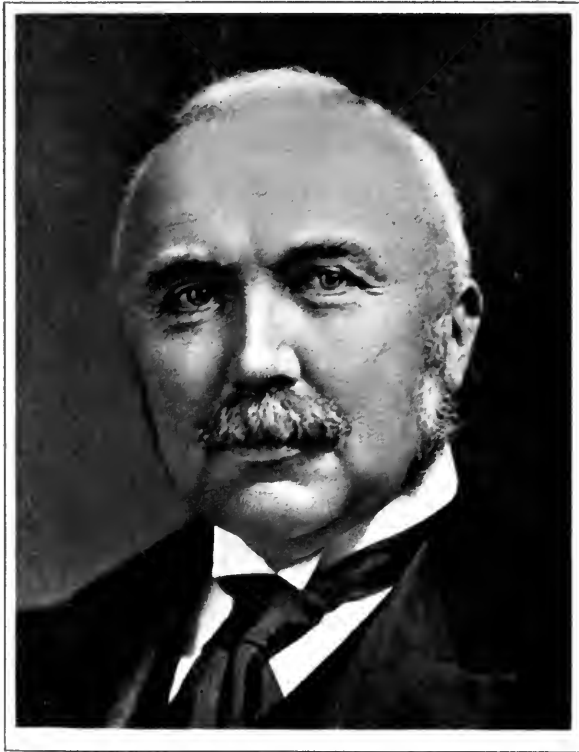
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

The Tiger of "Brum" out of action.

abuse of his alien tongue; as to his speeches in the pure Cymric (which language, he maintains, will survive our bastard English *patois* unchanged, even as it has survived the tongue of the conquering Roman), the Welsh, a nation of critical poets, are almost ecstatic in their enthusiasm. In English he is eloquent, lucid, piquant, vivid, convincing; carefully humorous when occasion permits. The scintillating rapier of repartee, the whip of virulent sarcasm, the flour-bag of ridicule—all these weapons are at his skilful command; and more, the man seems able to create whatever emotional atmosphere he pleases. Last year he reduced a London audience to tears! Londoners do not weep freely. He can lose his head, too, with admirable discretion. He can

storm and beat upon his adversaries with a violent and seemingly abandoned ferocity of vituperation that has goaded even that cunning old tiger Joe Chamberlain till he, leaping to his feet in furious rage, has delivered the very words for which the Welshman had been angling! For all that, Mr. Chamberlain, whose command of gall and vitriol is every bit as fierce as his own, has more than once chastised Our Hero cruelly.

In 1906 the people knew well enough that Lloyd George had the gift of tongues, but few even of his most ardent supporters suspected that he could administer almost as well as he could curse. When, therefore, he was appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trade, there was a universal holding of breath to wait for



THE LATE SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Former Prime Minister of England.

the inevitable crash—which did not arrive.

“Well, what can I do for trade?” is said to have been his complacent remark on entering that office for the first time.

He soon ferreted out an answer, and casting off for the time his rant-er’s guise, he set to and reorganised the whole of his antiquated department, from roof to foundation. The work, though not spectacular, was important and ably performed. The biggest single item was the passage of the Port of London Act, which took the ownership of the docks out of un-enterprising private hands, and, in brief, transformed the administration of the world’s greatest port for the first time into a really efficient and progressive machine. His phenomenal

success in this department, coupled with his unusual moderation before the public, led people to believe that Lloyd George had settled down, a reformed character; for the most part they viewed without alarm his translation to the Treasury on Campbell-Bannerman’s death and Asquith’s elevation to the Premiership. Again they were wrong.

“Now, listen,” said the new Prime Minister to the new Chancellor, “I have cheapened on the armaments; I have eased taxation from the shoulders of the poor; we have between us endowed them with their long-promised Old-age Pensions, and some seven hundred thousand persons over seventy years of age are in receipt of weekly sums varying from two to five shillings—I may mention that the

average is nearer the five—and that number is going to increase. There is the key of the safe. There is the nation.”

So Lloyd George rose in his might and produced the epoch-marking Budget of 1909.

In the preamble of his introductory speech he pointed out that the two main streams of expenditure for which he had to provide, and which made the total of all other outgoings look like “thirty cents,” were the Pensions and the Navy. He did not mention that those swollen naval estimates were the direct result of Liberal legislation during the two previous years.

The sceptical press of Germany has again been asking us to manifest our vaunted good-will by deeds rather than by words. That has been tried. During the whole of his premiership that benevolent old optimist, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, invited Germany to cut down her naval expenditure. The form of his invitation was a “deed,” if ever there was one, namely, the severe curtailment of our own naval expenditure. Germany accepted the invitation—but not quite in the sense predicted by Liberal seers. Not only did she increase her sea programme, but she “set a nigger on the safety-valve” and sped up her rate of construction to a maximum that revealed an astonishing and unsuspected efficiency on the part of German shipyards. Eight years ago this would have meant little enough, but the advent of the *Dreadnought* battleship had compelled what amounted to a fresh start in the struggle for sea-power, having transformed the previous bone and muscle of the world’s fleets into something very like scrap-iron. Germany’s spurt bade fair to bring her navy neck and neck with our own. When these facts became known, public opinion asserted itself. Some unknown Wordsworth uttered a couplet which went through the press with the speed of a scandal in high life:

“WE WANT EIGHT, AND WE WON’T WAIT.”

A poor enough effort considered as literature, but it “caught on.” London was plastered with it in all sizes of type. Comedians said it in music-halls and made their eternal reputations. Crowds chanted it staccato in the streets, stamping their feet in time. A Tory paper came out with a bill, just one large “8,” which tickled the people mightily.

Well, “we” got our eight *Dreadnoughts*, and the sea balance was restored at unnecessarily high potential and at the further cost of irritation, both in Germany and in Britain.

It was at the beginning of this popular movement that Lloyd George made his introductory Budget. He passed lightly over the naval situation and proceeded to describe his proposed taxation. First came motor vehicles: the scale began at £1 per annum for motor-cycle and ended at forty guineas per annum for the car of sixty horse-power and over, doctors’ cars to pay half-rate. This represented a large increase. Three-pence a gallon was to be levied upon motor-spirit. Both these taxes were to go entirely to road improvement.

Next came the reorganisation of the Income Tax. Mr. Asquith had already ameliorated the condition of the under-wealthy man, but Lloyd George went further and allowed £10 of his income to stand tax-free for every child under sixteen years of age that he could produce. The £2,000 man was to pay 9d. in the pound, as before; the man from £2,000 to £3,000, 1s.; the man above that, 1s. 2d., but the man of £5,000 and over was to suffer a further “super-tax” of 6d. in the pound on the amount by which his income exceeded £3,000—the heavy burden for the broad back, in fact.

Stamp duties were to be increased, likewise the duties on stock transfers, bonds to bearer, etc. Then came the historic liquor licenses, and the Tory handbill: “Not for Revenue.”

The alleged "revenge" was for the destruction of the Lords of Mr. Asquith's "Licensing Bill" of the previous year. The avowed object of that bill was two-fold: to diminish the number of public-houses and to give the state some effective control over the sale of intoxicating liquors. The trade's attitude revealed a certain absence of enthusiasm which surprised no one but Mr. Asquith. The method he proposed was the compulsory purchase by the Government, upon reasonable terms, of the licences involved. During the keen controversy which followed, the brewers, distillers, and publicans—well represented in Parliament—were at great pains to show the extraordinary value to which licences had attained, in that they amounted to absolute monopolies, forfeited only upon misconduct. They assessed the total value at something like 150,000,000 pounds, and they backed their argument with convincing evidence. When the Lords killed the measure, Lloyd George was observed to smile that fascinating smile of his. The brewers had, in fact, proved his case for him, right up to the hilt.

"What is the State getting?" he now asked, "in return for this 150,000,000-pound concession? A miserable 1.2%! What capitalist, what landowner, what business man would put up with that paltry rate of interest?"

So he proposed to improve it by charging very much more for the licences.

The brewers and company had not a leg to stand on. Their former exposition had been altogether too masterly and complete.

Spirit and tobacco duties also came in for an increase, and finally came the greatest affair of all, Taxation of the Land.

I quote from the actual Budget speech:

"In order to do justice he (a Chancellor of the Exchequer) must draw a broad distinction between land whose value is

purely agricultural in its character and composition, and land which has a special value attached to it, owing either to the fact of its covering marketable mineral deposits or because of its proximity to any concentration of people."

There is the nub of the Unearned Increment idea.

It will be easy, no doubt, to cite specific cases where the issue is perfectly clear, to find, for instance, in some city a plot of ground which has been left undeveloped by a selfish owner for the mere purpose of increasing its value without cost to himself. It will be easy to select some particular landlord who takes heavy mining royalties while incurring no personal risk or liability, and such a man may be taxed without difficulty so that he may, according to one of the Chancellor's most characteristic utterances:

"Help to pay the large sum needed to make provision for social needs, for the aged and for those who have been engaged in digging out mining royalties all their lives."

But for every such case there are a thousand others, each a tangle of intricate and peculiar difficulties which, to unravel with equity, will cost the State more money than the tax will yield, as well as time, which represents more money still.

The bill was denounced in the Lords as ill-advised, crude and unfinished. That opinion was subsequently borne out by fact that "Form IV." the first set of questions addressed to landowners, has been proved at law to contain illegal demands and to threaten illegal penalties, and so may be torn up by the recipient. Of this form something like ten millions have been circulated in England alone.

Lord Lansdowne's final motion was as follows:

"That this House is not justified in giving its consent to this bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the people."

Then ensued the elections of January, 1910. The Liberal majority fell from 132 above the combined forces of all other parties to *minus* 120 be-



low that sum. And yet the Liberals remained in power!

With that crash ended the greatness of Mr. Asquith, of whom his former chief, Campbell-Bannerman, used to say when force was needed in debate:

"Fetch me the sledge-hammer."

An immovable rock was Asquith as Chancellor; as Premier, a feather in the wind.

The Liberal members now totalled 275; the Tories, two less; the remainder, Irish and Labour members, came to 122.

Secret commissions in business are against a Liberal law of 1906, but a parallel morality in political administration, it would seem, is not esteemed essential by the present Government; at any rate, they proceeded to bargain with the Irish members for their immediate support in exchange for a Home Rule Bill to be passed later on.

The Irish did not conceal their dislike of the Budget, but the prospect of Home Rule was too alluring, and so the Budget became the "Finance Act," and the dominant figures in British Legislature became Redmond, the Irishman, the holder of the Government's word, with ability at any moment to turn them out; and Lloyd George the Welshman, who had worked all the havoc.

And now a word regarding some of the events that followed the passage of this measure.

On June 8, 1911, the Birkbeck Bank suspended payment. It was called the "People's Bank." Its assets consisted mainly of gilt-edged and Government securities, and land. Its depositors and shareholders were mainly of the artisan class, thrifty folk, the pick of their kind, the very class of people that Lloyd George was aiming to encourage and benefit. The bank was ably conducted and had a popular and well-founded reputation resembling that of the Bank of England. The failure was attributed mainly to a rapid slump in the value of land and of Government securities:

for during the same year "Consols," which have been called the barometer of British finance, sank to the lowest figure they have ever touched. Other "sound" home securities, Government and otherwise, have followed suit; a fact which has hit the Post-Office Savings Bank very hard indeed. Lloyd George, in his city speech of February 3rd, this year, has promised an "inquiry" (whatever that may signify) into this matter of Government securities—or insecurities.

Our attention being focused upon this unusual Welshman, we must pass over the year of the Parliament Bill—interesting though it was—and the subsequent election of December, 1910, which left the various parties in much the same position, except for a slight increase in the Tory return sufficient to make them actually the strongest party in the House—a hollow victory so long as the Liberal-Irish party compact remains in force.

The wings of the Lords were severely trimmed, and Lloyd George, having regained his breath, set to work once more.

Meanwhile a remarkable change was taking place in the spirit of the governors and the attitude of their minions toward the public. It is a truism to say that the duty of a Government is to administer impartially all existing laws, no matter to what party they may owe their origin. If the law is offensive to them, they may present a Bill of Repeal. Incidents have occurred where the present Government has actually contravened the existing law in respect of certain educational grants. Further, there lie before me as I write the accounts of five cases of legal action, taken by private persons and bodies against public administrators on matters of administration, in each of which the Government official has been quite properly defeated. For such a cause of action to originate reveals ignorance on the part of the administrator, which is perhaps forgivable. For him to allow the case to come to trial

shows pigheaded, domineering truculence in a public servant. But both these faults pale to insignificance before the attempt practised by one defendant, no less a person than the Attorney-General himself, to prevent the trial *ab inconvenienti* on the ground that such a case, if it lay, would hamper the administration of the law. To suppress justice, that illegality might reign! The plea was disallowed in the Court of Appeal, and Lords Justice Farwell and Moulton spoke somewhat strongly upon the subject of a citizen's right of trial. This, by the way, was the case that concerned the legality of "Form IV."

In the midst of this burning British Rome our little Welsh Nero tuned up his fiddle and began again. As usual, his motive was excellent and his basic principle sound:

"Workers shall be insured against sickness, invalidity and unemployment. They won't do it of their own accord, so they shall be compelled. The employer shall contribute, the employee shall contribute, and the State shall contribute."

On May 4, 1911, he waved his magic wand, and lo! there was the Insurance Bill complete in every detail—well, hardly. Completeness was certainly the first impression one received, but a very superficial examination sufficed to lay bare a host of imperfections. The Bill started its parliamentary career with eighty-seven clauses, covering seventy-eight printed pages. During a hurried and inadequate discussion it grew to nearly double that bulk, and at this state its development was arrested and it was sent up to the Lords on December 11, not because it was ready, but because the session was drawing to a close. The Lords passed it without discussion; they had learned a thing or two. Such was the ill-omened start of the Insurance Act.

Now, the Germans, who are still knocking their insurance laws into shape, and upon whose system our own is supposed to be founded, de-

voted three whole years to careful research before they even framed their original measure. Conditions, both financial and social, are so fundamentally different in the two countries that it is almost ineblic to argue that the designers of the British Act have obtained any reliable aid from German experience and statistics—even had time permitted their careful study, which it certainly had not. Time did not even permit any thorough investigation into the working of the many flourishing friendly societies whose lodges are established throughout Great Britain; such as the Foresters, the Oddfellows, the Hearts of Oak; which societies might well have been made the starting-point of the whole scheme, instead of being merely involved and made subject, as they will be by the Government's raw and revolutionary proposals. But no: patience is not among Mr. George's virtues; nor is he a man that will brook assistance when he considers himself equal—as he usually does—to the matter in hand. Headlong he hurls himself upon the thing, sparing nobody, least of all himself; resistless, he forces it along against all opposition, knowing no moderation, utilising the most extraordinary means, so that he may achieve his end.

On this occasion his attitude was: "For heaven's sake, let's get the thing moving; perfection doesn't matter; we can beat it into shape by subsequent legislation, but while we are droning away here, thousands, nay millions, of our fellow-citizens are under the hobnailed heel of circumstances."

One cannot withhold momentary admiration from this headstrong Celt, with his fiery, emotional heart, so certain that he is right, so unswerving in his aim. One's mind flashes back to the poor Welsh farmer, dying, ruined; to his penniless widow; to that pathetic picture of two babies piling stones in the gateway to save their mother's furniture.

Well, the Insurance thing is started now. You must understand that this measure, as it has passed the Commons and Lords, is utterly chaotic. Everyone is asking questions that nobody seems able to answer. And how should they? The man in the British street looks to Parliamentary discussion to elucidate the working of an Act. In this case there has been no discussion whatever in the Lords and very little in the Commons.

The way of a Bill through Parliament is this: The "First Reading" is its introduction; the passage of the "Second Reading" indicates that the House, or at any rate a majority of it, is favourable to the measure in principle. The Bill then goes through the "Committee Stage," during which the veriest details of the bill are subjected to minute scrutiny and exhaustive analysis. In this stage of the Insurance Bill most of the clauses were only partially discussed; thirteen were passed without a word of debate, and eighteen new clauses were *added* without a chance of discussion. The next, or "Report Stage" (which is supposed to be a second clause-by-clause examination), no less than ninety-three of the 115 clauses were passed under the "guillotine" without debate, while 470 Government amendments were added in the same fashion. The "guillotine," or, as it is officially called, "closure by compartment," is a system under which a Bill is divided into a number of sections, to each of which a certain limited time is allotted for discussion. At the end of that time, down comes the knife—perhaps in the middle of a speech—and the members troop out and troop in again through the "aye" and "no" lobbies, thus passing or rejecting the whole section. Needless to say, this drastic device, containing as it does the seeds of absolute despotism, was originally intended for use only under abnormal stress. The

Tories, during sixteen years of power, used it five times. The present Government in six years have used it fourteen times!

The three readings of this Act in the House of Lords were purely formal, for the Lords could no more hope to amend it than a modeller could "amend" the shape of a pot of molten wax; the thing was not even plastic.

I shall not attempt here to explain the intricacies of the Bill, but let us clear our minds, for the moment, of all disturbing thoughts of poverty and sickness, and look over Lloyd George's latest exhibition in the cold light of reason. Fourteen millions of workers are expected to be dealt with under the Health scheme. Of these, four and a half millions are known to be already insured in the large friendly societies; but apart from these institutions the country is honeycombed with small, unobtrusive local societies whose combined membership at least equals the figures totalled by the larger societies. Of the remaining five millions, many have savings invested—though the fate of the Birkbeck makes one tremble for their security—while numerous others (including the majority of the three-and-a-half million women involved) are engaged upon terms that provide sick pay, and often full pay, during any ordinary period of illness.

I say these things not to minimise the intrinsic importance of the scheme, but to show the folly of Lloyd George's frantic haste, which is his magnificent weakness. There was no antagonism. Both sides of the House were with him. The labouring community, as I have indicated, was not abnormally distressed. The country, having waited so long, could well have afforded two more years of uninsurance in exchange for a better-digested scheme, with a little less of the "as shall be prescribed" element in it, and a good deal less of interference with the thriving societies.

# MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CANADA

A REVIEW AND A FORECAST

BY J. D. LOGAN

WITHIN the past year several events, some negative, some positive, in portent and in effect, have occurred in the musical life of Canada. These events seem to mark the close of an epoch in the history of musical taste and art in the Dominion—to define the quality of the musical taste of the Canadian people, to delimit the range of their musical appreciations and to disclose certain characteristic tendencies of taste that serve to determine which forms of the tonal art will, in the future, most naturally thrive in Canada, and ought, therefore, specially to be cultivated in the musical centres of the Dominion.

Moreover, during the past year both the masses and the classes in Canada appeared to be perturbed by a sort of awakened musical conscience. They exercised themselves with opinings, some confident, some wistful, as to the status of musical taste in the Dominion, and as to the future direction and scope of musical culture in a country in which some forms of the tonal art were indigenous growths, or were, so to speak, thoroughly naturalised, and other forms seemed incapable of becoming naturalised.

Finally: the last twelve years witnessed the rise of the Mendelssohn Choir to world-wide reputation in

choral music, the rise and continuous growth of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to permanent organisation, respectable musicianship and classical repertoire in orchestral music, and the rise of the Toronto String Quartette to permanent organisation and to a name in this country for exquisite chamber music relatively equal to the reputation of the Kneisel and the Flonzaley Quartettes. This period is fairly to be regarded as the first *systematic* period of successful cultivation of musical taste and performance in Canada—providing, of course, that Toronto is justly styled, as it too often uncritically is styled, the musical centre, and, therefore, the criterion by which to judge the musical status, of Canada. At any rate, from the permanent reorganisation of the Mendelssohn Choir in 1900 to the seventh season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and of the Toronto String Quartette (1913), in which music in three forms has been systematically cultivated with great success and with marked effect on the art itself and on the diffusion of musical taste, is a constructive period in the musical history of the Dominion, and, as we shall see, a period whose foundational work has been completed. A new epoch, as we shall also see, will begin in 1914.

The preceding considerations, then,

justify the writing of an essay which, while duly chronicling the most significant musical events of the past season (the last year of the twelve-year period) in Canada, will concern itself primarily with a critical review of conditions, experiments, and tendencies in music in the Dominion, and with a forecast of the lines along which musical art and taste will develop in the next decade of social evolution in Canada. At the outset it must be thoroughly understood that in a summary essay which has such a philosophical conspectus as the present article, men with ideals will be considered and treated as more significant than organisations and institutions; tendencies or movements as more significant than special events; and fine artistic achievements, even if seemingly wasted or unappreciated, as more significant than public curiosity and popular acclaim. I am forced to utter this warning, because if I treat one man or organisation as paramount, I shall be considered to be animadverting against another man or organisation whose idolisers think him or it equally as paramount as the others. But genuine criticism, as distinguished from private appreciations, must concern itself, not with detailing personal likes and dislikes, but with discovering in the actual the envisagement and progressive realisation of the ideal, and with showing how if there be in a city or a country one or two men who love and promote the ideal, the people of that city or country shall be saved.

The past season is noteworthy for the death of one species of choral music and for the moribund condition of other choral species. The fact is a signal proof of the importance of men with constructive ideals in the field of music. In the first place, in the city in which the great choral-dramas of Haendel and Haydn have had yearly performances for many seasons, and were the first forms of the tonal art to have a marked influence on musical taste in Canada,

oratorio is dead. No oratorios of genuine beauty and aesthetic dignity were sung in Toronto in the past year. This was due directly to the resignation of Dr. F. H. Torrington from the conductorship of the long-existent and competent Festival Chorus of Toronto, and to the consequent passing of this organisation as a positive influence in musical taste and in perpetuating a noble form of choral performance. We might as well face the fact. When, at the close of the last concert of the old Festival Chorus in Massey Hall in 1912, as those who attended it will remember, Dr. Torrington bowed to the audience and turned and laid down the baton which he had wielded for many years, what happened was not the mere retiring of a mighty warrior from the field of music but the demise of the "soul" of a long-established and influential musical organisation. True, a new conductor was immediately appointed, and the old Festival Chorus was renamed the St. Cecilia Society. But the baptism was not from on high; and after a few gurglings in the press as to what the members of the old Festival Chorus, under its new name and conductor, would accomplish, the organisation turned its back to the public, shut its eyes for the inevitable end—and died. And so ended a vital period and form of music in a community where Oratorio was performed so finely as to have earned a continental reputation for high standard of excellence and to have given Canada a name for finished singing of that species of choral art.

In passing, let me add some significant historical facts on this matter. When Dr. Torrington retired in 1912 from the conductorship of the Festival Chorus, the press signalled the event by remarking his activities in music in Canada, chiefly Toronto, during a period covering nearly forty years, and referred to him as a pioneer in the field in this country. The writers on the press, however, used the

term pioneer in its popular meaning, namely, in the sense of first in the field. Dr. Torrington was a long way from being a pioneer in music, even in Canada, in this meaning of the term. Probably the first man to organise and conduct musical societies in Canada was Antoine Dessane, whose activities in this direction began in Quebec about 1849. Some, however, would give the distinction to a gentleman named Fowler, who is said to have organised the Philharmonic Society of Montreal in 1848. Nor must it be forgotten that a vice-president of this society, Mr. Joseph Gould, in 1864, organised the Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal and directed its affairs with such splendid success that the Choir during the thirty years of its activities attained a distinction at home and abroad somewhat comparable to the reputation which the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has gained under the direction of Dr. A. S. Vogt. Again: some would give the credit for pioneer work in founding the first musical society in Canada to Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of University College, Toronto, who, with a Mr. John Ellis, established in 1846 a choral organisation called the Philharmonic Society, which existed for five years, and was then superseded by the Toronto Vocal Society. The Philharmonic Society was reorganised in 1857, and in December of that year sang "The Messiah," under the conductorship of Mr. John Carter. In 1861 Mr. Carter and Mr. Onions founded respectively the Toronto Musical Union and the Metropolitan Choral Society, both of which sang the classical Oratorios.

In 1872 the Philharmonic Society again underwent reorganisation; and in 1873 Mr. F. H. Torrington was appointed conductor of the Society. He continued in that position till 1894 when a merger took place between the Philharmonic Society and other independent Choruses in Toronto, and the new organisation was named the Toronto Festival Chorus. Under this

name the Festival Chorus flourished until 1912, when Dr. Torrington resigned the conductorship, and, on Dr. Dickinson assuming the directorship, the old Festival Chorus was renamed the St. Cecilia Society.

It is not, then, as the first to take the field in choral music in Canada that Dr. Torrington is to be regarded as a pioneer in the tonal art in this country but as one who, in the etymological sense of the term, kept on during thirty-nine years, 1873-1912, "breaking the way" for the æsthetic appreciation and the artistic performance of choral music in Canada. If Toronto is justly styled "the choral centre of Canada," and if the conspicuous number of choral societies in the city has been remarked by the critics of other countries as a phenomenon in itself, this distinction is due mainly to the long-continued and successful systematic efforts of Dr. Torrington to create a taste not only for choral music but also for the fine performance of it, and to the incitement which his efforts and success stirred in others to found new societies which would carry on choral music in forms ranging from part-songs *a cappella* to the great masses and requiems of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Gounod and Verdi and to the ultra-modern "concert music-drama," such as Wolf-Ferrari's ethereal "Vita Nuova," for chorus, soli, and orchestra. The foundational constructive work of this justly celebrated pioneer in choral music came to its inevitable end in 1912. Oratorio has been superseded forever in Canada by the other forms of choral music. No doubt there will be later performances of the oratorios of Haendel and Haydn. But modern taste and modern conditions demand the performance of the more diversified and more æsthetically winning choral forms—the species which afford the listener exquisite sensations, refined nuances in tone-colour, dynamics, and emotion, communion with pure beauty, imaginative transports

which carry one away from vulgar existence to the hills of spiritual ecstasy or peace

There is but one man in Canada who has the genius, the experience, the ideals, and the constructive energy to achieve this æsthetic end. Much older, more experienced, more learned critics than myself have said that if the world is to see choral music in the finer forms brought to absolute perfection, the consummation will be perfected either in Canada by Dr. A. S. Vogt with the Mendelssohn Choir, or in Germany by Siegfried Ochs with his Philharmonischer Chor of Berlin. I am not now, however, interested in forecasting the developments in choral excellences which Dr. Vogt may (or will) effect in 1914 and onwards. I wish to signalise an extraordinary and significant fact, namely, that during Dr. Vogt's recently completed sojourn in Europe (1912-13), and the consequent absence of the annual series of concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir, there was not only an abatement of public interest in choral music in Canada, but also signs of a moribund condition amongst the various choral organisations in Toronto; while, on the other hand, there was an increase in the public interest in orchestral and chamber music, and a distinct show of fresh vigour and enthusiasm in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Toronto String Quartette.

Lest I be supposed unjustly to be animadverting against the National Chorus, the Schubert Choir, the St. Cecilia, and the Oratoria Society, let me state the facts. As soon as it was known that, with no concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir in 1912-13, these choral organisations would have the field clear of formidable competition, it was only natural that they would announce, in the press and otherwise, magnificent plans for the forthcoming season (1913), and it was only reasonable to believe that the public would look forward to the season with expectations of hear-

ing finer performances than these choirs had ever hitherto given. The announcements appeared surely enough. The St. Cecilia Society, the Schubert Choir, the Oratorio Society, and the National Chorus told the public what magnificent programmes each would present in the coming season for the people's delight and exaltation. It all looked splendid and convincing on paper. But was the public overjoyed? No, no. Letters appeared in the press, and articles in the magazines, either stating that choral music was being overdone in Toronto or speculating whether there were not too many choral organisations in the city and in Canada and whether those which already did appear to be "going concerns" would not do better to aim at technical excellence and not so much at programmes which would stagger even the Mendelssohn Choir. That is to say, when the people and the critics realised what a hiatus in the career of the Mendelssohn Choir meant to them in the way of positive loss and, indirectly, in the way of abortive performances by other choirs, their musical conscience was awakened and they were mightily perturbed over the situation.

That is one side. Here is the other. Neither in voluntary (that is, as it is called, "unpapered") attendance nor in finesse or beauty of performances were the concerts in the past season (1913) by these choral organisations as successful as in preceding years. The Oratorio Society, with the assistance of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, did indeed, musically viewed, give two really fine concerts, but they were most wretchedly attended. The Schubert Choir concerts fell below the standard of æsthetic excellence and the attendance of past years.—the tone quality was poor, unanimity amongst the sections was absent, precision in attack also was absent, and the nuancing was little better than that of an ordinary city church choir. The National

Chorus seemingly had taken on a new lease of life. But it must be remembered, first, that the Chorus had the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra, both to accompany and to furnish independent instrumental programmes, and, second, that only as compared with the concerts given in 1912, which were *a cappella*, can those given in 1913 be said to be better—more virile, more interesting. Again: if there was an increased attendance over that of the season of 1912, it was not due to anticipations of perfect choral artistry by the choir but to the fine orchestral programmes furnished by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

The facts, as I interpret them, then, are that in Toronto, "the choral centre of Canada," Oratorio has died, that public interest in the finer forms of choral music is moribund, and that the cause, in the one case, is that the pioneer work in Oratorio has been completed, and that the cause, in the second case, is the critical taste which the Mendelssohn Choir has cultivated in the people, so that they will be satisfied only with—and consequently will only support—choral singing which measures up to the standard of the one Choir which has compelled the admiration of the most cultured audiences and critics in the metropolitan centres of the continent.

Still another negative event must be reported, namely the failure of grand opera, a really exotic form of music so far as Canada is concerned, to become naturalised in the Dominion. Colonel Frank S. Meighen and his musical *confrères*, who were the backers of the Montreal Opera Company, a splendidly efficient organisation, have been compelled to disband the company, having failed, it is said, to get adequate support, during two years of experimenting, from the Canadian people. The company gave eight weeks of opera in Montreal, and three weeks in Toronto, in 1913. In the latter city the op-

eras seemed to be well attended and certainly were greatly appreciated. Yet I have been told on good authority that the weekly deficit was \$6,000, or a total of about \$20,000 for the entire repertoire. But, according to the statement of the directors of the Montreal Company, as given out by Colonel Meighen, the Royal City was astoundingly delinquent in supporting grand opera during the eight weeks the company sang there. The statement reads:

"The directors of the Montreal Opera Company have decided not to give a season of grand opera next winter, but, as the company is an incorporated body, the organisation will be kept in existence, with the expectation of going on again in the future.

"The reasons for discontinuing are insufficient support from the public, and the unfitness of the stage of the present theatre for opera purposes.

"At the seventy-two performances in Montreal there were only twenty-four full houses, and, granted that some of the operas given failed to please, the proportion of full houses was nevertheless too small. The lack of a sufficiently large and well-equipped stage for grand opera also made the productions of the past season very difficult and expensive.

"As regards the prospects for grand opera next winter, there are rumours that sort of travelling offshoot of the Boston Company may visit Montreal for a short season, but as yet there is nothing definite known, and in any case it would have no connection whatever with the Montreal Opera Company, and could not sing under the name of the Montreal Opera."

No comment is needed, except to summarise the *a fortiori* argument in the premises:—If grand opera, sung chiefly in the French tongue, was refused adequate support in the French-Canadian capital, how much less might it be expected to gain support in Canadian cities, such as Ot-



tawa and Toronto, where the prevailing language is English. The fact is that the Canadian people, while they may, for all sorts of reasons, have said that they wanted grand opera, really did not support it, else they would gladly have paid to see it. Surely it is a psychological law of economics that what a man really wants, and, by hook or crook, can manage to purchase, he will willingly buy. All the more will he gladly buy if the object he sincerely wants possesses supreme excellence. The performances of the Montreal Opera Company were indubitably very fine. I shall not indulge any private appreciations, but only summarily signalise those operas and rôles which evoked the fullest admiration of the Toronto audiences and critics.

Happily the greatest "triumph," as the critics' slang phrases it, went to a Canadian diva, namely, Mme. Louise Edvina, who in Puccini's "Tosca" and in Charpentier's "Louise" thrallled her audiences with acting as dramatic and pervasive as her singing was golden and transporting. The final scene in "Louise," between Mme. Edvina and M. Albert Huberty (as Père), was a compelling piece of intense, convincing dramatism and a profoundly impressive spiritual experience—altogether memorable. For it was a memorable experience to see an actress realise the ideal, and Mme. Edvina sustained her reputation as the only ideal Louise. M. Huberty was, of course, in "Faust," the finest of all those who have essayed the rôle of Mephisto—subtle in acting and artistic in singing; and another Canadian, Mme. Beatrice La Palme, blonde and petite, again elicited sincere admiration for her winning interpretation of the rôle of Marguerite and for her brilliant coloratura in the Jewel Song, in which she attained a purity of tone, beauty of phrasing, and emotional nuance that rivalled Mme. Melba's silvery warblings in her best days in the same rôle.

Following Mme. Edvina in order of success came Mme. Carmen Melis as Thaïs in Massenet's opera of that name, Mme. Elizabeth Amsden as Salome in Massenet's "Herodiade," Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen in Bizet's opera of that name, and Mme. Alice Neilsen as Cio-Cio-San (Butterfly) in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." The lovely dark beauty of the Latin type which made Mme. Melis a joy to the sense of sight was enhanced by her fine acting and the dulcet mellowness of her singing tones. Never once did she fail to conform to the highest ideal of pure beauty, moral as well as æsthetic, and the scene of the "Unveiling of Venus," which would have become in another of lower ideals a sensual display, she transformed into a vision of the divinity of the human female form. She was superb throughout and made her role spiritually exalting. Much the same praise may be given Mme. Amsden as Salome. Mme. Neilsen's interpretation of the rôle of forsaken, innocent Butterfly was subtle, refined, and extraordinarily saddening; but the rôle has no possibilities of genuinely moving emotions. Contrasting with all these was the wonderful art of Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen. She threw tradition to the winds, and presented a realistic Carmen, quite away from the merely coquettish styles of Calve and Minnie Hauck. She was devilish, impish, wayward as a spoiled child, elementally human, with a woman's heart for love and romance, vulgar, fiery, and even brutal—a most complex character, repelling at one moment and captivating at another. In short, Mme. Gay presented her audience with a subtle psychological analysis of "untamed womanhood," and with such a display of fine dramatism that her interpretation of the rôle of Carmen was at once original, startling and unique. In other words, it was all great dramatic art. M. Jean Riddez was the Escamillo, and he too paralleled Mme. Gay in brilliant acting, while his resonant, can-

table baritone dispensed delicious sensation in his bravura singing of the Toreador's Song. I merely wait to give honourable mention, though more is deserved, to M. Leon Lafitte, tenor, and M. James Goddard, basso, who in voice rivalled M. Huberty.

Let it, then, be remarked that while the performances of the Montreal Opera Company were highly satisfying and while many of them will long be remembered, still the fact is that they might have been better attended, and that the only opera which paid in receipts was Verdi's melodramatic "Il Trovatore," which, in æsthetic value, so far as lyric music is concerned, is about equal to the Sunday soloist's delight, "The Palms" or "The Holy City." On the side, then, of negative tendencies in music in Canada, the result is this—grand opera is dead, oratorio is dead, and public interest in the finer, more diversified forms of choral music is moribund.

We need not, however, feel discouraged. From one point of view musical conditions in Canada are as they ought to be. Further: on the side of instrumental music the past season was very successful and is auspicious of the future. Three of the great American Orchestras were heard in Massey Hall, namely, the New York Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, and, finest of all, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The first two came as assisting orchestras, but they were the "star attractions" at the concerts of the National Chorus and of the Oratorio Society, and considerably augmented the attendance. The Boston Symphony came to Massey Hall on its own initiative, and though one critic found fault with the fact that Toronto was not as generous in turning out to hear this famous and impeccable orchestra as the people of Boston were in attending the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir in that city, still there was a large audience present and the orchestra was pleased enough to arrange for another visit in 1914.

In March, 1913, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, now augmented to sixty members, closed its seventh season, with a record of having had the most successful season since it was placed on a permanent basis. The orchestra gave seventeen concerts, of which six were of fine symphonic grade and eleven were of the best popular order, several of the latter being given in the more important cities and towns of Ontario. The orchestral concerts of the fine symphonic grade brought to the city, as assisting soloists, five distinguished artists, possessing international fame, of which the most celebrated was M. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violin virtuoso. He received unprecedented welcome, the stage of Massey Hall having to be used in order to accommodate the immense audience. "Not an available seat was left unsold, and men and women had to be turned away," was the authentic report of the management. I mention this fact particularly as proof that popular taste in Canada, during the season of 1912-13, tended more to the appreciation and support of instrumental music than of choral forms. But all the concerts of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra were largely attended. Public sympathy and interest centered last season in instrumental music, and showed signs of increasing amongst the masses as well as the classes. Again: the Toronto String Quartette, which relatively to experience and public support stands well up with the Kneisel and the Flonzaley Quartettes in fine performance of Chamber Music, also closed, in April, 1913, its seventh, and most successful, season. In short, last year instrumental music flourished, much more than choral art, even in the city which is said to be the choral centre of Canada.

What, then, of the future of music in Canada? I am not going to prophesy the inevitable, but only to signalise tendencies. The chief choral organisations of Toronto had their

opportunity to show that they were more than popularisers of this form of music. They failed to do so, and the critical taste cultivated in the people for only the very best in choral music will in the future tend to turn more and more to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. Dr. Vogt has come back from Europe with new ideals of performance and a broadened repertoire. Obviously, with the Mendelssohn Choir freshly reorganised, as it recently was, to carry out Dr. Vogt's ideals of personnel, repertoire and technical finish, a new era in choral music in Canada will begin in 1914. While the other choral organisations will continue, chiefly, as it seems to me, in popular and educational singing, the progressive realisation of the ideal will be the work of the one man and the one choral organisation that have already made Canada famous for extraordinary achievements in that species of the tonal art. That is to say, the tendency will be for the Mendelssohn Choir to achieve further perfection, and for the other choral societies to be satisfied with respectable perform-

ance of traditional programmes, no doubt orchestrally accompanied, as well as *a cappella*. In any case, the position and aims of the latter will be secondary hereafter.

Beginning next year, the outstanding events in music will be the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, and the programmes of the visiting symphonic orchestras. Assuming that the New York Symphony will be re-engaged by the National Chorus, the New York Philharmonic by the Oratorio Society, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra by the Mendelssohn Choir, and the Boston Symphony, as probable, by the management of Massey Hall, then, if we include the Toronto Symphony, next season will be a year supreme in the history of orchestral music in Canada, and will have a marked effect on the musical taste and culture of the country. At any rate, next season will be the beginning of an era of new ideals in musical culture and art in the Dominion. Choral music is native and permanently assured of growth, and orchestral music shows signs of becoming at least thoroughly "naturalised."

## SPRING

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

IF chance I now should sleep  
 Beneath the sun-warmed ground,  
 While heavy years would creep  
 Above me without sound,  
 It is enough for me  
 That I have one time seen  
 The lilac-burdened tree  
 The daffodil's slim green;  
 It is enough for me,  
 If I should pass away,  
 That I had once loved thee  
 Upon a mad spring day.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIFFS

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

WERE I a preacher I should preach once a year—sometime in September for the benefit of June brides—a sermon on the philosophy of tiffs. I had it in mind to say the philosophy of quarrels, but “quarrels” is too serious a word, and my title might, therefore, have been misleading. The bride’s mother imparts to the bride lore of women-kind concerning cookery, household economics and simple rules for successfully subjugating the head of the house. The bridegroom’s friends furnish him with mock sympathy and jokes calculated to lighten the gloom of the occasion. Both bride and groom have more or less common sense and ideas of decent conduct towards those they love and those they do not love. But of the tiff too little is said, for too little is known. Many a man and wife have gone through life without realising that the most important moment of their lives was a certain quarrel in the first year of their companionship.

I am a believer in the first quarrel, but not in the second. I believe the first quarrel is unavoidable, necessary and advantageous. If by the end of the first year the man and the woman have not encountered this episode, then they are too long in getting to know one another. It would be vulgar to promote disputes. It is foolish to look for them. And yet a wise husband and a wise wife will be more contented after the first quarrel than before. They are not really married until the quarrel has come—and gone.

It must come, but it must also go, otherwise it is the last, not the first.

There must come moments in your life, when it is clear to both of you that you differ in your viewpoint of certain matters, in your conception of facts, or in the deduction you make from a given group of facts. On such an occasion you may get angry. You may speak out of pique or jealousy or irritation. But if you can be content to say: “We differ, Tom.” And if Tom will say: “Yes, my dear, we differ.” And if you can let the matter rest there, without bitterness, without lingering irritation, you shall have done well.

The first difference is the first real measuring up of the womanhood of the one against the manhood of the other. You have up to this time been lovers, swimming in a rare atmosphere high above the cloud-darkened earth. You have talked of books, and agreed—your tastes were similar. You have discussed persons and found your intuitions and preferences alike. You have admired sunsets, flowers, old ruins and plays, side by side, probably with furtive looks of understanding between you. In short you have been lovers. Now you must make the supreme test of your love and see if each of you can be himself and herself without feeling any constraint of companionship. In your first difference of opinion you have descended from the clouds where you dwelt alone together, and are surrounded, if not indeed oppressed, with mundane things. The

ship of matrimony is now out of the stage of water-colour prints and exquisite designs. It is launched. It floats. It makes headway. Can you keep it together?

I admire a little sentiment, but too much is worse than too much wine. I appreciate a little poetry, but more than that is dangerously extravagant. I love those who have ideals, who try to live up to them, but I tremble before idealists. So in matrimony; a little sentiment, a little poetry, a little idealism, are excellent ingredients, but in the bottom of the dish I like to see that vulgar but rare element called common-sense, that noble quality "humanness," and that great thing—the ability to let other people differ from you, without yearning to turn missionary and win them to the gospel of your own convictions.

And this, is where the first quarrel is such a great moment in both lives. If either of you is vulgar (or if both are) the hideous fact will emerge from hiding and shame you. If either of you is unjust or narrow or petty, the fact will now become clear. For the first time since your husband and you began the pleasant occupation of telling each other of your perfections, you really get down to a basis of truth. Your two minds stand forth unclad, looking at each other. The limitations of both are uncovered. Your sentiment, your poetry, your idealism take flight. The treasure you have held in your heart vanishes. You are broken.

That is—unless you are both sensible, or unless one of you is. In that case you will not have been intoxicated by too much sentiment, poetry or idealism. You recognise each the limitations of the other. You measure each other's mental capacity, and you judge how best to get on together. And you love one another the more for knowing your imperfections.

There is nothing more insipid than perfection. It is all very well that

all the world, or nearly all, thinks when it marries it is marrying the one person, the ideal, the dream of perfection. But it is imperative that it should discover the imperfections. It is by our imperfections that we are lovable. I am sure, had I married a paragon, I should have died of *ennui*.

Just the other day a woman said to me: "My husband was a somewhat lazy man, a man who was apt to forget to be punctual. He was slovenly about his person and quick to make promises out of good-will, which he had to break because they were impossible of fulfilment. But these qualities endeared him to me, as much as his virtues, which were many. A perfect man, punctual, precise, reliable, would have bored one to death unless I had set down his sheer perfections for a fault and loved him for that."

Men and women are like fine blends of tea, or fine woods, or fruits. I like that man who has in his character a flavour of his own, a personality of his own. I like a mellow man, or a man who will grow to be mellow, which your perfect man never does. For to be perfect is to conform to a standard and to have no individuality: and to be individual is more necessary, really, than you dream.

In your first encounters you will begin to discover your husband or your wife. You can judge the strength of the enemy by its fire, by its intensity, by its range and accuracy. You can judge his judgment, his power of self-control, his strategic ability, his mastery of himself—not all at one time I warrant, but from time to time. And if the husband is a man and the wife a woman, admire one another for their respective tactics and for the spirit of the enemy's defence. Love the enemy for his intention to champion *his* ideals.

But if you have idealised your companion and wrapped him or her round and round with a sort of swaddling clothes of idealism—what then? Tragedy. Never embalm your hus-

band or your wife in your ideals of manhood or womanhood, for to win you, they play to your ideals and find themselves dressed in clothes that are not their own, forced to say words that are not their words, compelled to be what they are not. An ideal husband is a fraud and a fake. The good husband or the good wife has an individuality of his own or her own. Do not blind yourself to that by draping it in a description from some foolish novel you have read or some composite hero or heroine your own brain has evolved since your were seventeen. Let that individuality within abound, flourish. See to it that it grows, and that you both grow and develop the best that is in you.

Finally I believe in frankness, and

condour. Be brutal rather than tactful, but if you can, be just sweetly convincing. If you have a headache and long to pick a quarrel or behave in a peevish manner, say so—and smile. Say: "Tom, I'm out of sorts. I don't know why, but I *want* to be irritable." If Tom is what I think he is, he will say, "Go ahead, my dear," and get out of your way.

Be good-naturedly ready for your first difference. Don't put off the day. It is a good day. Stand up for your beliefs and state them as well as you can. Don't underestimate your enemy, because he is arguing against you; don't underestimate your own case because the enemy is your husband or wife. Cross swords, fence, thrust and parry—and shake hands. Love grows deeper that way.

---

## WE WILL REMEMBER

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

TRUE there will be tears for to-day,  
 For to-day men see only the pity;  
 To-morrow the glory shall come,  
 It shall come from the sea to the city.  
 For the men of the sea shall be first  
 (They being more closely your brothers),  
 And what things unto them are made plain  
 They shall make plain to the others.

Men shall remember with joy  
 And pride that shall drive out sorrow,  
 Through the length of the toil of to-day,  
 In the face of the looming to-morrow,  
 The words ye have written in pain  
 And in strife without any complaining.  
 And these shall remain in our hearts  
 And shall greaten our hearts in remaining.  
 Thus shall arise from your graves,  
 Though the winds and the snows shall efface them,  
 Monuments greater than stone;  
 And hearts and not hands shall replace them.  
 Our children not born shall be taught  
 The tale of your valour. The glory  
 Shall not diminish with years,  
 Nor your greatness be dropped from the story.



THE TIFF

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle in the Ontario Government Collection

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# AMBITION REALISED

BY VINCENT BASEVI

“TO strive hopefully is better than to succeed.”

Muriel Gream quoted Stevenson as she looked up from the wash tub and gazed sulkily over a plain of ripening corn. Behind her was a shack built of rough timber and containing two rooms. On one side of this there was a small vegetable garden. Beyond lay a stable and cow house, and all the rest of the world in sight was corn—growing corn just turning to full ripeness under a scorching sun. The drone of insects filled the air. Nature at her best was smiling on those to whom she had borne a generous harvest. Muriel seemed unconscious of the beauty all around. After standing up straight, hands on hips, to ease her back, she stooped once more over the washtub and muttered: “I walked nearly a hundred miles to do this!”

Her voice betokened self-contempt and sullen despair, yet she was a bride of three weeks. A pretty face, spoiled for the time by sulky looks, was crowned by a mass of dark, wavy hair which was in sad disorder. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, showing arms burned by the sun, red, sore and blistered. Her hands bore marks of unaccustomed toil. A torn skirt carelessly put on gave to her appearance the finishing touch of utter distress.

She gave the clothes in the tub a perfunctory rinse and then hung them up on a line near by. They did not look very clean in spite of the washing. Picking up the soap

and scrubbing board, Muriel turned and walked slowly to the shack without one glance at the brightness and signs of promise all around. The interior of the house bore evidence of work done grudgingly. A pile of dirty dishes stood on an upturned packing case. The table was littered with old papers and magazines. Clothes in need of mending were lying about in heaps. Through a half-open door the bed could be seen with the clothes lying in a tumbled mass as they had been thrown when she rose that morning. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some embers were still glowing in the stove.

Muriel piled up a few sticks of wood and then threw on some paraffin. In a few minutes she had a bright blaze with which to boil some water. Taking a cup and the teapot from the pile of dirty dishes, she rinsed these and then made tea. With a cup in one hand and a magazine in the other she went out on the doorstep and sat down, sipping her tea and reading, and now and again looking out across the radiant sea of golden corn. Poor little cockney! She was overwhelmed with the vastness of her surroundings, and horrified at the nature of her work.

Three months ago she had been equally discontented in her father's house near London. The youngest daughter of a poor professional man, Muriel's whole life had been a struggle to keep up appearances. She was conscious of being a gentlewoman, of having to look like a gentlewoman,

and of her social superiority over most other people. Now nobody seemed to care who she was or where she came from. The spur which had kept her smart in the past, pride of social rank, had been stripped from her. A world without social distinctions was beyond her power of comprehension. She did not understand people who could hear unmoved that she was cousin to a baronet. Her little suburban soul seemed incapable of appreciating its emancipation from the drab monotony of respectable poverty in a city.

Three of her sisters were trained nurses, and the fourth was a governess. They all helped to support the home in London. But Muriel, the youngest and prettiest of all had stayed at home. She had known only one ambition—to be married. There was no Prince Charming in her dreams. She had no standard of beauty or wealth by which her husband was to be gauged. Simply she wished to be married. On her twenty-fourth birthday when she was beginning to feel really old, and fearing that her chances of matrimony were diminishing, a letter arrived from an old friend who had married and settled down in Alberta. The friend invited Muriel to pay her a visit and stay as long as she liked. There was a post-script saying that any girl who went to those parts was sure to be married within a month. This was meant for a joke, but Muriel took it seriously, and indeed it was the afterthought in the letter which aroused her interest. It she could only get to Alberta she would certainly be married. This was the thought uppermost in her mind for the next few days. By a skilful process of suggestion she got her father to propose that she should emigrate to Canada. There followed a few weeks of preparation, and then the awful journey at the thought of which she still shuddered. There was but little money to spare, so Muriel had to travel steerage. She was well

supplied with warm clothing, for all her friends had heard about the bitter cold in Canada. It was cold enough crossing the ocean, but as soon as the St. Lawrence was entered, Muriel experienced greater heat than she had ever known. There followed the long, tiresome journey across the continent in a colonist car. At last she alighted at a wayside station where she was met by her friend's husband. Then a hundred miles of prairie trail had to be traversed in a Red River cart. After the first few miles, Muriel decided to walk. The jolting was too much for one who had never experienced anything less comfortable than a London County Council tramcar. She faced the long tramp boldly enough, for probably the journey was leading to the goal of her ambition—a husband. Five days were spent getting to the farm. Her friends had been three years in the district and had built for themselves a substantial homestead. For the next few days Muriel lived in comfort, and she found some interest in the novelty of her surroundings. Then Jack Graem rode over from his farm to spend a week-end with Muriel's hosts.

He was of the best type of young Canadian farmers. Enterprising, hard-working, honest and strong, he stood over six feet high, was straight, lithe and active. A rather stern face was relieved by kindly gray eyes, and small wrinkles near the mouth showed that he knew how to laugh. Jack Graem was in the mood to fall in love with any girl. He had been out on the prairies in his lonely shack for several years, without going nearer to civilisation than the township from which his grain was sent to the markets of the world. Of course he fell in love with Muriel, and of course she accepted his prompt proposal of marriage. It was for this she had come to Canada. Three weeks later they were married. And now Muriel was sitting on the doorstep of her shack, a torn magazine in one hand and a

chipped cup containing tea in the other, her ambition had been realised, there seemed nothing else to hope for, and the fruit for which she had yearned proved to be bitter.

The magazine contained a story of life on a Western Canadian farm. The scene might have been taken from her own homestead, yet there was something so very different between her life and that of the heroine in the story. Her life was so lonely, disappointing and sombre. That of the woman in the story was one gay song from morning to night. She read the tale a second time and then tossed the magazine aside. "All lies," she muttered as she rose and went into the house.

Muriel took a half dirty cloth off the window sill and spread it on the table. Then a few cups and plates were rinsed. The fire was coaxed into a blaze and a kettleful of water was put on to boil. Jack would return soon, so supper had to be prepared. Going outside to a lean-to, Muriel unwound a cloth from the earcase of a sheep and tried to cut off a couple of chops. She was not very successful. A distaste for the touch of raw meat caused her to approach the task gingerly. In the end a piece of bone and two seraggy pieces of meat came away. With these Muriel returned to the house and began to prepare supper. A piece of fat and the results of her operation on the sheep were put in the frying pan and this was placed on the fire. Suddenly Muriel remembered that the bed had not been made. Rushing to the bedroom she pulled the clothes up, punched the pillows and started to smooth out the sheets. Then the kettle boiled over, and she had to rush back to the kitchen. After making the tea, Muriel went on the door step to wait for her husband.

Ten minutes later he rode into the yard, a handsome, manly figure on a horse fully equal to his weight. The pair presented a fine picture of physical strength. Waving to Muriel, he

rode straight to the stable, watered the horse and then rubbed him down and gave him a good feed. Then he crossed to the lean-to, where he found a granite basin, a towel and a piece of soap. There followed a tremendous spluttering and scrubbing, and Jack came round the corner to where Muriel was sitting, tapping impatiently with her foot.

"Well, darling," he said, "what sort of a day have you had?"

He stooped and kissed her.

"The same as all other days," Muriel snapped in reply. "Loneliness, work and discomfort are all one gets in this part of the world."

"I have had plenty of work to-day, and I am ravenously hungry. I can smell supper. I do believe it is burning."

"How like you to start complaining before you have even tasted your meal?"

Muriel marched into the house followed by her large but meek husband. He was tired and inclined to be fractious himself, but he realised that the strangeness of life on the prairie must be very trying to his bride, and he determined to make every allowance for her.

Supper was a dismal affair. The chops were burned to cinders. The tea had been made much too long and tasted of nothing but tannin. The bread was resilient. A pretence was made at eating. Now and again Jack attempted cheerful conversation only to be answered with snubs. His kindness made Muriel more angry. A quarrel was needed to clear the air. Jack rose from the table and went outside to smoke his evening pipe. He did not complain about the meal. This forbearance hurt Muriel more than abuse would have done. She knew the meal was uneatable. Deep down in her heart she knew her conduct was atrocious, and she could not understand Jack's silence. Adding the dishes from the table to the pile of dirty plates, Muriel removed the crumbs by the simple process of

shaking the cloth, and then joined Jack on the doorstep. There followed an hour of abject misery for both of them. If Jack spoke, Muriel snubbed him. When he remained silent, she made stabbing little remarks. He was tired, hungry and depressed. With difficulty he was keeping his temper under control.

Jack went indoors to read a week-old newspaper borrowed from a neighbour who had just returned from the railway siding. He lit the lamp. It was badly trimmed. If he turned it up it smoked. When he turned it down again it gave but a dim glimmer and made an abominable smell. Then he committed the fatal blunder of losing his temper over a trifle.

"I say, Muriel, this is the last straw," he called out.

"What is the matter now?" she replied quite pleasantly.

"This beastly lamp. Surely you can find time to trim it. First there was the supper. Then—"

"What was wrong with the supper?" Muriel was beginning to enjoy herself. This was a quarrel and she was master of the situation.

"Wrong with the supper? Everything! The chops were burned to cinders, the tea tasted as if it had been stewed for hours, and the bread was so tough that I could not get my teeth into it."

"Why ever didn't you say so at the time? It would not have taken ten minutes to cook more chops, and fresh tea could have been made in two minutes."

When a man loses his temper, is proved to be in the wrong and knows he is in the right, usually he blusters. Jack did this. He stormed up and down the room. His speech was a mirror held up for Muriel to see all her faults reflected. Had he found his wife penitent, he would have said he was sorry for being cross, that it did not matter, and then he would have done a lot of household work for her. But to be made miserably

uncomfortable for a fortnight, to be baited into a temper, and then to be asked what was the matter; this was more than he could stand. His oration on Muriel's shortcomings did not err on the side of leniency, but most of what he said was true.

When he paused for breath, Muriel said gently, "I think you made a mistake when you married me."

"I did not say that," Jack replied with the accent on the fourth word.

"Oh I think you made a mistake," Muriel continued. "It must have been a servant, not a wife you wanted. Just let us go over my daily duties and see if this is not the case. I rise at four o'clock in the morning and do the rooms. Then I milk the cow. Ugh! Horrid job! Then I get breakfast for my lord and master. After breakfast there are the dishes to wash. All the housework has to be done. There is the washing to do, the vegetable garden to look after, my own meals to get and your supper to prepare. Twice a week I have to bake. Then in my spare time, my spare time mind you, I have to do the mending. There is wood to chop for the stove and there are a hundred and one odd jobs about the house which ought to be done by a man. And I walked nearly a hundred miles to do all this for you. Of course, it was a servant you wanted. But no servant would stay in a place like this. Instead of engaging me as your general servant and losing me at the end of the week, you married me to ensure permanent service. I walked nearly a hundred miles to be your servant."

A battle royal followed, and Muriel out-generalled her husband at all points. Every now and again she would throw in the remark:

"I walked a hundred miles to do this for you."

When Jack was thoroughly worsted, he went out on the doorstep again. Muriel trimmed the lamps carefully, a work of supererogation as it was bed time. Then she washed the

dishes. Usually this task was postponed until morning, put off again until the afternoon, and partly done before supper. But on this evening Muriel was determined that her husband should know how hard she had to work. Finally she went to bed and started to cry herself to sleep.

Jack finished his pipe and then crossed to the stable to bed down the horse and give him his feed. When this was done he strolled over to the fence, loaded his pipe once more and puffed away, enjoying the smoke and the cool quiet of the night. Gradually his anger subsided. He felt he had been rather hard on Muriel. Poor little girl! All this rough work and the loneliness of prairie life must be very strange to her, and very trying. He would have to be more patient. The gentle drone of insect life, the feeling of vastness which cannot be described, but which can be felt on the prairies, and also the tobacco soothed his nerves. Jack was getting on very well. Each year his farm was yielding greater profits. In another twelve months the railway would reach a point within a mile of his homestead. He would be able to give Muriel a good time then. Possibly they could take a trip to Europe. Not that Jack wanted to go there. His farm was his home, and all his interest was taken up by his work. There are not many men suited to such a life. The mind of a poet is needed to appreciate the Canadian prairies, the African veldt or the Australian bush. The ordinary man is liable to be conscious only of monotony and hard, uninteresting work. It requires peculiar characteristics to rest content with the glories of nature, and to take pleasure day by day in seeing the earth, pregnant with a world's harvest, yield to mankind the wondrous product of her labours. Jack had capacity for patient toil equalled only by that of a peasant, and he had also the instinct of poetry which enabled him to drink in pleasure from his surroundings.

While under the influence of the calm night he felt ashamed of himself for having been so small and irritable, and for bullying his wife. Full of remorse he returned to the shack, meaning to apologise, to comfort the lonely little girl and to promise her a trip to Europe if she would try to be patient for a couple of years.

All his good intentions vanished when he entered the room. He was tired with his day's work. The untidiness and discomfort of the place jarred on his nerves. The hero of romance who never loses his temper, never suffers with moods and is never hasty or unkind does not exist. Jack sat down to think things over. He remembered how in imagination he had painted a picture of the home as it would be after marriage. The clean severity of his bachelor den was to be turned into a veritable paradise by the hundred and one little feminine touches of which one reads in all good story books. A dirty, crumpled cloth set crooked on the table, a pile of half-washed dishes on a packing case, crumbs on the floor and a bundle of unneeded garments on the only easy chair; these were the feminine touches in Jack Graem's home. Twice he rose to go and make it up with Muriel. Each time he sat down again. The dismal, comfortless room brought back to his mind vividly the miserable scene of the evening. A good meal would have done him good, though he was not conscious of hunger. Dull resentment filled his brain. The more he thought over the situation, the more angry he became.

Acting on sudden impulse, he took a piece of paper and wrote, "I am walking nearly a hundred miles away from this." Then he left the house, turning from his yard into the trail, and tramped in the direction of the railway.

Jack stumbled along the track for some time, he did not know how long, and then he sat down on a log. Overworked and hungry, his brain was

not working clearly. The real meaning of his action did not dawn upon him. He did not realise that he was leaving alone on the prairie a young girl, quite unused to pioneer life, and one whom but a few weeks before he had sworn to love and cherish. He had a grievance. He did not know exactly what it was. A shadowy picture of Muriel was associated in his mind with a jumble of thought which left only a sense of injury. Also there was a sub-conscious feeling that he had done something shabby. He could not think what it could be. This irritated him, but not for long. Overcome by sheer exhaustion, he slipped from the log and fell asleep on the hard ground.

In the meantime Muriel was finding that a bed was a delightful place in which to nurse a grievance. But if one is feeling drowsy, the grievance has a tendency to dissolve. This was Muriel's experience. Gradually the sobs died away. Then the tears ceased to flow. She nestled close to the pillows and thought that perhaps she had been rather hard on Jack. She would be forgiving, but not penitent. She would try to do her work a little better in future. Certainly that was a horrible meal to offer the poor boy after a long day's work. These and similar thoughts passed through her mind as she lay in bed, dozing off now and again for a few minutes, and then waking with a start. After some time she felt that Jack must be taking longer than usual to feed the horse. Muriel listened for him. Then she decided to go out and offer help. She could not be of any use, but it would please Jack to see that he was forgiven, and that his wife was anxious to be a real help to him. Jumping out of bed and slipping on a dressing gown, Muriel ran out of the house and across the yard to the stable. It was in darkness. She looked round the yard. There was no sign of Jack. No answer came to her repeated calls. Muriel was frightened. The

great, lonely prairie appalled her. She ran back to the house and sat down by the table. Jack must have gone for a stroll to get over his temper. Really it was too bad of him. He might have known that she would be frightened to find herself all alone. He would get a good dressing-down when he returned.

What was the time? Muriel looked up at a watch hanging on a nail. It was after two o'clock. Unconsciously she was twisting and untwisting a piece of paper in her fingers. Muriel smoothed out the paper, and her eyes followed the words written on it, though her mind did not take in the meaning at the moment. She was thinking of something else; rehearsing a scene for Jack's return. Jack! surely his name was on the paper. Then her mind took in the full meaning of the message.

"I am walking nearly a hundred miles away from this."

Jack had deserted her; left her on the lonely prairie. With the shock of this discovery there came the consciousness of a wonderful and beautiful sensation. She really loved Jack. Rather would she live with him in the loneliest place on earth, than be without him in the heart of London. He was more to her than wealth or gaiety or position; yes, more than social position. She could work her fingers to the bone for him and do it cheerfully now that she knew what love meant.

It was a new Muriel who walked across the yard, lamp in hand, to the stable. The horse was there. Jack had gone on foot as his note intimated. Usually Muriel was nervous of all animals, and particularly of horses. There was no sign of this now. She took down the saddle and put it on the horse as she had seen Jack do it. Then the girths were fastened. At this point of the proceedings she remembered the bridle. There was some difficulty about adjusting it, but fortunately the old horse was patient. Muriel did not

hurry or fuss about her work. She was too much in earnest. In a few minutes she led the horse to a chopping block, mounted with the help of this and cantered out of the yard and along the track in the direction of the railway. This was her second chase after a husband. Like the first one, it proved successful. After half an hour's ride, she saw the figure of her husband against the sky line. She cantered on, and in a few minutes she was able to see that he was walking towards her.

The cockney brain works quickly. In a flash Muriel realised that by turning homeward Jack had given her all the trump cards. She almost drew rein in preparation for the

glories of victory, and then the generous impulses born of love got the upper hand. Muriel urged her horse into a gallop, pulled up short on reaching Jack's side, and then slid to the ground and nestled into his arms.

Two hours later when Jack went into the house for breakfast, he found the place looking bright and clean. A new cloth was spread on the table. The cool morning breeze blew in through the windows and played with Muriel's hair as she stood by the stove cooking a tempting meal. Feminine touches had turned his home into fairyland. For the ordinary scenes of life are beautiful when seen through happy eyes.



# CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE

BY ISABEL SKELTON

A FEW weeks ago I heard the president of a college women's society say when announcing a lecture by a popular speaker: "Yes, I have no hesitation in assuring you she is a charming speaker. I heard her on woman suffrage, and she made even a subject like that, in which so few of us are interested, very entertaining." This college club president naively spoke the truth on behalf of her countrywomen, but how antiquated and inconceivable the remark would have been in this year of grace 1913, in England or the United States or Australia—to mention only our English-speaking neighbours.

In England before the expected vote on the "Conciliation Bill" on January 25th, the whole English press treated it as the public event of the week, and, afterwards they gave the Speaker's surprising decision still greater prominence. Ever since legitimate aspects of woman suffrage, such as discussions on Mr. Asquith's promised alternative and Mrs. Fawcett's refusal to consider it adequate, or on the possibility of passing a Private Member's Bill next session, or the necessity of waiting long years for a united suffragist cabinet, or on the advisability of trying to establish some system of local option, not to mention the outrages of the militant movement—discussions such as these have filled more news columns than the Irish and Welsh Bills and the

Scottish Temperance Bill put together. Although British women are still far from their goal they have achieved for their cause predominance in home affairs.

Their American cousins in the Western States have outstripped them, although those in the Eastern States hardly keep pace. But the outlook on the whole is promising. The year just past has seen the number of suffrage States increased from six to nine, since Arizona, Kansas and Oregon have followed the example of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California. During the presidential election campaign the cause of "Votes for Women" was endorsed generally by the Progressive Party, and in some States all three parties either endorsed it or recommended the submission of the question to the people. Finally, their monster inaugural parade, with its attendant circumstances, have advertised their growing strength throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Turning next to the Antipodes we find not the varied and spectacular interest of the struggle but the serious and weighty consideration due an established principle. Equal suffrage this year crosses the threshold of its second decade in Australia, and in New Zealand is about to enter upon its third. Wyoming, where women's suffrage was granted in 1869, alone surpasses New Zealand in age, for she



shares with Colorado and South Australia the year 1893 and second place in the world's lists.

In the face of our neighbours' lively sympathy, agitation and achievement, how is it that, to quote Dr. Anna Shaw's recent Washington speech, "the Dominion must be prodded into purposefulness?"

It is not because Canadian women lack natural endowments for such work. Their "capacities, moral, intellectual, and actual," when turned to channels where their interests lie, work out as satisfactory results as do those of English, American, or Australian women. Looking at what has been accomplished along the lines of patriotism, education, temperance, public health, philanthropy, settlement work, care for immigrants, and many other allied branches of social betterment, by such active organisations as the National Council of Women and W.C.T.U., Women's Canadian Clubs, Press Unions, Daughters of the Empire, and Poor Relief and Children's Aid Societies, and remembering besides how comparatively few are the women with the necessary training, money and leisure in a new and dominantly agricultural country, it is quickly and emphatically borne home, even to the dubious, that Canadian womanhood suffers from no dearth of ability or of public spirit.

The reasons must be sought elsewhere. And first, taking one thing with another, Canadian women feel few positive disabilities and hardships through their lack of political power. For one thing they are not crowded and forced into public and business life as their English sisters are. For every hundred males there are in Canada only eighty-eight females, while in England there are one hundred and seven. This makes in England and Wales a surplus of one million two hundred thousand females and enormously increases the proportion of women who must be wage earners. This fact alone goes far to explain the force, the intense

and often bitter keenness of the English movement, and also the comparative inertia of the Canadian women. Again, according to the latest available figures, twenty-five per cent. of all English women work for wages and only sixteen per cent. of Canada's female population between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five are so employed. Now, in so far as women want votes for tangible legislative benefits for themselves, once the laws of the country give them justice in regard to property rights, marriage and divorce and the guardianship of their children, it is for the women in factories, in offices, in business, in professions and in all walks of public life where they come into competition with men that the battle is being waged.

At first glance it would seem that the Canadian situation must have more in common with the American and that in comparison with the American achievement it would not be so easy to construe our manifest listlessness. In the United States the East is divided against the West, and the East can hardly be said to surpass Canada in positive results. In contrasting the accomplishment and enthusiasm of the Western States with our Western Provinces, the first thing our Western is the great difference in the length of settlement. When the advocates of woman suffrage in British Columbia have been working as many years as they have in California, may they not, too, have as much to show?

Governor Hoyt of Wyoming is responsible for the explanation that woman suffrage was carried in his State in the first place simply through the clever manipulating of a Republican Governor and a Democratic Assembly by one legislator whose heart was in the right place. Others explain that the bill was passed partly as a Western joke and partly as a good advertisement. At any rate, it was not the result of a broad and concerted fight for the issue such as would have to be made to-day. Chance conferred the suffrage on Wyoming wo-

men, and the Populist party on Colorado.

The history and the traditional political doctrines of the United States have beyond question helped the women's cause in a way unknown in Canada. At the very beginning of their national career the people of the Republic explicitly adopted a broad creed of political equality, based on assertion of natural and inalienable rights. The abolition of slavery and the subsequent gift of the franchise to the negroes gave added weight to women's claims. On what ground could a nation built on the Declaration of Independence grant political power to ignorant negroes and withhold it from educated women paying taxes on property? This method of reasoning had special weight with the Populist party so strong in the Western States in the eighties and nineties, and to-day it equally appeals to socialists and labour organisations.

In Canada, on the contrary, we have rarely committed ourselves to broad and sweeping doctrines of political equality. Nearly every Canadian believes in democracy, but, for better or for worse, he has not formulated his creed in as explicit and rigid terms as his southern neighbour. Our struggle for political freedom was not as spectacular as in the United States, and it has not left as lasting and as vivid an impression on the rank and file of the people. "Of course, women have as good a right to vote as men have," is the answer of ninety-nine out of every hundred Canadians, "but what good will it do them?" is in ninety-eight cases the return question.

We are a sober, unemotional people, practical, we boast; living too much from hand to mouth in intellectual matters, a critic might say. Anything we want we want for a reason—a definite, sensible, concrete reason—and until recently even our serious-minded women have seen none such for demanding the franchise. We possess already many of the rights and privi-

leges women in other lands hope to gain with political freedom. Unmarried women with property have the right to vote at municipal and school board elections throughout the Dominion. This small end of the wedge will, when driven home a little farther, give them an adequate voice in the two fields where their largest civic interests are at stake, the public house-keeping and housecleaning of their immediate neighbourhood and the education of their children. In all the Provinces but Quebec women enjoy full rights of property and inheritance together with legal and social equality. The law protects a woman the same as a man, and in case of wrongdoing seems almost inclined to be more lenient towards her. Our marriage and divorce laws do not discriminate in favour of men. Women have free access to higher education at our universities, and with the exception of the ministry and the bar they are almost as unhampered in choosing a career as their brothers.

From the beginning sentiment and purely personal reasons have been obstacles in Canada. To plead for woman suffrage, especially by ladies of leisure, until quite recently, has been considered bad form. It has been hopelessly unfashionable; indeed, its early advocates, much to the detriment of their cause, were inclined to err in the other extreme of rather freakish and masculine tastes in dress and manner. It lacked attractiveness for the leisure class and the other class lacked the leisure to consider it. An English lady writing recently on "Feminism and Education," says: "To a vast number of women a little housework, intelligently done, would be an incalculable boon." Canadian women, high and low, rich and poor, have always had this inestimable privilege. May be part of the price we have paid for it is a too individualistic conception of our life and work. In a land where thousands of new homes are founded monthly, and families, new and old, are all intensely

on the make, political and civic interests do not loom large on the horizon of the majority. However, one of the planks in the platform of the National Council of Women at present is to gain for women equal rights with men to hold homesteads in the West. No matter how wrapped up we are in our private work and prosperity a time comes when we realise we must be alive to the problems pressing on us from without.

Theoretically Canadian women believe this and vaguely desire the suffrage to remedy such things, but their practical need is somehow not crying enough to make their demands imperative. The Canadian Suffrage Association has issued a statement that it represents through the National Council of Women and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, over one million Canadian women who desire the franchise. In the majority of members, however, this desire must be quiescent or the requests for such modest extensions of the franchise as have been so peremptorily denied this winter at Fredericton, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Victoria, would have created throughout the country more disappointed stir and effort.

Canadian backwardness may also be traced to other sources. Leaders for such a movement are from the size and geography of our country inevitably isolated and far apart. It would have been hard for the two or three at Fredericton to uphold the hands of their Winnipeg sisters, or for them in return to extend their friendship and stretch their enthusiasm to Victoria. A couple of inspiring emissaries at times of special rally is the utmost of intercourse and good fellowship that may be enjoyed. But every year lessens this difficulty; as our cities grow and our country is filled, centres of propaganda widen and multiply so that very soon hands may be clasped between them and the warming contagion transmitted directly from one to another.

But with the growing facilities for

propaganda, the economic necessity for political power will also grow. The larger our cities and the denser and more evenly balanced our population the greater will be the proportion of our women who must be self-supporting. Just as their sisters to-day feel themselves unjustly discriminated against by the homestead laws so they will discover, with each step forward in industrial and commercial life, new fetters and difficulties which, if not to be entirely solved by a vote, might at least be helpfully illuminated. Such a question as the desirability for equal wages for men and women doing the same work would come under this head. Besides protecting their own interests women want a vote for the good that they may do. This is for many the most attractive reason. To-day the cause of Prohibition might be cited here as it is probably the strongest factor in gaining supporters for woman suffrage. The question of restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicants always makes a strong appeal to women, so the men fighting this campaign usually try to augment their numbers by giving votes to women. But to base our claims for suffrage on the good we shall do is a little risky. We may easily be carried away by the warmth of our passion to paint too idealised pictures of the future which would be a source of disappointment and loss of support when the time and not the full promise matured. It is always well to remember Mrs. Poyser's words: "God Almighty made some of 'em foolish to match the men." All women will not always vote as our ideal woman would. But herein lies one more reason why women should have the right to vote—to make mistakes and to profit by them. The large degree of education and public interest that goes hand in hand with the right to vote may be easily ascertained by talking over some present-day national issue with the mother and daughters and then with the father and sons in any ordinary representative household.

# ARE WE DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE?

AN ARTICLE DEALING WITH THE PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SIDES  
OF MENTAL TELEPATHY.

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

IS it really possible for people to transmit thoughts across space without words or signs? Is it really possible for one person to be able to read the mind of another, and is a time coming when the post-office and telegraph will be but memories of the clumsy age before mankind awoke to the tremendous discovery of the sixth sense and each individual commence to operate a "wireless" system peculiarly his own? These questions to-day are presenting themselves to the minds of many ordinary men who never look at a scientific textbook or bother with experimental psychology.

Significantly, too, one of the most successful of recent dramas, Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" was concerned throughout in its plot and counterplot with the various phases of telementative phenomena. In the story, Jack Brookfield, a professional gambler of refined tastes, discovers by chance that he possesses telepathic power, and that what he had previously called his luck in anticipating a rival's play is really a gift for mind-reading. Satisfied of the unfair advantage it gives him over his rivals, he renounces his profession, much to the disgust of a certain Kentucky colonel who shakes his head doubtfully and makes the sage remark, "To think that God Al-

mighty gives a man a gift like that, and he refuses to make use of it." But Brookfield does make good use of his gift after all. By it he is enabled to explain the strange mania which had driven young Clay Whipple to kill a man who flaunted a cat's eye pin in his face. He not only secures the acquittal of the boy, but cures him of his strange antipathy. Incidentally he suggests how many strange manias such as unreasoning fear of the dark, abnormal lack of self-confidence, and other inherited fears and aversions may be cured.

Few writers of fiction who rely on scientific phenomena for a place in their story have showed the close intimacy with their subject that Mr. Thomas shows. This is explained by the fact that Mr. Thomas has been for many years a genuine student of all phenomena related to the dynamic side of thought. Twenty years ago he foresaw the possibilities of a play on this theme, and — as a one-act playlet—he wrote "The Witching Hour" for the late J. H. Stoddard and Mrs. Agnes Booth. The play was not produced, because the author was fearful that the public would not understand it. Its appearance and success so many years later shows, as Mr. Thomas himself has said: "the

awakening and growth of interest in those themes which the play exploits." The original playlet, for the benefit of the curious be it said, now forms the second act of the play.

One of the things which the newly awakened interest in psychic phenomena has made reasonably clear is that lucky gamblers and every man or woman who wins a place of leadership among his or her fellows, possess in degree, either consciously or unconsciously, the faculty of telementation.\* To be sure it is never called by so technical a term. Usually it is referred to as "insight into men's characters," "ability to anticipate events," "personal magnetism," etc. Invariably the possessor is conscious of his authority over others, and sometimes appears to be awed by the mystery of it.

"It is Destiny," said Napoleon, as he beheld his wonderful authority over men and empires.

"It is God who is with me," is the explanation advanced by at least one pious American plutocrat.

Yet the fact appears that moral worth does not enter into the matter at all. The blustering, graft-hunting political boss, equally with a gentle Saint Francis receives the gift, and each equally according to his light misunderstands it. Nor does academic culture seem to be any more a *sine qua non* than moral worth, for the majority of the men and women who display marked psychic gifts come from the ranks of the academically uncultured.

But an even more startling fact has been uncovered. Telementation which at first had been thought a new power in the world is seen to be as old as the world itself. It is inchoate in the lowest organisms, and is the law among inorganic atoms. Instead of being peculiarly the flower and crown

of the human mind's most noble endeavour, this mysterious quality of mind-power is seen to be more elementary than consciousness. Tiny forms from the slime of the ocean bed, mere drops of glue, cells without a nucleus, so low in the scale of life as to be devoid of rudimentary sense-organs, by the operation of this power are made aware of the approach of other creatures and of the location of food. Without any organs of motion they are able to glide from place to place at will, and apparently by the force of pure will.

Plants similarly exhibit a knowledge of what is happening across space, as is shown in many experiments similar to that of the school-boy's trick in placing a pencil a few inches away from the stem of a *Coccoloba scandens* or other creeping vine. The speed and skill with which the plant will send out a tendril and twine round the pencil while not an example of telementation, shows mind-power actively at work where we have ground for believing that consciousness has not arrived.

Some experiments with ants suggest that these tiny creatures may be able to teach more than the sluggard. A cage containing female ants was deposited inside a barn, fifteen-inch stone walls separating the cage from the place where the male ants were let loose outside. The male ants at once attacked the mortar joints in the stonework. The cage was then removed to another portion of the barn. The ant army at once moved away till it came to a spot opposite to where the cage was placed. So often as the cage was moved, so often did the energetic band on the outside of the stonework move also. To say that the wonderful sex-call which could penetrate through stone walls is an example of "instinct" is not help-

\*I have used the word telementation in preference to the word telepathy because the latter is open to objection on etymological grounds. It is used in the sense of "mental activity at a distance," from the Greek *tele*, meaning "far off," and the Latin, *mentis*, "the mind." The word was, I believe, first used by Mr. William Walker in his "Law of Dynamic Mentation."

ful. The "instinct" is an example of mind-power operating through space and through solid matter, finally registering itself as a specific message on the brain of the ant army.

The well-known phenomenon of a flock of birds or a shoal of fish turning instantly and abruptly as if in obedience to a common impulse is as full of interest to us as the study of a political caucus at nomination time, or a crowd of French race-track spectators suddenly smitten with the riot fever must be to the birds if they happen to be interested in the study of telementation.

Mental fascination is practised also among the animals and reptiles, in the former principally for the all-compelling purposes of sex, and in the latter for the not less compelling appetite for food. Judging from the descriptions given by persons who have come within the charm of a snake's fascination the mode and sensation is not unlike that method of fascination for hypnosis practised in some of the famous clinics of Europe. A typical case is that of a man walking in his garden coming face to face unexpectedly with a snake, whose eyes gleamed in a peculiar manner. As he looked, the reptile's eyes seemed to grow till he could think of nothing else. Then they changed into seas of glorious colour which riveted his attention and made his feel dizzy. At this moment his wife arrived and threw her arms around him breaking the spell. There are many similar cases on record, and they suggest something of what happens to the luckless bird or rabbit which falls within the serpent's spell.

This mysterious quality of telementative power is not denied the human race, though it is largely the monopoly of Eastern races. By its aid, the Hindu magicians perform those wonderful feats which mystify the Western mind and defy all the laws of Nature. The unhypnotisable camera reveals nothing at these wonder-producing entertainments but the magi-

cian sitting down at one side of the circle with an amused grin on his face. In this connection a curious circumstance has been noted by an educated observer imbued with the scientific spirit. During the performance of the rope-disappearing feat (in which a rope is thrown up into the air, and the magician's assistant climbs upwards out of sight into the clouds, returning by the same route a few minutes later) and other tricks, he noted that if he stepped back out of the crowd for a few steps he could see nothing but the magician, all the magical happenings completely disappearing, and only returning to view when he rejoined the crowd. A similar result was reached when he stepped forward inside the circle of observers, leading him to the conclusion that the mental powers of illusionment put to use by the magician were only potent within the inner and outer edges of the ring, and that the potency was probably assisted by the contagion of the other minds.

Among the Hindus this power comes only as the reward of many years of effort. The magician starts as a youth to practice visualisation. He uses his will in an effort to form a clear and distinct mental impression of simple objects. How rare this seemingly ordinary feat is can be gauged by the difficulty which besets most of us when we attempt to draw from memory a simple object of every day use—the paternal on your breakfast saucer, or the pattern of the check suit in your wardrobe. We cannot draw them because we cannot visualise them. Few persons can by a mental effort obtain a clearly defined presentment of their friends. Some portrait painters have the gift which no doubt aids them in their work considerably. The magicians by years of practice develop their imagination and will so that they can visualise the sights they show in their feats, and then project these mental images upon the minds of their audiences. Their feats are examples

of induced imagination, highly manifested, and they supply some of the strongest evidences for the theory that mankind has lying dormant within itself powers of the most tremendous potentiality.

For the reasons indicated it is only to be expected that the most wonderful stories of telementation should come from India. Unfortunately these suffer from the disability of being incapable of easy investigation, and to treat the phenomena of telementation in any but a strictly scientific spirit would not be wise. No phenomon should be accepted without strict and impartial investigation as to its verity, and no super-sensual explanation should be permitted where a rational explanation is at all possible.

Fortunately the records of the Society for Psychological Research and other reliable and critical sources contain many well-authenticated instances of telementation occurring in England and America, while many families can supply stories which are pertinent enough to deserve investigation. In the writer's own family, in the cases of my grandfather, father and elder brother, all of whom met unexpected and unnatural deaths abroad, their deaths were intimated at the time to other members of the family long before the news arrived by the ordinary channels.

In the case of my grandfather, a major in the Wiltshire Regiment, who while still a young man met sudden death in action at the taking of Sebastopol. His young wife was awakened early in the dark morning by the spectacle of her husband in his uniform pulling aside the curtains of the old-fashioned four-poster bedstead in which she slept. He looked at her with great yearning in his look for a moment, held out his arms as if in farewell, saying "Good-bye, Lizzie," and then faded from view. The spectacle was so real and convincing that the young woman awakened up my mother, then a child of

seven years, and told her she was fatherless. Together they spent the remainder of the night in mourning. Two weeks later the despatches arrived telling of my grandfather's death. When the campaign was over and his brother officers returned with fuller particulars of his death, my grandmother learned that her husband had expired at approximately the very time he had appeared before her, and that he had died with her name on his lips. At the time of the occurrence she had no fears but that her husband would return safely, for in his letters he had purposely made light of the risks of war, and no intimation had been received in England of the proposed storming of the fortress. The incident made a vivid and lasting impression on my grandmother's mind. Half a century after, when she had grown into a venerable old dame, she would recount with great emotion the events of that night.

In the case of my father's death—he was a sea-captain, his vessel the *S.S. Marie*, foundering with all hands off the Cornish coast in March, 1893—my mother and elder sister both dreamed of his loss on the night of the disaster, though the first news did not reach home till two days later. In the case of my brother, who died in a South African hospital during the War, my mother and sister again simultaneously dreamed of his death, but the arrival of several Christmas presents and a cheerful letter from him during breakfast next morning while the dreams were being discussed gravely, resulted in the family laughter putting the dreams and the dreamers quite out of court. But events showed that the dreamers were correct. Two weeks later a letter from my brother's comrades arrived telling of his death fifteen days before.

It is unfortunate that the three examples quoted are all concerned with the coming of death, for it quite unjustly tends to invest telementation with a portent which is not deserved.

Telementation demands among other things a supreme effort of will-power, and it merely happens that many persons accidentally discover this power in their dying moments in a supreme effort to communicate with loved ones who are far away. The same results might have been obtained had the same amount of will-power and mental effort been exerted during health for some cheerful purpose.

Anyone may demonstrate the power of telementation in a minor degree by focusing the mind upon some stranger in the street or place of congregation and willing that he turn round. The uneasiness some people evince without knowing the cause is something more than amusing at times. A very desirable place to practise in is a departmental store where the clerks are either very busy or very dilatory. Try fastening your mind-power upon one of the clerks, and be surprised at the result.

In looking at the person focus the eyes at a point beyond, so that you get the impression that you are gazing through him or her. By an accommodation of the eye this gaze is less tiring than the ordinary gaze, and for some unexplained reason is much more powerful for telementative purposes. Having got your subject within the range of your focus then give the mental command. The operator must "so force his soul to his own conceits," as Hamlet phrases it, that he can anticipate the subject's response with a mental picture of him obeying the command. The successful operator can feel the struggle and knows when the subject will obey, while the unsuspecting subject is at a loss to explain he obeys.

But, it may be asked, what has science to say about this? Has any reasonable theory or explanation been advanced in respect to telementation? There is a widely accepted theory that telementation is propagated by brain waves, or as Sir Wm. Crookes has phrased it, by "ether-

waves of smaller amplitude and greater frequency than those which carry X-rays." Such waves are supposed to be sent out by the vibrational activity of certain minds and when received by other minds set up an excitation or image similar to that in the mind of the sender. Indeed the belief is something more than a theory since Charcot, Janet and others have asserted that "the existence of an aura of spirit-force surrounding the body like an atmosphere, in some cases at all events, can be proved as a physical fact."

All force has been demonstrated to be manifestations of ether vibrating at widely different velocities. The voice of the nightingale sending out vibrations registerable on the drum of the human ear: the electrical energy drawn from the tumbling "white coal" of Niagara, which lights whole cities and drives thousands of factory wheels; the inconceivably rapid vibrations which are registerable as light and colour on the eye's retina; higher still the vibrations of the X-ray which penetrates through solid matter unhindered; still higher in the scale of vibrational activity the wonderful N-ray and the radio-activities of radium—all are strange and varied manifestations of that elusive, immaterial super-physical postulate of modern science, ether.

"The limits of our spectrum," said the late F. W. H. Myers, "do not inhere in the sun that shines, but in the eye that marks his shining." May it not be that the fragments which men are patiently gathering and examining to-day in their efforts to find out the laws of telementation, are evidences also of the unquenchable force of evolution. May not mankind's next great significant step attend the discovery of the sixth sense? That mankind has a potential sixth sense which now shows signs of bursting into life many of the calmest, sanest and most comprehensive of the world's thinkers now believe.





A STUDY IN MAUVE

From the Painting by Dorothy Stevens. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE FIRING ON THE FLANK

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE staccato notes of the "Halt" came from the centre of the column, and the swirling clouds of light gray dust died down, as with the crashing of rifle-butts and champing of bits the long line of panting infantrymen and sweating battery horses came to rest.

A sharp command or two, and the men with delighted oaths threw themselves on the grassy roadside, while the guns, tottering forward, clumped and clanked into the ditch and up the far side into the commons.

From up wind came the tantalising odours of the field-kitchens, and the men smacked their lips in anticipation or crammed gingerly loads of man's greatest consolation into well-blackened pipes as with quip and jest they commented on the morning's fight.

The manœuvres were at an end. The old hill had been attacked and defended in the same way it had been every Thanksgiving Day for years, and the staff were still just as puzzled to decide whether the Red or the Blue force was victorious. The verdict would undoubtedly be the old one: "The O. C. Brigade desires to express his satisfaction with the way in which both sides carried out their duties."

This, while very nice on an official report, would hardly satisfy the readers of the afternoon papers, so I sought out my old friend Peterson to hear his view of the affair. A sham fight is necessarily scattered, but

knowing Peterson as I did, I felt if anything unusual had occurred he would have seen or been mixed up in it.

I found him stretched leisurely in the shade of a bush, imploring heaven or anyone else to supply a match. I supplied the missing article and commented on an old soldier's helplessness in such matters as outfitting himself. Al snorted.

"I knew a chap like you," he said, "who used to wear twelve yards of quarter-inch manilla for a belt in case of fire, he ended up by hanging himself, so the rope came in useful after all. We had a chap like that with us in the Mounted Rifles. Used to carry a whole outfit, in case he got lost. He wound up by getting shot in the back from the window of a harmless-looking farm-house."

"What made me change into the infantry? Well, I just concluded that this prancing charger business was all right in time of peace, but any fight that I can't walk into on my own two feet I don't care to be in.

"Why, out there they thought more of a horse than a man. Our own officers weren't so bad, but those English Johnnies! I remember one day we were broiling out on the veldt for two hours without a speck of cover. A hundred yards or so back a ridge sheltered our mounts. One of our majors complained to a staff officer. He replied: 'Your horses are under cover. What more do you blasted colonials want?' I could see the

colour rising in our major's neck. 'But my men,' he objected. 'The h—l with your men, we can get lots of them.'

"Our chap looked at him and then worked his way back into the line with us and told us about it, and just before he was knocked over himself, he said, 'Don't blame me, boys.'

"One or two of us swore we would get that chap, but he was shifted to another brigade and saved us the trouble. That was the last heavy engagement we were in, the only one counting for a clasp.

"The rest of our campaign was police work, chasing up a bunch of rebels, destroying their arms and paroling them. In those days a week's growth of beard saved many a man, for if we suspected a man of taking up arms again, and had any reasonable proof, he got short shrift.

"Pretty rough justice, you think? Well, I don't know. We always gave the man the benefit of the doubt, and we had to do something or they would have all been shooting us in the backs. Besides, War is war, and I never heard of anyone playing it with gloves on.

"Hoffman was one of that type himself, although he was too cute for us to catch him. He had been paroled once, and we suspected he was mixed up in more than one of these little affairs, but could not prove it. Whenever we rode up to his shack we would always find him sitting there with his long clay pipe thrust in his tangled and filthy beard. He was young, though, in spite of the beard, and had a young wife. She was good-looking, too, which is something most of the Dutch women aren't, and she smiled on Jimmy Phelan, and that's what started the trouble.

"When we were trying to get information out of Hoffman at the stoop, Jimmy would be around by the oven buying bread. Four hobs a loaf, she used to charge for it, and we were glad to get it at that. Jimmy

was one of these rollicking lads that couldn't keep his eyes off a good-looking girl if he tried. Homesick, too, he used to drift around there a good bit oftener than was healthy, but there was no use warning him.

"'I think he takes the whip to her,' he said one day.

"'Who?' I asked, as though I didn't know.

"'Hoffman,' he says through his teeth.

"'She's his wife,' said I.

"'She's a woman,' said he. And I saw he was past arguing with.

"Then one day, when talking to Hoffman, he suddenly led the way to the back of the house. I caught the sergeant's eye as I followed in the rear of him, and I knew we both prayed that Jimmy would not be there. As we opened the door, I saw the two. She was standing with her back to the table, her head tilted back and her eyes half shut, and poor foolish Jimmy was looking down into those same deceitful eyes.

"But when she saw Hoffman's figure with us, she struck the lad savagely across the face, and dropping her hands, she clutched the table behind her and her whole face showed hatred. The change might have deceived the Boer, but we had seen her wearing her demon smile.

"The lad's face blanched slightly as he read his fate in the man's expressionless face, and he stooping and raising the child that had been playing at his feet, and setting it on the table and then mechanically crossing the room.

"So we finished our business with Hoffman and rode away, not saying a word. And as we rode a rifle cracked from the farm-house, and Phelan paid for his stolen kiss. Then we rode back after Hoffman. He came without a fight, and in half an hour he had followed Phelan.

"I used to wonder what it must be like to be in a firing squad, and I used to think if it ever fell to my lot I would palm off the cartridge or aim

high or try in some way to shift the responsibility on someone else. But did I? There was not one of us but thought of Jimmy as we felt the stocks burning against our cheeks; and when we rolled the body over the ace of spades would have covered all six bullets. That is the kind of campaigning we had, and they call that war!"

Peterson paused and glanced down at his pipe. Instinctively my eyes followed his. Now Peterson is a habitual smoker, and in all the years I have known him I have only seen this happen twice—his pipe had gone out.

He laughed nervously, like one caught doing something of which he was ashamed, and proceeded to scrape out the old dottle. I ignored the action and asked what became of the woman.

"That's you every time," he muttered. "Always asking about the end of a story before I'm finished telling it. How do I know what happened to her? We didn't want anything more to do with her, did we? She might have married some other Boer and been sjamboked to death for making sheep's-eyes at some other young chap like Phelan. But she didn't.

"She stayed there on the farm with a couple of Kaffirs, and except for the two little mounds, the one outlined with bits of exploded shell and spent cartridges where Phelan slept, the other unmarked at all, the whole affair might never have occurred. We had reached that stage where the loss of another comrade was marked down as a casualty, and, except by the men of his own section, forgotten in a few days.

"However, we were glad to be moved up country a few weeks later in search of more rebels. It was early dawn when we trotted across the veldt, the sergeant and I, as part of the vanguard. We were right on the beaten path towards the little clump of bush where Jimmy's body lay and

where he had so often picketed his horse. The sergeant had dropped back, and we were riding thigh to thigh, when suddenly he clutched my sleeve. It was the woman, hair loose and flying, as disturbed suddenly by the rattle of the hoofs on the stones she rose from one of the graves. And then she started to speak, calling down eternal judgment on our heads.

"It was awful. The sergeant sat as though dazed until she had finished, and then we swung into the trail and down into the dried water-course and up the other side. And as we rode he muttered: 'Crazy, clean crazy,' as though trying to convince himself. That memory haunted us for days, for a woman's curses are not easily forgotten.

"Inside three days we were coming back that same trail for the last time, and as we neared the spot the same feeling came over us again as when we had sat there listening to the woman, mad or not as she might have been, when the flat crack of a rifle broke the silence. We tumbled out of our saddles, Hogan, the sergeant, clutching at his breast and spitting scarlet froth. 'Remember Phelan,' he muttered thickly as I passed him, and another bullet kicked up the dust beside us. I fired two shots at a clump of rock, got my range and settled down to await events. From the rear, the pom-pom galloped forward and took up a position across the water-course. Again the rifle spoke, and the gun dropped a shell or two into Hoffman's house. Then I saw an arm near another rock, and again I fired. And thus we lay for the best part of an hour. The marksman, there was evidently but one, answered our fire, shot for shot, but never exposed his person. Meanwhile the staff was fuming and demanding why the advance was held up. The pom-pom trotted closer and began to rake up the ground here and there. Then a lucky shot threw up the earth around the rock at which I was firing, and as I gazed

along the sights I saw the man rise and deliberately show himself. My finger curled around the trigger, but as I watched my chance a rifle on my left cracked. The figure outlined against the skyline collapsed, and the head falling back drew the shirt tight across the chest, revealing the sickening fact that it was a woman."

Peterson paused as if he expected me to explain the whole story, and then, since I said nothing, he inquir-

ed: "What do you think of it?" I countered with another question.

"Whose grave did you say you saw that woman on?"

He smiled as he answered:

"I knew you'd ask that. It was Phelan's."

And then he crowded his pipe hurriedly into his pocket, but not before I had glanced down and noticed that again it had gone out.

## JUNE

BY EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

TO-NIGHT the stars breathe but the one soft word,  
 And my heart is full of the warm meaning moon,  
 As to her arms is lured  
 The dancing silver-spangled sea;  
 All, all is love in harmony,  
 For this is June.

Yes, this is June, my love, of all the year  
 The month that lingers most and goes too soon;  
 For now thou seem'st more near.  
 The roses decked you for my bride,  
 And roses strewed you when you died—  
 And this is June!



# THE CROSSING

BY W. H. OGILVIE

**M**ORE than forty years ago, when bridges were not so numerous on Australian rivers as they are today, most of the stock-routes which led from the north crossed the Murray River independently, wherever the banks were sound and not too steep and the river-bed was clear of snags and quicksands. At a crossing place such as this lived Barney Allen, well-known to all the drovers who brought cattle to Melbourne by that particular route. Barney's modest hut stood on the Victorian side of the river, half-hidden in the tall gum timber, and Barney made a living by assisting the drovers to cross their stock by swimming. He was practically amphibian. A strong and resolute swimmer, he had grown to accept the rushing waters of the Murray as his home. With a couple of clever horses which swam as well as he did himself, he made himself simply indispensable to the drovers, many of whom were but poor hands in the water, and were apt to lose their heads when the river ran strongly and the frightened cattle began to bellow and circle, and refused to make a straight course from bank to bank. Then it was that Barney, swimming out on his famous gray horse, or scarcely less famous brown mare, straightened up the swerving irresolute leaders and drove them to the landing place in spite of themselves.

Reckless, gallant, cheery, and a master in his own particular class of work, Barney was one of the most

popular figures between Melbourne and the Gulf Country, and was the friend of every drover on the road. He had a wife and one child, and one night when the wind was roaring down the Murray flats and the river was thundering past the hut in tawny tossing flood his wife died and left him with a little five-year-old girl to cherish and work for. Allen reverently buried his help-mate on the low sandhill, fenced her grave with a square of white railing, and went back to his work; and Lassie, the baby girl, planted bush flowers on the grave, and cried bitterly — and forgot.

As the slow Bush seasons came and passed these two became wholly sufficient to each other. Lassie kept the little hut tidy and clean for her father, cooked his meals for him, and rode bare-backed to the nearest township for provisions when her father was busily employed with the cattle at the river.

With plenty of time and opportunity for practice the girl became an expert swimmer, and thoroughly at home in the water with or without a horse. Even before her mother died she had crossed the river on a swimming horse in the crook of her father's arm, and at seven years of age she could cross alone on either of the horses and guide the cattle to the water.

Before she was twelve she had become indispensable to her father as assistant and understudy as well as in the capacity of housekeeper and cook.

Intrepid, clear-headed and alert, and sitting astride upon her bare-necked horse she swam the river with the crossing mobs and guided one wing of the cattle while her father looked after the other. She was the apple of his eye, his pride and admiration, and eagerly he drank in every word of praise which the drovers bestowed upon her. She was a merry, light-hearted little witch, beloved of all who knew her, content with her humble employment, and unstirred by any desire for the great unknown life that lay behind the purple fringe of the mallee.

It was Leonard Murray, the Rockhampton drover, who broke up at last the idyllic, careless, boyish existence which had been thrust upon her by circumstance and environment. Murray was a married man with a wife and two grown-up daughters in Rockhampton. He earned good money in his profession, lived in a large house in the suburbs, and had his girls educated at one of the best schools in the city. He talked to Barney one day at the river-side, as the last steer of two thousand crept dripping up the paddled bank and trailed away across the sandhill. "You should send that girl to school, Barney—she's getting too big for this game now. You can well afford it. It's only fair to the woman she will be. A handsome girl and a good one. Send her to school."

"Oh! I can afford it right enough," said Allen, "and I know she oughten be wastin' yer time like this, up here; but, bless yer heart, Len, I couldn't *never* live here without her. Yer see ever since her mother died she and me's never been parted. If she went to school for a year or two she'd maybe ferget her old daddy and then it would never be the same again for me. It would break her heart, too, leaving the horses and the swimmin' and the river an' all. Come here, Lassie, my girl!"

The strangely garbed little figure, seated on a dead log, rose and came

towards them. The wide blue dun-garee trousers, wet and clinging, outlined the delicate roundness of the limbs. The face was piquant, pretty, and mischievous. The long hair was coiled tightly and pinned to a blue handkerchief tied round the brows turban fashion. The loose white shirt clung closely to wrist and arm and bosom. Already, seen thus at infinite disadvantage, there loomed in this childish figure the possibilities of a rich and glorious womanhood. She stood in front of the men without a trace of shyness, legs apart, hands clasped behind her on the bridle rein of the old gray horse. "Would you like to go to school in Sydney, Lass?" asked her father.

She pouted prettily. "And leave *you*, Dad? And old Flying Fish, and Wild Duck? And the clashing horns when the cattle crowd, and the rush of the water when the river's big, and the sunsets, and the white cranes and—no, no, Daddy, I'd rather stay here with you!"

"You're a young woman, now, Lassie," said Murray kindly, "you can't run about like a boy all your life. You must learn to dance and play the piano and do fancy needle-work and be a lady like the rest of them. Then you'll meet some nice young Sydney fellow and get married."

The girl laughed merrily, "I'm happy here with Dad," she said simply, "I can read and write and cook and bake and darn and swim and ride. I'm all the lady I want to be." A faint note of yearning crept into her last words, and Murray, quick in his knowledge of human nature, detected it, and was glad.

Barney, less sensitive, heard only the sentiments expressed. "She don't care for them things," he said.

But Murray's interest was awakened, and it was mainly through his efforts, and on account of his having won the girl's confidence and given her some good advice, that she allowed herself to be sent away shortly



afterwards to a boarding-school in the capital, and Barney piloted the mobs alone.

Those were dreary days in the little hut on the sandhill. At first he could hardly bear the separation, but, as the days went by, and the autumn brought it's usual busy period, Allen found peace in hard work and in the satisfaction of a voluntary martyrdom in the interests of his daughter. Letters came to him from Sydney, long letters at first full of homesickness and weariness, detailing hatred of the city and the people and the school and the dull and deadly routine of it all. Then came letters that showed a waking interest in the new life, letters describing dances and picnics and moonlit trips across the harbour; then letters reticent, distant, district; letters strangely out of touch with the old life; letters that forgot to ask about the floods and the horses, and the river steamers and the drovers.

Three years went by, and the time of her exile was fulfilled, and still Lassie lingered in Sydney. She could get work, she said, in the city. She told of many situations that had been offered to her; and expressed a fear that she could never settle in the Bush again. And always there were requests for money, money, money. Allen was fairly well off for a man in his position. For many years he had been able to save something from the money he made at the river, but this constant strain was telling on his bank account. At last he was obliged to shorten the supplies, and at last the daughter whom he had not seen for three and a half years agreed to return to the hut by the Murray. Allen was delighted. He went whistling about the place like a boy, set the hut in apple-pie order—he was always a tidy man—and made ready with loving care the little bedroom with its humble fittings and lined log walls. He gave the pots and pans a special cleaning and spent hours in polishing the snaffle bit on the bridle

which had always been Lassie's particular property. His was a secret that his favourites, the horses, must share.

"Lassie's coming home on Monday," he whispered into the gray ear of Flying Fish as he swam him over to meet Jim Mutrie with his two thousand steers from the Warrego, "Lassie's coming back," and the old horse as he heard the words seemed to put fresh power into his shoulders as he buffeted the brown water and blew through his great red nostrils, forging onward to the northern bank.

On the appointed day Allen borrowed a waggonette from his nearest neighbour, Hamilton the selector, and drove into Albury to meet his daughter. When the Sydney train drew up alongside the platform he searched the windows in vain for a glimpse of Lassie. The people began to alight, and he scanned wistfully each female figure with a great sorrow of disappointment gripping at his heart. In the horde of well-dressed travellers he failed to find the girl whom he sought. While he paused irresolute, and the hurrying, chattering throng swept past him, a tall, good-looking, but rather flashily dressed young woman tapped him on the shoulder with a sudden "Hulloa, Dad!" He turned and saw his daughter. Those three and a half years had changed her out of all knowledge. Certainly it was Lassie, and yet—and yet!—

"My girl!" was all he could say, as he threw his strong arm round her.

"Don't, Dad; don't crush my frock 'your hands are so dirty, too!"

A couple of girls, passing, sniggered and looked back over their shoulders, and, suddenly ashamed, the bushman looked down at his rough red hands, innocent of cuffs, engrained with the dark contact of the river mud, and freshly smudged now with the black grease of the harness. For many months he had dreamed of this meeting, his loyal heart beating in anticipation to the thrill of its coming rapture, and now the hour had come

and had brought some strange sense of disappointment. It was his Lassie, grown to splendid womanhood, but somehow different from the witching, happy girl he had loved and lost.

"My word, you're a swell now, Lass, in your fine clothes," he said, rather shamefacedly; "yer wouldn't have minded a streak o' blaek on yer blue dungarees once on a time. Well, well, never mind! Where's yer bag?"

"Bag!" she said scornfully, "I've two boxes and a hat box and a dressing case in the van. O, do let go my hand. It looks so silly!" She swung away from him, and challenged boldly with her eyes a broad shouldered young fellow who was standing near, watching her with unconcealed admiration.

Allen walked unsteadily towards the van, where people were claiming their luggage. Realising it as yet but dimly, he was, nevertheless, stricken to the heart. Busying himself with the luggage and strapping it securely on the back of the waggonette, he soon grew more cheery, and helping his daughter up to the high front seat—she would have made light of the effort in the olden days—he sprang up beside her, and soon the sturdy Bush horses had drawn them through the town and were tossing up the gray dust in clouds upon the river road.

"Now, tell me all about what yer bin doin', Lass! I've been longin' and longin' to see yer, till I thought I could bear it no longer and I'd have to come down and fetch yer home. Old Flying Fish 'll just go off his head wi' joy when he gets you aboard again. Burnett's gived notice fer tomorrow—fifteen hunder' fats — and the river's big. I've got the old togs out an' aired 'em fer yer. He glanced with a smile at her dainty city clothes. "Yer'll be spoilin', fer a swim agen, eh! Lass?"

She looked across to where a glimpse of brown betrayed the old river surging down bank high beyond the

gum-trees on their right. "Ugh, how I hate it all," she said, "the dust and the dead gum leaves and the rotten dying sheep and the blistering sun and all. I wish I'd never come. Do put the whip on those crawling brutes and let's get on into the timber!"

"Crawling brutes? Why, Lassie, woman, that's the best horse on the Murray River," he said, laying his whip gently on the quarter of the near horse, a long low bay with a swinging earnest step and a bold high-carried head. "Jim Hamilton wouldn't take a hunder' pound for that feller—only lent him to me to-day because it was a sort of special occasion — your coming home, Lassie!"

The girl winced at the word *home*. "You've never put up a decent house yet, I suppose," she said, pouting, "the same old tumble-down, is it?"

"Well, Lassie, it ain't much of a place, certainly," he said slowly, "but I've never wanted no other, nor your mother didn't neither, nor you when we was so happy there together. It'll surely do us two for all we want." He spoke cheerily, but his heart was heavy. How was this dainty, over-dressed girl to live in the poor place that he knew as home. He wished he had mended the broken shutter before he left and nailed a bit of calico over that torn patch near the window—yes, he wished he had thought about that bit of calico.

For miles they drove in silence. The girl would not talk about Sydney nor would she let herself be interested in the river and the horses and the mobs that had lately crossed. She cared nothing about what the neighbours were doing, nor that the Wandarra woolshed had been burnt down, nor that Murray's fine old roan camp horse had been drowned the last time he crossed with cattle. All these things were outside the world in which she now lived, and very sadly her father at last recognised the fact. Hurt and disappointed he relapsed

into a meditative silence. "It's not Lassie — not *my* Lassie, at all," he kept saying over and over to himself with pathetic insistence. He looked down at his rough grimy hands, and wondered if it was he who had changed; grown careless perhaps as he had grown older. And so in the shadows of a bitter disillusionment on both sides Barney Allen brought his daughter home.

He watched her anxiously next morning as, in a long blue wrapper, she toyed with the uninviting chops and damper of the Bush breakfast. "You'll be coming to help me cross the cattle," he suggested rather doubtfully.

"What *do* you take me for?" she asked, with withering scorn. "Don't you see I *hate* your cattle and your drovers and your wretched monotonous life. Dad, I'm going back to Sydney; I can't stay here."

Her father paused with half a chop on his fork, and his jaw fell.

"Your're—going—back—to—Sydney!"

"Yes! I couldn't stop here. Dad, can't you see it's impossible? You don't understand—this life—it's impossible to me—this hut—the desperate loneliness——" She stopped suddenly, for the man's face had grown ashen pale, and he reeled as he stood up. "Do yer mean it?" he asked in a low earnest voice, "ye're going back?"

"Yes! I must go back," she said.

He rose from the table without another word and, taking his bridle from the verandah, went to catch his horse, and over the river came the ringing cee-ee of the drover waiting to have his cattle crossed.

The river was running deep and brown as Allen led old Flying Fish down to the edge of it. Without hesitation he leapt on to the horse, bare-backed, and urged him into the tawny angry tide. On the opposite bank the drover's men, in a group, watched his progress with anxious eyes. The gray horse was caught by the strong-

running tide and carried swiftly down stream but, swimming determinedly with his head lying low on the water, he gradually forged across, and, with his master floating lightly above him with one hand on his mane he eventually landed safely and scrambled up the sloping bank, snorting and tossing his gallant head.

Burnett rode forward from the group. "By heaven, Barney, that's a ripping horse in the water—I never saw anything to beat him yet. She's running big to-day. Can we cross 'em?"

"Sure thing," said Allen, "I've crossed when it was four feet higher, but we'll have to put 'em in above the island to allow for the swing of her, and of course we'll have to watch for trees coming down."

"Right," said the drover, "I don't want to stop on this side if I can help it. We'll put a hundred in first and see how they get on." He sent a couple of his men back to bring up the leading bullocks.

Allen stood by his horse. His shirt and trousers clung to him, and the drip of the water darkened the sand where he stood. He was strangely silent and forbore to laugh and jest as was his wont on these occasions. Now and again he patted the gray horse on the neck or stroked his wet ears. Presently the bullocks came up, big-horned, wild-eyed, ringing and frightened.

"Gently there!" said Burnett, steadying the great nervy creatures down to the water. There they checked and tried to turn, but the little band of men pressed them down the bank, and presently, lowing with a low moaning note, they took the water in a bunch.

Burnett and one of his men swam their horses on the top side of them; Allen, as was his usual custom took the dangerous position on the lower side, and with it the main responsibility and burden of the crossing. With a confidence born of years of practice he set the gray into the wat-

er, and the old horse, well broken to the work, started swimming quietly without fuss or fret. For twenty yards or so the bullocks swam steadily, then the full force of the current caught them; they began to waver and ring round, and try to turn back to land. Allen urged his horse forward and swung the stock whip which he always carried. It would have been a dangerous moment for any man less practiced in his work than Barney Allen, but he knew every move in the game, and so did his horse, and veering upward in the strong current they straightened the leaders and compelled the bunch to swim forward. Presently they seemed to catch sight of the farther shore, and ploughing steadily on with horns clashing and heads low in the water they made straight for the landing place. Behind them the three men floated above their strongly swimming horses, and though carried swiftly down stream seemed in no imminent danger. Allen, looking forward over the gray ears of his favourite horse saw, far off in the gum-trees, the glitter of a white dress. A low groan escaped him and was lost in the thunder of the angry waters. Then a strange thing happened. This man who had crossed many hundreds of thousands of cattle and had swum his horse over the flooded Murray waters times out of number, who

knew every move of his dangerous trade, suddenly seemed to lose his head, dropped his weight upon his horse and pulled like a tyro at the bridle.

The gray plunged and snorted as the current pressed him and he found himself helpless to resist it. Vainly he fought for his head; his master seemed to be suddenly bereft of his senses, he tugged and hauled at the reins; and turned the gray completely round. For a moment there was a whirling struggle with the tide, and then both went under, to re-appear—apart—forty yards farther down.

Burnett's man was the first to land. "Good God!" he cried, as he slipped from his dripping mare, "Barney's gone—what made his horse turn over like that — I never knew that gray horse fail him before."

Burnett splashed past him through the trodden slush of the landing place. "There was nothing wrong with that gray," he said, "it was Allen himself—he pulled him over—I don't know why—but he pulled him over!"

A couple of hundred yards farther down the cruel river flung up on a bank of sand — dead — those two strong swimmers, horse and man; and only the girl in the white dress guessed why Barney Allen had chosen that crossing for his last.



# THE STOLEN RING

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

OUTSIDE Victoria Station a young old lady who had twisted her ankle and was obviously in pain, tried vainly to attract the attention of porter, policeman or cab-driver. She carried a dressing-bag and a sheaf of roses—suggesting the return from a week-end visit, and she used her umbrella for a support to her dragging foot. An attractive woman, though in her forties, with a refined face, dreamy, myopic eyes of limpid blue, dark lashes and brows, a delicate complexion and cloudy grayish hair, the hue of wood-ashes. A gray gauze veil, twisted round her toque, framed the sweet face becomingly; her slim, almost girlish figure showed to advantage in a gray tailor-made dress, a little shabby but of admirable cut.

Miss Rose Arminell showed the indefinable stamp of an unmarried woman who had had a love-tragedy. Sensitive, appealing, strangely sad, childishly innocent, yet with the look in her eyes of having groped in dark places and of having seen shadows of dreadful things, she did not seem fitted to battle with an unsympathetic world. Now, despairing of assistance, she signalled to a shoe-black near by, and, in a gentle voice, asked him to call a four-wheeler. The boy shook his head. For at that moment two young gentlemen in serge suits and straw hats, each with a rose in his button-hole, hurried up, the elder of whom pushed the younger forward and bade the shoe-black clean his boots and look as sharp as possible.

The elder might have been twenty

—a fair, smooth-faced, school-boyish person with a jaunty air; the younger looked about sixteen—a dark lad with a sullen face and slouching yet defiant carriage, but having an indefinable something about him that affected Miss Arminell curiously. She started, blushed, and gave the boy a long searching look as if she were trying to trace a likeness to someone she knew. Then her eyes fell; she looked disappointed, having failed to find what she expected.

It seemed unaccountable that flashing association taking her back nearly twenty years. For the lover of her youth, of whom for an instant the dark youth had reminded her, had been of quite a different type.

The elder of the youths who was the fair one took off his hat to Miss Arminell, and said in a frank school-boy manner:

“Didn’t you want a four-wheeler? I’ll get you one while my friend is having his boots blacked,” and he was off and hailing a cab-driver before Miss Arminell could make any answer.

While the driver he secured was getting down luggage and disputing over the fare, Miss Arminell thanked the young gentleman, and when he asked her if he could see after her luggage, told him she had only her dressing-bag and begged him not to let her detain him.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter. W’ere only just up from Hampshire—came by the same train as you—I saw you getting out and was nearly coming

up to see if I could do anything. Haven't you hurt your foot?" Miss Arminell explained that she had twisted her ankle on her way to the station that morning and that it was just beginning to pain her a little.

"Bad luck!" said the youth. "Please let me put you into the cab. . . . Oh, we're not in any hurry," as she waived aside his offer. "Fact is, an old uncle of mine gave me a cheque for a week's spree in London, and I've brought my friend there to cheer him up a bit. He's failed in an exam, and had a row with his people, and he has got the hump in consequence. We're regular country bumpkins both of us, and he's having a shine put on his boots before going to the Exhibition."

The dark lad with his boot on the shoe-block shot a resentful glance at his friend, "Oh, shut up, will you?"

"All right, old chap," returned the fair one cheerfully and whispered confidentially to Miss Arminell, "I told you he'd got the hump."

Miss Arminell murmured sympathetically that she hoped he'd enjoy himself and forget his trouble; and just then the four-wheeler signalled to them, another cab being in the way.

The young man held out his arm, but she refused it.

"Oh, no, thank you." Then, as he persisted, "But you may take my bag if you like."

He relieved her of the dressing-bag and of the bunch of roses. Leaning heavily on her umbrella Miss Arminell hobbled to the four-wheeler. At the door the youth hesitated and leaning towards her with his hand on the fastening and his eyes fixed on her face, exclaimed impulsively,

"Excuse me, but I'm pretty positive we've met before—don't you remember—at Wray Lodge—a garden party—last summer?"

"I don't know any Wray Lodge. You are mistaken."

"Oh, surely, I couldn't mistake your face. You're Miss Ffolliot?"

"Indeed I am not. My name is Arminell,"

He looked at her amazedly.

"You astonish me. The resemblance is quite extraordinary. Ah! Allow me?" for she put her hand on the door. He helped her into the cab with great care, placing the bag and the flowers on the seat beside her, and asking where he should bid the man drive.

"Near Addison Road Station."

The young man hesitated again and said awkwardly.

"I say, I don't like your going off alone with your foot hurting you—*it does hurt?*"

She admitted the fact with a wan smile.

"Do let me help you home?"

Miss Arminell stiffened. "You're very kind, but I couldn't think of troubling you."

"Honour bright it's no trouble. Fact is, I'm used to looking after a sister who's lame—an accident—her spine, you know—and I can't get over the notion that you're Miss Ffolliot. If you won't let me see you home, mayn't I call to-morrow and ask if you're all right?"

"You are very kind," repeated Miss Arminell; "but I shouldn't dream of troubling you."

"I'd love to come and make sure you're all right. *Do let me?*"

The face was so boyish, the interest so frank that Miss Arminell relaxed, and gave a weak little laugh.

"Well—really! Are you in the habit, may I ask, of making friends with unprotected ladies at railway stations?"

He protested.

"Never did such a thing in my life—But you—seemed as if I knew you—And I thought of my poor sister. Look here, I'd like to tell you—" he proceeded jerkily. "My old dad's a clergyman. He's Rector of Kingswear, near Southampton, Ronald Harrison's my name, and my friend over there—well *his* dad's a bit of a Tartar—Westmacott his is—"

"Westmacott!" Miss Arminell echoed the name. "No, I don't know him."

"You can look my dad up in the clergy list," urged Harrison.

"Oh, I shouldn't think of doubting what you say."

"Then I may call—both of us—tomorrow—just to ask, you know?"

Miss Arminell fairly gave way.

"I can't imagine what pleasure it could be to come and see an old maid in a West Kensington flat," she said, "but if you'd really like to call, come and have tea to-morrow about half-past four."

Harrison thanked her as if she had conferred on him an inestimable favour.

"Right you are! We'll turn up, you may be sure, shan't we, Westmacott?" for the other lad had come up shyly and now responded to the invitation rather sulkily, Miss Arminell thought.

"He's as shy as a rabbit poking out of a warren," said Harrison. "Now don't you scowl, old chap. We'll be there, Miss Arminell—half-past four—59, Grace Court, near Addison Road Station. Thank you, Miss Arminell—All right, cabby."

He flourished his straw hat. The dark lad took off his more quietly. The cab rattled off, and Miss Arminell reflected that she had done an unheard of thing in asking two absolutely strange young men to tea. She excused herself to herself.

"But they're not men—only two lonely country lads. And, besides—" She sighed under her breath, "I can't think what it was in the dark one that reminded me of *him*."

She forgot the increasing pain of her foot during the rest of the drive, thinking of *him*—the man whom, at twenty-two, she was to have married; whom she had adored and who had jilted her, broken her heart and for several years driven her insane.

That was the tragedy of Rose Arminell's life.

He had been an Australian squat-

ter, who had wooed her in England and had gone back on the understanding that she was to come out and marry him a year later. The week before she was to start a cablegram informed her that he had married another woman.

The shock drove her mad. When they let her out of the sanitarium, cured, she was a prematurely aged woman of thirty-one, entirely alone in the world. Since the day that the blow had fallen, she had heard nothing of James Goring.

Miss Arminell's flat was in a block that had no lift and a merely nominal porter. It was quite a pretty doll's house, with a corner bow window, Virginia creeper, a nice view and a few rather valuable odds and ends of furniture and bric-a-brac inherited from her mother. She had a woman in who usually left soon after mid-day dinner, Miss Arminell preparing her own tea and frugal supper. Next day, however, she kept the woman to make and bring in tea, and she also thought it well to invite Miss Ripley from the next block to meet her two visitors.

She sat waiting for them behind the tea-tray, her sprained foot bound up and resting on a footstool; her sweet, elderly face worn after a night of pain. But the doctor had dressed the sprain that morning with soothing lotions, so that it was now comparatively easy. Punctually at four-thirty the young gentlemen appeared, wearing the same serge suits and each with a flower in his button-hole. Both seemed in high spirits. Harrison, the elder, full of boyish fun and prettily solicitous for his hostess, whom he reproached for not letting him come home with her and call the doctor sooner. He made friends at once with Miss Ripley, who observed that only *nice* country lads would see any fun in taking tea with two old maids in a West Kensington flat, at which Harrison laughed uproariously. He showed an immense interest in all the domestic arrangements and seemed to

regard the who proceeding as a delightful joke. Westmacott, the younger boy, laughed and chattered likewise, but Miss Arminell felt that his gaiety was rather forced, and attributed the air of surly defiance and of embarrassment underlying it to shyness and discomfiture over his recent failure in his examination. This boy at once attracted and repelled her, and she was again thrilled by that indefinable flash of expression which reminded her of the tragedy of her youth.

Harrison chaffed Westmacott for his country appetite and manners and told absurd stories against themselves of their misadventures at the Exhibition the previous evening. They ate quantities of bread and butter and huge chunks of cake, and not till he had satisfied his hunger did Harrison begin prowling about the room looking at the curios and examining Miss Arminell's Chippendale chairs and settee.

He appeared to know something about such things. His invalid sister, he said, had her room filled with "crock" and his old dad was always abusing "the mater" for her bargains in old oak and china. The Rectory was just chock full of "pots and pans," he told them, so that even the lumber-room overflowed into jumble sales. He talked on with engaging candour as he moved about inspecting Miss Arminell's little treasures. She had some fine Japanese ivories and bits of *cloisonné* picked up by a sea-faring uncle, a quaint old silver clock on the mantel-piece and, almost hidden by the array of roses, two lovely Cosway miniatures of dead Arminell ladies, set in fine old paste which glittered against a faded red velvet background.

"You really ought to have some willow-pattern plates up there," said Harrison, pointing to the empty upper shelf of a three-cornered cabinet. "That's all that's wanted to make it perfect."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Arminell;

"but I haven't any blue plates."

"I'll tell you what," cried the lad eagerly. "When I go back, I'll look over the old blue crocks in our lumber-room and send you half a dozen."

"Indeed, I couldn't think of accepting such a present from a stranger," replied Miss Arminell stiffly.

"Oh, now you *are* unkind!—After I have eaten such a lot of your cake and drunk three cups of your tea, to call me a stranger! I shall make the mater send you her paste-board all the way from Hampshire and pave the way for the plates."

"I should, of course, be charmed to make your mother's acquaintance," said Miss Arminell; "but I beg you will not send the plates, for I should only return them immediately."

Harrison seemed really hurt. He said he felt afraid now to ask if he might look at the view from some of the other windows. He should like to tell his mater all about the flat.

Her view was Miss Arminell's weak point. The dining-room window looked over to the Exhibition grounds, and, on fine days, she could see from her bedroom the towers of the Crystal Palace. Finally she deputed Miss Ripley to act as show-woman to the young men.

Westmacott wanted to remain with his lame hostess, but Harrison spoke to him quite sharply, Miss Ripley thought, bidding him remember his promise not to be a shy duffer and neglect opportunities. Whereat Westmacott gave a queer laugh and followed the two.

He disappeared when they were in the dining-room, and Miss Ripley returning along the passage surprised him standing by the dressing-table in Miss Arminell's bedroom, the door of which was open. He turned with a violent start at her bantering inquiry what he was doing there, said he had mistaken the door, and had stopped to look at the view. Miss Ripley was a trustful and unobservant old maid, yet the thought struck her that it was careless of Miss Arminell



to leave her trinkets about on the dressing-table. A chain, a brooch or two and her rings lay there, and one or two of these Miss Ripley knew were valuable.

She took Westmacott to the drawing-room, where Harrison by the mantel-piece, was now discoursing fluently to Miss Arminell, fingering the roses as he did so, and fidgetting with the vases. He chaffed Westmacott unmercifully when Miss Ripley told how the boy had strayed into Miss Arminell's room; so much so that Westmacott turned crimson and cried out.

"I say, we ought to be going."

"Right you are, old chap! I've been enjoying myself so awfully that I forgot the time. Do you mind your servant calling us a taxi?" he asked Miss Arminell.

They never stopped thanking the ladies while the taxi was being fetched; then hurriedly took their leave, Harrison talking noisily, while they went down, to Miss Ripley, who watched them from the landing.

At the hall door, they flourished their hats and presently the taxi whizzed off, Miss Ripley was recalled to the parlour by a cry of dismay. She found her friend tottering towards the mantel-piece.

"My clock! Oh, they have taken my clock!"

Sure enough the little silver clock was gone; likewise the Cosway miniatures. Miss Arminell swept away the disarranged roses which had covered the theft.

"The ivories?" she exclaimed apprehensively.

The ivories, the bits of *cloisonné*—all had disappeared.

"Stop the thieves!" shrieked Miss Arminell struggling frantically towards the door. Miss Ripley and the charwoman flew downstairs on to the pavement and caught a last glimpse of the taxi turning down a distant street.

"No hope of catching them now," said a policeman who came up at their

cries. "Better go in and see what more is missing before lodging a description of the stolen articles."

Miss Ripley found Miss Arminell at her dressing-table, weeping bitterly.

"My watch has gone and my rings," she wailed. "I meant to put them on and didn't. My mother's diamond and ruby ring, and my name-ring that I value more than all the rest." Her voice broke. "Ruby, opal, sapphire, emerald, for 'Rose'—O—oh!" moaned the poor lady, "I can't bear to lose *that*."

It had been her engagement ring, put away during those dark years at the sanatorium. Afterwards she had no address to which to send it. So she had kept and worn the ring, foolishly fancying that it might attract back to her the man for whom she cherished an undying love.

Miss Arminell sat alone in her parlour the morning after the theft. The worry had set up inflammation in her foot; it ached horribly, and so did her heart.

Someone rang the door-bell. She heard the charwoman answer it and a man's voice ask for her by name.

At the sound of that voice, the poor woman's heart seemed to stop beating. Voices do not change greatly with the years. She heard the charwoman say, "Miss Arminell is in here, sir," and the parlour door was opened and closed again behind a tall, lean man—bronzed, strong featured with a grizzled moustache and frosted hair—a man who looked as if he had worked and thought and suffered, though he was well tailored and prosperous enough so far as outward appearance went.

He advanced a few steps and stood dumbly gazing at Miss Arminell. She rose, clutching the arm of her chair for support. A hoarse sound came from her lips, but she could speak no word; she could only stare at the man as if he were a ghost.

His brown eyes stared, too, into her blue ones, still clear enough to be

the eyes of a young girl—stared with a wild brightness—the wildness of a great longing.

And to her it had truly been death in life. She knew this now. Even when the black curtain of existence in the sanatorium had been lifted, she had lived in a gray twilight as of dimly lighted vaults. And now, in a moment, there had been let in a flood of dazzling daylight. Once again, she felt young, vital, her pulses thrilling anew to her heart's desire.

"My dear, my dear—what can I say? What right have I to speak to you of my love? I can only kneel at your feet and pray to you for forgiveness and mercy."

He was kneeling now, kissing her hands, his lean body quivering with emotion, his gray head bent over her lap. There was something infinitely pathetic in that bent gray head. Miss Arminell stooped and touched with her lips one silvery curl thinning away from the temple, a tender little caress that had been peculiar to herself in the old, sweet days.

He looked up, his eyes wet, his lips twitching in his agitation.

"You—you remember even that?"

"I have never forgotten."

"You did not hate me! Rose. Oh my best beloved—I can't explain. She has been dead two years. It was all a hideous, hopeless tangle—I had compromised her—meaning no harm. Her father forced the situation. But I was never really untrue to you, my dear. Believe that. Weak, but not wholly false. I loved you with all my heart and soul as I loved you in the beginning, as I love you at this moment."

"It is enough. I don't want you to talk of—of what came between. We are together at last," she answered brokenly. And truly, there was no need for further words.

Their arms went round each other; their hearts beat within breasts that touched in a close embrace. The by-gone misery melted away in that long kiss of reunion. The two lost souls

and found their home at last.

At length suddenly releasing her, and rising to his feet he said grimly, "I must tell you of the painful circumstances which brought me here."

She echoed his words bewilderedly. "The painful circumstances—?"

"I came to restore to you part of the property that was stolen from you yesterday and to implore your mercy for one of the criminals—my son."

"Your son!—Ah!" She understood now the flashing likeness. "The younger one—Westmacott—?"

"Ralph Westmacott Goring—to my shame and his. I pray Heaven this may be a lesson he will never forget. He—it is a long story. I need not give details—he has not been a good boy—oh, this is the first time he has committed theft—but he was expelled from school, and it led to great bitterness between us. He ran away, meaning to work his way to America, got into the clutches of a gang of gentlemanly thieves—the fellow he was with is noted for his ingenious methods of getting into flats. He persuaded the boy into doing what he did. Thank God when it was done, Ralph felt so horrified that he came straight to me and made a clean breast of the whole thing. He gave me these, and I have brought them back to you—You will understand that I recognised this ring."

"I do not mind about the rest," she said, "now that I have got this back."

He was intensely moved.

"Rose, will you be merciful and forgive my poor boy for the sake of what that ring meant to us—and—" he spoke chokily, "for what, Heaven grant, it may mean again?"

She smiled seraphically. "I forgive him with my whole heart—Let us think only that it is he who in this strange way has given us back to each other."

He took the ring from her and solemnly put it on the third finger of her left hand.



MODEL RESTING

From the Painting by Paul Peel in the Canadian National Gallery

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**

# THE GARDEN GATE

BY E. F. BENSON

**MISS ELIZABETH COURTNEY** was delightfully young in everything but years and of a very agreeable age with regard to those poisoners of peace. Moreover she did not make the smallest secret about the number of them, and if ever the date of some occurrence, not quite recent, came socially in question, she would say in a manner both natural and accurate: "I remember I was just fifteen when it happened, so it must have been twenty years ago. Fancy!" This gave rise in the minds of those who were not "quite nice" on the subject of Miss Courtney to very disagreeable conclusions, and Mrs. Rawlins for instance, who had two grown-up daughters, said several times, directly afterwards, that she happened to know that the event in question took place "twenty-five years ago at least, my dear." Thereby libelling Miss Courtney.

There were not, however, many of Miss Courtney's neighbours and acquaintances who showed so scratching a disposition, for there was no one of the residents in the pleasant country town where she lived more justly popular. Of course she had her weaknesses, and it was not to be expected that due discussion should not be held over them, but sensitiveness with regard to her age did not happen to be one of them. But it was pleasant to look young, to preserve, as she did, that moderate (but adequate) allowance of comeliness which she had when a girl, and to find that at the garden-parties, which formed the staple of the social festivities during

the summer months at Coleton, and the tea-parties with Bridge afterwards which took their place when dusk was early and winds were shrill, she still ranked among the more active lawn-tennis players, and was not yet relegated to the staid tables at Bridge. On the conclusion of these winter entertainments Miss Courtney's maid was always announced, who took her down home, perhaps, a hundred yards of well-lit road, and Mrs. Rawlins would wonder, sometimes to herself, sometimes to others, at what age an active woman might hope to be able to take care of herself. Mrs. Rawlins observed also with undeniable accuracy that during the winter just before which Elizabeth had bought a fur-coat, she usually found that she had left behind in the drawing-room her handkerchief or purse, and returned with that famous garment not yet buttoned, so as to show that it was fur-lined throughout, but without her goloshes, about which there was no striking feature (except, said Mrs. Rawlins, their size). A residue of truth lurked there, for undeniably Elizabeth liked pretty clothes. And in excuse for Mrs. Rawlins it must be urged again that she had two daughters about whom also there was nothing remarkable except their size, who had long been of marriageable age, and had wizen little giraffe-faces at the tops of their long thin necks.

Miss Courtney was one of those women with regard to whose continued spinsterhood all that can be said is that it was an unfortunate accident. She had all the qualities that go to

make lovable wives and mothers; simply the conjunction of the right man and the right moment had not occurred. The right man had indeed occurred, but he had occurred at the wrong moment, many years ago, when marriage for him was out of the question, since he, like she, was barely out of his teens, and the matter of his livelihood was a question that required provision. Harry Sugden was the son of one of the partners in an eminent firm of solicitors which had its headquarters in London and a branch office down here in Coleton, and just when matters were beginning to be aquiver between him and Elizabeth, his father had been moved to take charge of the central office in London. That was fourteen years ago and Elizabeth, though she had not seen Harry since, kept the warmest corner in her heart for him. To her he had remained that slim shy youth, whose brown eyes looked always as if they had some special communication for her, while she confusedly felt that she had some secret answer for him. But the ripening had never come, and it seemed that Elizabeth's tree of love, like so many others, was of the sort that bear one fruit only, and that had remained green and unplucked on her tree. How keenly Harry had desired to be its gatherer, she did not know, and, since this subject was hardly a maidenly one, she forbore to conjecture. Twice since those days, had the wrong man approached her, but never another right one, and now, as seemed more than probable (especially to Mrs. Rawlins) the right time had passed by her and the shadow of irrevocable celibacy begun to lengthen over her unvisited garden.

Her mother had died some ten years ago and she lived with a kind dull father and an orphaned niece, in a comfortable ugly house with a charming garden, in what was known as the residential quarter of Coleton, where life flowed with so deadly a regularity and monotony that it was almost miraculous that Elizabeth had

retained so vivid and eager an interest in life. Her father read the morning paper every day, except Sunday, until half-past twelve, when he walked very slowly down the road away from the town till one. At one o'clock he turned and thus reached "The Evergreens" at half-past. At half-past three he again set forth, and arrived at the County Club at four. There he took a cup of tea and some buttered toast, and played Bridge till half-past six. He ate an excellent dinner at home at half-past seven, and played Patience till half-past ten. Up till four years ago he had played a round of golf every afternoon, and since then had never played another, though the family still took their summer holiday at Westward Ho, and strolled on the links. Finally if it rained he sat indoors instead of going out at half-past twelve, and drove to the County Club in a closed fly, instead of walking there. He had retired from business ten years before, and there seemed no reason why he should not live for ever, except that he was in a chronic state of slight anxiety about his health, which was admirable.

Marian, Elizabeth's niece, was an extraordinarily pretty girl just over twenty, whose mind, unlike Elizabeth's, had succumbed under the deathly narcotic of the residential quarter, and might be said to be non-existent. She was always occupied, never interested, and slept like a top for nine hours every night. She played practically interminable finger-exercises on the piano most of the morning, stopping suddenly when all prospect of her doing so appeared to have vanished, and embarked on a sonata of Beethoven's which under her fingers sounded like a finger exercise also. She walked in the afternoon, and did absolutely interminable needlework all evening. She was never in the least bored, for her inherent dullness protected her like chain-armor from the assaults of ennui.

Garden-party season had begun,

but the year was backward, and it was doubtful whether the strawberry beds at the "Eeverygreen's" would furnish sufficient fruit to supply the wants of Miss Courtney's guests.

"But it's no use," said Elizabeth in answer to a depressing suggestion from Marian that they should eat no strawberries themselves until the garden-party was over, "it's no use in not having as many as we want in the interval. At least, dear, I should be very sorry to offer to our guests on Thursday week the strawberries which are ripe to-day."

Mr. Courtney poured himself out his first glass of port. He had two every evening, the first while the ladies were eating dessert, the second after they had gone to the drawing-room.

"They are chiefly not very ripe to-day," he said. "I should be afraid to eat many of them. I should not advise you to eat them too freely Marian, nor you Elizabeth."

"I have only eaten five," said Marian with her usual accuracy, having counted the stalks, "and I have but three more."

"Well, take my advice, and let five be sufficient."

"I've eaten more than I should like to count, Daddy," said Elizabeth, "as well as some before dinner."

"Dear me, if I ate strawberries before dinner, I should suffer for it," said Mr. Courtney. "Besides I should spoil my dinner. But you always had an excellent digestion, "my dear."

"Yes, thank goodness, and I'm greedy too," said Elizabeth. "How did your Bridge go this evening, Daddy?"

"I won two rubbers and lost two," said Mr. Courtney, after a moment's thought. "Those that I won were not so big as those I lost."

"That always happens, doesn't it?"

Marian could not let this pass.

"No, Aunt Elizabeth," she said, "for Uncle Edward's adversaries must therefore have won more in the

rubbers they won, than they lost in the rubbers they lost."

"And I held four aces when it was not my deal," added Mr. Courtney.

"That always happens any how," said Elizabeth.

Marian did not feel sure of that, but the conversation being unusually brisk this evening, she did not have time to question it.

"By the way, there was a new face in the card-room to-night," said Mr. Courtney. "Mr. Harry Sugden. Perhaps you remember him, Elizabeth. He said he remembered you. He has come to take charge of the firm's office here. Dear me, it must be ten years since he went away."

"Fourteen," said Elizabeth. "I was just twenty-one at the time."

"Fancy your remembering that," said Marian, without malicious intention, but as a matter of fair comment.

"He asked if he might call to-morrow," continued Mr. Courtney, "and I proposed that he should come into lunch, so that we can walk up to the club together afterwards."

"Or drive up together if it is wet," said Marian.

Elizabeth longed to ask further questions, but fearing more fair comment, preferred to be silent. She told herself that Harry Sugden's return was a matter that could not interest her any more than it could interest any other middle-aged woman in Coleton, but her heart refused to acquiesce in this unsentimental truth. She wanted to know what he looked like, whether he was married or not, ("as if," said common-sense, "that could possibly matter,") whether he was bald or stout, whether his eyes would still seem to have a question waiting behind them. Yet it was almost certain that he was not married; otherwise renewed intercourse would have taken the form of calling on his wife.

And then she pulled herself up short. It was all fourteen years ago, and as Marian said, it was strange that she remembered anything about

him. But she was conscious of remembering far more than was convenient; remembrance tugged at her heart-strings, and it was of the fourteen intervening years that she seemed to remember so little.

Elizabeth passed a somewhat wakeful night, her mind alternating between memories of days long dead yet never buried, and prolonged indecisions as to what she would wear tomorrow. There was a new frock, lately come home, which she had ordered for the garden-party, white with cherry ribands; a bleached straw-hat with a bow to match the ribands "went" with it . . . it was rather daring. Then she remembered that she had not said her prayers, and got out of bed to perform this duty. Instead, the clear moonlight poured on to the blind of her window caught her attention, and she looked out. The moon was nearly full, and the white sexless light illuminated the garden. How the shrubs had grown up during the last fourteen years; the garden-gate over which he had vaulted when he went away was quite hidden even from those upper windows, and she had then seen him vault it while she stood on the tennis lawn. Everything else had grown-up too, she among the rest. . . . Certainly cherry-coloured ribbons and white were a little audacious, but she had chosen them long before she knew he was coming back. Of course, if it was a cold gray day she could not wear them, but otherwise if it was warm . . . she would be out in the garden at lunch-time; the sweet-peas actually did want picking. . . . And then she got back to bed again, oblivious of her neglected devotions.

Poor Elizabeth's plans went strangely awry. The morning was fine but rather chilly, and at breakfast Marian remarked that she wondered Elizabeth did not feel cold in that thin dress. As a matter of fact Elizabeth did, but trusted that the exercise of picking sweet-peas would warm her. She heard the lunch-bell

ring, but lingered among the garden beds, expecting that the others would join her, till the parlour-maid came out, and told her that they had sat down ten minutes ago. She went into the drawing-room, and a total stranger gravely shook hands with her. Then she sat down—Marian had taken the bottom of the table in her absence, and a grove of flowers cut her off from all sight of him.

They talked about the next inevitable elections, and suddenly in the middle of some commonplace of Mr. Sugden's familiar tone, an odd little crack in his voice arrested her. It made her heart leap; it was like suddenly coming face to face with an old friend.

Marian was in great form. She had evidently read the political leader in the morning paper, after Mr. Courtney had finished with it, and so had Mr. Sugden. Each capped the appropriate comments of the other, and he seemed interested.

Mr. Sugden manœuvred his head round the flowers in the centre of the table.

"And are you as keen a politician as your niece?" he asked Elizabeth.

"No, I am afraid I am still indifferent," she said.

"I remember you used to be," he said, and that was the only reference made to the past.

Afterwards Marian played a slow movement of one of the much-practised sonatas, and he complimented Elizabeth on the pianist's touch. The movement was somewhat long, and soon after it was finished he and his host strolled up to the club. But he promised to repeat his visit, indeed he asked if he was allowed to. And it was Marian who said they would all be delighted. Then as he shook hands with Elizabeth, once again her heart leapt, for looking out from the stranger's face were eyes that she knew.

For the next few weeks his visits were frequent at the "Evergreens," and Elizabeth slowly sickened with



the noble malady of love. Once fourteen years before had she felt its premonitory symptoms, but it had passed off. Now it came to her later in a form both aggravated and suppressed by age, like some ailment common among the young infecting someone of maturer years. All that had been strange in him to her at their first meeting became confused with her earlier recollections of him, so that to her mind, he was no longer the shy, slim youth who had so nimbly vaulted out the garden-gate, but this spare shy man who said so little, and gradually began to mean so much to her. And now the malady was suppressed: it could not leap to the surface as it would have done in her youth, in the unconcealed eager pleasure that his presence obviously gave her. They could not romp and laugh together over silly trifles, and for the first time she became conscious of her age, conscious, too, of how curiously and inconveniently the tale of her years was at variance with the essential youthfulness of her heart. She had to control and master herself: it would never do if she let him see . . . she must not let herself be ridiculous.

His visits to them were frequent, and some five weeks after his reappearance in Coleton, he came to dine with them on a hot evening in July. They had sat out on the verandah facing the lawn to drink their coffee, and then Marian had gone back into the drawing-room to play the latest acquired of the sonatas to them, while Mr. Courtney laid out a new and exasperating Patience. Harry Sugden after a little time had followed Marian indoors, and quite suddenly a new light broke on Elizabeth that explained in a flash the frequency of his visits, and immediately afterwards, overwhelmed her, as by answering thunder, in shame at her blindness. It was Marian he wanted, and indeed there was little to wonder at: she was young, she was charmingly pretty, and from the first he had admired her. But for more than a month Elizabeth

had not seen it. All the time she had been thinking about herself.

But here the essential youthfulness of her heart, which in some respects was so awkward at the age of thirty-five came to her aid in an impulse of vigorous courage, and that night when she had gone to her room, she sat and steadfastly readjusted her attitude. She had to cry a little at first, because the malady was strong within her, but soon, because she was womanly and unselfish, she accepted and welcomed what she had been so long in seeing. But did Marian care for him? It seemed impossible that she should not, and yet Marian was not very enthusiastic about him. Only that day she had said in a tone of impartial statement, "That makes the fourth time he has come here in the last ten days," when Mr. Courtney had announced that he was to be their guest at dinner. Or—Marian was rather secretive—was this impartiality assumed? Elizabeth had, she most sincerely hoped, entirely concealed her own emotional pressure, and it was not to be expected that Marian, who held herself so much more firmly in control, should betray anything. If Marian did not care for him . . . but Elizabeth was bound to hope that she did. His happiness was her paramount need.

Meantime, there were endless little corrections to be made in her own behaviour. She must give them more opportunities of being alone together, must suggest that Marian should show him the new fountain at the far end of the garden . . . countless little facilities (she was not good at imagining them) would present themselves. And then Elizabeth had to cry a little more on her own account, and said her prayers.

It was a little disconcerting, when all her resolution was so eagerly enlisted, to find that after this dinner, day after day went by, and no sign of any kind came from Mr. Sugden. Certainly he was neither ill nor away, for he played bridge, so said Mr.

Courtney, every afternoon at the County Club, but for the next fortnight his visits ceased altogether. But during the interval, assiduous practice on the part of Marian had rendered presentable another movement of the interminable sonatas, and Elizabeth had given her for her birthday, the most delicious new hat, which suited her admirably, so that the "Evergreens" were ready for him, whenever he pleased to return there. But July broiled itself into August, and it was not till the eve of their departure for Westward Ho, that he came.

Elizabeth was out in the garden in the grass walk that led to the gate over which he had vaulted: the drawing-room windows were open and the sounds of the new movement came out into the still air with great precision. Then suddenly she looked up and saw him at the gate.

"I heard you were going away tomorrow for your holiday," he said, "and I wondered if I might come and say good-bye."

"But surely," she said. "It is nice of you to come. We—we haven't seen you for a long time. Marian is indoors. Will you go in? I will join you when I have finished—"

He looked at her for a moment; then back at the gate through which he had come.

"That was the gate I went out at when we said good-bye years ago. At least I went over it."

"Yes you vaulted it," said she desperately wishing that he had not mentioned that. But she managed to laugh. "Fancy you remembering that," she added.

They walked a few yards in silence; then he stopped.

"I wanted to see you again before you went away," he said. "And ask you if . . . I kept away you see because I thought you didn't particularly care whether I came or not. And . . . And . . ."

Marian executed a hard accurate run, and made three great thumps on the piano. But they did not go in to join Marian.



# THE MATE OF THE "PARAWAN"

BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

HUNTER'S HOTEL consisted of a large and grimy room and a number of small and equally grimy cubicles on the first floor of an old Spanish house in the Calle Pizarro, one of the back streets of Manila. You could get nothing to eat in "Hunter's," and nothing to drink, except iced water; but on the ground floor there was a German bar, where questionable liquor was retailed at cut-throat prices; whilst, across the street, next to Ah Lung's "Select Sanitation Laundry," was the "American Eagle Restuarant," in which a New York Jew supplied meals of a sort at half a dollar Mex each, or twelve for five dollars Mex if you paid in advance. Ah Lung was the only man in the Calle Pizarro who gave any credit; but then his customers lived in a very different part of the town. Had he depended on the guests in the hotel, it would hardly have paid him to bribe the immigration officer to admit those three new assistants of his.

The sitting-room in "Hunter's" was always gloomy, for the houses on the other side of the narrow cobbled street shut out all the direct sunlight. Its furniture was simple, consisting merely of half-a-dozen rough tables and a score or so of chairs; whilst in place of pictures, there were framed copies of the rules, which began and ended with the statement that beds must be paid for when booked. In one corner lay a pile of soiled magazines and papers, and littered about the tables were shabby draught boards and battered chessmen.

"Hunter's" guests were generally in keeping with the room. They were mostly men down on their luck, ex-soldiers and sailors, out-of-work teamsters and contractors' clerks, representatives of the crowd of adventurers which had come out with the Army and had been left stranded when the war was over. As a rule, they stayed indoors during the day, for Manila is a suburb of the Inferno, and they had all learnt the folly of raising a thirst when you lack the means of satisfying it; so some lay on their beds in the stuffy little cubicles and gasped, whilst the others squabbled languidly over games of draughts, or turned the ragged pages of those ancient magazines and growled at the dulness of their contents.

Mr. John Page, the former mate of the "Parawan," sat at the window of "Hunter's," sucking an empty pipe and gloomily watching Ah Lung's assistants plying their irons. He was not in a pleasant temper, and his expression grew, if possible, even less amiable when he saw his late skipper come down the Calle Pizarro and turn into the doorway of the hotel.

"Well," he growled, as the other dropped into a chair beside him, "is there anything fresh?"

The skipper drew a newspaper out of his pocket, unfolded it, and pointed to a paragraph marked in blue pencil.

"Yes," he said grimly. "There is something fresh. There's that."

The mate grunted. "Let's see," he said, holding out his hand; then his lips tightened a little as he read:

“Captain Wilson of the Hong Kong salvage steamer ‘Grappler,’ reports that on his way up from San Bernadino he passed the wreck of the ‘Parawan,’ and that, contrary to expectations, she has not broken up; and he considers that, now the monsoon has changed it will be possible to salvage her. Our readers will remember that the ‘Parawan,’ one of the new four-hundred-ton coastguard steamers, was wrecked on the coast of Palapog a few weeks ago. The officers and crew took to the boats, and were picked up soon afterwards by the transport ‘General Sherman.’ Palapog is an uninhabited island forming the most easterly outlier of the archipelago. We understand that Captain Wilson’s news has led to a further postponement of the inquiry into the loss of the vessel. Captain Tomlinson and Mr. Page, the mate, are still in Manila, awaiting the finding of the court.”

The mate folded the paper, and crammed it into the pocket of his soiled white jacket.

“Here’s one who isn’t going to wait,” he said. “I’m off to Hong Kong.”

The skipper laughed harshly. “Do you think they would let you go? Don’t be a fool, man. If you try and bolt, they’ll clap us both in goal, and,” he lowered his voice, “you know whether we should be likely to get out when they had salvaged her. It would be a good deal more than a court of inquiry then.”

The mate had gone very cold, but there were big beads of perspiration on his forehead. “We could slip aboard a tramp without their knowing,” he muttered.

Tomlinson shook his head. “They watch the water-front too closely. They don’t suspect us yet, I’m sure of that; but they would if we tried to leave. They won’t mind us taking a trip to one of the Island ports, though—Cathalogan, for instance.”

“What do you mean?” demanded the mate.

The skipper leaned forward. “I mean to get on board the wreck first. It’s our one chance. We can go down to Cathalogan and run on to Palapog in a native sailing boat.”

The mate frowned. “Won’t they stop us there, too?”

Tomlinson shook his head. “I think not. I think not, because—” he paused whilst an artilleryman lurched past, “because the Governor at Cathalogan is a native, and he is in this business himself.”

“Then why in blazes can’t he see to it?” exclaimed Page. “It’s their concern to get the wreck chased out.”

The skipper’s lip curled. “Would you trust your neck, or at any rate your liberty, to a Filipino’s punctuality? He means to do it, I know; but there will be a saint’s day or a cock-fight or some other fooling to keep him putting it off until the salvage people get there. And then—” he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

“Where’s the money coming from to take us down?” asked the mate roughly. “All my gear is in pawn, and I haven’t had a smoke to-day, let alone a drink. You might offer me a cheroot. I see you’ve some in your pocket, so I suppose you’ve raised the wind.”

Tomlinson handed him a couple of cigars. “Don’t lose your temper, Page,” he said, “it won’t help us. Yes, I worried some cash out of Carlos Dagujob, who got us to go in for this in the first case. He didn’t like parting, but I put the screw on him.

Of course, as he hasn’t broken up, there’s a chance we’ll pull through after all, and get the whole of our money.”

Mr. John Page laughed scornfully. “A precious poor chance. I was a fool ever to agree to help you.”

“And I was a fool to ship a drunken brute as mate,” retorted the skipper. “You piled her up there, you can’t deny that.”

“And you abandoned her, instead of standing by an’ burning her, or getting rid of the evidence some other

way," growled the mate. "You said she was sure to go to pieces."

"So I thought she would, until I read that to-day. Then I went to the Coastguard Bureau, and saw the chief. He says she seems to have lifted right on top of the reef, and to have settled down in the soft coral, almost on an even keel. He was most civil, and says if they get her off, he'll see we don't lose our tickets," and he laughed mirthlessly.

The mate grunted. "I don't see what you find to laugh about. Did you tell him we wanted to go to Catbalogan?"

"Yes, I said old Don Pedro, who owns the 'Cervantes,' had told us we could put in our time aboard her if we liked; and the chief said he didn't mind, so long as we were here for the next sitting of the court. He knows there's no fear of our getting out of the archipelago. . . . The 'Cervantes' sails to-morrow. With any luck she will be in Catbalogan on the 15th, and we ought to be aboard the wreck by the 18th. I suppose you can be ready in the morning?"

"I suppose I can," answered the mate, sulkily, then he held out a rather uncleanly hand, "Give me some of that money . . . What, twenty pisos! That won't even get my gear out of pawn. Give me fifty, at least."

The skipper sighed. "We shall have to go carefully on it."

"I thought you said we should get the whole lot, after all," retorted the mate, whose confidence had returned at the touch of the bank-notes. "Why, we've lots of time. The 'Grappler' is the only salvage boat in port, and Wilson has got another job on, that collier in the Straits. I don't mind if they take away my beastly Yankee ticket, so long as we get the money. I should go home and take a pub I know of in Weymouth, down where those Jersey boats lie."

The skipper sighed again. "I shall be content to serape out of it any way. just to dump the stuff overboard and clear."

Mr. John Page sneered, "Bah! you've lost your nerve."

That same evening, Captain Wilson of the salvage steamer, 'Grappler,' was sitting with his agent's managing clerk, at one of the little tables in the Orpheum, the music hall of Manila, where the Army and Navy and Mercantile marine congregate nightly to drink weak beer of local manufacture and listen to six-month-old songs from the lips of sprightly ladies, who have been imported at great expense, though apparently with only half their wardrobes, from Australia and the China coast.

"I'm glad we got it fixed," Wilson said during the lull following a song on the seemingly inexhaustible subject of Maisie. "I suppose there are no insurgents or ladrones or similar hard characters who are likely to interfere with me?"

The other shook his head. "No. The place is quite uninhabited, and, anyway, the insurrectos—the insurgents, you know—are lying very low just now. The Americans have given them a good deal of what they asked. Half the governors of the islands are Filipinos. Still, I should never trust them. They are all brigands by nature, and are never really happy unless they have their bolos, those abominable two-foot-long knives, in their hands. . . . Of course, a party might come over to loot the 'Parawan,' now the monsoon has changed, so I should lose no time, if I were you."

A half-caste at the next table, who had been watching some acrobats on the stage very attentively, leaned forward slightly, apparently to get a better view.

"I shan't waste any time," Wilson answered. "I shall leave the other job and do this one first. I can get out the day after to-morrow, and be down at Palapog on the 17th or 18th."

The half-caste dropped his cigarette into the ash tray and lighted a

fresh one with a rather shaky hand, then he applauded the acrobats so vigorously that Wilson's companion turned around.

"Hullo, Senor Dagujob, I didn't expect to see you here! A grave government official like yourself should have other things to do."

Carlos Dagujob got up with a laugh, "I can't be at work all the time, senor. I came in to-night to see these acrobats, as I was told they were so clever," he spoke in the stilted English of one to whom the language was not very familiar. "But now I must go back. The rest will not interest me, I fear," He raised his hat, and turned towards the door.

"Who was that?" asked Wilson.

The other man shrugged his shoulders, "One of their new native officials, the Registrar of the High Court, a half-breed, a mistizo so we call them here. . . Well, is there any fresh gear you will want?" and they began to talk again of professional matters.

Meanwhile, Senor Dagujob had made his way to the bar, where he gulped down an absinthe as if he needed the stimulant; then he glanced round the place, and his eye fell on Mr. John Page, who was scowling at the company in general from behind a huge stein of beer. The half-caste walked over to him, and took a chair at the same table.

"Do you know where to find Captain Tomlinson?" he asked hurriedly.

Mr. Page shook his head. "Don't know where he's lodging now," he answered surlily.

Dagujob ran his hand nervously through his lank hair. "But you are going with him to-morrow? Well, then, will you tell him that he must hasten, hasten, for the 'Grappler' will be sailing for the wreck in one or two days."

The mate put down his stein suddenly, and stared at his informant.

"Of course, I'll tell him," he growled at last. "It touches us both pretty closely—and you, too."

The half-caste fumbled with his packet of cigarettes. "I only just found out, and I cannot see him myself in the morning."

"I'm not likely to forget it," said Mr. Page grimly.

The half-caste got up. "Good-bye and good luck."

The mate grunted. "Precious little luck about this business," then he called to the bar-boy for another stein of beer, over which he sat for a full half-hour, evidently deep in thought.

Suddenly he heard his own name spoken, and glancing up, saw Wilson standing in front of him.

"Hullo, Page," said the skipper of the "Grappler." "You look as if you had been cut off with a shilling by a rich uncle. Going to have a drink? I'm away in a few days to try and get that old hooker of yours off the bed you found for her."

Mr. Page growled something inaudible, and pushed his empty stein over to the waiting bar-boy.

"What are you doing now?" continued Wilson. "Nothing, eh? Well, you had better come along with me. I want some assistance, bossing up the niggers and that sort of thing. They're not going to finish your inquiry till I get back, and give 'em a chart of the reef. Dilatory beggars these Yanks, almost as slow as Dagos over anything judicial."

The mate stared at his boots for a minute, then he looked up. "All right," he said, "I'll come. I'm too broke to pick and choose."

So, when the "Cervantes" steamed out on the following morning, her only passenger was Captain Tomlinson, who had gone abroad at the last moment, after a hurried search round "Hunter's" and similar resorts had failed to furnish any clue to Mr. John Page's whereabouts.

"I suppose he got drunk and was run in," muttered Tomlinson. "I was a fool to give him so much money. Still, I should have plenty of time to get through by myself."

The "Grappler" was a day late in leaving Manila, and she lost another two days through having to put into a small port to remedy some boiler troubles. Captain Wilson cursed at the delay, and his mates followed his example; but Mr. John Page accepted it very philosophically. He had no duty to do yet, for an unsympathetic court in Singapore had deprived him of his British ticket a couple of years previously; and since then he had been working on an American ticket, procured through a police-captain for twenty dollars, United States currency. He had smuggled a case of whisky aboard with him, and he had made it last fairly well; but on the morning of the 20th he awoke painfully sober, to which trouble was added the even greater one of knowing that before midnight Wilson would be aboard the "Parawan."

The "Grappler" was brought to an anchor half a mile off the reef, and a boat was lowered at once.

"You had better come, Page," the skipper said. "You know your way about her."

Mr. Page descended into the boat without a word. He was outwardly calm; but anyone who had been sufficiently interested to watch him would have noticed that he was chewing fiercely on an unlighted cigar.

The wreck appeared very battered when viewed closely. Her white wooden sides were streaked with red lines of rust from stanchions and rivets, and the varnish had already blistered off the little mahogany deck houses. One of the stumpy topmasts had broken at the cap, leaving a jagged end, and all the loose gear had been swept from her decks. The funnel was white with crusted salt, and the falls from the davits were hanging just above the water, swaying mournfully in the breeze.

Her late mate ran his eye over her critically, then, suddenly, he gave a start of surprise, and bit clean through his cigar. "She's been loot-

ed," he said hoarsely. "Look, the Gatling off the boat deck, and the two one-pounders which were abaft the charthouse have gone."

Wilson gave a low whistle. "Pleasant for the Yanks. They'll start a new insurrection on the strength of those."

Mr. John Page laughed almost pleasantly, and carefully lighted a cigar. "Ye are just too late, sir," he remarked, but there was no regret in his voice.

The scene on deck bore out the promise of the rust-streaked hull. The engineer's cabin, the first into which they looked, was typical of the rest. There were bunk curtains, mouldy and discoloured hanging in front of a pile of sodden bedding; on the floor, a pool of black, stinking bilge water with a pair of boots and a pyjama jacket rotting in it; two or three photographs on the partition, almost unrecognisable, peeling from their mounts; half a dozen pipes with tarnished mounts in a fretwork rack, and a cigar box jammed behind the water-bottle; a suit of mildewed oilskins on a peg and a sea-chest with a broken lid.

"You people went in a deuce of a hurry," remarked the skipper.

Mr. Page laughed again, then pointed to the sea-chest. "This was looted only a day or two ago, sir. See, it's dry inside. I expect they got my kit, too," he said resignedly, and did not even add an oath.

They went round the main deck cabins, and found everything of value gone; then Wilson led the way on to the upper deck, opened the chart-house door—and jumped back with a cry of horror.

"Oh, my God! What's this?"

Mr. Page looked in, too, then swayed with a sudden faintness, "It's Tomlinson," he muttered. "Tomlinson. Is he dead?"

Wilson gave a half-hysterical laugh, "Dead! Why, he's been bolloed. His head's almost off."

It was only too true. The late

skipper of the "Parawan" lay in the middle of a sticky red stain with an appalling gash on his neck. In one of his hands was a broken bolo, whilst the other held a fragment of a white native shirt.

Wilson stared at the body a moment, then he closed the door again and went over to Page, who was leaning against the rail, deadly white.

"What do you make of it?" he asked sternly. "You said he was in Manila."

Mr. Page licked his lips before answering, "So he was. I left him just before I met you in the Orpheum. — I know nothing about it."

Wilson gave him a searching look; then, without another word, went down the companion to the main deck, whence he descended by the iron ladder into the little hold. It was a quarter of an hour later when he clambered out again, with a very grave face and with half a dozen small pieces of stout board under his arm.

"Go down and have a look," he said to his second mate who was waiting for him. "We can easily patch her up." then he tossed the bits of wood overboard, and watched the tide sweep them away.

That evening, when they ran a mile out to sea and buried what had once been Tomlinson; then the skipper sent for Mr. Page. He was waiting at his desk when the ex-mate came in. "Shut the door, and help yourself to a whisky," he said without looking up. "Funny business this, isn't it?" Then he swung round in his chair, "How many guns did you have in that lot?"

Mr. Page started to his feet. "What do you mean?" he began. The skipper laughed gently, and taking out half-a-dozen German-made martini cartridges from his pocket arranged them carefully in a circle round his tumbler, "Sit down, Page. There's no evidence left. I chucked the pieces of

the broken ammunition case overboard, and these cartridges were the only other things—beside Tomlinson.

"I worried the whole story out of him," said Wilson, when he was telling the story in Hong Kong some years later. "It seems old Tomlinson got in tow with some of those new native officials the Americans had made, and agreed to run in a cargo of guns, so that they could start a fresh insurrection against their benefactors, true Filipino style. Well Page piled up the 'Parawan,' and they thought she must go to pieces, but when they found she could be salvaged with the guns still on board, they were in an unholy funk. Tomlinson arranged to hurry down and get the guns away in native boats, and Page was going with him, but backed out when he found I might be there first, he himself went with me, as he thought it would look as though he were innocent, and didn't know the stuff was on board. Cunning skunk! How did I come to suspect? Oh, Page's own manner first, and then the discovery of a broken German ammunition case and some German cartridges. Poor old Tomlinson must have worked like the very deuce to clear the wreck, and, undoubtedly the natives bolloed him at the finish to save the wretch of paying him. But they had to pay with interest after all," he laughed softly. "I got all their names from Page, and I put the screw on them, the whole crowd of conspirators, including two judges, a public prosecutor and a registrar. I could do it, you see, because I had nothing to fear."

"And what happened to that rotter of a mate?" asked the man to whom he was telling the story.

"Mr. John Page? Oh, he lost his certificate, of course; but I gave him a share of the plunder, and now he's keeping a pub at Weymouth. He has done with the East, he says—which is perhaps, a good thing."



# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE tension in the Balkans has been sensibly relieved by the abandonment of Scutari by Montenegro, which the Powers have decided to incorporate in the new autonomous Albania. There is also a determination on the part of the Great Powers to sink their differences. Russia and Austria-Hungary have exhibited a praiseworthy desire for mutual toleration and self-restraint, and there seems now a likelihood that the Balkan States will cease from troubling Europe and submit their disputes regarding the distribution of the spoils to a conference of the Powers. One potent factor making for peace is the shortage of supplies and the general stringency prevailing in the money markets. The Balkan States are exhausted by the prolonged fight made by the Turks, and there is little disposition in any quarter to provide money unless there is some guarantee that peace will be assured.

\*

One of the most remarkable inquiries of recent years is drawing to a close. The investigation by a committee of the British House of Commons of the traffic in American Mareconi shares, following the conclusion of a contract between the British Mareconi Co. and the Government, has excited widespread interest and is still agitating the British press. Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General, Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the former Chief Liberal whip, now Lord Murray, are

the Ministers concerned, and the investigation has been searching and prolonged. Political animus has played an extraordinary part in this unpleasant affair, and the vitriolic attacks of *The National Review* and other partizan publications on Mr. Lloyd George have defeated their purpose and caused a reaction in favour of the accused Ministers.

One of the most discreditable features of the campaign against the Liberal Cabinet is the attempt to stir up an anti-Semitic feeling in England and to ascribe all the ills of the country to "the Hebrew clutch upon the Radical party, the spread of Hebrew power and Hebrew ideals in Parliament, in the press, finance and society." Sir Rufus Isaacs, his brother who is at the head of the Mareconi Company, the Postmaster-General, and his brother, Sir Stuart Samuel, who was unseated for participation through his firm in a government contract, are all Hebrews, but it is a political obsession to assume that these men exercise a sinister influence on the policies and principles of the Liberal party, or that the political controversy between parties in England "is the old struggle between men and money." If money speaks at all in British politics, and it still carries weight, it is through the Tory party it becomes articulate in the life of the nation. The Liberal record of the past five years is one associated with a levelling-up policy and with legislation designed to strengthen that section of the people least able

to speak in terms of money value at election times.

The latest Lloyd George budget has come as a great surprise. Lloyd-Georgian finance is the despair of the critics. No new taxes, no fresh burdens, but an unbounded confidence that the expenditure required for all the needs of the country will be provided out of the taxes already levied. It is a personal triumph for the nimble-witted Chancellor of the Exchequer, that his much-disputed Budget of 1909 has justified the claim then put forward on its behalf—that as an alternative to Tariff Reform and food taxes it would prove equal to every demand made upon it. It was prophesied at the time that British capital would flee the country, that industry would be paralysed, the navy starved for want of money, and that the last state of the country would be worse than the first. These predictions have been falsified by the increasing trade and wealth of the country, the provision of more money for defence, and an expanding revenue from the new taxes imposed four years ago.

While Liberal principles of finance have been so splendidly justified by the marvellous growth of trade and a general rise in the tide of prosperity, the Unionist party is still floundering in the Serbonian bog of Tariff Reform, hoping against hope for some disaster to overtake the Asquith Government. The Marconi episode is the only crumb of comfort that has fallen from the Asquith table.

Failing the advantage hoped for from this perfectly honourable but regrettable transaction, the Unionists are once more turning their attention to the Irish Home Rule Bill, which has now come up for a second time under the provisions of the Parliament Bill. Lord Curzon assures the country that Ireland is steadily drifting into civil war and this trump card of the Unionist party will be played with all the old-time vigour and unscrupulous disregard for truth. Home

Rule will triumph, not so much through the tact and skill of the Liberal party as through the hopeless inability of the Unionists to convince the country of the sincerity of their opposition. It is not forgotten how when there seemed a possibility of averting the assault on the House of Lords the Unionist leaders at the celebrated Veto Conference were, with one or two exceptions, prepared to buy off the Parliament Bill, the price to be their support of a Home Rule Bill on federal lines. Compromise is once more in the air, and while a show of hostility is being made to the measure before Parliament the general conviction is seizing hold of the public mind that some compromise will be effected and Home Rule by general consent be realised.

Several reasons may be assigned for this change in public opinion. To a much greater extent than is generally supposed the Unionist party stands committed to drastic changes in the government of Ireland. The knowledge of this has broken down British prejudices, and there is absolute indifference on the question throughout England, where in Gladstone's time religious and racial feelings were deeply stirred. But a still more remarkable fact is the indifference of the Irish people themselves. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the Home Rule Bill is a compromise. It does not satisfy national sentiment in the fullest sense. It does not stir the enthusiasm of young Ireland; it makes no appeal to the imagination of the people. At the best it is an improved form of local government, handicapped by financial stringency that may eventuate in more taxation, facts which do not enthuse the farmers who foresee the rise in more aggravated form of the old lines of cleavage between town and country and increasing expenditure on social reforms from which the agricultural community will reap few benefits. Conservative by instinct, the farmers under an Irish

Parliament will be the bulwark of the Irish Conservative party that will come into being.

The landed gentry, the Church, the Protestant Ascendancy leaders, the linen manufacturers and the farmers will eventually line up in opposition to the Labour and Radical forces of the cities and towns. Between these two forces, and holding the balance of power, will be a rejuvenated Nationalist party comprising the intellectuals. They will draw their main strength from the Gaelic League and young Protestant Ulster. The opening of the Irish Parliament will witness a resumption of the struggle for Irish nationality as Thomas Davis and other worthies of the past understood it—"Peace with England; alliance with England; to some extent and under certain circumstances, confederation with England; but an Irish ambition, Irish hopes, strength, virtues and rewards for the Irish."

The defeat of the present Bill would strengthen this Nationalist influence in Ireland and drive Redmond from the leadership. The Irish party is a moderating force at the present time, and to substitute for it the uncomprising adherents of the old National cause would not be to the advantage of the British Tory party were it to return to power. There is on foot, accordingly, a movement to effect a compromise between the two parties, the only difficulty being the attitude of Ulster. How far it may be possible for responsible leaders to go it is difficult at the moment to say, but the question of the Irish customs and proportional representation are some of the matters that may leave room for negotiation. Were the Bill recast to admit of the immediate application of Home Rule all round there is reason to believe that it would attract the support of the many who are unable to give a hearty "aye" or a hearty "no" to the Asquith proposals.

\*

The German statistical department

has shattered one popular delusion as to the superiority of the German race over those of other European nations. The population of the German Empire is rapidly increasing, but in Berlin and other towns modern degeneracy is affecting the birth-rate to a rather serious extent. The low birth-rate in France is notorious, but the canker is beginning to eat at the vitals of the Teuton nation.

In Shoneberg, a large suburb of Berlin, for instance, the birth-rate has fallen from 26.5 to 13.7 per thousand inhabitants in the last ten years. In another suburb, Wilmersdorf, the birth-rate is only 13.9 per thousand. In Neukölln, a working-class district, the rate has fallen in one year from 25.9 to 23.7. From a number of provincial towns a similar decline is reported. The growth of night-life in the German capital is generally accepted as the primary cause of this decline. The stolid, studious Prussian now vies with the Parisian in his love of gaiety and dissipation. Cafés and bars remain open till four o'clock in the morning, and these resorts and the streets generally present almost as busy an appearance in the small hours of the morning as in the afternoon. Berlin, in fact, is beginning to ape the manners of older capitals, and the traditional ideas of the sober-minded Teuton of Bismark's days are undergoing serious changes.

\*

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have long exercised a profound influence upon modern thought in the British Isles through the Fabian Society, their books, and in other ways. They are among the most prominent exponents of State Socialism, and the Liberal social legislation of the past five years has been influenced in a marked degree by their propaganda. For a time, at least, Mr. Lloyd George sat at the feet of these Gamaliels and imbibed their doctrines in relation to social and industrial problems. Mr.

and Mrs. Webb now desire to make a still wider appeal to the public and have founded a sixpenny weekly, *The New Statesman*. Among the brilliant contributors to this new weekly are George Bernard Shaw, and the first number, it is said, contains more than one unsigned editorial from his pen. In style and appearance it conforms rigidly to the make-up of *The Spectator* and *The Saturday Review*.

The new journal is an expression of the revolt now so apparent in other countries as well as in Great Britain against government by mere politicians and partizans. Statesmen, not politicians, is the great need in every country, and *The New Statesman* opens with some scathing and satirical comments on the attitude of Ministers towards the feminist movement. Even the Labour party comes in for some hard knocks for sinking its identity in Liberalism and losing its freedom of action. The Labourites are warned that "if the appearance of unity with Liberalism becomes too insistent, the whole Labour right to ask for the progressive vote or to contest three-cornered elections at all will necessarily have disappeared; the voters will see no more reason why they should not simply elect Liberals, and Labour members will retain their seats on Liberal sufferance." The keenest shafts of the brilliant writers of *The New Statesman* are reserved for the Government and for the Irish party. Frankly espousing the woman suffrage cause it criticises Mr. McKenna's bill in regard to "forcible feeding"—"Cat and Mouse Bill"—and declares that "everybody knows—except those who never know anything beforehand—that the women are going to get the vote. That is what makes all this mischief so exasperating."

\*

Woman suffrage has again received a setback by the defeat of the bill in the British Commons by 266 to 219

votes. Mr. Asquith spoke during the debate and declared that the bill would enfranchise six million new electors and that it had never been approved by the existing electorate. If no legislation were introduced until the electors had been directly consulted or had given their assent, there are many measures now on the statute book which would not be found there. Mr. Asquith's arguments were not very convincing and Sir Edward Grey and Lord Robert Cecil had no difficulty in showing that a large section of the women had made it clear by constitutional methods that they desired the vote. In 1832, 1867 and 1884 statesmen gave ear not to the electors so much as to the inherent rights and claims of the men who were clamouring for admission to the franchise. Mr. F. E. Smith, the brilliant young Tory member from Liverpool, and who is certain to be in the next Tory Cabinet, made the remarkable admission that it was not until 1906, when militancy began, that a single member of the British House took the movement seriously.

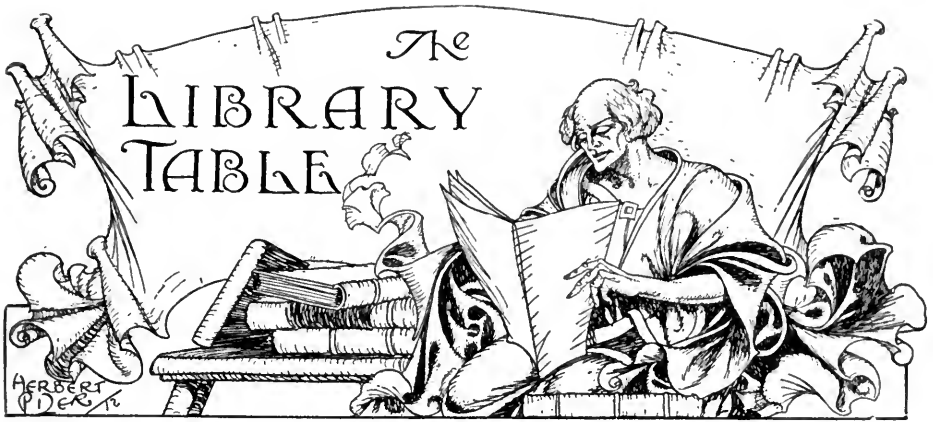
Following on the heels of this temporary defeat comes a suggestion from Mr. R. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., which points to a probable solution of the woman suffrage question, as well as that of Home Rule. The idea is that by the devolution to local Parliaments of local matters the door would be open for the introduction of woman to a wider sphere of political activity without interfering with the supreme control of the Imperial Parliament in international affairs. Mr. Munro-Ferguson's suggestion is to give manhood suffrage at twenty-five years of age for the Imperial Parliament and the same suffrage to women for domestic legislatures in the several parts of the United Kingdom. The urgency for devolution or Home Rule all round renders the solution of the franchise problem on the lines suggested a practical one.



GARRICK AND HIS WIFE

From the Painting by William Hogarth, in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

**I**T would be difficult to find a better example of the well-constructed English novel of the present day than this that is cast upon a huge canvas, that show the hand of the master-craftsman, and yet withal that does not depart far from tradition, that does not arouse any new emotions, that does not introduce but one new character, and that a minor one, that does not wander from well-beaten paths—a novel, indeed, that possesses many qualities whose greatness is diminished because of their prevalence in scores of other novels. While it is in some respects a greater novel than the same author's recent story entitled "The Weavers," it is more conventional, and in construction more as if made by rule. In it one moves amongst the social life of London at the time immediately preceding the Jameson raid, and the attention of the reader is adroitly shifted from time to time from England to

South Africa. The characters are taken mostly from London social circles. We have the heroine, Jasmine, a young woman of unusual beauty and cleverness, a society butterfly, who, notwithstanding inherent qualities for better things, is constantly endangering her reputation and her character by seemingly useless and frivolous encounters with the men of her immediate circle. We have Rudyard Byng, a millionaire miner from South Africa, who attracts Jasmine because of his manliness and other qualities not usually encountered amongst the men of her acquaintances. Jasmine marries Byng, notwithstanding her professed preference for another man of her circle, Ian Stafford, who comes of excellent family and possesses an admirable character. The other characters are Adrian Fellowes, Byng's private secretary, with whom Jasmine becomes entangled; a prima donna Al'mah, who is the mistress of Fellowes; Lady Tynemouth, a friend of Stafford; and a South African half-caste, named Krool, who appears in

the capacity of Byng's serving-man. Although Krool plays a minor part, he is the most original character in the book and one who lives longest in the reader's mind. The best parts are those to which he, as a character, contributes. Jarmine, although she is the wife of a millionaire, the wife of one who can give her everything that she might desire, and although she flits about in her social sphere, going and coming as she wishes, she is unhappy, and it seems to be impossible for her not to engage the attention of other men than her husband. One of these, Ian Stafford, for whom she seems to have had, even from the first, a real fondness and a real attachment, attempts to induce her to elope with him, but on the eve of the elopement he and the husband discover that she is woefully committed by the discovery of a letter written to her by Adrian Fellowes. While this domestic embroglio is being enacted, the war breaks out in South Africa. All the leading characters determine to take part in the struggle—all except Adrian Fellowes, who is mysteriously murdered, or at least whose dead body is found in his apartment. The other men go to South Africa to fight and the women go as nurses, and there on the South African veldt, under the levelling influence of war, many of the difficulties under which these people laboured are straightened out. It is made known that Jasmine and Byng, over whom some suspicion was cast, were innocent of the death of Fellowes, and that in reality he was murdered by Al'mah. Stafford is killed on the field on battle, and the way is therefore opened for a reconciliation between Jasmine and her husband. To the reader, however, the reconciliation does not seem to be satisfactory, and although war has been used many times as a vehicle for the novelist to bring estranged lovers together it does not, in this instance at least, seem to do its work well. If the field of battle is intended to symbolise "The Judgment

House," one accepts the symbol but doubts the conclusion. However, this novel will be read with profound interest, and although it is not an historical novel it is based on history. It is big, but one hesitates before pronouncing it great.

\*

### WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

UNDOUBTEDLY every writer has some motive for writing every book. It may be the desire to see his name attached to the fly leaf. It may be financial importance that he is seeking. It may be many things, and undoubtedly Elizabeth Robins had a most praiseworthy motive in writing this her latest book. We could not imagine so brilliant a writer doing anything without giving careful consideration to the motive. But whatever her desire in this instance she has more than fulfilled it. The grace, the ease, the delivery, and subtlety of expression are all so refreshing, after many of the modern novels which seem to be turned out of the mechanical mill of book-making that one involuntarily thinks more optimistic thoughts about modern literary achievements in general. In style the book represents Marguerite Audoux. Its very simplicity is an art in itself, its short, meaningful sentences proving very delightful after the numerous, cumbersome sentences of the ultra-smart type which characterise much of recent fiction.

The story concerns two girls, sisters, who were brought up, in great exclusiveness in an English country home. Their mother shielded them from all knowledge of wordly affairs and was always careful that their conversations should be of the most conventional type. One of these girls, the younger, was very pretty, piquant and somewhat of a coquette. The other was more of a prude and possessed the foresight which her young



sister lacked. Naturally they could not remain forever shut up in their hothouse shell. People came amongst them, the younger, being the more vivacious of the two, was much sought after. She desired to see more of life than the quiet country afforded. They had an aunt living in London. They wrote to her, and were invited to stay with her for such a length of time as would prove profitable in finding them husbands. The remainder of the book has to do with their adventures in the great city which they did not know.

A very careful distinction is drawn between the characteristics of the two girls and the inevitable result of a certain side of London life on their different natures. As mentioned above, the book was written with a motive—a warning perhaps to all young girls who are unacquainted with the city. And it is beautifully written with all that charm and delicacy which alone make for interest among those whose tastes demand the best in literature.

\*

### THE TRAITOR

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH. Toronto: William Briggs.

**T**HIS volume contains seven short stories by an accomplished Canadian writer. Mr. Clifford Smith's work as a novelist has been before the reading public for some years, but, so far as we know, this is the first collection of his short stories to appear in this form. Many readers will recall "A Lover in Homespun," "A Daughter of Patricians," "The Rift Within the Lute," and "The Sword of Damocles," and therefore a volume of short stories by the same author will be a welcome addition to this interesting library. "The Traitor," which is the first story in the book, gives title to the whole collection. It has much more plot than is usual in present-day short stories, and it contains several first-rate character sketches.

Some of the other titles are: "The Fencing-Master," "Not Alone by Appearance," "The Unclaimed Reward," and all are written by one who well understands the construction of the short story and the importance of plot and action.

\*

### THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY JEFFREY FARNOL. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

**O**NE could scarcely say too much in praise of this book, for it possesses most of the qualities that go towards the make-up of a first-class entertainment. A wholesome collection of humour, enough pathos to give it contrast, enough dare-devil love-making to give it spice, enough manliness to give it character, enough philosophy to give it variety, and a happy ending to make it worth while. Jeffrey Farnol always manages to make his gentlemen either dashingly gentlemanly or villainously villainous, and his women supremely virtuous or supremely bedevilling. These characteristics we encountered in "The Broad Highway." We failed to find them again in "The Moneymoon," by the same author, but they have reappeared in still greater abundance in "The Amateur Gentleman." This, in brief, is the story of a young man, the son of a country inn-keeper, who suddenly inherits a fortune. With this fortune at his back, the young man determines to set out for London to become a gentleman. His friends and associates warn him that he will never be anything but a bogus gentleman, and, at best, an amateur. But, nothing daunted, he sets out, and of course his way is full of adventure. First of all, he falls in love, which for one of his type, and one of Jeffrey Farnol's heroes, is a very natural thing for him to do. His love-making is quite in keeping with his temperament, and although the lady of his desire is not quite of his calibre of attractiveness, she nevertheless

serves well to display his ardour and recklessness. Be it enough to say that he succeeds in the rôle of gentleman, and in due course of time he is accepted as a gentleman among gentlemen. Of course he has had to affect the dress of a dandy, become a sport, and to take part in all the games and adventures which during the time of the Georges occupied the men of leisure in London. It so happened, however, that during a meeting of some of the dandies of the time, amongst whom was our hero, the old father, the inn-keeper, comes to town to discover his son. He discovers him and claims him, but, noting the change and the surroundings, he acknowledges his mistake and withdraws. The son, however, follows him and taking him by the arm and turning to his associates, says: "My Lords, gentlemen! I have the honour to introduce to you John Barton, sometimes known as 'Glorious John,' ex-champion of England and landlord of the Coursing Hound Inn—my father." In that act he proved himself to be not only a gentleman, but as well a man.

\*

#### THE MATING OF LYDIA

BY MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

**T**H**E**RE are penalties attached to every kind of success, and not the least is the penalty of being expected to live up to one's own high standard. One cannot read, for instance, a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward with the same indulgence which one would extend to a new and untried writer. All Mrs. Ward's previous work rises up and challenges comparison, and it is by this measure of excellence that we are delighted or disappointed. This may be hard on the author, yet it is inevitable; and wise indeed the teller-of-tales who knows when his best has been given and is content to rest there. Could one look upon "The Mating of Lydia" as a first book, the pronouncement would be distinctly promising.

but being compelled to consider it as successor to a long line of good novels counting among their number such a masterpiece as "The History of David Grieve," one is forced to disappointment. The new book is a commonplace story, without special distinction of style or conception. A young girl-artist, Lydia Penfold, and the two men who love her, centre the interest of the tale, but the heroine is unremarkable, the heroes unsatisfying, and the interest loosely held. The one unusual character is Edmund Melrose, a millionaire collector who devotes his immense income to the purchasing of art treasures, while his estate is uncared for, his tenants die in hovels, and his wife and child become homeless wanderers. This Mephisto tempts Claude Faversham, the principal hero, to lend himself to his infamous purposes on promise of being made his heir, and Claude succumbs, only to be overtaken later by remorse for his rash decision. Pressed too hard, he at last rebels, and only the opportune murder of the eccentric millionaire prevents his disinheritance. As it is, he finds himself half suspected of being the murderer, but is speedily cleared of the suspicion while his prompt restitution of the old madman's money to his defrauded daughter completely rehabilitates him in public opinion and renders him a fit mate for the incomparable Lydia.

\*

**T**H**E** training of boys will be to the fond parent always a problem of the gravest character, and it is because of that fact that William A. McKeever, Professor of Philosophy at the Kansan State Agricultural Society, has written his book entitled "Training the Boy." The purpose of the volume is to show how to train and develop the whole boy, not a part of him. It suggests a practical method for rounding out the boyish capabilities, and emphasises all forces, not merely some of them. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)



### SERIOUS BLUNDER

Newport was aroused last month over a story that J. Pierpont Morgan told at a luncheon at the Fishing club.

"They talk of the high cost of living," Mr. Morgan said, "but it's just as bad abroad. You all know what Trouville is like in the season.

"An American took in Trouville's grande semaine last year. When his bill was sent up he paused in his breakfast and studied it with a sarcastic smile. Then he sent for the hotel clerk.

"See here," he said, "you've made a mistake in this bill."

"Oh, no, monsieur. Oh, no!" cried the clerk.

"Yes you have," said the American, and with a sneer he pointed to the total. "I've got more money than that," he said."—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

✱

### MODERN

"Show me one of these old robber castles of the Rhine," commanded the tourist.

"Robber castles?" echoed the puzzled guide. "Does the gentleman mean a garage?"—*Washington Herald.*

### A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

"I hear your three daughters have become engaged this summer."

"Well, not precisely. It is only the youngest, but she has been engaged three times."—*Meggendorfer Blattler.*



THE NEW JUNIOR PARTNER: Well, I've succeeded in settling that Arnold case, dad.

THE SENIOR PARTNER: What! Goodness, boy, why I gave you that case as an annuity. —*The Tatler*

## ON THE LEVEL

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"

"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

## NERVE

Lady—"Why do you give me this bit of paper?"

Tramp—"Madam, I do not like to criticise your soup, but it is not like mother used to make. Allow me to give you her receipt." — *Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

## WOULD CAUSE LESS TROUBLE

A fond mother in Valparaiso, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend in the country, so that they might escape it. In a few days' time she received a note from the friend, saying:

"Take your boys away and send along the earthquake."—*Judge*.

## ENCOURAGING CHOLLY

"I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Chollie. "Well, heaven knows you need one," assented Dollie. — *Toledo Blade*.

\*

## UNNECESSARY

Pastor (from the pulpit)—"The collection which we took up to-day is for the savages of Africa. The trousers buttons which some of the brethren have dropped into the plate are consequently useless." — *Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

## SOME DIFFERENCE

"I don't believe any two words in the English language are synonymous."

"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with 'raise' and 'lift'?"

"There's a big difference. I 'raise' chickens and have a neighbour who has been known to 'lift' them." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.



"Master, Master, the kitchen's a-fire!"

"Oh dear, oh dear, Cook, will you *never* learn the happy medium? Look at these cutlets, they are positively raw"

—*Punch*



HARASSED HOSTESS. "Do you dance, or are you a walnut?"

—Punch

#### A GENTLE HINT

A miserable-sinner-looking clergyman sought advice of an experienced preacher, and was told, among other things, "If you are preaching of hell, your ordinary expression of countenance will do; but if you preach of heaven, I should try and look a little more cheerful."—*Christian Register*.

✱

#### BROTHERS-IN-LAW

In an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the travelling zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce-looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then, turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of animal is that?"

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! my sister married one of them!"—*Judge*.

#### A TANK AT RADCLIFFE

To the list of famous misprints should be added that ascribed to Miss Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, who was made to say in an annual report that the new swimming tank at Radcliffe had a capacity of 20,000 gals.—*Christian Register*.

✱

#### DEAD GAME

Brieklayer (to mate, who had just had a hodful of bricks fall on his feet)—"Dropt 'em on yer toe! That's nothin'. Why, I seen a bloke get killed stone dead, an' 'e never made such a bloomin' fuss as you're doin'."—*Tit-Bits*.

✱

#### LOOKED SUSPICIOUS

The Stranger—"Are you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

The Official—"Of course! What's the matter?"

The Stranger—"I've lived a dog's life ever since."—*Philadelphia Times*.

## PERFECTLY SAFE

"I should think you'd be afraid to let your boys run your automobile?"

"Oh, no; I have it insured."—*Home Herald*.

\*

## MUSIC HATH POWER

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?"

"You bet! I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value."—*Judge*.

\*

## NOT SELFISH

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## UNTIMELY TOMMY

Mother — "Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

Visitor—"Why is that, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Cos we don't have no pie no other time."—*New York Evening Mail*.

\*

## DIFFERENT

Madame Lillian Nordica returned to Farmington, Maine, her old home, after an absence of thirty years, and sang "Home, Sweet Home" to her former friends. She and her audience were very much affected, but maybe Madame Nordica would not have felt that way if she had had to stay there for the thirty years.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

\*

## ANSWERED

"You, there, in the overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."—*The Housekeeper*.

## NO SHOW

Jones—"Do you think the horse will survive the automobile?"

Brown—"Not if it gets in its way."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\*

## AN AIR-PUMP

"I must brush the cobwebs from my brain."

"Then you ought to get a vacuum cleaner."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

## PETRIFYING

She—"Oh, professor! I saw such a funny old fossil in the museum to-day. I thought of you at once."—*Judge*.

\*

## CUTTING CAPERS

Mrs. Nuwed—"Mary, for dinner I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce. Are there any capers in the house?"

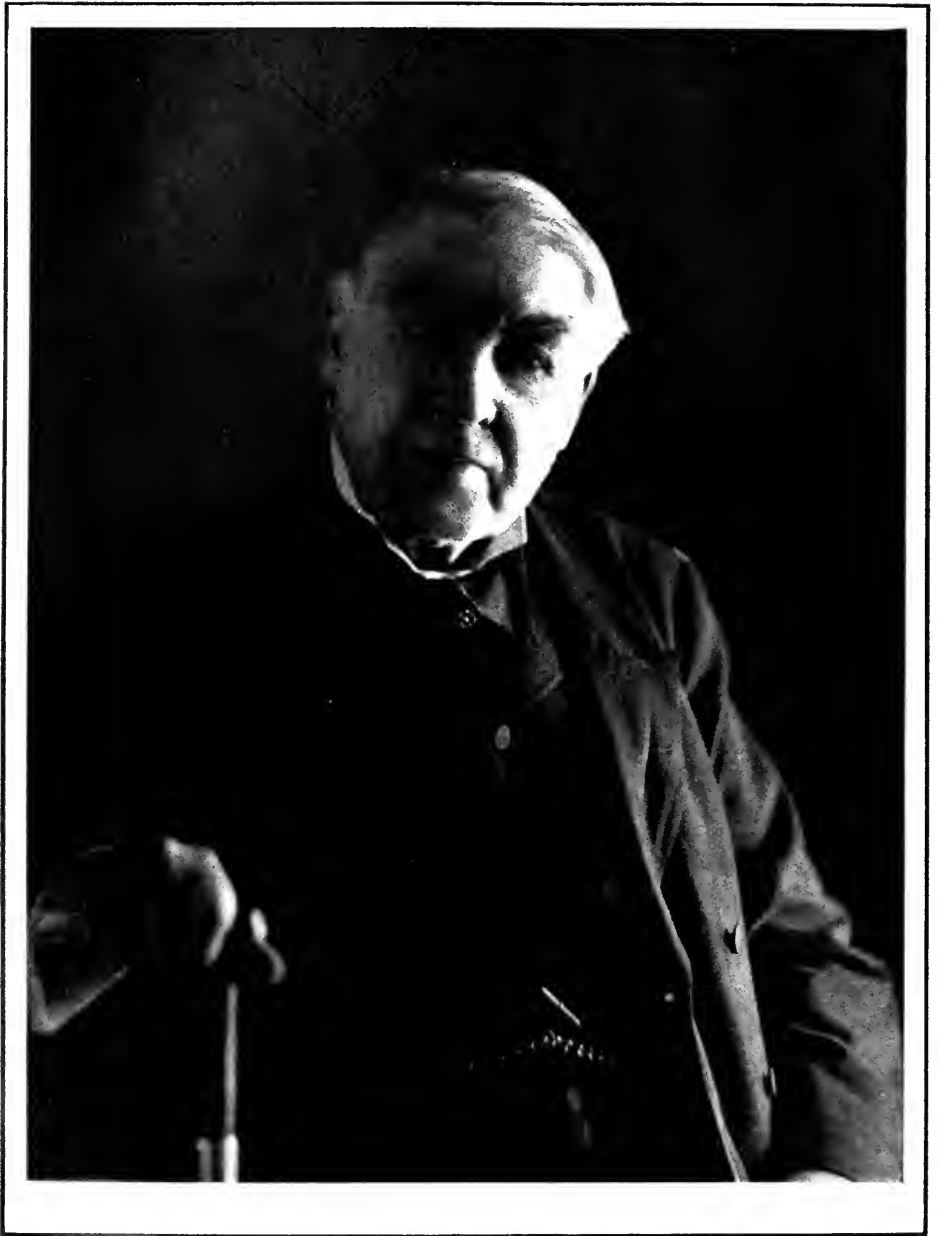
Mary—"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Then go out in the garden and cut some."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Boy, to motorist who has stopped his car in order to compensate his victim: Garn! I didn't touch your old motor car, guv'nor. —*Tatler*





SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART

The sole surviving Father of Confederation — From a photograph taken especially for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in his 93rd year, at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on the eve of his departure for England.





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, JULY, 1913

No. 3

THE BIRTH OF THE DOMINION

WITH SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BAR'T.  
THE SOLE SURVIVING FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

BY JOHN BOYD

HISTORIAN OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER, BAR'T.

FROM one of the leading hotels of the City of St. John, N.B., at noon on Thursday, May 1st, of the present year, slowly emerged a venerable figure, the cynosure of many eyes. Clad in a fur-trimmed top coat, protecting him from the inclemency of a stormy day, a silk hat surmounting his silvery locks, his shoulders stooped by the burden of years, but his glance still keen and alert, recognising old friends with a cordial bow, his whole air was one of extreme distinction. Even a stranger would have felt that he was in the presence of no ordinary man.

It was Sir Charles Tupper, Bar't., the sole surviving Father of Confederation, on his way to the *Empress of Ireland*. A few hours later the Canadian Pacific's palatial steamship sailed for England, having as its most distinguished passenger the veteran statesman, fated perhaps—though all Canadians will hope otherwise—never to see his native land again. It was

an historical setting and the unique character of the event was emphasised by the spontaneous and hearty cheers which arose from the large concourse of people who had assembled to wish the departing statesman God speed and bon voyage.

It was my privilege to spend some time with Sir Charles at Amherst, to accompany him to St. John, and to be one of the last to take leave of him. What most deeply impressed me, what in fact impressed everybody was the wonderful vitality which he displayed at his advanced age. His energy, his alertness, his mental vigour, the manner in which he stood the strain of a long series of fatiguing engagements would have put to shame many a younger man. Amherst, his old home, where he spent a week, gave a celebration in his honour that was worthy both of the city and of its distinguished son. For a whole week festivity followed upon festivity, and the most pleasing feature of the cele-

bration was that all party differences were forgotten, and that Liberals and Conservatives united to do honour to one who though one of the stoutest fighters and hardest hitters of his time in the political arena, was, as the Honourable G. H. Murray, Liberal Premier of Nova Scotia, declared, always a generous political opponent. One of the leading spirits in the Amherst celebration was Mr. Hance J. Logan, former Liberal member of Parliament for Cumberland, Nova Scotia, who presiding at the great mass meeting, well said that while they might not all agree with their distinguished fellow-citizen in his political faith and allegiance, they recognised that at his time of life he stood apart from the political arena, that he had been an outstanding figure of the Empire and as such they all bowed the knee to him. This note of generous appreciation was in evidence throughout the whole celebration, and it was one that reflected honour upon the people of Amherst.

Amherst of course has a special interest in the career of the great statesman. Ninety-two years ago Charles Tupper was born near that city, seventy years ago he entered upon his professional career in Amherst; he married there, and it was there that he scored his earliest triumphs. His father, the Reverend Charles Tupper, D.D., was for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Amherst. Ninety years from the date when his father first became identified with the First Baptist Church, his distinguished son attended divine service in that church on Sunday, April 28th, of this year.

An entry from the pen of the Reverend Dr. Tupper found amongst some old papers records:

“On the 2nd of July, 1821, an event occurred in which many others as well as myself proved to be interested, namely, the birth of my eldest son, who has been for a number of years an eminent and highly useful physician, and who is now

the Provincial Secretary and leader of the Government in this, his native Province.”

The house in which one of the greatest of the Fathers of Confederation first saw the light of day was within a few miles of Amherst. It was destroyed by fire about a quarter of a century ago, but the site is still pointed out to visitors.

Another item found in an old paper records:

“Charles Tupper, by consent of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, has opened an office in Amherst for the profession of the practice of medicine, 1843.”

The expectations of a brilliant future for the young physician were more than realised. For fourteen consecutive times he was returned for his native County of Cumberland, in which Amherst is situated, and he represented it for thirty-one years. His defeat of his great antagonist, Joseph Howe, with whom he was destined to cross swords more than once, is historic. The “War-Horse of Cumberland” became the term by which in after years Sir Charles Tupper was familiarly known. It was fitting, therefore, that his farewell visit to his old home should have united all in doing him honour.

From the hour of his arrival at Amherst until the moment of his sailing from St. John, a week later, Sir Charles Tupper was called upon to fill innumerable engagements, to receive hosts of friends and to make numerous speeches. Despite this fatiguing strain, which would have exhausted a much younger man, when I took leave of him just previous to the sailing of the *Empress* the veteran statesman was in the best of health and spirits, without a sign of fatigue. When I said that I would not bid him goodbye, but only *au revoir*, as we all hope to see him back in Canada soon again, he smilingly remarked that he deeply appreciated all the kindness of which he had been the recipient from his

Dear Mr. Boyd,  
May 1<sup>st</sup> 1913

I write you  
the warmest wishes  
in the great work  
you are now undertaking  
- called in writing  
the life of the Hon.  
Sir George Grey  
Comptroller General of the  
greatest of the  
Confederation.  
Yours faithfully,  
Charles Tupper.

Facsimile of a letter addressed by Sir Charles Tupper to Mr. Boyd, showing Sir Charles's handwriting in his 93rd year.

fellow-countrymen and that he sincerely hoped he would be privileged to return to his beloved country.

This last trip was the sixty-fourth time Sir Charles Tupper has crossed the Atlantic. The first time was in 1840, when he crossed in a brigantine

of 160 tons, which took forty days getting from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Lough Foyle, Ireland. Though he had been advised by his physician not to attempt the voyage again at his advanced age, he had no fears, as he is a good sailor, and he was unac-

accompanied on the trip save by his valet. During his stay in Amherst he was the guest of his nephew Mr. C. T. Hillson and Mrs. Hillson, whose loving care attended him until his departure.

What is the secret of the marvellous vitality displayed by Sir Charles Tupper in the 93rd year of his age? How is it that a man who has been through many strenuous political campaigns, who has borne the burden of many important and responsible public offices, is able at this advanced age to still fill the most exacting engagements, to eat well, sleep well and enjoy life with all the zest of a younger man? The answer is to be found in his temperate habits throughout life. Though a tireless worker, he never abused his physical powers, he eschewed convivial gatherings, refrained from the use of intoxicants, and husbanded his strength for great and serious work. His career is a lesson to young Canadians in more ways than one.

When asked to what he attributed his long life and his great vitality, he remarked: "I have no specific for long life save one—hard work. I have never known anything else. My only holidays have been in train journeys and in crossing the Atlantic."

What a great example is furnished by the career of this marvellous man.

It will be fifty years next September since the Charlottetown Conference assembled, and the 10th of October of next year (1914) will mark the semi-centennial anniversary of the meeting of the historic Quebec Conference at which were framed the resolutions which formed the basis of Confederation.

It will be interesting to recall here the names of the statesmen who took part in those two historic gatherings.

At the Charlottetown conference the delegates were:

From Nova Scotia—The Honourable Charles Tupper. The Honourable A. W. Henry, the Honourable R. B. Dickey, The Honourable J. McCully,

and The Honourable A. Archibald.

From New Brunswick—The Honourable S. L. Tilley, The Honourable J. Johnston, the Honourable J. H. Gray, the Hon. B. Chandler, and the Honourable W. H. Steeves.

From Prince Edward Island—The Honourable Colonel Gray, the Honourable E. Palmer, the Hon. W. H. Pope, the Honourable H. G. Coles, and the Honourable A. A. MacDonald.

From Canada—The Honourable J. A. Macdonald, the Honourable George Etienne Cartier, the Honourable A. T. Galt, the Honourable George Brown, the Honourable H. L. Langevin, the Honourable William McDougall, and the Honourable Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The delegates who composed the Quebec Conference which resulted in the establishment of the Dominion were:

From Canada—The Honourable Etienne P. Taché, the Honourable John A. Macdonald, the Honourable George Etienne Cartier, the Honourable George Brown, the Honourable A. T. Galt, the Honourable A. Campbell, the Honourable H. L. Langevin, the Honourable T. Chapais, the Honourable Oliver Mowat, the Honourable D'Arcy McGee, the Honourable William McDougall, and the Honourable J. Cockburn.

From Nova Scotia—The Honourable Messrs. Charles Tupper, Henry, McCully, Dickey, and Archibald.

From New Brunswick—The Honourable Messrs. Tilley, Peter Mitchell, Fisher, Steeves, Gray, and Johnston.

From Prince Edward Island—The Honourable Messrs. Coles, Haviland, Palmer, Col. Gray, MacDonald, Whelan, and Pope.

From Newfoundland—The Honourable Messrs. Shea and Carter.

Of the twenty-two statesmen who met at Charlottetown and of the thirty-two who assembled at Quebec, Sir Charles Tupper is the sole survivor. During my visit to Amherst it was my proud privilege to spend some time with the venerable

statesman, and to hear from his own lips a recital of the events which resulted in the birth of our great Dominion. The "War-Horse of Cumberland" sat in the cozy library of the beautiful home of his nephew, and for several hours did me the honour of giving me his personal narrative of the most memorable event in all Canadian history.

It was a unique experience and one that shall never be effaced from my memory. There was I, a comparatively young Canadian, born in the very year when the Quebec Conference met, privileged to listen to the narrative of a man who was one of the greatest figures in that historic gathering, a man at that time forty-three years of age, in the very prime of his life, when I was but an infant in arms. Now at the age of ninety-two, when the Dominion which he had helped to form had nearly attained a half-century of existence, this remarkable man was recalling the men and events of half a century ago as clearly and as vividly as if they were but of yesterday. There were giants in those days, and the figures of the great men of that period appeared more distinct as they were recalled by one who had been of their number. For a man of ninety-two, Sir Charles Tupper's memory is little short of marvellous.

Let me attempt to give a pen portrait of the last surviving Father of Confederation. A man who in his prime was nearly six feet in stature, with a powerful physique, his shoulders are now bent and rounded by the burden of years, but his figure is still full and well preserved. The only indication of old age is the slowness of his gait, his legs of all his physical parts alone indicating feebleness, necessitating the constant use of a sturdy cane. The body is surmounted by a magnificent head. The face is still full and round, with none of the sunken features usually associated with old age; the chin square and powerful, showing deter-

mination of character; the mouth large, indicating oratorical power; the nose long and aquiline; eyes of grayish blue, constantly animated, still powerful of vision, enabling their possessor to see and read without the use of spectacles. From large protruding eyebrows rises a magnificent dome of thought, the forehead slightly retreating, but the temple of the brain high and spacious. The head is surmounted by a light crop of silvery gray hair, sparse compared with the splendid growth of raven black which adorned his head in his prime. His voice always powerful, is still strong and clear as a bell, as was evidenced when he addressed the great meeting at Amherst, every word being heard distinctly by those in the farthest extremity of the immense hall. The figure of the venerable statesman is habitually garbed in the old style conventional Prince Albert, without which our public men of the olden days were never seen.

The form of Charles Tupper as it appears in the picture of the Fathers of Confederation shows what a magnificent man he was in his prime. There he is seen standing between George Brown and D'Arcy McGee, who are seated, his figure tall and erect, holding a paper in his right hand, his features full of firmness and determination, his face adorned by side whiskers, and his head covered by a profuse growth of jet black hair.

The Conference which met at Charlottetown in September of 1863 and which was intended primarily to discuss the union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, was due to the initiative of Dr. Tupper, then Prime Minister of Nova Scotia. Delegates from the Canadian Ministry appeared at that conference and presented the wider scheme of a Federal union of all the British North American Provinces. These proposals resulted in the Quebec Conference and eventually in

Confederation. At both the Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences Charles Tupper played a leading part, and his voice exercised a determining influence.

From a very early period of his career, Sir Charles Tupper entertained the idea of a union of all the British North American Provinces in a great Confederation, stretching from ocean to ocean.

"As long ago as 1860," he remarked, "in an address which I made at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute at St. John, New Brunswick, on 'The Political Conditions of British North America,' I advocated a Federal union of the British North American Provinces as the only solution for the difficulties that then existed, and I closed my address by expressing the hope that the time would come when the whole of British North America would be united from sea to sea under one Federal Government, presided over by a son of our beloved Queen, a desire that has at last been realised. With the object of uniting Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, I arranged with the Governments of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island for a conference at Charlottetown to consider arrangements for such a union. After I had organised that conference the Government of what was then United Canada and the Opposition came to a deadlock.

"There had been three elections within two years, and the position of parties was such that it was found practically impossible to carry on the Government of the country. There followed the formation of the Coalition Government, which included such men as Sir E. P. Taché, John A. Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, A. T. Galt, Alexander Campbell, D'Arcy McGee, George Brown, William McDougall, W. P. Howland, and Hector Langevin.

"The Coalition Ministry was formed with the avowed object of bring-

ing about Confederation, if possible. Hearing that the representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island were, as the result of my efforts, to assemble at Charlottetown, to discuss a maritime union, the Canadian Ministry applied for permission to send delegates to that Conference, and to present their views in favour of a larger union. In the meantime the Government of Prince Edward Island had informed me that it would comply with my wish to discuss a maritime union, but that it would be impossible for Prince Edward Island to agree to such a union unless Charlottetown was made the seat of Government, which, of course, owing to its geographical situation and other considerations, was rather an absurdity.

"When I propounded a union of the Maritime Provinces I expressed my strong desire to see the Confederation of British North America effected, but I may say that I regarded it, as far as I could judge at that time, as impracticable, though I considered it desirable in the event of its being brought about that the three Maritime Provinces should enter as a unit and not as three distinct Provinces.

"At Charlottetown we received the Canadian delegates, Macdonald, Cartier, George Brown, William McDougall, and D'Arcy McGee, with open arms. They put before us the terms on which they were prepared to favour a union with the Maritime Provinces, and the result was that it was decided that further negotiations should take place. The Canadian delegates were most hospitably entertained, and when the Conference was over I invited them to visit Halifax, where a great banquet was given in their honour. Personally I had the honour of entertaining George Brown, the distinguished Liberal leader, at my house for several days. It was Brown who made the principal speech at the Halifax banquet, outlining the general principles on which a union

of all the British North American Provinces was favoured. Macdonald and Cartier also spoke, and their remarks created a very favourable impression.

"Following the return of the Canadian delegates, Lord Monek, the Governor-General of Canada, addressed the Governors of all the Provinces on the subject, and subsequently with the authority of the Imperial Government, the representatives of the Provinces met in the City of Quebec to consider a union of all the British North American Provinces.

"There were thirty-two present at that historic gathering, including representatives from Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. The sessions were held with closed doors, but I may say now that the proceedings throughout were characterised by the utmost harmony, and that there was a practical unanimity of opinion on the leading principles, though, of course, there were some differences as to details, differences which were all amicably adjusted before the close of the conference. The delegates, I may say, were unanimous in favour of a Federal Union. Sir John A. Macdonald, who, as is well known, was a believer in a legislative union, frankly declared that he had always been in favour of legislative union, but that he fully recognised that the consideration of any such idea under the circumstances was impossible. The prevailing sentiment, in fact, prevented any other than a Federal Union being considered. Strong objection was made by Mr. Oliver Mowat to the nomination of members of the Senate by the Crown, as he favoured their election by the people, but he was the only one at the Conference who took that view, the principle of the election of members of the Upper House by the people having been abandoned by general consent. The labours of the Conference resulted, as all know, in the drafting of the Quebec resolutions,

which formed the basis of Confederation."

Sir Charles Tupper vividly recalled the great men who had been present at the historic gathering which resulted in the establishment of the Dominion. The outstanding figures were, of course, those of John A. Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, George Brown, A. T. Galt, Leonard Tilley and D'Arcy McGee. To these great names which were recalled by Sir Charles must, of course, be added that of the venerable surviving Father of Confederation, who took such a leading part in the conference.

For all of his illustrious colleagues Sir Charles Tupper had words of generous praise and appreciation. He dwelt on the consummate qualities of Macdonald as a leader, his tact and his resourcefulness, he gave credit to George Brown for the signal service he rendered at a grave juncture of his country's history, by making the formation of the Coalition Ministry which resulted in Confederation being possible; he spoke of the eminent abilities displayed by Tilley and Galt, and he referred warmly to the potent influence wielded by McGee as a patriot and an orator.

To George Etienne Cartier, the great French-Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper paid a specially striking tribute. Cartier, he declared, had been a powerful influence in the establishment of Confederation. It may be mentioned here that Cartier was a strong supporter of Confederation from a very early period, and to the Cartier-Macdonald Government, of which he became the head in 1858 as Prime Minister of United Canada, must be given the credit of having taken the first practical steps to bring about Confederation. One of the items of that Government's programme was the union of the British North American Provinces, and soon after the close of the session of 1858, a delegation composed of three members of the Government, Cartier himself, A. T. Galt, and John

Rose, went to England to press the matter upon the Imperial Government. A memorandum signed by Cartier, Galt and Rose was submitted to the Imperial Government, urging it to take steps to have a meeting of delegates from all the British North American Provinces to consider the question of Confederation. Though the steps taken in 1858 had no immediate result, the fact remains that the Government of which Cartier was the head was the first to make a practical move in the direction of Confederation, that, as McGee remarked, in his great speech during the Confederation debate, "the first real stage of the success of Confederation, the thing that gave importance to theory in men's minds, was the memorandum of 1858 signed by Cartier, Galt and Rose." The recommendations in that memorandum, as McGee further remarked, laid dormant until revived by the Constitutional Committee, which led to the coalition, which led to the Quebec Conference, which led to the draft of the Constitution, which led to the eventual union of all the British North American Provinces.

Cartier's rôle was an extremely difficult one. There was the strongest opposition in Quebec to Confederation. Cartier had to face the powerful attacks of redoubtable antagonists who maintained that Confederation would be detrimental to French-Canadian interests. In face of the most determined opposition, and the bitterest attacks, Cartier stood firm, and secured the allegiance of the Province of Quebec to the measure. Sir Charles Tupper declared that the services that Cartier rendered at that time entitled his name to the lasting and grateful remembrance of all Canadians. "I have no hesitation in saying," he added, "that without Cartier there would have been no Confederation, and therefore Canada owes him a debt that can never be repaid."

It is noteworthy that fifty years

from the year which witnessed the meeting of the Quebec Conference, through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. E. W. Villeneuve, and those associated with him on the Cartier Centenary Committee, there will be unveiled on one of the commanding slopes of Mount Royal, at Montreal, a magnificent memorial, which will serve not only to perpetuate Cartier's memory but also to commemorate the establishment of Confederation, in which he played such a conspicuous part. In the movement to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Cartier's birth, which falls on September 6th, 1914, Sir Charles Tupper displayed the deepest interest and expressed the hope that all Canadians would join in doing honour to the memory of one of the greatest of the Fathers of Confederation. He also expressed himself as deeply interested in the memorial history of the life and times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, which will be published in connection with the big celebration to be held next year, and on the eve of his departure he did me the honour of forwarding me a personal letter in his own handwriting, wishing me the utmost success in that work. Sir Charles Tupper's handwriting is remarkably clear and distinct for a man in the ninety-third year of his age.

One of the most interesting portions of Sir Charles Tupper's reminiscent talk dealt with his great antagonist, Joseph Howe. That distinguished Nova Scotian, it must be remembered, was not always opposed to a union of the British North American Provinces. As Dr. Parkin points out in his "Life" of Sir John A. Macdonald, the first formal adoption of the idea of Confederation by a legislative body was in the Province of Nova Scotia, where the Assembly in 1854 unanimously passed a resolution that the "Union, or Confederation, of the British Provinces, while calculated to perpetuate their connection with the parent state, will



promote their advancement and prosperity, increase their strength and influence and elevate their position." Howe, who was then leader of the Liberal party of Nova Scotia, on that occasion made a speech of remarkable power. His strongly-expressed belief at that time was that a united British North America was the true stepping-stone to a firmly united Empire, while both were essential to the highest political development of the nation.

What were Howe's real reasons for the bitter opposition he displayed to Confederation after having previously advocated such a project?—I asked Sir Charles Tupper. "Howe, in that connection," replied Sir Charles "undoubtedly made the mistake of his life. When the question of union was broached, the first man I invited to represent the Liberal party in the negotiations was Joseph Howe. At that time Howe had been appointed to the office of Imperial Fishery Commissioner, and he informed me that he was unable to accept my proposal as he would be away, but that he would be back in October, and that he would then be prepared to agree to anything I might propose, as he had always been a very strong advocate of such an idea. In fact, I recall that at a meeting at Halifax some time previously, at which D'Arcy McGee had delivered an address on Confederation, Howe had warmly supported the idea. On his return to Halifax, however, he found that many of those who had been amongst my most influential supporters were strongly opposed to any idea of Confederation. The temptation to down me was too great, and, unfortunately for himself, Howe put himself at the head of the Opposition and used all his great powers to prevent Confederation."

Regarding Howe's visit to London as head of the delegation sent to ask for the repeal of Confederation, Sir Charles Tupper told of how he had had several personal interviews with

Howe in London, during which he had pointed out to him the futility of opposition. As everybody knows, Howe's mission, owing to the great work done by Tupper, proved to be a failure, and Howe returned to Nova Scotia to report that British sympathy could not be counted upon for any movement having for its object the breaking-up of Confederation. Howe subsequently became a member of Sir John A. Macdonald's Government, and died as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, having become reconciled to the new order of things.

Of Howe personally and of his great powers, Sir Charles Tupper spoke in terms of the most generous appreciation. "Despite the mistake he then made," said his great rival, "Howe was a great man and a remarkable orator. His memory is rightly cherished by all Nova Scotians as one of that Province's greatest sons."

The limited space of a magazine article will but permit of a reference to the successive stages following the Quebec Conference, which culminated in the birth of the Dominion. The memorable Confederation debate in the Assembly of United Canada was marked by speeches worthy of the subject, and after the project had been adopted by the Legislature, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown and Galt went to England to confer with the Imperial Government. At the historic conference which sat at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in London, from the 4th to the 24th December, 1866, a series of sixty-nine resolutions based on those of the Quebec Conference were finally passed. The sittings of the Conference were renewed early in January of 1867; a series of draft bills were then drawn up and revised by the Imperial law officers; a bill was submitted to the Imperial Parliament in February, and on March 29th, under the title of the British North America Act it received the royal assent. A royal proclamation

issued by Queen Victoria from Windsor Castle on May 22nd, 1867, appointed July 1st as the date upon which the Act should come into force, and the following first of July witnessed the birth of what the Governor-General, Lord Monck, well designated as "a new nationality."

Four years from now, the first of July, 1917, will be the semi-centennial of the establishment of Confederation, and it has been proposed by Mr. Charles R. McCullough, of Hamilton, whose name will forever be honoured by the Canadian people as the founder of the Canadian Club movement, which has done and is doing so much to foster a spirit of patriotism and to create a national sentiment, that what he well terms the "Jubilee of the Canadian people," should be appropriately commemorated. Sir Charles Tupper, to whom I gave a copy of Mr. McCullough's interesting booklet, "The Semi-Centennial of Confederation," in which he outlines his proposals, expressed his deep interest in the suggestion, and warmly approved of the idea, declaring that the semi-centennial of the establishment of the Dominion should certainly not be allowed to pass without fitting commemoration. Mr. McCullough in this connection has rendered another signal service, and it is to be hoped that his proposal will be carried into effect and that 1917 will witness a celebration worthy of the great Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper has always been an optimist, and he is still an optimist in regard to the future of the Dominion, which he helped so greatly to establish.

On the eve of his sailing from Canada, I asked him to give me a farewell message which I might convey to the Canadian public through the medium of *The Canadian Magazine*.

The message which he gave me is as follows:

"Say to Canadians that while the prosperity of Canada has exceeded the most sanguine anticipation of the founders of Confederation, to whom I belong, I do not hesitate to say that that prosperity which has surpassed our greatest expectations is merely in outline a faint representation of the enormous advantages enjoyed by Canadians. I think that the people of Canada may claim, and justly claim, that there is no part of the known world whose progress is greater than at present exhibited by the Dominion of Canada, and I believe that that prosperity is only a faint outline of what the Dominion is to enjoy."

"The day is coming, I firmly believe, when Canada, which has become the right arm of the British Empire, will dominate the American continent."

Men of small vision have been accustomed to deride the optimism of Sir Charles Tupper, but that great statesman has had the satisfaction of living to see many of his predictions, which were regarded as but idle boastings when they were made, fulfilled. As the present eminent Prime Minister of the Dominion, Right Honourable R. L. Borden, himself a distinguished son of Nova Scotia, well remarked in a message of felicitation to the people of Amherst, "This great Canadian has lived to see more than amply fulfilled every prophecy which in the early days of doubt and hesitation his splendid vision placed before his fellow-countrymen."

Who shall say that the latest prediction made by the grand old man of the Dominion shall not also be fulfilled—that Canada shall dominate the American continent, not in aggression or materialism, but in the arts of peace, in the greatness of its institutions, in the broadness of its culture, and in the lofty moral character of its people?

# THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CONFEDERATION

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE creation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 must always be considered a wonderful achievement. A bolder undertaking in nation-building had not, under similar conditions, been attempted before. The founders of the new Dominion saw nothing in modern experience to guide them, because their problem was to evolve a workable constitution for a vast undeveloped area containing a few disconnected settlements. It was a task from which the most skilful statesmen in Europe might have shrunk. The obstacles in the way seemed to be unsurmountable. The various groups of Provinces were distant from one another. Direct communication between them was slow and, during some seasons, impossible. They had developed as distinct units and the political and social intimacy of the people was of the slenderest. They had but small commercial interests in common. There were jealousies and a rooted distrust to be reckoned with.

Moreover, the idea of uniting the fragments of British power on this continent lacked the charm of novelty. Federation in some form was, in truth, an old story. It had been propounded before the American Revolution, and after that event had often been urged as the natural method of repairing the loss made by the dismemberment of the Empire in 1783. Schemes worked out in detail had been presented on several occasions. Root-

and-branch reformers like Robert Gourley and William Lyon Mackenzie had advocated it as a remedy for defective administration. Loyalists of the pronounced type of Chief Justice Sewell and Bishop Strachan were equally enamoured of its merits. It found favour with Lord Durham in his famous report. Several of the Legislatures debated its possibilities. Men of the resolute character of Alexander Galt in Canada, and Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia, had tried to rouse public opinion in its behalf. Yet in the eighty years between 1783 and 1863 it had made little apparent progress. The dream of a great self-governing state stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and rivalling in extent, resources and power the empires of the ancient world had failed to rivet itself upon the imagination of the people at large. Nearly all the influential politicians in the various Provinces were those who applied their energies to local measures and the business of the hour, and who abandoned vast projects of government to the enthusiast and the visionary. The statesmen of Great Britain viewed consolidation with indifference because they had come to regard separation as inevitable and were disposed to pave the way for it.

In a situation so depressing the marvel is that the founders of Confederation were able, within a brief period, to bring their plans to accom-

plishment. Their success has been accounted for on various grounds. The chief cause has been set down as political deadlock in Canada. The clash of races and creeds in the ill-sorted union of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, had rendered constitutional rearrangements necessary and the leaders of the two parties had joined together. With some adroitness, several delegates from Canada sought and were given admission to the conference at Charlottetown in September, 1864, where representatives of the three Maritime Provinces were debating a legislative union. The conference adjourned to meet at Quebec later in the year and there the basis of the larger union was agreed upon.

Another influence which hastened Confederation is declared to have been the commercial position of the Provinces. The Reciprocity Treaty with the United States negotiated by Lord Elgin in 1854, had for ten years afforded a convenient market for the surplus products of British America. The Washington politicians made no secret of their intention to abrogate it. The Provinces, therefore were naturally inclined to declare for free exchange amongst themselves. In this new trade, optimists averred, there would be found ample compensation for the foreign market about to be taken away. Yet another factor making for union was the need of defence. The Civil War in the United States was drawing to a close, and an immense army would be free to undertake, if occasion offered, fresh military operations. Already the Fenian element in the Republic were laying plans to gather hostile forces on the New Brunswick and Canada frontiers and to invade British territory. The relations between Great Britain and the United States were strained to the breaking point. What more probable than that the American possessions of the Crown should be the theatre of the next war? This consideration was not absent from the minds of the promoters of union.

That the strife of parties, the demands of commerce and the menace of invasion each played its part in helping to carry Confederation is not to be denied. But we must look deeper than these for the influences that made union certain. The future benefits of Confederation, depicted as they were with persuasive eloquence, were not in themselves susceptible of definite proof. The experiment would certainly involve heavier taxation and might easily fail altogether. The real vitality of the movement lay in the deeply-rooted attachment to British rule which dominated all the Provinces. This sentiment rested partly upon the ties of racial origin, partly upon confidence in British institutions and partly upon a practical grasp of the value of the Imperial connection. The reasoning, so often heard, that the British Provinces would in course of time follow the example of the United States and break away from the Empire, was superficial. It ignored the chief factors which alone enabled a sound conclusion to be reached. The French were then, as they have always been, contented subjects of the Crown. The English settlements were established by the loyalists who had sacrificed every material interest to retain their allegiance and who had declared their preference for monarchy over republicanism. The struggles for responsible government were not for the purpose of ultimate separation from the Empire. Immigration strengthened instead of weakened the essentially British type of civilisation that was in process of formation. The communications between Mother Country and colony were more rapid and frequent than they had been a century earlier. The tendencies, in short, were steadily drawing the component parts of the Empire together, instead of severing them.

The Briton overseas was able to grasp the truth more quickly and with clearer vision than the statesmen at home. He foresaw, dimly perhaps,

but with an instinct that did not err, the days when the outlying states of the Empire, each supreme in its own affairs, would unite in maintaining the Imperial bond for the furtherance of objects which only a World Power could hope to render tangible and enduring. To British statesmen such a conception had not yet come. It was alien to the economic and political theories of the mid-Victorian period. The colonial questions that obtruded themselves upon the Imperial authorities were usually troublesome and often petty. The doctrines of the Manchester school exercised a great authority, and the projects for British American union when laid before successive Ministries, previous to 1866, excited no enthusiasm. The representatives of the Crown in some of the Provinces had been permitted to express views antagonistic to union. The attitude of these officials was a decided embarrassment to the movement, and upon a protest being made to the Imperial Government their conduct was modified. It must in justice be said that from the moment the Imperial authorities understood that the responsible statesmen of both parties in British America favoured union, and when another war seemed imminent, the official attitude became sympathetic and cordial. When the matter was broached in 1858, the colonial secretary had written to Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada: "The question of the Federation of the Colonies is one in which Canada has no doubt a very deep interest, and in which any representations proceeding from the Legislature of the Province will be received with the greatest attention. But it is necessarily one of Imperial character involving the future government of the other North American Colonies equally bound with Canada by the common tie which unites all the members of that Empire. It is therefore one which it properly belongs to the executive authority of the Empire, and not that of any separate Province, to initiate."

These guarded, and somewhat unsympathetic terms may have accurately expressed the official mind of England in 1858. Events were soon to occur which showed the paramount importance of encouraging the consolidation of British power in North America. At the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States what is familiarly known as the "Trent" affair ruptured the friendly relations between Great Britain and the Republic. The outstanding facts respecting this famous episode have passed into history, and are familiar to all, but the extent to which Canada and the other Provinces were concerned is not so generally known. Captain Wilkes of the United States sloop-of-war *San Jacinto* stopped the British steamer *Trent* on the high seas on November 8th, 1861, and forcibly removed Mason and Slidell, two agents of the Confederate States. England demanded that they be given up, and at once prepared to defend her North American possessions should the issue be war. The Washington authorities had, owing to the slow ocean communications of those days, and to the absence of a cable, some time in which to debate their policy. It was proposed to heal the rapidly-widening breach between the North and South by seizing Canada, evoking a strong national feeling, and bringing on a conflict with Great Britain instead of civil war at home. The idea was no doubt advanced by Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State. Seward had for some time meditated a war with several European Powers as a means of staying off the threatened rebellion. In the sober light of fifty years' experience and reflection it resembles the dream of an insane man. Yet the documents which afterwards came to light fully attest the truth of the story in every particular. For several weeks Canada's fate hung in the balance. Lincoln, who was a statesman, saw that the true course to follow was to restore the two delegates. The danger passed for the time, but the

possibility of war in which Canada would be the prize to be contested for impressed itself clearly upon the British Government. A project for the union of the Provinces assumed a new phase. It became at once the object of Imperial policy, and the despatches to the Colonial Governors reflected the change.

Yet down to the very eve of Union the prospects were dark and uncertain. In Canada the junction of the leaders of both parties in the Coalition Ministry seemed to ensure success. Suddenly in December, 1865, George Brown, the leader of the Reform section in the Cabinet, resigned. The reason assigned was disapproval of the Government's negotiations at Washington for a renewal of reciprocity on the basis of concurrent legislation. The lack of cordiality in the personal relations of Brown and Macdonald was the primary cause. For the moment the stability of the Ministry appeared to be undermined. As Brown promised an unwavering support in favour of the Confederation measure, however, the threatened danger of complete disruption passed away. In the Maritime Provinces a series of misfortunes occurred. Prince Edward Island, by a vote of its Legislature in 1865, declined to join, and re-affirmed this decision in 1866. Venturing upon a general election before the Quebec resolutions were debated in the Legislature, the Tilley Government in New Brunswick was overthrown. This being the first submission of the question to a popular vote the repulse was discouraging. In Nova Scotia the situation was even more embarrassing. Joseph Howe, the idol of his Province, upon whose aid the union forces had confidently relied, began a vehement opposition. The case of Howe will illustrate the dangers that beset Confederation. Howe, if not the first to propose British American union, was in some measure its most potent and eloquent champion. In 1861 he had secured the unanimous endorsement of the

Legislature, and had visited Canada to rouse sentiment in favour of a forward movement. The Canadian public men at that date were not enthusiastic enough to please him. As late as August, 1864, he had declared in an address at Halifax: "I am not one of those who thank God that I am a Nova Scotian merely, for I am a Canadian as well. I have never thought I was a Nova Scotian, but I have looked across the broad continent as the great territory which the Almighty has given us for an inheritance, and studied the mode by which it could be consolidated, the mode by which it could be united, the mode by which it could be made strong and vigorous, while the old flag still floats over the soil." That the man who held this language and who had in a sense launched the project should turn and rend it was unexpected. It is unnecessary to discuss here the reasons for Howe's conduct, but the immediate effect was highly disconcerting. Delegates from Newfoundland had attended the Quebec Conference in 1865, and it was hoped that the colony would join the others. But a strong opposition showed itself in the Island and ultimately overwhelmed the Ministry that had supported union. Nothing, therefore, could be less promising than the condition of affairs at the dawn of 1866.

Events, however, now began to take a more favourable turn. The New Brunswick anti-Confederate Ministry was defeated and a new Government swept the Province on the union policy. This emboldened the Nova Scotian Premier, Dr. Tupper, to secure a vote of the Legislature endorsing the Quebec resolutions with an undertaking that some modification would be embodied in the terms. It was not until December that the delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick met in London to prepare the bill to be passed by the Imperial Parliament. The result of the Conference was an agreement upon the measure known to history as the Brit-

ish North America Act. This was introduced by Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords on February 7th, 1867, was passed on March 8th, and received the Royal Assent on the 29th of that month. It provided that the new Dominion should come into existence by proclamation on a day to be appointed not more than six months after the passage of the Act.

Thus quietly, and with a complete absence of pomp and ceremony, occurred one of the most important events in the annals of the British Empire. It marked the foundation of a new power in North America

which was to restore to Great Britain the prestige and authority in the new world so badly shattered by the independence of the United States a century before. It set an example to be followed later by the political consolidations in Australia and South Africa. It proved in a signal manner the adaptability of the British monarchical system to new continents. It gave an impetus to the spirit of Imperial unity which in due course of time spread to the most distant portions of the Empire and likewise profoundly affected the mother country herself.

## O CANADA

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

O H not for thee the futile round  
Of pomp and greed and pride's increase;  
Stand firm for worthier things than these,  
Our clear-eyed Land of Peace!

Age after age the nations rise,  
Grow drunk with glory, fade and fail,  
No nearer life's unvisioned prize,  
Their strife of no avail.

Was Rome not empress of the world?  
Her god was power; where now abide  
The hosts that hailed her flag unfurled  
By Tiber's yellow tide?

Vain warfare, recompense as vain;  
Who strives for earth to earth is thrust;  
For king and serf the same refrain  
Is breathed of "Dust to dust."

But thou, for all that helps the race,  
For purer customs, kindlier laws,  
For light in every darkened place,  
Fight strongly, God's the cause.

So, not in blood and tears thy name  
Shall blazoned live for times afar,  
But in the hearts of men a flame,  
And in their souls a star!

# TORONTO'S MELTING-POT

BY MARGARET BELL

ABOVE the din and clatter of the congested street the song of the pick-axe rings out clear and persistent. You hear it, as you near the corner. You may pause a moment, to peep into the garish shop-window above which three gilded balls swing back and forth in dizzy regularity. You glance up at the shop-keeper as he comes to the door, rubbing his soft hands and showing two rows of yellowish teeth.

Won't you step inside? You need not buy. There are plenty of things—very beautiful things, which are not displayed in the window. There are brass candlesticks two centuries old. And a ring, which brings good luck to the wearer. A glowing, glaring ring, showing the fire of a sunset in an Oriental sky. The black opal is a very lucky stone. And it costs nothing to look at it.

But you do not trust the cunning shop-keeper who stands in the door, rubbing his hands and showing his yellowish teeth. And, anyhow, there is the persistent sing-sing of the pick-axe as it strikes against a stone.

You walk on toward the corner. The pick-axe represents for you all the seething, sweating centre of the activity of the city's Lower End.

At the corner you pause.

There they are, a whole hundred of them, bare-armed, bare-necked, sturdy, brown fellows, forming a cordon in the middle of the street, between the two rows of tumbledown shacks, which form the business section of the city's melting-pot!

The picks swing up, then down, then up again. Each swing is accompanied by some utterance, an unintelligible muttering or a snatch of song.

And you think of the Italian operas and the greatest singers of them. From such a melting-pot as this have they often come.

They do not pay much attention to you as you walk past. They would like to, you can tell, by the side-glances which are jerked toward you. But the boss is there in the midst of them. And the big clock on the City Hall is calling out the hour of four. There is much to be done before the street will be ready for the steam roller.

You forget the springtime activity of the hundred little shop-keepers all around you. You do not notice the old, blind beggar who sits on the sidewalk soliciting coppers. You do not hear the wailing discords of his concertina. The sing-song of the picks against the stones has drowned it out of all hearing.

A mob of children come screaming from a small side street somewhere. They are dirty little wretches, with hair uncombed and clothes all torn. You wonder why they are not in school.

They seem to be heralding something. In a moment, you see it. A man with a hurdy-gurdy and a dancing bear. One youngster more bold than the rest is throwing banana skins at it, and bits of orange peel and grapefruit, from the gutter.

They pause before a fish shop. The





Drawing by Marion Long

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

A familiar scene in Toronto's "Ward"

man has wonderful spangles on his coat and wears a peculiar shaped hat. With one hand, he turns the handle of the hurdy-gurdy, with the other, waves a vari-coloured baton, which seems to have a rattle in one end.

The big brown bear circles round and round. There are shrieks from the mob of dirty-faced youngsters. Fat shop women come out of their doors, and stand with hands on hips. Big smiles appear on their faces and their eyes dance with enjoyment. It is not every day that dancing bear comes along. Faster and faster goes the music, more dizzy becomes the big dancing brute. The old, blind beggar ceases playing his concertina and asks someone—anyone—what all the fuss is about. In reply, his coat tails are pulled by one of the shrieking young ruffians.

The brown-armed gang of workmen have laid down their picks. The boss does not seem to mind. Everyone presses close to the howling hurdy-gurdy and dancing bear.

You notice someone slip away from the crowd, down an alley and in through a side door. He has a peculiar, slouching gait, and looks covertly from right to left.

By and by, he comes out and disappears down the alley.

The street organ, the much-spangled man and the dancing bear move on down the street.

As you walk slowly away from the crowd, your attention is arrested by the shouting of someone. It is the fat shop woman. She is calling for a policeman. Someone has robbed her till!

But you go your way along the street, and leave the members of the melting-pot to fight their battles for themselves.

An old man stands on a little bit of ground between a shop and the sidewalk, fanning a charcoal fire in a large tin boiler. He has great woolly whiskers and wears a shirt of red flannel. He might be an ancient prophet, casting a spell over his enemies

But he is only a tinker, mending brass and copper kettles.

You speak to him. A cunning look creeps into his eyes, and he regards you from under quizzical eyebrows. He does not trust any respectably dressed person who happens to saunter through that part of town. For he did not receive a licence slip from the City Hall that year.

When you ask him how much he charges for mending a copper kettle, he pretends he is deaf, and you may shout until all the ragamuffins of the street ridicule you into silence.

You are now among the Jewish inhabitants of The Ward.

Half a dozen tawdry women, with scarlet shawls on their heads, appear from a lane somewhere, carrying shrieking chickens under their arms. Not one or two. Each woman carries six or seven birds, out into the street, in full view of all the passers-by.

They are on their way to the Rabbi's. For it is he who must bless the chickens before they can be killed for eating.

Innumerable tumbledown shacks stand in a state of slatternly decay, on both sides of the street. You peep inside one or two. For the doors stand ajar, letting in the dust from the street. And some air too, let us hope. Although one wonders how the air from that part of town can be worth the coveting.

Inside one of the doors, you catch a glimpse of a little girl rocking a sick baby. The room is tiny, but it contains a cook stove, a table, two or three chairs and an equal number of beds. Beds undoubtedly, but from all appearances, piles of filthy rags, thrown in indiscriminate piles on the floor.

You wonder vaguely what will be that little girl's outlook on life, in ten more years.

What should be another living-room is a miniature grocery shop, where one may buy ice cream from dirty cones, or cakes which hang in the window, on a bit of greasy brown paper. The window itself is a poor



Drawing by Marion Long

THE ITALIAN FRUIT VENDOR

affair, with two panes gone. A million flies buzz around the sweet stuffs shown therein. The boards in the floor are cracked, and bits of oozy mud spurt up through them. When the fat proprietor of it all happens to walk across the floor, the mud splashes up and lights on the cakes and bologna displayed on the counter.

There are seven children living in the little room, next to the grocery shop. And every night, a much be-whiskered father comes in from his rounds in the lanes and alleyways.

Just now, he is back in the few square feet of mud, at the rear of the one-roomed home. You see him, as you tear your eyes from the vision of the tawdry, little girl rocking the baby to sleep. There is a side alleyway leading from the street to the few square feet of mud. This alleyway is the receptacle for the thousands of bottles which are gathered on the streets, every day.

Beer bottles, whiskey bottles, medicine bottles of all descriptions have hurtled out of the itinerant collector's sack. The much-whiskered man smiles grimly as he fingers each one. In one barrel, he puts the beer bottles, in another the whiskey bottles, and so on. His systematic arrangement of everything is sickening. One cannot help thinking of the mud which pokes up between the boards of the grocery shop floor, or the tawdry little girl who sits rocking the baby to sleep. And there are two other children out among the rattle of the streets somewhere, gathering bits of coal and wood, to cook the father's supper. And very soon there will be another baby to rock to sleep, in the dirty, little room, with the three beds of rags.

In the few square feet of mud adjoining the shop, a young fellow has just come in, with a load of cast-off clothing. Evidently, he is a hired collector. For the indifferent expression of interest on his face could not belong to a Hebrew proprietor of anything.

A little man runs out of the shop. He has a peculiar stoop to his shoulders, and a smile of avariciousness lurks about the corners of his mouth. You know at once that he is the proprietor.

"Aeh, Jakey, vere did you get dis coat?"

The older man unearths a frock coat from the pile. For a moment, he counts on his fingers—gloatingly. And the smile of satisfaction becomes broader and broader.

The indifference leaves Jakey's face. He rubs his hands together contentedly.

"That there? Oh, that—a pretty goil ga'me that. Oh, what a figger! She was the maid. Up North it was, in Rosedale. Everyone else was out. There are a few more things there. I'll get 'em to-morrow."

The elbow of the impatient little man with the stooping shoulders and avaricious smile finds a sudden way to the ribs of the young man, and the smile expands into a boisterous laugh.

"Ha, Jakey, you vere a devil wid de skoits. Vell, it is a good vay for de business. You vill make de great success, if you always make lofe to de maids."

Each article is commented on, each bit of clothing converted into an imaginary pile of tinkling coins.

This is the behind scenes of the rag wagon, which makes its daily rounds through the streets and alleyways.

And perhaps, in some home up in in the North End of the city, some business man about to dress for a funeral, exclaims peevishly to his valet:

"I say, Hawkins, what has become of my frock coat?"

A couple of doors along, a very industrious shopkeeper stands outside his shop, exhorting the passers-by to come and see his stock of saleable stuffs. It is an extraordinary thing, how these industrious shopkeepers care so little about the sale of goods! Their one desire seems to be a bowing courtesy to the passers-by, who may be seeking amusement.



Drawing by Marion Forz

GOSSIP IN THE WARD



Drawing by Marion Long

## A FRESH SUPPLY OF FUEL.

Truly, there is a great and varied assortment of goods outside that shop, most of them displayed in a pyramid of Hebrew disorder. And there are plenty of women who pause, to have a look. Women wearing variegated shawls over their heads, and women wearing nothing over their heads. Women carrying babies and women carrying chickens. Fat women and thin women—with the former greatly in the majority. As a matter of fact, all the women in the lower Hebrew district seem at enmity with the sylph of the more select circles.

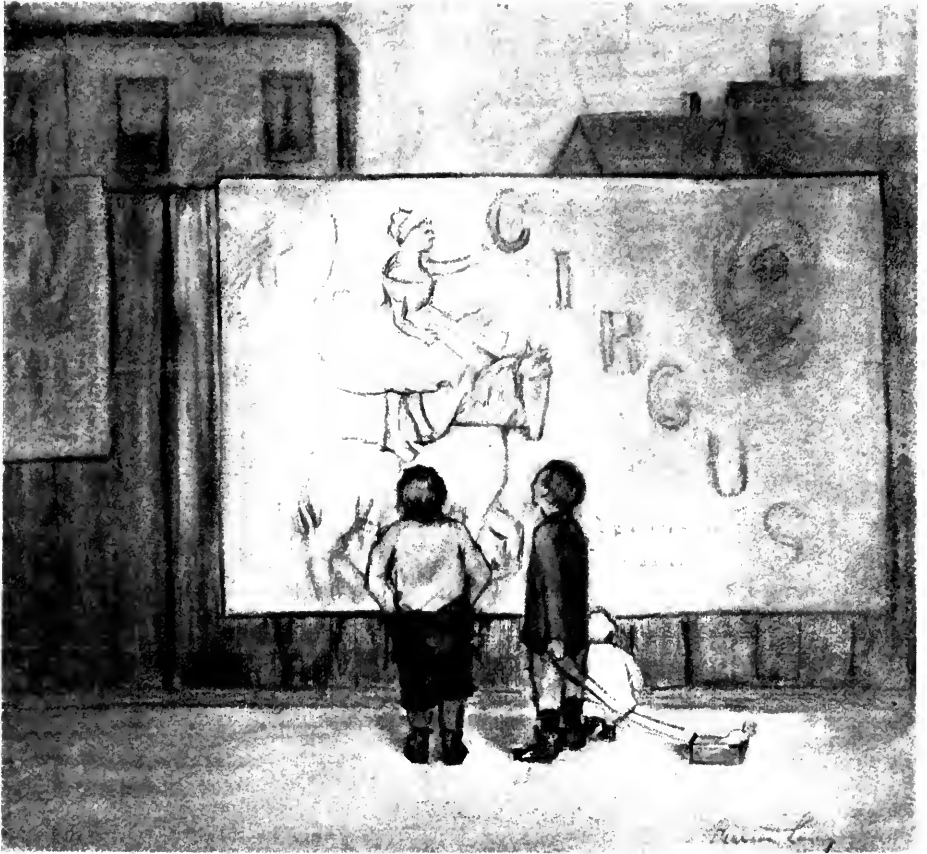
Chickens seem to be the crest of all the Hebrew shops. On every window appears a paint-besmeared figure, which, according to the motive of the painter, was supposed to represent a half-matured fowl. Both sexes of bird are represented, probably on account of the militancy of things amongst a sex of more civilised extraction.

Grocery shops, with big dishes of melting butter in the windows, meat shops, showing pounds of fly-besmirched beef and huge cakes of tallow, fish shops, with piles of sprawling perch and lake bass—barber shops and saloons—all have the same emblem as a window adornment, a couple of outrageous looking chickens!

A white-coated man, with a brownish face, has paused at a corner. He rings a bell, and calls something half English, half something else. He has a little cart. All the tawdry youngsters appear from their respective hovels, and run out to greet him. They fight and scramble, each intent on being the first to reach the cart.

The brownish-faced man smiles. There is always a good market for his ice cream cones, among the dirty-faced youngsters of the Hebrew district.

There are two races in the Lower



Drawing by Marion Long

#### DISTANT HILLS LOOK GREEN

End, who keep apart from the grinning Hebrew or slatternly Canadian slum dweller. These are the Negroes and Chinese.

You come suddenly upon the Chinese quarter, as you turn from the garish windows of the pawnshops and pyramids of Southern fruit. Great green signs, with splashes of gold for the lettering, greet you from above the doors. The windows are full of wonderful things from the Orient. With silk mandarin coats, gorgeous in purples and reds and blues. You marvel at the art of the Celestial in the successful blending of colours.

And there are vases with dragons curling around them. And ivory chop

sticks, and curious-looking implements of war. Another window may show weirdly carved furniture and bits of old lace. Anything, everything, which will attract the eye and coax a few coins out of the purse.

Silent, slant-eyed fellows stroll around the streets before their shops, grinning and suggesting in their silent way that you go inside and look around.

The inside is interesting, too. Chinese candies of all sorts and descriptions, Chinese nuts and fruit, as well as Chinese kimonos, which attract the eye of the pretty girl.

Upstairs, there may be gorgeous hangings and rooms fragrant of in-



cense. Yes, and the pretty Canadian girl in a wonderful kimono and jewels. She is luxurious with all the comforts of a twentieth century courtesan. She may have been a Sunday school teacher, at one time, in a church which thought to turn the Celestial from his ancient Buddha. But there is a rule in the great Law Book of Canada that says that Chinese women may not be allowed into Canada under five hundred dollars a head!

The Negroes are quite exclusive as a colony. Their houses seem a little more neglected, their doors a little more securely closed, perhaps, than those of the other races in the melting-pot. They have their night-time-revels, their balls and suppers, their clubs and societies, just the same as their neighbours.

It is almost evening. The odours of garlic and spaghetti come from the kitchens in the Italian district. And lazy-looking workmen lie sprawling on the doorsteps. The gang from down the street come lurching home, with their pickaxes. Urethins are everywhere, under your feet, peering saucily into your face. On the corner a couple of them pause before a large circus poster. There will be a parade the next day, perhaps. That is a great time for the youngsters.

The shops seem busier than ever. Well-dressed girls, newly released from work in the down-town factories, stroll along, commenting on the jewellery which glistens in a window below three swaying balls. Beautiful girls they are, with olive complexions and eyes like glowing, black pearls. They look curiously alien, with their long ear-rings and much-coiffed black hair. Alien to the city in general, but much at home in the district of the garlic and spaghetti. If it were not for the filth all around!

All the carts are returning home. You know it by the sounds which come from the neighbouring streets.

"Ri-ip a banan: r-ip: only ten-a-da centa da dozen!"

There is music in those sounds. You love them, because you are cosmopolitan.

And then the hurdy-gurdies. Six or seven of them, crawling lazily along past the rows of shops, past the jabbering workmen who sit loafing on the steps.

One halts before the saloon. It plays the *Miséréré*. Dirty-faced youngsters run shrieking along, and circle around the wailing thing. Then they dance. The music goes faster and faster, the smile on the dark-complexioned girl's face more radiant. She carries a tambourine. Into the saloon she goes, shaking the bizarre contribution box, and showing two rows of very white teeth.

Fascinating? It simmers in fascination. These are the people who live. These are the people who can loll on their door-steps and laugh, while all the world is steeped in parliamentary debates. The girls are pretty, the men alive. *Voilà*, what will you?

To the warm-blooded man of the South, the drawling Italian, with his Chianti and cigarette, is given the talent of getting the most out of this life called the material.

They live there, huddled up in impossible little shacks, they laugh and dance and sing—and sometimes kill—but they are happy. There is a pathos in their contented sordidness, perhaps. A pathos to all who go amongst them, intent only on the theoretical problem of bettering their mode of existence. People who go amongst them, in white gloves and lorgnettes, who look at them through the lenses of condescension and pity. People who preach sanitation, without seeing that the indolent Southerners have the means of bringing that preaching into practical use.

But, in spite of all the preaching and pitiable condescension, the Italian always will remain a contented pleasure-seeker, with more thought for his Chianti and snatch of song than all the sanitation sermons in the universe.





THE ERMINI' TRAIN  
From the Painting by John Russett

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE NEW BRITAINS AND THE OLD

BY PROFESSOR H. T. F. DUCKWORTH

THE Colonial policy of successive British Ministries during the greater part of the Victorian epoch, which was not so much pursued as allowed to pursue its own way, had as its implied if not avowed end and aim the ultimate separation of the "white" or "English-speaking" colonies from the metropolitan country. This policy\* is now supposed to be antiquated, unworthy, and discreditable. It is, however, by no means certain that the statesmen of the days of *laissez faire laissez aller* were not wiser than the politicians who now-a-days have so much to say about "The Empire" and its "problems" and the processes variously described as "welding" or "cementing." The "problem of Empire," which presents itself when the communities generally spoken of as "the self-governing dominions" are under consideration is simply the question of how these dominions are to be retained in a position of subordination to the United Kingdom. From the extensive concessions of autonomy made in the course of the last seventy-five

years to the "colonials" in North America, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand one might fairly infer that "the powers that be" in Westminster had long ago decided that these communities could not be retained in perpetual subordination to the United Kingdom and that, unless open warfare and its evil consequences were to be risked, the wisest course was to recognise and yield to the inherent schismatic tendencies of the New Britains as forces which, even though they might be arrested, could by no means be trammelled up for ever, and would only prove themselves the more dangerous in proportion to the number and size of the obstacles placed in their way.

There is no way, there are no means, of retaining the New Britains in a status of subordination to the old. The impossibility of the enterprise was discerned clearly enough in times when the disparity in respect of wealth and population between the metropolitan and the colonial communities was far greater than it is now.‡ Just because the fact *was* dis-

---

\*"I had always believed," wrote Lord Balfour in 1885, "and the belief has so confirmed and consolidated itself, that I can hardly realise the possibility of anyone seriously thinking the contrary, that the destiny of our Colonies is independence; and that in this point of view the function of the Colonial Office is to secure that our connection, while it lasts, shall be as profitable to both parties, and our separation, when it comes, as amicable as possible." Quoted in H. E. Egerton's "Short History of British Colonial Policy," pp. 367-8. Lord Balfour was Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office from 1860 to 1871.

‡"It is a great pity," Lord Balfour (then known as Sir F. Rogers) wrote in 1854, "that, give as much as you will, you can't please the Colonists with anything short of absolute independence, so that it is not easy to say how you are to accomplish what we are, I suppose, all looking to, the eventual parting company on good terms."

cerned, the colonies obtained concessions upon concessions, which finally reduced the *imperium* of Great Britain to the mere "shadow of a great name."

The process of concessions began when there were yet in the land of the living men who could remember the first news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga and Cornwallis's capitulation at Yorktown, and when relations between Britons and Americans were far more unpleasant than they are now. The attempt to maintain *imperium* over the thirteen American colonies had ended in disastrous failure. That was the only end it ever could have had. Britons\* being stiff-necked, self-assertive, and irreconcilably opposed to centralising government, there was nothing to be surprised at in the "Great Schism" that rent the British Empire asunder in the eighteenth century.

It was a hard matter to get the thirteen colonies to join together in a federal commonwealth. It had been a hard matter to maintain effective concerted action among them in the face of the common enemy. What wonder, if they had found the *imperium* of the United Kingdom—the *imperium* of which the British Parliament claimed to be the organ—a burden and a yoke, the bearing whereof was incompatible with the exercise of what they deemed their inalienable rights? Whether these rights were theirs and inalienable is a question to which more than one answer is discoverable. But it is not a question of great practical import-

ance, and indeed never was. The fact that really mattered was that the American insurgents believed, and had irrevocably decided, that these rights were such as they proclaimed them to be.

It is true that among the American colonials there were many loyalists. But had the rupture between the colonies and Britain befallen later, there would in all probability have been no loyalists at all and the subsequent history of Canada would have been very different. The men of the new Britains to-day are of the same type or make-up as the Americans of the eighteenth century. It is said that a tour of the British Empire (self-governing dominions included) is the best cure for the British Radical's myopic insularity and parochialism. The experience changes him into an Imperialist, if not even into a Tory. Granting that this is so—though it is far from certain—it proves nothing as to the effects of emigration and permanent settlement in the New Britains upon men and women of British or Irish blood, large numbers of whom in the country of their birth have been accustomed to be told—and perhaps have not actively resented being told—that they are the masses, to whom the classes allow no portion, no inheritance, in the sea-girt realm. These people‡ make new homes for themselves over sea. There they prosper (not without much toil); there they found and build up new political communities. They have, indeed, memories of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland (as the case may be)

\*The part played by American colonists of North-Hibernian origin is not overlooked. But these men were Scots, rather than Irishmen, and Scots may be counted as North Britons.

‡The weekly edition of "The Toronto Daily Star," in the issue of January 25, 1913, contains a dialogue between two Englishmen, both supposed to have settled in Canada, but not equally "Canadianised," the one being a newer arrival than the other. One of them (the older resident in Canada) makes the remark that the nobility and gentry had got rid of him and his like in the stream of emigration to the new country. "And now," he goes on to say, in effect, "we have the handling of a bigger and finer country than they have." That the generation of the settlers will bequeath to their children traditional memories of the Old Country is shown clearly enough by the sympathy and assistance bestowed by colonials of Hibernian origin upon the Nationalist cause in Ireland.

which are affectionate and kindly. But these are not the only memories they retain. What aspect, in *their* view, has the Imperial Government? It is the forbidding aspect of the classes, with whom in the old days, though they dwelt within the same boundaries, many of them hardly felt themselves to be fellow-citizens. Even apart from this, even supposing class-animosity eliminated, the Imperial Government is afar off and practically alien. It is impersonate in a minister of the Crown who has, it may be, never travelled abroad farther than Germany or Italy, and who may know and understand the habits and minds of Switzers or Silicians much better than those of his fellow-tribesmen in the over-sea dominions. Even if he has travelled in those dominions he has not lived in them. While he was travelling there he was entertained in the houses of the colonial grandees, and he saw and heard just as much as they would choose to let him see and hear, whether or not they themselves held or believed the same. Why should the affairs of the new country and rapidly-growing nation be subject to any meddling control or supervision exercised by strangers living thousands of miles away? This is coming up out of Egypt, crossing the Red Sea, and still finding oneself under Pharaoh's sceptre! "We are governed enough and to spare, even in this new country, which we have made habitable. It is intolerable that we should have to bear the constraint of government exercised by men who have attained to their places of authority without our having had any voice in the affair, any opportunity of saying yea or nay." So we may imagine the col-

onial mind delivering itself, and however strongly it may savour to some of disaffection or disloyalty, no one can but allow that it is natural and inevitable. So the colonial mind is apt to deliver itself on occasion, even now, when displeased with some Privy Council judgment or roused to suspicion of the existence of a "centralising" scheme behind proposals for Imperial Federation.\*

But would not the federation of the Old with the New Britains remove neo-Britannic prejudice against a re-Neo-Britannic prejudice against a re-concentration? In a federal union, would not the Imperial Government be truly Imperial?† It would not be an alien organisation to the New Britains. In it they would participate by representation. Its acts would be their acts, its policy, their policy. No doubt of all this if certain conditions could be fulfilled. But they cannot be all fulfilled at the present time, and it is very questionable whether they ever can be.

At present, the self-governing Dominions enjoy a fuller measure of independence than they would in federal union with Great Britain. A federation of the Britains would institute a common, federal, foreign policy, naval and military service, mail-service, and fiscal system, in place of the existing administrations. At present, the Dominions have no voice in foreign policy. But for that very reason it is allowed that they can severally make their own arrangements for defence or make none at all, or leave the whole matter to the metropolitan state.§ In the case of the metropolitan state becoming involved in hostilities, it is within the rights of the Dominions to stand aloof from the conflict,

\*See, for instance, Mr. J. S. Ewart's observations upon "Imperial Federation" in his book entitled "The Kingdom of Canada," (1908).

†"Pan-Britannic" would be a better name. The phrase "Imperial Federation" involves a contradiction. If there is imperium exercised by one of the members over the rest, it is not a federation. If it is a federation, the constituents are co-equal.

§Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders took part with Great Britain in the South African war, but only as volunteers. They did not come in answer to any summons from the British authorities.

if they are so minded. They are not obliged to take part in it, unless they find themselves assailed by Britain's enemy. In the annual votes for the maintenance of the Royal Navy and Army colonials have no say. But not a farthing of the money expended upon those forces is paid by them. If they wish to contribute, they may contribute. If they do not wish to do so, no constraint is put upon them unless it is put on by their own governments. Again, while the political relations of the British Crown to foreign powers are administered by an official with whose appointment no dominion has anything to do, the dominions are at liberty to make their several commercial treaties with foreign nations, as for instance, the Canadian commercial treaties with France. These treaties are made with the cognizance, but with the cognizance only, of the ambassadors and envoys of the King, who are appointed by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. To all intents and purposes, the Dominions negotiate on a footing of independence, as nations with nations. This liberty they would have to abandon, when they entered a federal Union. Once more: each Dominion has its own fiscal system, adjusted to its own needs (or those of the most influential class among its citizens) and designed for its own profit.

New South Wales, on becoming federated with the other Australian colonies, had to abandon its own policy of free imports. The Australian commonwealth, on entering a larger federation, would have to modify its existing tariff-schedules. The like concessions would be exacted of each and all of the other federating communities. The institution of a federal mail-service would probably be a matter of less difficulty, the way for it being already to some extent open. Nevertheless, here again there would be various liberties to be surrendered or curtailed.

From the fact that the British North American colonies have form-

ed one federal union (which still has to include Newfoundland), and the Australian colonies another, it is quite unsafe to infer that Canadians and Australians are ready and desirous to enter a larger federation. In each case, federation has been carried out to meet the needs and purposes of the participants, and just so far as those needs and purposes were felt to require it. But it cannot be said that the Canadian people, as a whole, feel any need, or have any purpose in view which could only be met, or could best be met, by entering into a federal union with Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand.

What would the Dominion of Canada stand to gain by such a move? What would any of the other possible federants stand to gain? As the representation of the several constituents of the federal union would be proportionate to population, that of the Old Country, whose population is three times as large as that of all the new ones taken together, would be greatly preponderant, so much so, indeed, that on any given occasion the Old Country members of the federal legislature would be able to outvote all the rest. It is doubtful whether the Old Country folk would agree to numerical equality of representation in a federal second chamber.

In the course of time, no doubt, this difficulty between the Old and the New Britains will vanish. But in that course of time the several Britains will all have become more and more used to their several liberties, and more and more loth to part from any, even the least measure of them. Each of the communities included in the designation of "Greater Britain" regards itself as a nation—i.e., a sovereign body-politic—in the making, if not already made, *in posse* of not *in actu*. Now federal union would arrest the "nation-making process," of which colonials not seldom make their boast, and with justice do exult over. Communities which have attained the

status and stature of *nationality* are too big to enter a federation. The true *raison d'être* of a federal union is the avoidance of friction and annoyances perceived to be incidental to a closer union, and there is no federal union in existence which may not, with changing conditions, become a commonwealth of the unitary kind. It should be remembered that Sir John Macdonald regarded the federation of the British North American colonies only as a *pis aller*—he would have preferred the formation of a unitary state.\*

Yet again there is a serious impediment to what is called Imperial Federation, i.e., the federation of the Britains (Great and Greater)—in the fact that one of the States to be federated is already an imperial state. Would Great Britain have to surrender or share her *imperium* over India and the Crown colonies and the Protectorates? It is much to be doubted whether the prospect would commend itself to public opinion in that country. Would the interests of these dependencies be better served, when the Indian Office and the Colonial Office had become departments of a Pan-Britannic Federation? The position in which Great Britain stands towards India and the other dependencies is not that of the Roman Republic towards its subjects, viz: a receiver of tribute. By retaining sovereign control over their affairs, the people and Parliament of Great Britain are not selfishly thrusting their kinsfolk in Greater Britain away from a bounteous feast of good things. In respect of Imperial affairs, natives of Greater Britain are not unfavourably placed. There are colonials, as they used to be called, without exciting protest, though another designation is required now, in the Imperial Parliament, in the Navy, the Army, and other Imperial services.

The apostles of Imperial Federa-

tion demand, in effect, that the metropolitan nation, having abandoned all control over the internal (and even some of the external) affairs of the colonial ones, shall share with them the imperial authority and control it still retains over the Dependencies. The colonial nations, it is true, must purchase this increase of dignity at a price, the price being curtailment under federation of present liberties and exemptions. On the other hand, federation will exact from the people of Great Britain surrender of status and prestige, over and above surrender of liberties, while the liabilities will remain the same.

Imperial Federation would be unjust to all the parties concerned, if it became an accomplished fact. Not one of them stands to gain anything by it, except at the expense of the rest, and all stand to lose, the metropolitan nation most of all. However, it is not to be expected that the colonial nations (for nations they are rapidly becoming, if they are not such already) will remain indefinitely in their present somewhat indefinite status. In theory they are subordinate communities—e.g., the British Parliament possesses a right of veto over Canadian legislation. But it is only a theory. The Acts of the Imperial Parliament, conceding measure upon measure of autonomy to the colonies, have been so many amputations of imperial authority. The one thing that reconciles the Neo-Britons to allegiance is that allegiance is understood to be claimed for the British Crown, not by the British Parliament, and "the King" is not supposed to be "he that can do anything against you."

In a Canadian publication of no small interest and importance the end and aim of Canadian policy with regard to the metropolitan state is said to be equality and equipollence, not subservience and inferiority.‡ This,

\*L. S. Amery, "The Case Against Home Rule," pp. 77-78.

‡J. S. Ewart, "The Kingdom of Canada," p. 30.

it may be supposed, is also the end and aim held in view by the statesmen of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Equality and equipollence may be attained, and it is the present writer's belief that the status so designated will be attained, by the communities formerly spoken of as "Colonies," but now as "Dominions." But is it attainable within the Empire? The Dominions may take rank as kingdoms of equal standing with Great Britain under the same Crown, as England and Scotland stood from 1603 to 1707, or they may do so as commonwealths entirely separate from the Crown as the American colonies did in 1776. But equality in the separate allegiance to one and the same Crown will be no more than a transitional state. The outcome will either be legislative union (as in the case of England and Scotland or Norway and Sweden). The equalising of the Dominions with Great Britain as kingdoms independently in allegiance to one and the same Sovereign would really have the effect of placing these countries outside the Empire, if indeed they are not already outside it. "In form and appearance," we are told, "Canada is a part of the British Empire." In reality, she is not. \*The same thing is to be said of the other self-governing Dominions or sister nations. In the status of distinct kingdoms, however, there would no longer remain even the semblance of their being in, or parts of, the British Empire. They would be alongside the Empire, as equal and independent allies of the Imperial State, Great Britain. The real extent and content of the Empire (which means India, the Crown colonies, and the Protectorates) would then emerge clearly into view.

But how long would the sister nations continue in allegiance to a sovereign unable to leave Great Britain without consent of the British Parliament, and how long could equipoise

be maintained in a group of nations, one of which was an imperial power, while the others were not? Sooner or later—more likely sooner than later—the Quintuple Alliance would break up over some *lapis offensiois*. Or there might be so strong a growth of republican sentiment in the younger communities as would render them incapable of enduring the sovereignty even of a king who reigns but does not govern. Republican in tone and sentiment they are already. If in the Old Country, where class-distinctions and accompanying privileges have been "the order of the day" for so many centuries, democratic views have become so influential that the differences between political parties and programmes are no more than differences between so many democratic theories and policies, can it be wondered at for a moment that in the colonial communities, where landed aristocracies have never established themselves, democratic republicanism, in one version or another, should reign exalted above all thrones and principalities? There are notables and magnates in these countries, but no nobility, no great families. There are titled persons, but no lords. Colonials who have become lords find it advisable to settle in England, where the environment is still favourable to lordship, though much less favourable than it used to be. The social structure of the New Britains is markedly different from that of the Old. The difference, no doubt, is by way of disappearing, but the way is a long one. Here we find another obstacle in the path to Imperial Federation, and it crops up again across the prospect of permanent association of the Old and the New Countries in separate allegiance to the same Crown. The abolition of the monarchy would not improve the situation either for Pan-Britannic federation or Pan-Britannic association. Why should a group of British republics fetter

\*J. S. Ewart, op. cit. p. 64.



themselves and one another in a *Bundesstaat* or even a *Staatenbund* any more than the United Kingdom and the Dominions should do so? Besides, Great Britain, even without the monarchy, would still be an imperial state—unless, of course, the abolition of monarchy came about as the consummation of a civil war, in which the whole Empire (real and nominal) would go to pieces. But supposing the monarchy abolished in a bloodless revolution, there would be nothing in that to prevent Great Britain from still exercising *imperium* over a number of dependencies. Republics may be imperial states. Rome is an instance in the ancient; France, in the modern world. The autonomous New Britains would certainly assume and assert complete independence in absolute separation, as soon as the last King of England had abdicated the Crown, but India and the other dependencies might still remain in their present subordinate status.

In the position of independent, sovereign commonwealths, Canada and the other autonomous Dominions would not be any less friendly in the future than they are now. They would still be open to emigrants from Britain. Such trade-preferences as have so far been conceded by them would probably disappear. But this might happen even now, while the Imperial tie still holds. Furthermore, it is not likely that the New Britains, with the warning example of the United States full in view, will engage in a policy of high protection. Already, and without any reference to the Empire or Pan-Britannic federation, large reductions of import duties are loudly called for in the Prairie Provinces of Canada. The demand would be just as insistent, were Canada a fully-matured sovereign state.

It is at least worth while considering whether the inevitable attainment of national stature and its inseparable consequences, national status, by the New Britains, would be inconveni-

ently anticipated by an Act of the Parliament of the Old Britains, declaring the complete independence of the new communities and withdrawing from them the last remnants and vestiges of the jurisdiction of the British Crown. National sovereignty is the ambition of the communities of Greater Britain—the full control by each, and for each, independently and exclusively, of all its affairs, foreign as well as domestic. This ambition cannot be attained within the limits of a federation, and there is nothing to be gained in federation which would be worth the curtailment of liberties already enjoyed. The example of the States in the American Union does not supply the basis for an analogy, nor does that of the Canadian provinces, nor that of the states of Australia. The Five Nations have not the homogeneity of the forty-eight American States, or of the constituents of the Canadian and Australian federations. The States of the American Union call themselves sovereign States. But they are not nations. Texas, in respect of political standing, is inferior to Belgium or Montenegro. Indiana must yield precedence to Denmark. The American States, the Canadian Provinces, the States of Australia. These groups whose members make up respectively the American, Canadian, and Australian nations, ought to be regarded rather as administrative areas, the assembling whereof in federal unions no more furnishes a precedent for Pan-Britannic federation than is supplied by diocesan or parochial amalgamations, or by the consolidation (which at the longest continued for no more than 120 years) of the twelve tribes of Israel under Saul, David, and Solomon.

It may be objected that such an Act of the Imperial Parliament as above has been suggested would be offensive to the New Britains, and that an awkward situation might be created, if they refused severance from the Mother Country. What would hap-

pen, then, if they were declared to be so many kingdoms, each of sovereignty and self-sufficiency equal to that of Great Britain, equal and independent allies of Great Britain, acknowledging the same person as sovereign lord, but in every other respect uncontrolled and unrestrained? It was the desire of Sir John Macdonald that the federated Provinces of British North America should be denoted by the title of "The Kingdom of Canada." Sir John very probably sought to

make of all British North America one vast Nova Scotia, and to gain a gigantic compensation for the Union of 1707. Would Canada refuse the status of an equipollent kingdom? Would Australia, would South Africa, would New Zealand? It is improbable. But this (as we have seen already) would be no more than a temporary arrangement. The certain issue and end is the emergence of these Dominions as absolutely separate nation-states.\*

\*The assumption (which is not groundless) of the schismatic or centrifugal tendencies of the New Britains may be supposed to be completely refuted by the recent action of Australia and New Zealand in regard to Imperial (Pan-Britannic) Defence, and the proposal recently before the Canadian Parliament to expend \$35,000,000 on the construction of battleships. But nothing has been undertaken, still less has anything been done, that could be pointed to as the beginning of the formation of a Pan-Britannic Naval Service comparable, in respect of ways and means used for its organisation and maintenance, with that of the United States, Australia and New Zealand propose to take part in "Imperial" Defence as allies of Great Britain, not as contributors to the maintenance of a navy directed from Whitehall. What does Canada intend to do? The contribution proposed by Mr. Borden is very far from having attained the grace of unanimous approval in the Dominion. Note the implications of Mr. Bourassa's address to the Empire Club of Toronto on March 6, and Mr. E. C. Drury's letter in *The Globe* of March 8th, 1913.



# LIVING WITH GOD'S AFFLICTED

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

**B**EFORE the nineteenth century the public treatment of the mentally afflicted was in the majority of cases cruel and inhuman. Violent persons were closely confined and manacled, and only those suffering from mental deficiency were allowed to go uncared for, persecuted by many and by some regarded with superstitious awe as being touched of the Almighty. Hence the origin of the term "God's Afflicted." This refers to Europe. In the Orient, on the other hand, what is now our modern treatment seems to have had a much earlier origin, there being in Japan traces of certain forms of community treatment which were practised for many centuries. The year 1790 is given as the date when a certain Parisian doctor, pioneer among European alienists, first removed the manacles from a confined lunatic. The utmost provision in those days was for detention, and well might Dante's line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," have been inscribed over the door of the mad house, as it was aptly termed. This period in the history of the treatment of insanity has given to the world much of its inheritance of the horror which seemingly clings so persistently to it.

During the nineteenth century the mad house gave place to the lunatic asylum, and a sense of responsibility was developed in the public mind. In recent years there has come such a dawn of knowledge regarding the treatment of mental derangement that over the portals of every hospital for

the insane might fairly be emblazoned in letters of gold the magic words, "High Hopes for All."

From persecution to detention, from detention to intelligent care, and now positive curative treatment, such is the history of modern progress in institutions for the insane.

While in recent conversation with an asylum medical superintendent, we sat looking out of his office window across a stretch of green sward and over a wall into the street. One could see the busy city throng hurrying by and dimly hear the clang of trolley car gongs.

"Between our work and out there," said the doctor, nodding toward the street, "there is a tremendous gulf fixed."

"Why?" inquired the writer.

"That would make a long story," he replied, with a smile, "but the people who do know us in here, and have experienced the results of our work, are the most anxious never to know us out there in the street. The people who have no occasion to come in touch with the work, imagine a great deal, but never seem to have any desire to investigate."

The morbid interest of the merely curious was, of course, not to be desired, continued the doctor, but intelligent appreciation of what was being accomplished in a curative way would, he had no doubt, alter materially the fixed opinion of asylums possessed by the great majority of the public.

In the average hospital for the in-

sane, taking those under the control of the Ontario Government, for example, there are three or four medical officers, a staff of nurses and male attendants, and a certain number of persons whose duty it is to provide for the temporal and physical needs of the inmates. Every employee of the institution contributes his or her share to the well-being of seven or eight hundred patients, but it may be easily understood that the principal burden, in a curative sense, falls heavily on the shoulders of the medical staff.

Every case must receive individual study and attention, there can be no such thing as generalised treatment, outside the plan of provision for physical needs and the code of kindly discipline that forms such an important feature of the work. Beyond these uniform means the doctor must go alone into the battle, his ability to overcome difficulties beyond this point depending on his knowledge and control of each individual case.

Truly the labour of living with "God's afflicted," if good might be accomplished, is no easy task.

In order to make this modern idea of treatment effective, the Ontario Government has had to constantly alter and enlarge upon its methods and plans in reference to this important public responsibility. Within the past few weeks the outline of prospective advancement to be made in the new Hospital for the Insane at Whitby has been made public. It reveals to a striking extent the progress being made in the work.

The property at Whitby comprises in all about 640 acres. The arrangement of buildings outlined on the plan may best be described as a hospital village, where the features that suggest detention will be eliminated so far as that is practicable. The main grouping of buildings is placed on a wide gentle slope, having the advantage of a southeastern exposure. From this site are extensive open views across Lake Ontario to the

south, and Whitby harbour to the east. The town of Whitby lies to the north, and to the west is a prosperous farming country. Great natural beauty, existing trees, orchards and roads, convenient railway and water facilities, all emphasize the suitability of the property for hospital purposes. Gardens will be laid out around the cottages, providing healthful out-of-door employment for patients, with desirable mental occupation.

The buildings will be grouped into three centres, the hospital centre, and male and female cottage centres. There will be extensive admission and observation hospitals, convalescent and private cottages, and two buildings where acute cases may be segregated. In all of these buildings the patients will be considered as mentally sick with every possibility for cure that any hospital might offer.

The cottage centres will accommodate all patients who do not require or who have ceased to require, for the time at least, special medical treatment, the more easily managed patients, those who are able to work, and all who would benefit by the suggestion of normal home life. This grouping affords better facilities for making the daily life of a majority of the inmates more like that of a sane community.

As yet the work on this greater institution is only in prospect. Some of the foundation work has been done and the construction of buildings will go on rapidly during the summer. Of Ontario institutions at present in existence, the most modern are situated at Brockville and Mimico. The advantage of the beauties of nature to those requiring mental rest are more fully exemplified in these institutions than in any others in the Province. Amidst their surroundings in these institutions many find mental peace and relaxation who would never recover in the close confines of modern civic centres.

So far has the asylum for insane progressed along hospital lines that

the average of temporary or complete relief is over seventy-five per cent. of the number who obtain admission. The doors of the institution close permanently on only one in four. Thus it is that many patients who have received temporary benefit and have been restored to their friends, do not hesitate to return to the asylum of their own accord on a recurrence of the malady, well knowing that there can be no better or more pleasant place for them and that the doctor's desire will be, not to detain them, but to adopt every means to send them forth at the earliest possible moment, once more able to face the worries and cares of life with equanimity.

Epictetus says that when Thales was asked what is most universal, he answered, "Hope," for hope stays with those who have nothing else.

The universality of hope has been greatly broadened by the asylum physician, and one may well inquire what method has accomplished this remarkable change.

Beginning at the beginning, so to speak, the first question was, "What happens when a person is committed to a hospital for the insane?"

"What happens to you when you are sick, and call in a doctor?" counter-questioned the asylum superintendent.

"He usually puts me to bed, much against my will," I replied with rueful recollection.

"The same here," was the laconic answer.

All new patients were considered as in an acute condition of illness, continued the doctor, and there was an invariable close relationship between physical and mental trouble. The commitment of a person to an asylum merely served to bring their malady under convenient expert observation. The real ground work for a curative action lay in the principle that there was no definite line to be drawn between sanity and insanity, and that, like temperature, it was largely a question of degrees.

A majority of the so-called insane might, under casual examination, appear mentally normal on every subject but perhaps one. In reality this notable lapse was visible indication of very complete physical and mental break down.

Taking a physical comparison, one was asked to consider for a moment the nerve absorbing functions of an ordinary toothache. Remove or quiet the offending molar, and *presto*, the whole world looked different. Thus a definite hallucination might indicate as many contributory causes as a definite pain, but the quieting influence of a different mental outlook along with physical improvement, might cure many acute cases of so-called insanity. It was by considering all of us as possible patients, even as the dentist might, that the asylum doctor arrived at a point where he could bid those committed to his care some prospect of cure. Thus the alienist looked forward to the dawn of the day when the public would learn that mental illness at the outset should be treated in the same manner as the physical illness.

It may be said here in passing that present methods of commitment are somewhat out of date and open to much improvement. It should not be necessary to brand a person as "lunatic" or formally "certified insane," in order that he may reap the benefits of the treatment and care by those who have been trained in the methods of curative science that may probably send the patient, after a short period, back into the world again. The stigma of insanity that should never exist bears hardest on the person who has had the good fortune to recover.

Patients are placed in the "admission hospital" department of the institution on entering and here the closest attention is given by the medical staff. From three months to two years of regular hospital treatment works wonders in the majority of cases.

"When they come to us," said the doctor, they are usually under weight, with nerves all gone, physically out of order, and suffering from stomach and bowel trouble. That's why everybody goes to bed."

"Are many of your patients violent?" inquired the writer.

"Some of them are," was the reply, "but violence is due to over absorption of toxins or, in other words, toxic poisoning, and the physical cleansing and rest cure proves, in many instances, to be the principal needs.

Then one was told of individual cases by way of illustration. "The big six-footer of a man, a giant in health, but a danger to himself in the condition to which he had fallen." A year or two back this man had come to Canada with a little money and brave hopes. The expected easily-made fortune did not arrive; and, proud but daily poorer, he starved and worried and ran down physically until the day when all the world seemed to have turned away from him, and he began to harbour queer fancies and unhealthy delusions. Then it was a short cut to the asylum door. The man was not insane. He was sick, and although in this case, as in many others, the patient's confidence in himself had to be restored, the rebuilding of the physical man was equally necessary.

Then there was the case of the delicate little woman, wife of a labourer, with a family of seven children, the last one only two months old. Her history, through many years, had been one of hard work, constant child-bearing, insufficient nourishment, and no one to understand. She came to the asylum in a speechless condition of utter weakness and mental inertia. Her husband explained that he thought something was queer when she got out of bed at night to white-wash the wood-shed.

"Just a case of utterly worn-out muscles and nerves," said the doctor, "but the neighbours will say she has gone crazy."

Back in the country on a farm, nine miles from the nearest railway station, there lived a woman, thirty years of age, who kept house for her two brothers. She had been born and brought up on that farm, and the only variation in the daily monotony of life was the trip to church on Sunday, three miles around the concession square. One day she attempted to cut her throat, and was brought to the asylum by two very much worried brothers, who had no idea where they would get another housekeeper. On her way to the asylum she had her first ride on a railway train.

All of which brings one to what seems to be the great need in Ontario, in the treatment of the mentally sick. Over in Glasgow, that great city of municipal well-being, they have a special officer to investigate cases of mental derangement. A report is made by relatives, or the family physician, and the patient examined by the special officer, who as a matter of course is an expert alienist. If the symptoms are unquestionable, as in cases of violent insanity, protracted dementia, or positive idiocy, the patient is at once declared insane and permanently placed in suitable quarters. If there is hope of cure, and statistics show that there is, in a majority of cases, the patient is sent to an observation admission hospital, a separate institution from the regular asylum. No odium of madness attaches to this hospital and the inmates are considered as sick people, with every hope of cure.

So far the Ontario Government has not seen fit to appoint any special officer, but it may be stated that the plan for a separate admission hospital for curable cases is already under way and suitable temporary quarters in Toronto are being sought for at the present time.

As a sample of the injustice wrought by indiscriminate commitment for insanity, the superintendent cited cases of many young women in domestic service who had suffered

from hysterical nervous collapse. After a few months of treatment they were fully able to return to their regular employment, but it was practically impossible to get them positions. One mention of the word asylum was sufficient to close every avenue of egress to useful service. For such as these the separate hospital institution would prove a priceless boon.

Meanwhile the general hospitalisation of existing institutions is increasing the work of the medical staffs, both as regards executive detail and added responsibility. The one time all powerful keeper is giving place to the trained nurse, and the three-years probation course in a hospital for the insane is even more thorough and exacting than that of many general hospitals. The chart system is more intricate and calls for closer study of the patient on the part of both doctor and nurse. Not alone in the admission hospital but in every part of the institution, the endeavour is being made to give the patient the benefit of constant trained observation and care.

The element of hope is not entirely eliminated when the patient passes from the admission hospital into permanent asylum residence, and although permanent patients are at present somewhat loosely classified, there is much good to be accomplished through careful nursing and scientific dietetics. Thus the added importance of the work of the nursing staff.

By loose classification one does not wish to imply any neglect. The means of accommodation in the average asylum necessitate the placing together of many patients who might be better for closer classification. The medical superintendents number this among their present difficulties hoping for improvement as the needs of the work become better understood.

Mental derangement may be divided into about seven distinctive classes. This does not include idioey and imbecility, which are congenital conditions, quite hopeless, and confined in

separate institutions. It also leaves out the sufferer from paresis, a final form of incurable blood disease.

First, there are the seniles, those who by reason of old age or weakness, have passed into second childhood. These people are harmless but invariably become a permanent charge on the Government, although in many cases they might better be cared for in their own homes. The extensive cottage system in rural surroundings tends to bring about as much of a home influence as possible in a Government institution.

Second, there is the epileptic class, patients subject to convulsions and fits. There is only a small hope for cure in such cases, but much need for expert medical attention. This condition, even when partly cured, leaves an inheritance of mental weakness.

The cases due to error in evolution form a third class. These patients usually reach the asylum after a breakdown of the nervous system, resulting collapse or some overt act. Their malady is termed adolescent insanity, and in this class there is a large percentage who derive permanent benefit from hospital treatment. The case of Harry K. Thaw may be given as a widely-known example of this form of insanity. One of the most numerous classes of patients come under a fourth heading, the toxic class. By reason of physical run-down and exhaustion there is a corresponding weakened mentality. The average of cure in this class is very large. Somewhat similar to these are the alcoholics, men or women addicted to the excessive use of liquor or drugs. This is a partly responsible condition, and in the main curable.

The sixth class are those in what is termed a condition of exaggerated mentality, either profound exaltation or depression. These unfortunates live in a world of their own making, a creation of dreams and visions or else profound melancholy. When it is said that great genius is akin to

madness it is to this class of the insane that the latter portion of the remark would apply.

Lastly, there are the neurasthenic and hysterical patients, a class better known to the general public for the simple reason that they have already been removed, to a great extent, from the mentally deranged, and their malady is the subject of daily treatment by the general practitioner.

Thus it will be seen that in the majority of cases that find their way to the hospitals for the insane there is some initial hope for betterment.

The permanent resident patients should be divided into three separate institutions for their own good. The smallest number are those who may be termed restless and at periods disturbed, a class given to freakish impulse. For instance, the man who stood in the superintendent's office one day, quiet and apparently sane. In the most deliberate fashion he walked to an over mantel, picked up a marble clock, and threw it out of the open window. Such people, for the safety of themselves and others, must be kept separate. A highly specialised hospital is required for the feeble, decrepit and physically incurable class. For these the work is entirely of a hospital nature. The third class, and in every way the most numerous permanent patients, are those whose chief need is care. They may have come from the admission hospital partly cured, much better in every way than when they entered, but a condition of irresponsibility remains, and lacking means or friends to care for them, their only home is in the asylum. They usually have good health, enjoy a good deal of privilege and freedom, and are frequently paroled. When one meets a dozen or more asylum patients enjoying the sights at the Industrial Exhibition or reads of concerts and dances at the institution, it is from among these that the participating patients are chosen. By constant addition this class grows larger from year to year.

Speaking of social events reminds one of a good joke at the expense of a certain young doctor. It also shows how little common sense some people have, who enjoy the liberty of alleged sanity.

A dance and card party was in progress at the asylum, and the young doctor, seated at a table, was playing euchre with three patients. A loud-voiced pompous woman, whose social position had brought her an invitation to the event, was marching about surveying the happy gathering through her lorgnette in much the same manner one might look over the animals at a circus.

"That young man over there," she exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at the doctor, "doesn't look a bit crazy."

It is to be hoped the lesson was not lost upon her when it was explained that the gentleman in question was one of the medical staff.

Difficulties that would soon place the most of us on a mental level with the patients, perplexities that arise in any hour of the twenty-four, and need for constant diplomacy and vigilance. Such is the "All in a day's work" to the asylum doctor or nurse. The results of a month's careful treatment may be entirely discounted in an hour by a well-meaning but inconsiderate relative of the patient. The most impossible stories may be told to outsiders by inmates, and sometimes it is hard for the superintendent to convince the relatives that not even a colour of truth exists in the yarn. Many patients are ready letter writers, a harmless pastime for them so long as the letters get no further than the official censor. One night a well-known lady vocalist sang at an asylum concert. A few days later she received a formal offer of marriage and the sharing of a vast fortune. This was a case where a patient's letter "got by" the superintendent's desk by mistake.

Above all things the doctor must know no weariness or impatience in



dealing with his numerous charges. Harmless whims must be gratified, and it is no small mental task to keep track of the little things that will please seven hundred people. For instance he comes to his office desk in the morning and finds a most elaborately dressed doll with a paper attached. Opening the paper he finds the name of the doll as follows:—“Hazel, Margareta, Ellen, Fanny, Maud, Helena, Annie, May, Agnes, and the doctor’s name added. A poor old harmless woman has spent some weeks preparing this surprise for the doctor who is so kind to her.

With a hundred important duties ahead of him he must hunt up the old lady at once and thank her. It is not a part of his duty, but he will do it and a dozen other equally preposterous things from the outsider’s viewpoint, all to make it a little brighter for those who sit in darkness.

Darkness, indeed, for surely there can be no such evil befall one as the going out of mental light. It might readily be thought that nothing but sadness and the shadow of great tragedy could abide in such a place, and yet there is the genuine, brighter side to the work, and the doctor and nurse have their reward. One lowering stormy night in early fall a girl was brought in on a stretcher, too weak to stand. She had suffered from continual hysterics for three weeks, crying night and day and eating nothing, until the cry had become a ceaseless moan of despair, and the form had shrunk to terrible emaciation.

Forceful feeding had to be resorted to for a time until a certain measure of strength had returned to the system. Then came the uphill task, two-thirds of which was psychic, the task of making a weak woman who had lost all confidence, believe in herself and the rest of humanity. Six months later a plump, rosy-cheeked girl, with the glorious light of health and sanity in her countenance, came to bid the doctor good-bye and get her discharge

fully cured. As she stood with tears of gratitude coursing down her cheeks, trying to express her feelings, could one say there was no reward in the work?

Here is an extract from a letter written by an old mother in Scotland, whose grown-up son is one of “God’s Afflicted,” and under treatment in Canada. It is addressed to the asylum doctor:

“Dear Sir:

“My son has often spoken in his letters to me of your great kindness and goodness to him, a stranger in a strange land and afflicted. I know what his feelings to you are, and I feel that I would like, as his mother, to convey to you my heartfelt thanks for all your kindness to him in making his life a happier one than it would have been otherwise. I am sure that he will never forget what you have done for him.”

Bright flashes of humour on the part of patients are of occasional occurrence. An alcoholic was placed in a hot bath over night for the good of his nerves, in charge of an attendant, a very beneficial form of treatment, by the way.

Next morning the doctor visited him.

“How are you feeling now?” was the question.

“Fine,” replied the patient, “as fit as a fiddle; but say, Doc,” he continued seriously, “I’m going to write K. C.B. after my name from now on.”

“K.C.B.,” replied the doctor.

“Yes, Knight Commander of the Bath, don’t you know.”

Another unfortunate suffered from the rather common delusion that he was the devil. He also conceived a violent dislike for one of the male nurses, whose name we will say is Jones.

“How is it you do not like Jones,” inquired the superintendent.

“Did I never explain that to you, doctor?” replied the patient. “You see, Jones and I were at one time in partnership, ran hell together in fact, but honest, Doc, I found he was roasting the boys altogether too hard, and I had to let him go.”

On the other hand, it is no uncommon thing for nurses and patients to become very much attached to one another. One hears of under-paid attendants, but never a word of the men and women who are in the work year after year, for little pay it is true, but more for a genuine regard for it. They look after their charges with a care that is above and beyond the realm of irksome duty, and for the very love of it, would not obtain any other employment. This idea is carried out between certain patients, one being placed in ostensible charge of another. The sense of responsibility developed is often of great benefit.

Frequently the question is asked, "Is insanity on the increase?" The writer made it a final query.

"Nobody really knows," replied the doctor, who may be cited as an authority, "there are at present more cases of insanity in Canada than formerly, because a great many failures in other countries are being sent here. They get past the immigration officers, and hope in some way that the new country and change of environment will benefit them. It seldom proves the case.

"Then again," continued the doctor, "mental weakness is more quickly recognised by charity organisations and those in charge of other public institutions. The half crazy tramp was once a common sight throughout the country. Certain tragic events in which this class figured have caused increasing vigilance on the part of police officers. Under arrest for vagrancy, the former free rover is sent to us to be cared for. There is not so much increase in insanity, as there is a wider recognition of those who should not be at large.

Thus has developed the work of caring for "God's Afflicted," and to this the lives of many able men and women are conscientiously devoted. For an instant let us turn back the page of time and get some idea of the prevailing impression of insanity

from various authors. In Gray's Prospect of Eton College this phrase occurs: "And moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." Another old writer speaks of the insane as "Rending the air with mad cries."

In Asmodius, written three hundred years ago, the madmen are described at midnight as "tearing their throats with shouts and shrill cries."

In comparison the writer walked through the wards of an Ontario hospital for the insane one night, at the witching hour, so called, when the clocks were striking twelve. Surely a dark hour and place when one might find horrible imaginings at work. A number of the patients snored, dreadful thought. The majority of them under their neat white coverlets slept peacefully as anyone might wish. A few were in uneasy dreams, possibly too much lobster salad. One man sprang from his bed at our approach, but he was a new patient, not yet fairly under the influence of the place. It was only the work of a moment to kindly reassure him. All was peace and quietness, as they say out in the country. It was hard to realise that we were in the midst of hundreds of human beings, who were considered a menace to society. One poor soul had quietly passed to the Great Beyond that night, and the undertaker was at work in the morgue. Another old man was battling for life more feebly as the hours went by. But out in the great city many were dying, and some had crossed the Dark River.

Passing from the building a few moments later, one trod the moonlit pathway to the street, and as the outer gate was gained, a wierd and uncanny howl smote the stillness of the night. Sorry, kind reader, if you have had patience with me thus far, even in conclusion, I cannot give you one real thrill of horror.

That howl came from the black cat belonging to the groceryman who resides on the opposite corner.



THE FAIR-HEADED CHILD

From the Painting by Fragonard, in the Wallace Collection

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

II.—THE OBJECT OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

**M**AN is a thinking animal, and as he thinks he judges. In spite of himself, he must take notice of what appeals to his senses and form some opinion respecting it. His mind compels him to pass judgment on the people he meets, the places he visits, and the objects he sees. He judges or criticises, therefore, because he thinks. Criticism of some sort is thus as natural as thinking, and so long as man thinks he will judge. That is to say, he will form opinions, whether he expresses them or not.

The primary motive of criticism is an interest in things. All investigation springs directly or indirectly from that cause. As the Bible was an object of special interest, Biblical criticism was inevitable. Like each of the so-called physical sciences, this science had to begin; and, as intimated in the previous paper, it did begin on a small scale in pre-Christian times. If any one had power to stop it now, and that could be done only by destroying or concealing the Scriptures, it would begin again, because man has to use his intellect.

An interest in the Bible beget a desire to know what was in it and to learn how it arose. But men could find out fully what was in it and how it arose only by dissecting its books and analysing their contents. Biblical criticism, therefore, was not simply

inevitable, but needful. It was necessary to an adequate understanding of the Scriptures. Hence the object of criticism is to understand the Bible and to get it understood. Men may have other objects in studying it, but that is the true object of a critic, and the supreme object of a true critic. Thus criticism is only a means to an end.

People have always had a desire to understand the Bible, so far as they have had an opportunity to study it, but the privilege of studying it was long confined to a favoured few. For a long time, too, the Church insisted on interpreting the Scriptures for her members, and permitted no one to interpret them differently. She did even more than that. She not only forbade all opposition to her teaching, but also threatened those who opposed it either with excommunication or with imprisonment and death. Such a policy, however, could not keep thoughtful men from thinking, nor studious men from studying and proclaiming their conclusions; and, in process of time, independent thought and study produced the Reformation.

The Reformers claimed the right of private judgment in religious matters, and by implication in all other matters; so that, in a practical sense, that is the fundamental principle of Protestantism. Hence they both exer-

cised that right themselves and taught their followers to exercise it. The result of their counsel, no less than their example, was a great intellectual revival. Men began then to put things to a searching test in order to ascertain their true nature; and, since that period, the spirit of inquiry has been at work in all departments of knowledge, modifying old views and exploding old theories, till now there is nothing taken for granted, but everything is made to reveal its character by being brought to the touchstone of truth.

Having been a critical movement, the Reformation encouraged not merely the free study, but the free interpretation, of the Scriptures, and by so doing gave an added impulse to an ancient practice. It quickened the general interest in them and strengthened the general desire to understand them. Owing to the intellectual freedom this movement secured and the scientific method it adopted, the Bible came soon to be studied, as it had not previously been studied, in a systematic way. Thus modern Biblical criticism, or the systematic study of the Scriptures for the purpose of understanding them, was the immediate outcome of the spirit of free inquiry which commenced with the Reformation and continues to this day.

The first awakening in this direction had reference chiefly to the canon of Scripture; the second awakening was mainly devoted to the texts and versions of Scriptures; the third awakening paid special attention to Scripture as literature. Each of these awakenings may be regarded as a critical revival, and this three-fold investigation of Scripture led to the gradual evolution of Biblical criticism into a science. Ere long, as a natural consequence, this science revolutionised men's views of the origin and structure of the Bible. The Reformers rejected many traditional beliefs about it, and expressed themselves with the utmost frankness with respect to many parts of it.

For instance, they eliminated the so-called Apocryphal books from the Old Testament, because they thought them spiritually inferior to the other books; and Luther thought that the Book of Esther might well be removed from the canon, and the First Book of Maccabees inserted in its place. Luther taught, too, that the Book of Ecclesiastes was not written by Solomon, nor the Book of Revelation by John; and he held that it made no serious matter if Moses should not have written the Pentateuch. Moreover, he regarded the Epistle of Jude as an extract from the Second Epistle of Peter, and considered the Epistle to the Hebrews to have been composed by a disciple of Paul. Calvin also, expressed himself almost as freely as Luther. He denied the Pauline authorship of Hebrews and doubted the Petrine authorship of Second Peter, and he opposed the belief then current that David was the author or editor of the entire Book of Psalms.

The untrammelled study of the Scriptures helped men to find things in them they had not before noticed and to learn things about them they had not before known. It revealed peculiarities, too, that had not been previously observed, or, if they had, had not been fully appreciated. Some of these peculiarities have become specially manifest with the evolution of scientific thought, and are now so apparent that uncritical readers remark them, and are perplexed by them. Let me give some examples.

The free study of the Bible discloses difficulties, such as the statement in Genesis 36:31, that certain kings reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel, a passage thought once to be of Mosaic origin, but seen now to have originated from some one who lived when the Israelites had a king; and such as the account in the last chapter of Deuteronomy of the death and burial of Moses, which of itself demonstrates that he could not

have been, as was at one time popularly supposed, the author of the whole book.

The free study of the Bible discloses divergencies, such as the sober statement in Second Samuel 24:24, that David paid Araunah fifty shekels of silver, and the exaggerated statement in First Chronicles 21:25, where he is said to have paid six hundred shekels of gold; such as the earlier and more primitive account in Second Samuel 24:1, that God moved David to number Israel and Judah, and the later and developed account in First Chronicles 21:1, where it is stated that Satan provoked him to number Israel, and such as the two genealogies of Joseph given in Matthew and Luke, which agree only in the portion from Abraham to David.

The free study of the Bible discloses impossibilities, such as the anthropomorphic representation in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis of Jehovah appearing to Abraham as a man, and being entertained by him as a guest; such as the fabulous account in Numbers 22:28-30, of a dumb animal talking to Balaam in human language, and such as the poetic account in Joshua 10:13, of the sun standing still for almost a whole day.

There are other peculiarities which the free study of the Bible discloses, namely, references to institutions which conflict with the historical situation of the person who is supposed to describe them, and allusions to events which imply a later date for certain writings than that which is commonly assumed for them. An example of the former kind occurs in the twelfth and fourteenth chapters of Deuteronomy, which refer to a central sanctuary, an institution that did not exist at the time of Moses, who, therefore, cannot be the author of those passages. An example of the latter kind occurs in chapters forty to fifty-five of Isaiah, which deal with the captivity of the Israelites in Babylon, an event that did not take place till long after the son of Amoz

had died, and so those chapters cannot possibly have been written by him.

All these disclosures stimulated men to pry into the Scriptures, and increased the necessity for the scientific study, or the Higher criticism, of them, for the Higher criticism is only a scientific study of their literary facts. The sole inquiry with which it is concerned is, What are the facts and what is their significance? It aims to find out what is in the Bible, or rather what the Bible is, by the application of sound principles in accordance with the laws of literary evidence; and certainly no other kind of studious inquiry is more legitimate. Hence the questions of the Higher criticism are questions not of authority, but of testimony; and by testimony, direct and indirect, they will be settled, so far as they admit of settlement. I say so far as they admit of settlement, because some of them are of such a nature that they cannot be absolutely settled. We have not, and may never have, sufficient evidence to settle them.

Active inquiry tends quite frequently to divergent opinions, and for a long time the free study of the Bible tended to produce disagreement. In the circumstances freedom of thought would naturally lead to divergence of view. Owing to the constitution of the human mind, it could not have been otherwise. But, though that was very much the case formerly, it is not so much the case to-day, and it is becoming less and less the case each year. The reason for the change is obvious. At first the Bible was not studied scientifically, and for a good while arbitrary and conflicting methods were employed in studying it. Now, however, all competent investigators adopt the same method and apply the same principles, and, as a consequence, reach substantially the same conclusions.

It may seem unfortunate that critics should have varied in their views as much as they have, because their disagreements have been used to

prejudice people against criticism, but critics have not disagreed so much as theologians have. That fact should be carefully noted and constantly borne in mind. We should also bear in mind that many of the problems of criticism do not admit of demonstration, and for that reason have been variously solved. Hence there was some excuse for considerable disagreement in regard to them. We should remember, too, that Biblical critics, like physical scientists, have always differed in their attitude towards the Supernatural or Divine. From the commencement of modern criticism there have been different schools of thought, and critics have ranged all the way from the most sceptical to the most evangelical of men.

As it has been, so it is still. There are critics who do not believe in Divine revelation, and there are critics who believe that God is constantly disclosing himself to the minds of devout men, and that all pure religious ideas have been prompted by his Spirit. There are critics who ignore the Divine element in Scripture, and there are critics who recognise its presence in every moral truth and every spiritual principle. There are also men engaged in Biblical study whose judgments are biassed, and whose conclusions are vitiated on that account. Most of the extreme criticism that is published is by men of the latter class. But, while there are sceptical critics, as there are sceptical scientists, criticism, like science, is just as evangelical as the man who represents it is. If the man is Christian, his results are Christian, whether they are correct or not, for the reason that his object is to help the cause of Christian truth.

We should always distinguish, therefore, between criticism that is reverent and sober and criticism that is irreverent and extreme. The opponents of critical study have generally failed to make that distinction. Most of them have not simply assumed that there is only one class of

Biblical critics, but have insinuated that there is no middle ground between the traditional view of religious truth and the rationalistic view. Failing to discriminate as they should, they have either repudiated and ridiculed, when they should have sympathised and encouraged, or have antagonised and denounced, when they should have approved and endorsed. In one or other of these ways they have created prejudice when there was no ground for prejudice, and have caused alarm when there was no reason for alarm. By so doing they have both misled their followers and worked mischief in the Church, for nothing can be more misleading than ignorant prejudice, nor can anything be more mischievous than indiscriminate denunciation.

There is no incompatibility between scholarship and Scripture, yet people have been led to believe there is something incompatible between them, as they were once led to believe there was something incompatible between science and religion. The critical spirit and the religious spirit are not merely compatible the one with the other, but complementary the one to the other, and they are always united in the Christian critic. Nor does scholarship contradict Scripture, as so many seem to think, though it shows that Scripture contradicts itself occasionally in unimportant matters. In unimportant matters, be it observed, because in all important matters Christian scholars recognise a spiritual unity running through the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. There are some differences among Biblical critics, as there are among physical scientists, but scholarship does not conflict with revelation any more than science conflicts with religion. The Higher criticism deals exclusively with literary facts, so that its problems are purely literary problems.

Being of a strictly literary character, they require for their solution a strictly literary training. Hence a



sceptical critic may be as competent to deal with them as a Christian critic is. In this respect, criticism is wholly unlike exegesis. To be a Biblical exegete one should have a religious experience, a deep religious experience, for many of the truths of Scripture are spiritually discerned; but to be a literary critic one has no more need of religion than one has to be a historical or a political critic, because literary criticism has nothing to do with religious doctrine. Let me repeat what I have said. Literary criticism has nothing to do with religious doctrine. If a man discusses inspiration, or revelation, or a religious tenet of any kind, he discusses it, not because it is a part of Biblical criticism, but because he has a personal interest in the subject. We have no greater reason, therefore, to reject the sober conclusions of a sceptical critic of Scripture than we have to reject the sober conclusions of a sceptical critic in any other branch of criticism, so long as he confines himself to purely literary questions. Let no one overlook that fact.

Critics are not enemies of Scripture any more than scientists are enemies of Nature. Whether evangelical or unevangelical, a critic, like a scientist, endeavours only to understand the subject he investigates. We may regret his attitude towards the Supernatural, and repudiate his view of the verities, but we should remember that he can do nothing permanently against the truth. Even if his judgment is biased and his conclusions are extreme, aberration is better than stagnation; and, in spite of aberrations, free inquiry has been helpful to the cause of truth. Neither science nor criticism is antagonistic to Christianity, though certain scientists and certain critics may be; and, as science has proved itself to be the friend of religion, so criticism will prove itself to be the same, for reverent criticism is one of God's ways of getting the Bible understood.

Criticism is sometimes represented

as being destructive, but the representation is unfair. When examining the structure of a book we must dissect and analyse, of course, but that is not in any sense a destructive process. Criticism destroys nothing but error, and removes nothing but misconception. That is all it has done, and all it is capable of doing. That is all, indeed, it has ever tried to do. Yet men are often called destructive, when they are simply seeking to correct mistaken notions about the Bible, and are only endeavouring to evince its literary characteristics. In itself, criticism is neither destructive nor constructive, but discriminative. It tends, however, to become constructive by unifying opinions and leading to definite results. The true tendency of criticism, as of every other science, is to produce agreement. Extreme conclusions are being modified and reckless critics are becoming fewer all the time, I am glad to be able to affirm; and, when all investigators become diligent and candid, divergency will practically disappear.

The object of an honest critic is not to injure the Bible, but to investigate it; not to discredit any part of it, but to get each part of it appreciated. In other words, he aims to make each portion of Scripture reveal its real character—its real literary character, I mean; and neither injury nor detriment can come from such an aim as that. While some of the results of criticism are contrary to traditional views, and on that account are calculated to make students of Scripture think, all of its results are literary, and none of them contravene religious truth. Nor does the critical study of the Bible lessen its religious value, because the religious value of a book does not depend on either its date, its authorship, or its literary structure, but on the spiritual character of its contents.

Hence its usefulness is not impaired by our ignorance of its origin. No matter when, or where, or by whom a book was written, the importance of

its teaching is that which makes it valuable. We need not know who wrote it to derive profit from it. We do not know, for instance, who was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, though the Revisers have unwarrantably ascribed it to Paul; but its value is not lessened by our not knowing who he was, and it would not be enhanced if someone could inform us. Authorship is not authority in religion, nor does authorship

impose authority on a religious writing. A great name may help to give it additional weight, but not additional worth. The truth a book contains is that which gives it spiritual authority, for truth, and truth only, is spiritually authoritative. In matters of opinion authorship counts, but in matters of experience it does not. In all such matters truth is its own authority, when we apprehend and appreciate it.

---

“The Method of Criticism” is the title of Dr. Workman’s paper for the August Number.

---

## TO A YOUNG GIRL

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Do not forget,  
When you are old,  
Margaret,  
And I am— cold,  
That long ago I was your loyal lover.

Two, when we met,  
Were you,—no more,  
Margaret,  
And I— two-score;  
Far in the past, those sunlit days are over,—

Those days God let  
Shine pure and bright,  
Margaret,  
When man and mite  
Merrily played amid the summer clover.

My sun has set  
That yours might rise,  
Margaret;  
Now all men’s eyes  
Rejoice your radiant beauty to discover.

And yet, and yet  
My soul says slowly:  
“Margaret  
Will not forget!  
Her child-heart holy  
Once and for aye enshrined you as her lover.”

# THE SPELL

BY ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

MULVANEY'S home, down in the lonely glen, had been taken.

The country-people round wondered how any family could have so far forgotten the laws of comfort to bury themselves away from human habitation, because a great wood separated the house on one side from the outer world, and a river on the other.

Wild bracken, tall untrimmed trees, and rude struggling brushwood screened the half-ruined cottage from observation; so it was not to be wondered that Mulvaney's "bit o' ground" had remained untenanted for many a year; and when Mulvaney the younger (since the elder Mulvaney, who built the house and reared his family there, had long ago refused to take any interest in his affairs, being at all times a wee bit daft) received an offer from a certain firm of solicitors to purchase the house he was very much surprised, indeed he was almost disconcerted.

Tim, of course, was the first person to hear the news. As long as he carried the mail-bag, he had never been known to deliver a letter without gaining at least a hap'worth of gossip.

Tim lit his pipe and peered over Mulvaney's shoulder as he read the epistle, and when they had both finished perusing its contents, Tim said: "Your Fathar wasn't th' only fool in th' worrld, after all, Jock."

Mulvaney afterwards remarked that he was too surprised to take notice of him reading his letter. In-

stead he turned it over and looked at the back, and then read the envelope again.

"Strange any wan wantin' to live in th' Glen," he said. "I don't much like th' thought o' it. It's verry lonesome there now since th' old farm house at Donnerail has broke up. There's not a man, woman, or child livin' near. I can remember even now th' strange low cry of th' wind as it used to whistle through th' glyen, for all th' worrld like th' cry of a banshee. Who evir would have thought that any man would be for livin' there, to say nothin' of the thirty pound."

"Thirty pound!" said Mrs. Jock, as told by Tim afterwards. "Is me sinses right or are ye foolin' me? Thirty pound, holy mother! For thot bit o' deserted house. It's a gude day, Jock, I'll be thinkin' thot your fathar built it."

And Tim said it would make your heart leap th' way she smiled.

Tim told the story everywhere, not always being credited with belief, it only being after tenders for the renovation of the cottage were received that the statement was believed.

Then everyone heard with surprise that a single individual and, more wonderful still, a woman; was to live alone among the firs and bracken in the lonely glen.

And when the daffodils were in the fields, the woods full of bluebells, and the air was sweet with the perfume of new life, the whisper went around that she had come.

Tim had to deliver a letter at the cottage some days later, and great interest was manifested regarding the event. He knew this would be the case, and revelled in the occasion.

That evening Tim was invited to have a sup more than once, but after all there was not much to hear.

"I cum along th' path at a quarter to eleven," said Tim, "an, whin I was in sight af th' chimney smoke, me heart nearly lept into me mouth, for I seen th' wickedest, fearfulest lukin animal af a dog, a great beast with gray shaggy fur standin' straight fornist me.

"I was afeared to come, and I was afeared to go, so I stood all af a trimble and watched him, and as I watched him something white moved out af th' bushes, and I knew it must be herr.

"Wid that th' baste gave an awful yell, but whin she spoke he lay down quiet as a lamb

"I gave herr th' letter, and she was pleasant and chatted wid me and said it was sich a long way and so hot I was to cum inside and have a drink af cold tea. *Cold tea!* But knowin' th' curiosity af yez all, I wint.

"She has th' house verry plane, but verry clane.

"She comes of gentle folk, I reckon. Herr face is young and sort of kind, but herr hair is snow white. She's a tall proud lukin' woman, wid nothin' strange about herr except herr eyes, and they seem always to be lukin' verry far away. She speaks soft, but I dared not question herr, nor did she offer any information.

"By th' hearrt of St. Patrick, woman is quare fish!"

From that evening curiosity lessened concerning the inhabitant of the Glen. She had come, she meant to stay, and the people forgot to wonder.

Thus May slipped by, and June was unfolding her summer beauty when late one afternoon, Father Dillon, keeper of the souls of the little scattered congregation who attended service regularly in the gray chapel

on the hill, passed along the wooded path that led to the lonely dwelling. He was a sweet-faced man, with many a care stamped upon his wrinkled brow—a life passing into the serenity of middle age, leaving behind the snares and pitfalls of exuberance and youth.

He was also a lover of nature, and as he passed along he stooped, and gathering some wild anemones began making them into a nosegay.

He was thus occupied when suddenly, at no great distance off, a voice began to sing.

The flowers fell from his hand as he listened. He could hear every word distinctly:

Do ye hear th' children callin',  
A-cushla, A-cushla?  
Do ye hear th' children callin',  
As they wander through th' glen?  
Do ye hear th' pitter-patter,  
Do ye hear their chitter-chatter?  
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have  
Caught me in their spell.

They are steppin' through th' meadows,  
A-cushla, A-cushla.  
They are singin' as they wander,  
As they wander through th' glen.  
Do ye hear th' pitter-patter,  
Do ye hear their chitter-chatter?  
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have  
Caught me in their spell.

I am longin' so for children,  
A-cushla, A-cushla.  
Ah! my soul cries out wid anguish,  
As I wander through th' glen,  
I will never hear th' patter,  
I will never hear their chatter.  
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have  
Caught me in their spell.

I am old an' I am childless,  
A-cushla, A-cushla,  
But I hear th' children callin',  
As I wander through th' glen.  
'Tis the Fairies as they patter,  
'Tis the Fairies as they chatter,  
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have  
Caught me in their spell.

As the voice died away, a glimmer of white showed through the trees.

"Come a little farther, Deerling, where the river crosses the meadow, come."

The speaker, a woman, paused. She was facing the priest, her eyes bent upon his white, careworn face.

"Excuse my singing. I did not hear you."

But the priest was already bowing courteously.

"Mine is the apology for intruding."

He bared his head and smiled as he spoke.

"The lady of the glen, I presume. I hoped to have the honour of calling upon you, madam, but now—"

"Now, I shall be very offended with you if you go away without some tea. Deerling! come here. I see you like dogs. He looks rather formidable, but he is really as quiet as a lamb. May I lead the way to my humble abode? Come, Deerling."

Little beams of sunshine twinkled through the trees. The great dog pushed his snout into the priest's hand, but he was looking at the woman.

"I liked the song." He ran his fingers through the shaggy fur. "Is it Irish?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is my own composition."

The woman was smiling now as they walked along.

"I sing it every evening, and—I wonder *would* you understand it?"

"I think so."

"It comforts me. But how could you understand, you a priest?" She faced him abruptly.

"What can you know of a woman's longings? What do you, who have willingly renounced marriage, know of little children?"

"Nothing except—*exce-p-t*—"

He had grown very white, and his hands were twitching as he plucked a long blade of grass.

"Lady," he said, and he paused as he spoke, "shall we sit down here upon the bank? I would be a confessor."

"I am old and I am childless,  
But I hear th' children callin."

They have called to me for long, long

years. Ah! I never see a curly head without a pang

"I joined my church when a mere boy, and understood little of life. Later it came upon me with awful force all I had lost, though God knows I ought not to say it.

"Ah! I long for them, those pure sweet innocents, that are God's greatest blessing. You say a woman longs; but a man may long too.

"Forgive me, lady, if I have transgressed, but the words you sang ('twas strange I should have heard them) are my heart's secret. Now I think you understand."

"And pity." Tears were falling down her cheeks.

"Listen, father. My secret is yours also. All my life I have longed for those little curly heads too. I loved and married when a mere girl, but death soon robbed me of everything.

"Do you wonder why I have come to live here in this lonely glen? Listen, father. I have come here to be with them, my little fairy children. They will soon be coming out now, troops and troops of them

"Do you hear their pitter-patter,  
Do you hear their chitter-chatter?"

"When the sun goes down and long shadows creep beneath the trees then my little children crowd around me. Why do you shake your head, father, can't *you* understand?"

"But I do, lady; indeed I do."

"Then won't you wait and see. I am not daft, though they say I am. We live all by ourselves, but you may come; will you?"

He smiled sadly.  
mit me. I must deliver Sacrament to-night, and I see it is already late. I am afraid it must be good-bye, lady, and God bless you. If your burden grows some weighty at times, remember another has suffered too, and we must neither of us forget a kinder heart than ours has willed it so, and ever remember, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"You will come again?" she said,

her tall figure silouetted against the now darkening sky. "My little children shall welcome you. They come with the twilight, and they creep away with dawn."

But he only shook his head sadly and said: "I understand, lady, I will not forget."

And when he turned and saw that

she was out of sight, he laid his hands across his eyes and murmured:

"Poor thing! Poor thing! God in his mercy hath sent angels to comfort her."

Then he knelt down on the grass.

And as he walked homeward, his thin cheeks were wet with tears, but his fingers held a crucifix.

---

## YOU

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

ONLY a long, low-lying lane  
 That follows to the misty sea.  
 Across a bare and russet plain  
 Where wild winds whistle vagrantly.  
 I know that many a fairer path  
 With lure and song and bloom may woo,  
 But, oh, I love this lonely strath  
 Because it is so full of *you!*

Here we have walked in elder years.  
 And here wour truest memories wait,  
*This* spot is sacred to your tears,  
*That* to your laughter dedicate.  
 Here by this turn you gave to me  
 A gem of thought that glitters yet,  
 This tawny slope is graciously  
 By a remembered smile beset.

Here once you lingered on an hour  
 When stars were shining in the west  
 To gather one pale scented flower  
 And place it smiling on your breast;  
 And since that eve its fragrance blows  
 For me across these grasses sere,  
 Far sweeter than the latest rose,  
 That faded bloom of yesteryear.

For me the sky, the sea, the wold,  
 Have beckoning visions wild and fair.  
 The mystery of a tale untold,  
 The grace of an unuttered prayer.  
 Let others choose the fairer path  
 That winds the dimpling valley through,  
 I gladly seek this lonely strath  
 Companioned by my dreams of you.

# PAULINE JOHNSON: A REMINISCENCE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

WITH the passing of Pauline Johnson on the seventh of March last, Canada has lost a daughter of unique interest and romance. Child of the old and the new, offspring of Mohawk chief and English gentlewoman, she flashed across the space between, the only one of the vanishing race articulate in the poetry of its supplanters.

Once, not so very long ago, this was the land of the Indian. The red man had poetry of his own then, poetry in plenty. The slim Indian maidens listened to it in the dusky aisles of the wood; it fired the warriors before fierce and sudden battle; the old men chanted it over the camp fires of victory, but under the eye of the white man it sank into silence.

Many still believe the Indian race to have been devoid of that perception of beauty in sense and sound, that sonorous fitness of word and meaning which we call poetry. But a greater mistake could hardly be made. Indeed we are forever poorer because in the early days more was not done to capture for us the illusive spirit of poetry, flame-fed from nature's own eternal fire in wild and savage hearts.

One does not sing for one's conquerors, and from a long surcease of singing one becomes dumb, and it is not likely now that we shall ever do more than guess at the lost treasures

of the primitive peoples whose place we have taken, but in the guessing we have one who helps, an interpreter who whispers the clue—Pauline Johnson. I have used the present tense, and it may stand, for the beautiful thing about a gift such as hers is that it keeps its giver alive; it is spirit and does not yield itself to death.

I asked Miss Johnson once how she accounted for the fact that she alone of her father's race had translated its beauty of thought into verse?

"I do not know," she answered thoughtfully, "for at heart almost every Indian is a poet. He is quick to respond to the call of poetry, often where many white people would be quite untouched. The language of many of the tribes in its pure form is the very language of poetry. I would have needed but little to transform some of my grandfather's speeches into sonorous blank verse. So beautiful was his voice and so delicate and so fine his handling of words and phrases that he was known everywhere as the 'Mohawk Warbler.' White men who heard him described his language as 'pure music.'"

"Then it is, perhaps from him," I suggested.

"Partly, no doubt; although I have always thought that much of my facility for verse writing was born of my mother's longing for poetic expres-

sion. The desire to write was in her blood—many of the Howells were literary—and once I remember her saying to me ‘Pauline, you say in your verses exactly what I have so often felt and never could express.’ But when I talk of the Indian being inarticulate,” she added, “I refer of course only to his inability to express himself by the written word, and this after all is natural enough. Writing was never the Indian’s mode of expression. It was the speech, the oration which was his great achievement. And that, like all the old customs, is dying out.”

Seeing that she was in a reminiscent mood, I asked her if she could remember when first she felt the impulse to write.

“Always,” she smiled, “always. When I was a tiny girl and my father, who was going to the city, asked me what kind of candy I would like, I said, ‘Not candy. Bring me a book of verses’; and it was not that I did not like candy, either! It was always such a joy to write, I can remember yet the thrill of expectation and delight when one cold winter morning I awoke to see the window covered with frost and fringed with icicles and felt with breathless pleasure that I could write about it in verse. Before breakfast I had written ‘Little Lady Icicle.’ The glow of it stayed with me all the day. That glow—if you know it—is the poet’s true payment.”

“And was the writing always joyous?” I asked.

“Oh, no, not always joyous, but always comforting, like talking aloud to someone who understood. I remember when I was in London, how terribly homesick I became for the Western woods and mountains. The great city seemed to shut me in and smother me. My longing to go back was acutely painful, but one dull day in a dreary room it reached its crisis and broke forth in ‘The Trail to Lillooet.’ After that I felt better.”

“I can understand that,” I said. “We always appreciate most poignantly the things which we miss the most. So then, since you have found heartsease as well as joy in poetry, may one conclude that many of your poems are the reflections of moods and experiences of your own?”

She smiled at this.

“Well, not entirely so, of course. One must allow for imagination which brings to the verse writer an inspired second-hand knowledge of experiences which she herself may never have passed through. Indeed, one of the secrets of good writing of any kind is the power of being somebody else.”

“That is so,” I agreed, “and it explains why some good people have such a hard time trying to make a poet consistent—to compel all his varying outbursts fit in to their idea of his personality.”

“Oh, *consistency!*” she shrugged her shoulders. “How can one be consistent until the world ceases to change with the changing days? It always amuses me when some very clever critic undertakes to tell you exactly what kind of person you are ‘under the skin,’ as Kipling says, from the verses in your books. There was a critic on *The Manchester Guardian*, who, after reading ‘The White Wampum,’ said: ‘This lady thinks she knows something about Indians, but it is plain upon the face of it that she has never seen a real Indian.’ Next week *Black and White* had a full-page portrait of myself in Indian costume surrounded by a belt of white wampum, and I will say this for *The Manchester Guardian* critic—he climbed down gracefully! Indeed, he published a second article taking it all back.”

This reminiscence led Miss Johnson to talk of her first trip to England and about her début as a dramatic reader. She had been invited to a meeting of Canadian authors in Toronto, a meeting at which each author was expected to read a piece of orig-



inal work. Everyone knows that many very good writers read very badly, and the young Indian girl's fire and freedom of delivery came as a pleasant surprise. Among those particularly interested in the undoubted talent which she displayed was Mr. Frank Yiagh, and next morning his interest took concrete form in a note asking her if she were open for engagements as an interpreter of her own poems upon the stage.

"I had had no training," said Miss Johnson, "but I was young and ambitious and full of love for the work. So I said I would try. The success of the first performance decided me—and I have been a dramatic reciter ever since."

For two years Mr. Yeigh continued to be her manager, and at the end of that time she went to England with her first book of poems in manuscript.

"It was a wonderful visit," she roused. "Everyone was so kind to me. I met so many interesting people, people who were really interested in what I was trying to do and who understood the difficulties in the way. Many of them had been young writers themselves. I shall never forget the kindness of the Canadians in London—of Sir Gilbert Parker and Lady Parker especially. I could not have wished for a warmer welcome."

It was through her own countryman, Sir Gilbert Parker, that the poetess met Clement Scott, the eminent critic, to whom she ascribed the prompt acceptance of her first book by the John Lane Company. "The White Wampum" was its felicitous title, and booklovers who hold it now should treasure it as a volume which is already rare. It contains much of her finest and freshest work, and although, as is usual with volumes of verse, the financial returns were small, its publicity helped the young writer greatly—"placed her," as it were, in the literary world.

It was while upon this visit to England that Miss Johnson was engaged

by Mr. Arthur Pearson, the well-known magazine publisher, to write a weekly "special" for his paper, *The London Express*, the first sketch of which appeared under the title of "A Pagan in St. Paul's." Up to the present these sketches have not been collected. We understand, however, that shortly they are to be offered to the public in some accessible form.

"And did you give up your stage work while in England?" I asked.

"Oh, no, that formed a very important part. But the recitals were mostly given in drawing-rooms. It was something of a novelty over there, you see, for I wore my complete Indian dress and gave the selections which were most purely Indian. Do you remember the scarlet mantle which I wear? Well, that was the square of broadcloth upon which Prince Arthur of Connaught stood when he was made a chief of the Six Nations. Oddly enough, he remembered it and sent an aide to ask me if I knew what had become of it. He seemed greatly pleased to be informed that it had been preserved and now formed the scarlet mantle of my costume."

Seeing that I smiled a little, she added hastily, "It was a ceremonial square, you know—it has its own special significance."

"Was it during that visit," I asked, "that you met old Chief Joe Capilano in London?"

"No, that was not until the second visit. He had come over with some other coast chiefs 'to see the King.' During their period of waiting they were very lonely and homesick, and as a result very taciturn and difficult. I imagine the authorities were somewhat embarrassed by the care of such unresponsive responsibilities. Anyhow, I was asked to visit them, to see if I could cheer them up. You should have seen their faces when they heard my "*Klahowya Tillicum*." Although, to tell the truth, I knew at that time very little of the coast dialects. Old

Chief Joe was my friend forever after, and it was from him that I learned the beautiful and fast vanishing legends of the Pacific coast—but all that has nothing to do with my visit to England.”

“We do not need to be consistent,” I urged. “Please tell me about the legends. He was rather a forceful character, was he not—old Chief Joe?”

“He was, indeed, and a strange and wonderful teller of tales! There was no use in asking him for anything. One had to wait and be patient. Often he would come to visit me in Vancouver, and, after sitting a while, depart without saying more than half a dozen words. But I never urged him, although he knew very well how I loved to hear his stories. My reward always came sooner or later, for suddenly he would begin, ‘You would like to know this?’ and then would follow a wondrous tale, full of strange wild poetry—the kind of folklore which soon will be heard no longer. For the Indians are forgetting! They do not care, as they used to, for the old tales; even the meanings are getting obscured. Soon investigators will be saying that the coast Indians have no folklore—because there will be so few left who can or will tell of it.”

“You have saved some of the best for us, anyhow,” I reminded her, and she said simply, “Yes, I am glad of that.”

“When you returned from England,” I asked, “did you find that your success there made any difference to your reception in Canada?”

“Yes—it did!” she said smiling, “but, then, Canada has always been kind to me, you know.”

Speaking with deep feeling, she went on to tell of the friendship and help received from the little band of Canadian poets as she knew them in the earlier days. From Charles G. D. Roberts she had received one of her earliest words of praise. It was when

she had written only her first two poems and was quite unknown, Roberts had seen them and, with that kindness and generosity of heart which distinguished him, had written the girl poet, telling her that she had begun well and urging her to go on. They became good friends and among the treasures which Miss Johnson leaves behind her is the manuscript of “Songs of the Common Day,” and the stained cork penholder with which the poet wrote it. Of Lampman, she had much to say; of his gentle humour and kindness; of the large simplicity of his great heart. “The little brown bird that sings,” they used to call him, and great was the grief of those who knew him when the bird’s sun died away at noon.

In John Greenleaf Whittier, too, the young poetess had a kind admirer. I will show you the letter he wrote me,” said she. And a charming letter it was, the beautiful delicate handwriting suiting well its quaint phraseology of “thee” and “thou.” I remember only one sentence, “I thank thee for thy charming poetry; it is well that one of thy race should write the songs of thy people,” but I think its recipient knew it by heart. Many autograph letters she showed me, including those from the Duke of Argyll, Sir Gilbert Parker, Max O’Rell and others whose well-known names made their words of appreciation doubly impressive.

After the publication of her first book and her first visit to England, there followed twelve years of good work in Canada and America—years which were to make of her a well-known and welcome figure all over the country. Sometimes alone, but often with a small company of entertainers, notably Owen Smiley, the humourist; Walter MacRaye, the clever interpreter of Drummond, and Harold Jarvis, the popular tenor, she travelled from end to end of Canada. Not only did the larger cities hear her, but most of the smaller towns, while many a

village and country schoolhouse, where good entertainment is rare, had the privilege of seeing this native daughter of Canada in her historical Indian buckskins, and of listening to her stirring recitals of the faiths and fancies of her father's race. Better than any schoolbook would these recitals bring home, to the young people who heard, the poetry and romance of the great race of red men who once reigned as kings where now they are perhaps erroneously regarded as a vanishing race.

Miss Johnson loved to talk of these travels, and her store of amusing anecdote seemed never to run low. Sensitive as she was in many ways, she had a full share of that sense of humour which oils the wheels of life and enjoyed nothing better than a good story against herself.

"Once," she said, "we were giving our entertainment under the auspices of a Ladies' Aid in a small prairie village. Perhaps the Ladies' Aid was not popular, for it was one of the smallest audiences before which we had ever played. And it would not laugh! What it lacked in numbers it made up in solemnity; so that the supposedly humorous part of our programme was pathetic in the extreme. Naturally the president of the Ladies' Aid was not cheerful when she came to pay our fee next morning. She had the air of one who has been badly fooled."

"Be you the real Pauline Johnson?" she asked dourly.

"I said I was the one and only.

"Be them your photographs?" pointing an accusing finger at my advertising posters. I admitted this fact also, and foolishly asked 'Why?' The President looked grimly from me to the photographs and back again. 'Well, I reckon them pictures was took a right smart time ago!' said she, for she was a great believer in speaking the truth in line!"

When we had ceased laughing over this, she told me many more stories,

grave and gay, letting me have more than a glimpse of a strong and virile personality. When she grew tired we sat for a while in silence.

"It has been a varied life," I said at last.

"But a good life!" she responded. "Good friends, plenty of work, and not too much thought for the morrow. My great trouble now is that I cannot work. There are so many things I want to do, my brain is full of them, but—I'll never write again."

It would not do to let her think about that. So we began to talk instead about the things she *had* written, and her brave cheerfulness soon returned. Anyone now who has a copy of "Flint and Feather" could follow our discussion as we roamed through her verses, stopping here and there the better to appreciate some special beauty. But the best way to appreciate poetry is to read it, and not to read about it. If poetry has a message it is always a personal one, one which cannot be delivered by proxy. At the most, all that I can do is to tell you the message which the verse of Pauline Johnson brings personally to me.

First it brings a breath of the woods, warm and fragrant, a breath which catches at the throat and makes one close one's eyes to smell the green things and to see the hot sun through millions of moving leaves. Then it brings the sound of swiftly-flowing water, the splash of leaping trout, the flip of a paddle, the song of a hidden voyageur. And with all these lovely and familiar things, it brings also something fainter, more remote, more primitive, the strain of an earlier, bolder, cruder race. It tells of the time when these peaceful brooks were fished not for sport, but for life itself; when the only craft these rivers bore were the swift canoe of the hunter or the menacing fleets of war canoes, silent, relentless; when in all the great forest there was no road, only dim trails trodden by swift-

moccasined feet; when nowhere was there sound of axe or mill, only the sudden shrieking cry of war and the ping of an arrow through the air. These things are gone, and now the poet who dreamed and wrote of them is gone, but her work remains, a legacy to her own people and to her own country.

The ashes of Pauline Johnson rest in Stanley Park, Vancouver, in a green corner at the foot of a silver birch. On one side lie the waters of the sea she loved, and on the other stand the giant trees of the untouched forest. A more ideal resting-place for this child of nature can hardly

be imagined. Often did she dream of resting in just such a spot. To quote from her own verse:

The cedar trees have sung their vesper hymn,

And now the music sleeps—  
Its benediction falling where the dim  
Dusk of the forest creeps.

Mute grows the great concerto—and the light

Of day is darkening. Good-night, good-night.

But through the night time I shall hear within

The murmur of these trees,  
The calling of your distant violin  
Sobbing across the seas,  
And waking wind, and star-reflected light  
Shall voice my answering, Good-night,  
Good-night.”

---

## BENEDICTUS\*

BY PAULINE JOHNSON

SOMETHING so tender fills the air to-day,  
What it may be or mean no voice can say  
But all the harsh hard things seem far away.

Something so restful lies on lake and shore  
The world seems anchored, and life's petty war,  
Of haste and labour gone for evermore.

Something so holy lies upon the land,  
Like to a blessing from some saintly hand,  
A peace we feel, though cannot understand.

\*Here published for the first time.



THE INDIAN POETESS PAULINE JOHNSON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# PAULINE JOHNSON: AN APPRECIATION

BY CHARLES MAIR

AUTHOR OF "DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS", "TECUMSEH: A DRAMA," ETC.

IN the death of Pauline Johnson a star has fallen from the intellectual firmament of Canada. When her poetry first appeared its effect upon the reader was as that of something abnormal, certainly of something new and strange. Here was a girl whose blood and sympathies were largely drawn from the greatest tribe of the greatest nation of Indians on the continent, "who spoke out loud and bold," not for it alone, but for the whole red race, and sang of its glories and its wrongs in strains of poetic fire.

However aloof the sympathies of the ordinary business world may be from the red man's record, even it is moved at times by his fate and stirred by his persistent, his inevitable romance. For the Indian's history is the background of our own. His struggles with the invader are a counterpart of the unwritten or unrecorded struggles of all primitive time. He had to yield, but he left behind him a halo of romance which is imperishable, which our literature should not and probably never shall outgrow. Hence the oncoming into the field of letters of a real Indian poet had a significance which, aided by its novelty, was immediately appreciated by all that was best in Canadian culture. Hence, too, and by reason of its strength, her work

at once took its fitting place without jar or hindrance, for there are few educated Canadians who do not possess, in some measure, that aboriginal, historic sense which was the very atmosphere of Pauline Johnson's being.

When the writer first met Pauline Johnson, many years ago, she was engrossed in her work, but still more absorbed in the fervour of an ill-fated engagement. Her strong, yet refined features lighted up when she spoke of this, with reticence, but with a transparent trustfulness as to its issue. She had felt vividly; she had come, as she says in "Wave-won":

To idolise the perfect world, to taste of  
love at last.

But it ended in her poem, "The Prodigal," or, rather, did not end there, for the defeat of love runs like a gray thread through much of her verse:

Ah, me! My paddle failed me in the  
steering across love's shoreless sea.

And, again, in "Overlooked":

Sleep, sister-twin of peace, my waking  
eyes so weary grow!  
O! Love, thou wanderer from Paradise,  
dost thou not know  
How oft my lonely heart has cried to  
thee?  
But thou and Sleep and Peace come not  
to me.

Before the meeting referred to, the writer, living in the north, was able to do her some service in the matter of costume for her public performances. Besides, there was the bond of literary sympathy, and it was pleasant to part from her in the belief that she had not only a bright professional career before her, but the prospect, as well, of domestic happiness.

The delight of genius in the act of composition has been called the keenest of intellectual pleasures, and this was the poet's almost sole reward in Canada a generation ago, when nothing seemed to catch the popular ear but burlesque or trivial verse.

Probably owing to this, and partly through advice, and partly by inclination, Miss Johnson took to the public platform for a living, and certainly vindicated her choice of a vocation by her admirable performances. To the writer they seemed the perfection of monologue, graced by a musical voice, and by gesture at once simple and dignified. But these artistic entertainments were seemingly "caviare to the general public." They were not sensational, so her audiences were too often confined to discerners, to those, in a word, who thought highly of her art.

As this is an appreciation and a tribute to Miss Johnson's memory, rather than a criticism, the writer will touch but lightly upon the more prominent features of her productions. Without being obtrusive, not the least of these is her national pride; for nothing worthier, she thought, could be said of a man than "that he was born in Canada beneath the British flag." In her political creed wavering and uncertainty had no place. She saw our national life from its most salient angles, and, in current phrase, she saw it whole.

Another opinion is not likely to be challenged, viz., that much of her poetry is unique, not only in subject, but also in the sincerity of her treatment of themes so far removed from the

common range. Intense feeling distinguishes her Indian poems from all others; they flow from her very veins, and are stamped with the seal of heredity. This strikes one at every reading, and not less their truth to fact, however idealised. Indeed the "wildest" of them, "*Ojistoh*" (The White Wampum), is based upon an actual occurrence, though the incident took place on the Western plains, and the heroine was not a Mohawk. The same intensity marks "The Cattle Thief," and "A Cry from an Indian Wife." Begot of her knowledge of the long-suffering of her race, of iniquities in the past and present, they poured red-hot from her inmost heart.

One turns, however, with a sense of relief from those fierce dithyrambs to the beauty and pathos of her other poems. Take for example that exquisite piece of music, "The Lullaby of the Iroquois," simple, yet entrancing! Could anything of its kind be more perfect in structure and expression? Or the sweet idyll, "Shadow River," that transmutation of fancy and fact, which ends with her own philosophy:

O! pathless world of seeming! -  
 O! pathless life of mine whose deep ordeal  
 Is more my own than ever was the real.  
 For others fame  
 And Love's red flame,  
 And yellow gold: I only claim  
 The shadows and the dreaming.

And this ideality, the hall-mark of her poetry, has a character of its own, a quality which distinguishes it from the general run of subjective verse. Though of the Christian faith, there is yet an almost pagan yearning manifest in her work, which she undoubtedly drew from her Indian ancestry. That is, she was in constant contact with nature, and saw herself, her every thought and feeling, reflected in the mysterious world around her.

There's a spirit on the river, there's a  
 ghost upon the shore,



And they sing of love and loving through  
the starlight evermore,  
As they steal amid the silence,  
And the shadows of the shore.

And in the following verses this contrast of the outer world with the inner is still more finely drawn:

O! soft responsive voices of the night, I  
join your minstrelsy,  
And call across the fading silver light as  
something calls to me;  
I may not all your meaning understand,  
But I have touched your soul in shadow-  
land.

"Sweetness and light" met in Miss Johnson's nature, but free from sentimentality; and even a carping critic would find little to cavil at in her production. If fault should be found with any of them probably it would be with such a narrative as "Wolverine." It "bites," like all her Indian pieces, and conveys a definite meaning. But, written, as it is, in the conventional language of the frontier, it jars with her other work and seems not only out of form but out of place.

However, no poet escapes a break at times, and Miss Johnson's work is not to be judged, like a chain, by its weakest links. Its beauty, its strength, its originality are unmistakable, and although, had she lived, we might have looked for still higher flights of her genius, what we possess is beyond price, and it fully justifies the instinctive feeling, everywhere expressed, that our country has lost a true poet.

Turning from her verse to her latest prose, there is ample evidence that, had she applied herself, she would have taken high rank as a writer of fiction. Her "Legends of Vancouver" is a remarkable book, in which she relates a number of Coast-Indian myths and traditions with unerring insight and literary skill. These legends had a common source in the person of the famous old Chief Capilano who, for the first time, revealed them to her in Chinook, or in broken English, and, as reproduced in her rich and harmonious prose, belong emphatically to what has been

called "The literature of power." Bound together, so to speak, in the retentive mind of the old Chief, they are authentic legends of his people and true to the Indian nature. But we find in them, also, something that seems to transcend history. Indefinable forms, earthly and unearthly, pass before us in mythical procession, in a world beyond ordinary conception, in which nothing seems impossible.

The origin of the Red Indian's myths, east or west, cannot be traced, and must ever remain a mystery. But we believe that many of them have been handed down from father to son, unchanged, from the prehistoric past to the present day; a past certainly far back in the mists of antiquity.

In this "Appreciation" the writer mentions his first meeting with Miss Johnson, and he may be pardoned for referring to his last. In December, 1912, on a hurried visit to Vancouver, he called at the Bute hospital and had the great privilege of an interview, for her critical condition made it that. But, alas, the change! The worn face, with its sad but welcoming smile, the wasted form, the hand of ice! Never can he forget the shock as his thoughts ran back to the beautiful and happy girl of former days.

At parting, following the writer to the stair-head, she gave him her last adieu in a Chinook word derived from the Kootenay tongue, meaning literally, "Yellow Weather," but, as used, "Farewell!" She had her own longings, her own augury of the "Yellow Weather," which was not far off, which she had already welcomed in "The Happy Hunting Grounds," when she desecrated the red-skin's soul:

Sailing into the cloud-land, sailing into  
the sun,  
Into the crimson portals, ajar when life  
is done,  
O, dear, dear race, my spirit, too,  
Would fain sail westward unto you.

# THE OTHER WOMAN

BY TOM GALLON

SHE counted the people down the other side of the table quite mechanically and unnecessarily, because she had counted them before, and she knew who they were. And while her calm and placid eyes were resting upon them, her thoughts ran in this fashion:

“To-morrow you won't know me; to-morrow you will hold up hands of horror at the mere mention of my disgraceful name. And it won't matter to me, because I shall be far away, where the sunshine is, and where, perhaps, love will be.”

She became vaguely aware that the young man on her left was speaking to her—and had indeed spoken to her twice before. She looked around with a quick smile—one of those smiles that made men fall in love with her, before even they knew who she was—and answered his question. It was quite a trivial question, and, having answered it and so dropped the young man, as it were, she leaned forward to speak to a woman on the other side of the table. And still her thoughts ran on, even while she smiled into the woman's eyes.

“You are a most highly respectable and extremely rich woman, my dear; you married the man who was chosen for you, and you were jolly glad to get him on any terms. And won't you look horrified when you hear about me to-morrow—and won't you chatter about me, and say you always expected it, over as many tea cups as you can get to join you!”

It had been a stupid thing for her

to come to the dinner at all; but Sir Denis Charnley, her husband, had wished her to come; and it was, after all, a filling out of the evening. Sir Denis, as usual, was down at the House, and there would probably be an all-night sitting. This was only a killing of the time until that hour arrived when she could meet the one man about whom she was thinking. And this world of which she formed a brilliant unit to-night would know her no more, and would forget the shameful thing she had done. It was curious to think that it was all mapped out and arranged, and that to-morrow would see her far away—never to come back to the safe and respectable things any more. She caught herself smiling a little wanly at the thought of that.

It was not too late; nothing had been done yet that should fling her outside the portals of Society. When presently it was time to go, she had only to drive homewards in the usual fashion, and then explain to the man.

And yet she couldn't do that; she shuddered at the thought of it. That man, her husband, whom she had once thought she loved, and who now loved only that absurd game of politics that had gradually drawn him away from her, the house where she had been so lonely for such a long time; the stolid, heavy relatives who called from time to time; the dinner parties of heavy men and heavier women—no, she couldn't go back to it. Something better called her—something more natural.

The something better and more natural was embodied in that man of whom she had been thinking—Justin Sharwood. The man of the ugly, smiling face, with a jest forever on his lips, and sunshine (or so it seemed) in his heart. The man who had teased her into loving him, by making her wonder about him and his life; the man who had finally shown himself her master—the man who cared about nothing else on earth save herself. Women had said that no woman could make any real appeal to him; that he laughed at them and snapped his fingers and took his way without them. It had been left to this one woman to conquer him, and to make him fling everything to the winds for her sake.

He was very rich, and they were to travel. There was to be no settling down in any one place—not for a long time, at least; they were to journey on where the sun was shining, leaving behind them all the old dullness—never to come back to it. Justin Sharwood had said so; she seemed to be looking now into his keen eyes and hearing him whispering it softly to her, with that little smile on his face.

A rustling at the table; her hostess had given the signal, and the ladies were moving out from their places. The hostess, pausing for a moment, took Miriam Charnley by the arm and moved along by her side.

"You look tired, my dear," she whispered. "Anything the matter?"

Lady Charnley smiled round at her half whimsically. "Nothing at all, thanks," she answered. "Only I think I'll get away pretty early, if I may."

"Not too soon, I hope, or some of the men will never forgive me," murmured the old lady.

"You must let me slip away, please, a little later; I haven't ordered the car, and all I want is a taxi; you know it isn't five minutes."

When the time actually arrived for her to go it appeared to be a difficult matter for her to go alone. More than

one young bachelor protested that he must at least see her safely home; it was no trouble at all. But smilingly she insisted that she would be quite all right, and there would be servants waiting up. The taxi was brought, and her hostess insisted on taking her down the steps and putting her into it, and giving the man the proper address. The taxi moved away.

It would be doubly easy now for her to sit still and do nothing; she would arrive at the familiar house, and go straight to bed. Instead, she suddenly sat up, tense and white-faced, and took the speaking-tube into her hand. The man had only got to turn the next corner when she spoke sharply, seeing his head inclined towards the tube, and gave him the other address. He nodded, and drove straight on.

The thing was done now; she leaned back and closed her eyes, and strove to think. And yet, after all, there was nothing to think about. Had not Justin Sharwood told her smilingly that she was never to think or worry or trouble about anything again? He was going to look after her.

She opened the tiny gold bag she carried in her hand and searched in it with gloved fingers. There was the key quite safe—the key that Justin had given her. He might not be back at his flat for some time, and she was to let herself in and to rest there quietly until he came. And then they were to go straight off—even if it was in the middle of the night—in his great touring car; and go with the car across the Channel, and so face the world. She was glad now, as the taxi drew up at the entrance to a block of flats in a side street, that she had not gone home; she was glad to think that she had made her choice, and that there could be no going back.

It had all been arranged with the utmost simplicity. This was a quieter entrance to the block of flats, and at that time of night there was no

porter. She had only to mount the stairs and slip the key in the lock and close the door after her.

She paid the taxi driver generously, and gathered her skirts into her hand and began to mount the stairs. The flat was only on the first floor, and she had but to slip the key in the lock and turn on the electric light immediately inside. And yet, as she mounted, she found herself wishing that she was back again in the taxi, and that she had never given the man that altered address. She knew that there would be no one in the flat; Justin's manservant had been sent away that day. Yet she had a feeling that when the door was opened someone or something would confront her and cry out the thing she was about to do.

The key went softly into the lock—perhaps because her hand was shaking a little, and perhaps because the key was new. Sharwood had had it made especially for her on the pattern of his own. She fumbled round the edge of the door until her hand touched the switch; then, as the friendly light sprang up, she closed the door quickly and stood in the little hall.

The other doors round about were all closed. That was a disagreeable circumstance in itself. She argued that it was perfectly natural that the doors should be closed; nevertheless, it was something of an ordeal to have to open them. She knew which was the sitting-room, and she went straight towards that door, and turned the handle and went in. Here also she put up the light and looked about her.

The room was as she had seen it once before—and once only. She had come there with three or four other women to tea, and to look round the really beautiful rooms. That was quite a long time ago, when she had first known him. She took off her cloak and dropped it on a chair, sighed a little with a feeling of relief that the worst of the business was over,

and sank down luxuriously and closed her eyes. Nothing could harm her now, and nothing could be found out about her—until to-morrow.

Presently, merely for the sake of doing something, she got up and moved restlessly about the room, looking at pictures and photographs and ornaments. She drifted into another room, and yet another, turning on the light in each, and then turning it off again as she left. She closed all doors behind her, and, coming at last into the hall of the flat, remembered that the light was on there, and turned it off. Not with any purpose of being careful or economical, but simply because the light was not needed. She came back into the sitting-room, and lighted a little electric stove that stood there, turned out all lights save one shaded lamp on a table beside her chair, and settled herself again to wait.

She felt curiously tired. Now that the strain of the matter was ended, and she had taken that final plunge, she had a feeling that she wanted to rest—for a long, long time—body and soul and mind. And with that thought her eyes closed, as she leaned back in the chair, and she fell into a light sleep.

It was so light that the slight sound at the outer door woke her instantly. Startled for a moment at finding herself in a strange place, she almost sprang to her feet, remembered as quickly why she was in that particular room, and smiled a little excitedly at the thought that Justin had come at last. That was his key carefully turning in the lock—that one sound for which she had been waiting.

She heard the door close very quietly. She pictured him hanging up his coat and hat. On the impulse, with her heart beating even more rapidly, she stretched out her hand to the little table beside her, and noiselessly switched off the little shaded lamp. She pictured his starting as he came into the room, not knowing her to be

there. She dropped back again into the chair, and laid her cheek against the cushion, and kept her eyes fixed on the door.

Strangely enough, he did not come direct into the room. She heard him open the door of another room and pass in. Nor did she hear the click of the switch as he went into that other room, and his footsteps were so muffled that she could not hear him moving about. She had a vague feeling that she wished she had not turned off all the lights. She wondered impatiently why he did not come in. And then she heard the handle of the other door leading into the sitting-room turned. She swept her eyes towards that, but save that she knew that a man was standing there, she did not know who it was; she only knew, with an uneasy feeling, that it certainly was not Justin Sharwood.

He began to move round the room, whistling very softly through his teeth—the mere ghost of a sound. He came to a switch, and turned it on, and looked about him. Lady Charley crouched down lower in the big chair, and wondered what she was to do, or who the man was. She had not dared to look at him. And then suddenly, as he crept noiselessly across the room, he saw her buried among the soft cushions and the great cloak—just two wide, startled eyes staring straight at him. So for a moment or two they held each other, with nothing seemingly that should break the spell that held them.

“What are you doing here?” the woman asked at last in a shaking whisper. She sat up a little as she put the question, and tried to get some dignity into her attitude, but she knew that her lips were shaking and her fingers were trembling.

The man had stepped back, with a quick glance round the room. He spoke more strongly than she did, and with something of a threatening manner. She noticed, as she looked at him, that he was very shabbily dressed, with an old black muffler round

his throat. He was a middle-aged man, lean and lantern-jawed and hollow-eyed.

“Well, that is rather a question, isn’t it?” he answered; and, to her surprise, his voice had no accent of the bully or the street tough, but was refined and quiet and almost gentle. Scarcely realising the position in which she stood, she began to be curiously interested in the man.

“Why have you come here?” she asked, getting to her feet and backing away from the man. “You’ve no right here. How did you get in?”

She had moved instinctively towards the bell, just as she might have done in her own house. The man, with a snarl, dived a hand into his pocket and whipped out a revolver.

“Let that alone,” he cried hoarsely. “I’ve done no harm, and I’ll slip out the way I came. But if you ring for anyone I can put up a fight for it.”

“I wasn’t going to ring,” she faltered. “Besides, there’s nobody in the flat.”

She saw in an instant the blunder she had made, because the man, with a little, quick laugh, dropped his weapon back into his pocket. “I could have told you that,” he said; “only I didn’t turn up the lights as I went through, and so there might have been somebody I didn’t see.”

“Why didn’t you turn up the lights?” she asked idly.

“Because on that side the windows look on to the street, and I didn’t want anyone to see a light, and know that the owner was away, and so come to investigate. You have to be careful in my business.”

She did not ask him what his business was; she seemed to know in some dreadful fashion. And the strange part of it was that, as she looked at him, and at the dreadful shabbiness of him, and the hunger-haunted eyes, all memory of herself seemed to have gone out of her. It would have been a matter of difficulty just then for her to drag up the re-

membrance of where she was and what she was going to do that night.

"How did you manage to get in?" she asked, taking a step towards him.

"Oh, these locks are easily picked, and I've had experience. A fellow-jailbird showed me the way, and he was clever at it. It's the clumsy ones that make marks on doors."

"You've been in prison?" she whispered. She had never seen anyone that had been in prison before. In her guarded and sheltered life such people were in a world apart from her. "You speak like a gentleman."

"Does that surprise you?" he asked. "There are quite a lot of us knocking about the jails up and down the country; we don't all speak as though we had been born in the gutter. But, of course, you wouldn't understand that. Well"—he had taken off his cap, as by some old instinct, and was twisting it about in his hands—"as I've done no harm in any way, I presume you have no objection if I slip out again?"

"I'm afraid it's scarcely my affair," she said a little haughtily. "Properly speaking, I suppose I ought to summon assistance, and have you detained until the owner returns. Oh, I didn't say I was going to," she added hurriedly, as he made a movement towards the pocket of his jacket. "So far as I'm concerned the sooner you go away the better."

He laughed, and turned towards the door. "The ladies are always changeable," he added impudently.

"Are you going to rob some other flat?" she asked.

"That'd be a fool's trick, and would give you the chance of letting the porter know before I could get away. No; as a matter of fact, I shall give up work for to-night. Luck's against me."

He moved towards the door, still with his cap in his hand; then he lounged back again towards her. She saw that he was looking at her quizzically.

"I seem to have seen you some where or other before," he said. "I'm certain of it. That's one of my good qualities—I never forget a face. I wonder where I've seen you?"

"It is scarcely likely that anyone in your position would meet anyone in mine," she said. "Hadn't you better go? The owner of the flat may return at any moment."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of another woman. I can always silence her if she starts screaming."

"I didn't say it was a woman," she retorted, some of her courage coming back. "It happens to be a man—and rather a big man at that."

The man whistled softly and looked her up and down.

"In the circles in which you move they'd call it a bit late for paying visits," he retorted, "And now I come to look at you again, I've got your likeness pat. I told you I never forget a face—Lady Charnley."

She swayed as though he had struck her a blow, and turned quickly away from him.

"You've made a mistake this time, at all events," she lied calmly. "I'm not in the least anyone so important as all that. Now, will you go quietly, or am I to ring—"

"There's no one in the flat, you know," he replied coolly. "Lady Charnley—wife of Sir Denis Charnley, who's getting on quite nicely in the House of Commons, and is likely to get on better still. And his wife calls at this hour on gentlemen friends, eh?"

She flashed round on him with a burning face. "There's no harm in it; the gentleman is an old friend—a relation. You're risking a great deal by staying here. He may be in at any moment."

"Such a very great friend and such a relation," went on the man, without taking any notice of the warning, "that he gives the lady a special key that shall admit her to his flat at this hour."

"How did you know that?"

"Did you pick the lock?" he asked with a laugh. "Because there's no one else in the flat, you know."

"I have said all that I desire to say to you—thank you," she retorted. "Go at once, please—and be grateful that you are allowed to slip away."

"My dear Lady Charnley," he answered, with a bow, "I am indeed grateful. If I have said anything in the least offensive, please forgive me. I know the ways of the order to which I once belonged, and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon them. Good-night—and thank you again."

He moved slowly towards the door, after bowing to her half derisively, and put his hand upon the door knob. Standing like that, he leaned a little sideways and looked at a portrait that stood on a cabinet, started quickly, and caught up the portrait, and came back to her.

"Who's this?" he demanded sharply.

It was a portrait of Justin Sharwood, taken some years previously. A smiling portrait—with that smile that was so fascinating. Lady Charnley glanced at it, and then haughtily stretched out her hand to take it from him.

"How dare you!" she said. "Give it to me—and go at once."

"I want to know whose portrait it is—or, rather, if you know whose portrait it is," said the man doggedly. "I can tell you, if it should happen that you don't know."

She did not reply: for some strange reason she began to feel dazed and ill and frightened. The man looked at her for a moment or two, and then back at the photograph. He struck it lightly with his hand, and held it out to her.

"The name of that man is Justin Sharwood, and there was a time when, if I could have got him by the throat, I'd have beaten that fair, smiling face of his to a jelly. I might do it now, if I saw him—although God knows the time for vengeance

there has long since gone past. Justin Sharwood is the man. Do you happen to know him?"

She answered mechanically; she scarcely knew what she said.

"Mr. Sharwood is a—a friend of mine," she said.

"And this is his flat?" he cried quickly.

"I did not say that," she retorted. "He may be a friend of the man who owns this place."

"Here's another portrait—and another," said the man, pointing. "The man who owns this place must be mighty fond of his friend Sharwood."

"I tell you I know nothing about it," she said restlessly. "I have warned you, for your own sake, to go away. I have told you of the risk you run. If Mr. Sharwood should walk in at that door—"

"I guessed as much!" broke in the man, with a laugh. "So Mr. Justin Sharwood—grown a little older, and yet still very fascinating, I'll be bound — hangs out here, does he? Snug quarters, too—while the man that was once his friend thieves for a living, and starves even at that."

"His friend?" she faltered.

The man nodded. "We were good pals — Sharwood and I. Once, when we were both younger, we roomed together at the 'Varsity. There never were such pals in all the world as Justin Sharwood and Billy Horton."

"Is that your name?" she asked.

The man nodded. "It was — once," he said. "Since then I've left it behind, with all the other good and decent things that I had in the beginning. There is nothing that ever was mine that is left to me. Hope is gone, and manhood, and strength, and love, and the beauty of life; and, as there is a God in heaven, that man stole them all!" He struck that pictured face again lightly with his fist, and then tossed it on to a table.

"You are wrong; it can't be the man I know at all," she exclaimed indignantly. "He is the best man in

the world—the noblest, the gentlest—a true friend to anyone and everyone.”

Horton looked at her sharply; then he gave a quick glance round the room, until his eyes lighted on the heavy cloak she had tossed into the chair. He took a step towards her, and caught her wrist roughly in his hand, and stared into her eyes. There was such a fierce sympathy and rage and fear all combined in that look that she shrank away from it.

“My God! are you going to do it too?”

“What do you mean?” she faltered, at the stretch of her arm. “Let me go!”

“I wouldn’t let you go now,” he answered quietly, “if Sharwood came in this moment. It would be fine sport to stop him at the eleventh hour, wouldn’t it? I was too late before. He had told his story too well to the woman who was my wife.”

“Your wife!” she whispered.

“That shocks you horribly, doesn’t it?” The man loosed his hold on her arm and turned away. “You see, you’re not the first; there has been a long succession of them; the tale of their broken lives goes on through the years, and even the smiling Justin Sharwood has perhaps forgotten who they were. He was my friend in those old days; but that didn’t matter. Mary—my Mary! — fascinated him, and so he set himself to work to get her.

“It isn’t true!” she said. “He’s not that sort of man.”

“Lady Charnley, the world reports you as happily married.”

“What does the world know?” she retorted scornfully. “The world sees me at receptions and balls and dinners and what not; the world sees me in my motor-car, and talks of Charnley as a clever and a rich and a coming man. What does the world know?”

“Is Sir Denis Charnley so bad that you must run away from him?” asked Horton gently. “Is life such a

bitter cruel thing that you must change it for a mere experiment with Justin Sharwood? I can look into the years that are coming, and I can see you left alone, just as Mary was left at the last—a woman without a name, and without a friend. Give yourself a chance; don’t go under for the sake of a creature like Sharwood.”

Lady Charnley had got a grip upon herself at last; the real purpose that had brought her there at all was strong within her. This was some old story that concerned someone else; some forgotten scandal that had not touched the man she told herself she loved at all. She moved across the room and sank again into the chair in which the man had at first discovered her. She could even find it in her heart to smile a little at this ragged creature who was so preposterously in earnest and who had no right to be in the place at all.

“I cannot for the life of me see what you have to do with any affair of mine,” she said. “Anyone claiming an acquaintance with Mr. Sharwood might come here with some hatched-up tale and expect to be believed. Is it likely that I should accept as truth any story you might tell?” Her eyes swept him scornfully for a moment.

“No, I suppose not,” he answered. He picked up the photograph and walked slowly across the room and set the picture in its place. He stood with his cap twisted in his hands and spoke gently and half brokenly without looking at her. “A woman thinks she sees the way clear and straight before her; and she trusts the man. You can’t show me what you’re doing to-night is right and square and true; in your heart of hearts you know that presently Sharwood will be back in the world again, with people who know him only too glad to receive him; while you will be out among the lost and the damned and forgotten. You know that as well as I can tell you.”



"You don't understand," she broke in impetuously. "He loves me; he's going to marry me just as soon as Charnley sets me free."

Horton laughed and passed his hand for a moment over his thin face; then he looked round at her. "That's what he told the dear woman—my Mary— when he stole her away from me. He was to marry her; he loved her better than any one else could possibly do—shall I tell you what became of her?" He had lowered his voice to a whisper, and he leaned his starved and shrunken face towards her.

"When they had fled, and she had left behind only a little note excusing herself, I set out to follow them. I tried in various places, but each time the news of my pursuit had reached them, and they were gone. I knew long afterwards that she was afraid and dared not wait to see me. I would have taken her back—poor broken thing that she was—because there was no one else on all the wide earth like her. And when at last I found her, by the merest chance, she was alone. He had left her—penniless—in a strange city; she was dying of want. I thank my God that at the last she died in my arms; it is a sweet and precious memory to me that she whispered at the last that she loved me, and that she had never loved anyone else. And it was then she spoke to me of the old happy days when we had been first married, and when we had made the best of things on a very little money in a couple of tiny rooms. That had been before the serpent had entered into our Eden."

"I—I'm sorry," she said. "Your life has been a poor thing since then?"

"There was nothing for which I had to live—no future. I was unlucky, or so men said, and I sank lower and lower. I have been in prison. And sometimes there, in the dark watches of the night, the poor, pitiful spirit of her has come to me, to comfort me.

I know in my heart that the poor spirit of her brought me here, to save the soul of a woman alive. Because you're not going to sin, Lady Charnley; you're going back."

Miriam Charnley drew herself up and smiled at him through her tears. "Yes, I'm going back," she said. "I hadn't understood before."

"That's good," answered the man; and with some old remembrance of gallantry he picked up the cloak and dropped it about her shoulders.

"I'm going back," she said, "for the sake of Mary. And you—what will you do?"

"Now, if we slip out," he said, "I can get you a taxi."

So the strange pair went out of the flat, Horton skirmishing in advance, to be certain that the coast was clear. But the street was so quiet, and she got out into it so rapidly, that to the casual glance of a stolid-faced policeman it was no more than just a well-dressed woman waiting for a moment in a lighted doorway, while a shabby man, who had drifted in the fashion of shabby men from nowhere, scurried off to find a taxi for her.

In due course the taxi deposited Miriam Charnley at her own house and went away again; and ten minutes later another taxi drove up, bringing Sir Denis Charnley. He was decidedly pleased at finding his wife waiting up for him. He dropped an arm with rough affection about her shoulders, and stooped and put his lips to hers.

"I say, old girl, I've been a bit careless lately, and I've let this Parliament business take up too much of my time. You're looking tired and worried; we'll take a holiday. I've paired for the rest of the session with another chap, and if you can get your things in time we'll clear out. What do you say?"

She looked up at him, and he saw with contrition that her eyes had tears in them. "I—I'm very grateful, Denis," she said.

## THE LOVER TO HIS LASS

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

CROWN her with stars, this angel of our planet,  
Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,  
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot  
See her for the garments of the light and the night.

How far I wandered, worlds away and far away!  
Heard a voice, but knew it not in the clear cold,  
Many a wide circle and many a wan star away  
Dwelling in the chambers where the worlds were growing old:

Felt them growing old and heard them falling  
Like ripe fruit when a tree is in the wind;  
Swift the seraphs gathered them, their clarion voices calling  
In the rounds of cheering labour till the orchard floor was thinned:

Saw a whole universe turn to its setting,  
Old and cold and weary, gray and cold as death,  
But before mine eyes were veiled in forgetting,  
Something always caught my soul and held its breath.

Caught it up and held it—now I know the reason;  
Governed it and soothed it—now I know why;  
Nurtured it, and trained it, and kept it for the season  
When new worlds should blossom in the springtime sky.

How have they blossomed, see! the sky is like a garden;  
Ah, how fresh the worlds look hanging on the slope!  
Pluck one and wear it, Love, and ask the Gardener's pardon,  
Pluck out the Pleiads like a spray of heliotrope.

See Aldebaran like a red rose clamber,  
See brave Betelgeux pranked with poppy light;  
This young earth must float in floods of amber  
Glowing with a crocus flame in the dells of night.

O, you cannot cheat the soul of an inborn ambition,  
'Tis a naked viewless thing living in its thought,  
But it mounts through errors and by valleys of contrition,  
Till it conquers destiny and finds the thing it sought.

Crown her with stars, this angel of our planet,  
Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,  
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot  
See her for the garments of the light and the night.

# WITH THE AID OF THE WIDOW

BY PETER McARTHUR

IN affairs of the heart a man, especially a young man, needs a disinterested woman to guide, to encourage, or to check him, as the case may require. Now, Harry Watson was young twenty years ago, and so fortunate as to have a charming widow as his confidant and friend. She was several years his senior, and he was once very much in love with her—or thought he was. She had poohpoohed his proposal and told him that, although she thought him a fine, clever young fellow, she had no desire to take a boy to raise and that he mustn't talk nonsense. Of course he was very tragic and went out west to hunt for grizzlies, hoping to be masticated by one, but he presently came to his senses and returned to the city. He was naturally rather shame-faced when he met the widow, but she was so jolly that he soon forgot his previous absurdity, and they became fast friends.

But about the middle of the season a change came over him. The widow wondered a little at first and then smiled. He was absent-minded, had no confidences to impart and could no longer be relied on for an escort.

"Well, Harry," she finally inquired when her patience was exhausted, "who are you in love with now?"

"How do you know I am in love?"

"Oh, I am so familiar with the symptoms, and besides I have seen you in love before!"

"No, no!" he exclaimed ruefully. "I never knew until now what love means!"

The widow thought of some wild protestations she had once heard and smiled, but her smile was good-natured and forgiving.

"Really," she said, "this looks serious, and perhaps I was wrong in not interfering sooner! But come, tell me who she is?"

"Miss Townsend."

"Esther?"

He nodded.

The widow blushed slightly and murmured something altogether irrelevant about taking a boy to raise, after all. Then she exclaimed:

"That is the first sensible thing I have ever known you to do! Have you proposed to her yet?"

"No, indeed! She knows nothing of how I feel toward her!"



"Who are you in love with now?"



"He sank back into his chair with a groan."

"Perhaps not," said the widow. "Some girls are queer."

"And besides she seems altogether unapproachable. Something seems to make it almost a sin to think of loving her."

The widow understood this at once. Esther's mother had died some years ago, and, being the only daughter, Esther had become the housekeeper for her father and brothers, and in consequence she naturally assumed a matronly attitude toward young men.

"You poor boy!" said the widow in humorous sympathy. "What would become of you if it were not for me? But if you obey my orders I will guarantee that you will win her."

"What must I do?" asked Harry brightening.

"You must go and propose to Esther to-night."

"I haven't the courage."

"You don't need courage. A proper amount of fear and trembling helps a man wonderfully when he is proposing."

Harry argued for awhile, but the upshot of the matter was that he

obeyed the widow and sought Esther with a carefully prepared proposal on the tip of his tongue. Being so occupied with this it was only natural that his conversational efforts were of the blundering kind that it would be cruel to repeat, and after the first few minutes Esther was no more at ease than he was, for embarrassment is very contagious among lovers, whether they realise that they are in love or not. Finally, after much disjointed chat, Harry made the plunge like a man closing his eyes and leaping over a precipice.

"Miss Townsend, I know that I am pre — that I — er — er—I love you."

Her reply was an inarticulate murmur of surprise.

"I cannot dare to think that you will consent to be my wife just now, but perhaps some day—will you not let me hope? I will do anything to win your love."

"Please don't, don't, Mr. Watson! It is impossible."

He sank back into his chair with a groan.

"I am so sorry this has happened," she said with forced calmness. "I like you very much, and I thought we were always to be friends, but you can see that it is impossible for me to marry. It is my duty to take care of papa and my brothers and try to take the place of my poor mother."

"I felt from the first," said Harry sorrowfully, "that it was hopeless to think of you. You are too good for me."

"Don't say that, please, for I like you very much more than any one I know. If I ever did lo—marry, it would be just such a man as you—good, clever and generous. But you see that it is impossible, don't you?"

He looked into her appealing eyes, but could not answer. Nothing is so sublimely tragic as a beautiful girl sacrificing herself to a mistaken sense of duty, and she appeared so sublime to him that he couldn't help thinking her in the right.

"Please leave me now, Mr. Watson. I am so sorry this has happened. You must forget me—no, not that—for I shall always like to think of you as a friend, and when you have forgotten this—this—please go. I must be true to my duty."

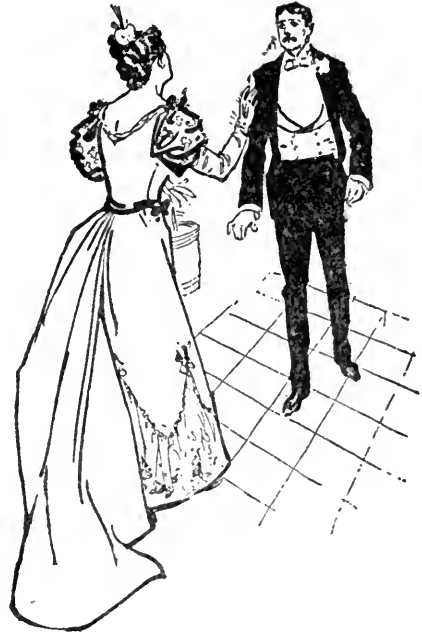
When Harry had reached the street, the weight of his disappointment pressed down on him in the darkness and maddened him. He loved her more than ever and was utterly without hope. When he had walked about until his sorrow had somewhat exhausted itself, he began to crave sympathy and naturally sought the widow. It was a delicate matter to handle, but she questioned him tactfully and soon learned all that she wished to know, and that was that his love was undoubtedly returned.

After talking the whole matter over Harry felt comforted, and he felt sure that the clever widow was going to do all in her power to help him. But he did not imagine that while they were discussing the subject the peerless, self-sacrificing Esther was weeping bitterly and almost rebelling against her fate. It was only by magnifying her duty to an appalling grimness that she finally recovered her composure and soothed the pain at her heart to an aching numbness.

As soon as the widow felt that Harry had recovered from the first bitterness of his disappointment she ordered him to go and call on Esther. He obeyed, and a few such calls restored to some extent their old relationship, and they could talk more like brother and sister. And one evening she talked to him in a most sisterly fashion, warning him wistfully to beware of the wiles of the widow.

"You know I look upon you as a brother, and I should not like to see one of my brothers as much in her company as you are. Of course she is niece, but is she designing?"

"The little minx," said the widow when she had heard of it. "I know I am designing, but she will find it is



"Take me Home."

for her happiness I am doing it now—and incidentally for my own—or just the reverse."

She of course diagnosed the case as one of jealousy and was pleased. Harry didn't understand the last part of her remark, but he did not question.

"Are you going to the Madison musicale?" the widow asked.

"Yes, Esther and her father will be there," Harry replied.

"Well, I shall be there, too, and I may want you to do me a favour. Will you do it?"

"Certainly."

\*

On the night of the musicale the widow was triumphantly beautiful. There was the light of battle in her eyes, and that with good reason, for she had brought her own affairs and those of several other people to a crisis. But no one could look at her perfect figure and animated face without feeling that she could conquer the most obdurate by her charms

and have her will. Harry had never seen her looking so bewitching, for he had never seen her so thoroughly alert and aroused. Had Esther not been there the old flame might have rekindled. But Esther was beautiful—in a different way—and as soon as they were alone he promptly proposed to her again, and she as promptly declined to listen.

He groaned in misery.

"I am very sorry," she said.

They looked at each other silently for a while. At last a slight sob shook her, and she murmured:

"I must get papa to take me home."

She turned and walked away from him quickly. Before she had gone a dozen paces she stopped as if transfixed and looked with dilated eyes into an alcove she was passing.

Then she ran back to Harry and, almost fainting, caught his arm.

"Take me home! Take me away from here!"

He hastened to call a carriage. When they had entered it, Esther began to cry, and he tried to console her. Instinctively he put his arm about her, and she did not resist. A moment after — it was the natural thing to do—he kissed her, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, she wept until her sorrow had abated. He could not imagine what was the matter, but when they arrived at her home she enlightened him. As she was leaving him in the conservatory she had seen her father kneeling before the widow proposing to her and had seen her grant him a kiss of acceptance. All

her illusions about duty vanished in an instant. Her father was getting another to take care of him, and her occupation was gone.

"I shall leave home!" she cried angrily. "If he marries her, I must leave home!"

"I have a home to offer you," said Harry.

But it is not necessary to follow them through this last scene, which could have but one result—happiness for both.

It never occurred to Harry that the widow had ordered him to propose to Esther so that she could bring her father, as if by accident, to see the little scene. She had watched his movements, and judging the correct moment to a nicety had brought Mr. Townsend to that part of the conservatory. He liked Harry too much to interrupt, which the widow had taken care to learn before she took the step, and she was not sorry when she heard of it.

Harry was naturally profuse in his thanks, for his happiness so blinded him to everything else in the world that he thought it was for his sake it had all been done. When this dawned upon the widow, she laughed loud and long.

"Oh, go away," she laughed, "to your billing and cooing with Esther! You are such a pair of fools you should be happy together." And she added somewhat mischievously:

"You see, I am in a sense taking a boy to raise, after all. But you will find me a very indulgent mother-in-law."





ON THE THRESHOLD

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE SILVER FOX MUFF

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

I THINK I was the most desperate woman in New York yesterday when I climbed into the lurching old Fifth Avenue stage in front of Ellis Leight's office and started for his house. That sounds sentimental, considering that Ellis was my first beau, in the old days out in Grand Rapids, and that I've never seen him since I married Phil twelve years ago. Heaven knows though, there was nothing sentimental about the situation. I was going to try to borrow money from Ellis, and I would almost rather have died. But the whole breadth and length of the city there was no one else left to appeal to—And when I had told him "no," he had said if ever I needed a friend—and Ellis wasn't the sort to change. But it almost killed me to face him with the story, and yet there was no one else left. To that pass Phil and I had brought ourselves.

There is no question about it—Phil and I are a bad lot. We didn't set out to be swindlers, dead beats and all the ugly rest of it, of course. We merely set out to live as comfortably and dress as well, to go to the theatre as often and dine in restaurants as often and go to the races as often, as the rest of the world. But Phil's salary at Bankington and Bondley's didn't quite allow that. So we began to run into debt; and then we borrowed where we could to pay the debts; and then we took to being very sure who was at the door before we opened it, and very careful about what little shops we passed in our walks.

And we moved often. And then, one day, Bankington and Bondley discovered — Oh well, what's the good of harking back nine years to that? Here we are, and Phil's no worse than the rest of the world. Aren't you always reading about the great captains of industry and how they rob the public, and how they ought all to be behind bars? Well, they aren't, are they? Neither is Phil. When the worst has come to the worst, I have always gone and interceded for him. I'm a slightly-built woman; I look fragile, I suppose. In the flats we live in even the janitresses tell me that I have "such sad eyes." And my hair's my own. I never touched it up even when Phil began to admire copper. So that, when I have to go and see people for him, I have a notion I look a good deal of a lady and a little of a suffering saint. Anyhow the old codgers who have employed him always weaken on prosecuting him when they see me.

The funny part of it is that I always feel entirely in earnest when I beg them not to proceed against him, and when I promise that this shall be his very last offence. My quaverings, and the tears that don't quite come, are as genuine as if I didn't remember the last time and couldn't foresee the next. Well, I don't know that I do, exactly. I'm always thinking, those times, how glad, how glad, I am that little Philip didn't live—He would be just ten, little Phil.

Well, that's the way we've lived for a long time now. But this year has been a little worse. Phil lost his

job last fall and hasn't had any work for four or five months. Naturally we are very much on our uppers. Whenever he's in funds—and sometimes he lands a good thing on the races—we salt it down in something pawnable. I have two very decent stones and Phil has a scarf pin and a ring that has seen us through many a tight place. But of course these were all tied up by the end of the second month. Since then I've been standing off the agent and the butcher and the rest of the pests, and Phil has been wearing out shoe leather looking for work. There aren't many jobs waiting for a man of thirty-five with no references and something about him that makes you think of pool rooms and Sheepshead Bay and the combination of your safe. I don't know just what it is, that look, but I can see it in Phil myself. It sticks out like the colour of his necktie when he wears blue.

Sometimes I've tried to get work myself. But where my lack of experience hasn't queered me, the fact that I have a husband to support me has. And so it has gone.

Yesterday he went out just after breakfast, which happened also to be lunch. It saves something to sleep through until one o'clock! In about two hours I heard his latch key click. I was still sitting at the table reading a paper, but I jumped up and began to hustle the dishes off. When things are going against Phil he's as nasty as you please, and I've known him to make more of a row over a soiled wrapper and a spotted tablecloth than I have ever made over being hungry and cold and ashamed to show my face.

This time he didn't notice the dishes or my kimono or anything. He was clammy white and when he spoke it was with a sound as though his tongue were thick in his mouth.

"Maudie," he said. "Maudie—" and stopped. Then I knew there was trouble. I'm "Maud" or "Old Girl" or "Old Fellow" when the wind is

fair. But where was the trouble to come from? He had lost his last place for incompetency, not for—anything else.

Finally I got it out of him. He had taken fifty dollars the night before—taken it from a man in Garry's saloon. It was the first time he had picked a pocket and it's silly, I suppose, but it's true—I felt as if I should die of shame. The ground seemed slipping away from under my feet and I grabbed the edge of the table.

"Picked a pocket," I said stupidly. "O Phil, Phil."

"Snivel about it later," said Phil crossly. "You've something else to do now. I tell you Garry's barkeep saw—or says he saw. And Garry says he'll not have it — no crooked business at his joint. He's got to have it back or he'll put the dopey cry-baby that couldn't take care of it on to me, and—well, you know what it'll mean."

"But why don't you give it back?" I asked him, like a fool. As though I hadn't been married to him twelve years! Of course it had gone already—on the Aqueduct races.

"Maudie, Maudie," he cried when he was through telling it, "get me out of this, this time, and I promise you—I swear—"

But I had put up my hand at that. I couldn't stand hearing one of Phil's vows just then.

I don't know what I expected to do as I dressed for the street. There was no one left to lend me a dollar. I had exhausted all credit and all kindness long ago. There was nothing in the flat that I could raise three dollars on. The only chance in the world was Ellis Leight and I felt that I would rather die than go to him. I dare say he knew well enough what we had become, and that I had done badly enough for myself when I took Phil instead of him. Still, I couldn't bear the thought of facing him myself with a request that would be an acknowledgment of everything. And yet—if I didn't, he could read it all

in a dingy paragraph in to-morrow's paper.

So I went down to his office, scourging myself along. I took a look at myself in the first big, reflecting window I passed on Columbus Avenue and I wondered if he would believe me. Somehow I have always managed to seem well dressed. A little bit of training and I would have made a dandy "Celestine et Cie," and could have charged sixty-five dollars for a blouse with the best of them. And upon my word, as I boarded the car, my pocket book flat over my last quarter, I gave a very passable tailor-made effect, though I was wearing literally the only thing I had except the kimono.

And then Ellis wasn't in his office, but at home in his hotel, convalescing from an attack of grippe.

If you have ever summoned every particle of strength in your body to lift some weight, and have strained and struggled and tried only to find that you have not done it by two inches, you know how you feel about the next attempt. That is how I felt as I boarded that stage—exhausted from the effort that had resulted in nothing, convinced that I could never screw myself up to the same pitch of courage again.

The stage stopped and a woman climbed in, a woman who was fairly tinny with silk linings. She was in mourning of the very rich, not very deep sort. She extracted a little purse of gun metal mesh from her silver fox muff—such silver fox!—and moved toward the front of the stage to ring for change. The muff dropped from beneath her arm as she moved and I stooped to pick it up for her.

It was no sooner in my hand than the whole plot flashed across me, though, on my word of hon — well, never mind that!—though I had really meant nothing in picking up the muff but to do her a little service. But there I held that rich thing — enough to save poor Phil, to stop the

landlord's mouth, to spare me the humiliation of begging from Ellis Leight. I held it, it might be my own. There was no one else in the stage. She wore no boa to match the muff, for the day was mild for mid-winter. And as for the rest of her dress—well, a hasty observer would not have known my blue cheviot for home-made.

By the time she had got her change and dropped her nickel in the box, one of my hands was cosily and intimately feeling the soft package inside the big, soft, lovely thing; the other was about to pull the bell rope.

"Thank you," she said, turning to me and putting out her hand. I looked at her blandly, inquiringly.

"For picking up my muff," she explained, growing quite red. She was blonde and rather sweet looking, and the colour came easily under her thin skin. I smiled at her.

"I picked up my muff," I told her gently.

"You — you — why, that is my muff," she sputtered.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, very haughtily and sternly. The stage jerked to a standstill by the curb. I made my way to the door. She followed, excited, incoherent. A policeman stood a third-block away, up the Avenue. I looked at her severely.

"I should be very sorry to have to give you in charge," I told her coldly. "But if you persist in this bare-faced attempt at highway robbery—"

For a second she looked at me too dazed to speak. I think she thought she was in a nightmare or an insane asylum. Then the policeman began to swing his way up the avenue and she made a dash after him. It was a fatal movement on her part. Her back was not turned before the side street had swallowed me. You see she was too well bred to make an outcry in public. If she had stood still and screamed for that policeman, I don't know what I should have done!

Four minutes later, from the fourth

story window of an office building across the street I watched that majestic, slow cop and that excited, gesticulating lady as they stopped puzzled pedestrians and made a useless scene upon the sidewalk. By and by the man seemed to represent to her the impossibility of making a room-to-room search of a busy, city block, and they went off together.

By and by I cautiously made my way out again. I went—sacrilege, I suppose it was—to a church, to sit down and think the situation over. I wanted to find out what the muff contained, and to make a plan for its disposal.

And only an hour or two before I had been horror-stricken to think that Phil had descended to such low dishonesty as to rob a man!

In the dusky shelter of a side pew I drew out the contents of the muff—a card case of seal with a name and address stamped inside in silver—“Mrs. Godfrey Reinhart, 18 West Seventy Second Street.” The cards narrowly edged with black, bore the same name and address.

There was besides a soft package rolled in tissue paper. I opened it. An unframed miniature came out. Dimly, in that religious twilight, I saw a child’s pink, laughing face. Then I drew out an unsealed envelope, black-bordered like the cards. Something was pencilled on its surface. I drew out the enclosure—a big, loose, fair curl.

Somehow my heart almost stopped beating then. For at home— at home—

I held the envelope close to my eyes

and read these words, “Eddie’s hair.”

And I—I who had been little Philip’s mother—

Don’t ask me what went on in my mind as I sat in that church, or how long I sat there, or anything. I only know that when I came out it was purplely dark and Fifth Avenue was a tangle of lights and shadows.

I walked out to West Seventy Second street. At her door they wanted my card, they wanted to know my business, they were sure she was engaged. But when I said that I had come about Mrs. Reinhart’s muff they let me in in short order.

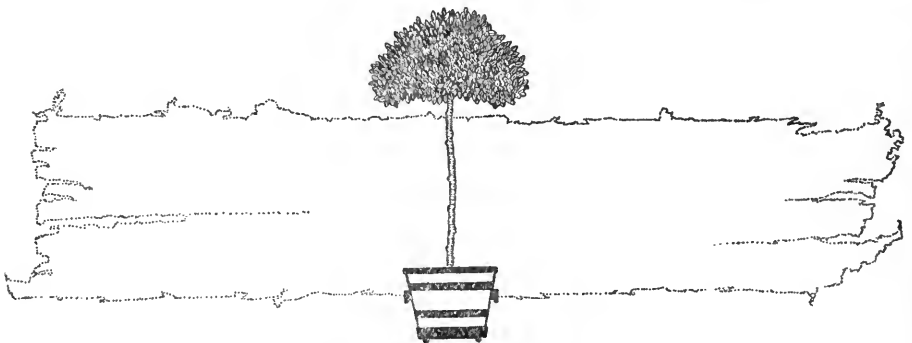
They sent me up to her—boudoir, I suppose it was. Anyway it was all brocade, pink and creamy, and flowers and couches and a fire. But she came in out of the next room—an empty nursery it was; I could see a rocking horse in there in the dusk and a long train of cars.

“You!” she cried out when she saw me.

I couldn’t say anything. I held out the muff. She looked bewildered, took it, stared at me, and then said: “Tell me what you mean!”

I looked in through the half open door at the rocking horse, standing so still, and told her.

That is all. Except that Phil will not go to jail this time. And maybe—maybe—never. For who knows what it may do for him, life on a ranch, away from the city and its temptations, with the open air and work and all? Mrs. Reinhart says everything. And perhaps, perhaps, she will be proved right.



# THE LAST OF HER RACE

BY S. WALKEY

THE château was set on fire by the Terrorists in the twilight of an autumn evening; and by the time the moon had risen the old home of the De Lissacs was a smoking ruin, around which fantastic and terrible figures were dancing like demons.

Monsieur le Comte and his wife and his sons had perished in the flames. They had chosen to defend the place to the last, rather than surrender themselves to a more dreadful death at the hands of their merciless foes.

They were a hated race—the De Lissacs. A peasant might not cut his corn until his seigneur had finished his partridge-shooting; and by then, most likely, the crop was spoilt. He might at any time be called upon to neglect his own poor patch of land and to work upon the vast farm that adjoined the park of the château. And there were other reasons, far greater than these, for the peasants' hatred of their lord. As for his two sons, they were loathed and feared throughout the whole demesne, while Madame la Comtesse, arrogant and proud, had done naught to win the affection or the love of those who for so long had groaned beneath the De Lissac yoke.

But now the Comtesse and the old Comte and his sons were dead. Vengeance had fallen upon the accursed race.

One, and one only, remained alive.

\*

It chanced that on this tragic even-

ing Valérie De Lissac was returning from a visit to a distant château—the home of the La Chesnayes, and young Aubert La Chesnaye rode beside the coach which was bearing her towards Lissac, after an absence of a month or more.

Neither had dreamt of danger, neither had imagined that the Terrorists, of which such dreadful tales had been told, had penetrated to Lissac. So secure were the La Chesnayes in the affections of their peasantry that they had disdained to flee when the first thunder-clap of the coming storm sent its echoes over France; and the De Lissacs, for all their arrogance, never lacked courage. They also stayed.

The great coach, drawn by six horses, had reached the summit of a hill whence the château, in daytime, might clearly be seen; when Aubert beheld a red tongue of fire leap upward towards the heavens.

In the twilight hour it looked sinister and strange. He drew rein for an instant and stayed gazing towards Lissac. The coach had halted that the horses might take a breather, and Valérie thrust her charming head from the window and called gaily to her young escort.

“Is it too dark to see the château?”

“Aye,” he answered swiftly, for a sudden fear—a sudden trembling had come upon him. For an instant he knew not what to say, nor what to do. Only in his heart he thanked Heaven that their journey had been

delayed at a hamlet where they had halted for awhile because one of the horses had cast a shoe.

"I have never travelled so late!" she exclaimed. "But what matter? I have a brave and gallant cavalier in you, Aubert. Don't you remember when we were children, how you used to vow that one day you were going to be my champion, and rescue me from all kinds of dreadful perils? Somehow to-night I feel that there is romance in the very air — romance and danger.

Valérie was always most charming in this gay, this mocking mood. Thrice had Aubert La Chesnaye striven to tell her of his love, thrice had she laughed him to scorn; but he was sure, in the end, that he would win her.

She was strangely unlike her brothers, for there was no arrogance, no cruelty in her nature. Hers was a heart of gold.

When the peasants sent secret messages to the Terrorists who, in a neighbouring province, were roaming from château to château — and who had offered to come and help to destroy the De Lissacs—they chose a time when they believed that Mademoiselle Valérie, whom they loved and revered, was safe from all danger. They did not imagine that the night of their vengeance would be the night of her return.

But so it was.

And Aubert La Chesnaye guessed what had happened. He remembered his father had more than once remarked that Lissac would perish if ever the tempest of the Terror swept in that direction. He knew now that the château was in flames.

Dismounting, he bade the lackey who sat beside the coachman to alight and hold his horse.

Then he went to Valérie.

"I want you to come with me," he said.

Something in his voice alarmed her, yet she left the coach without a question, and Aubert led her to a spot

whence she could see the pillar of flame that marked the blazing château.

"Valérie," said he very gently, "just now you imagined there was romance in the very air—romance and danger. And you were right. When you asked me whether 'twas too dark to see the château, I lied, for at the moment I knew not what to say. Then I remembered that with you truth was best always. I remembered you had told me, long ago, that if ever you were fated to meet danger—to suffer grief—you would pray to know the worst at the very outset. That is why I ask you now to look towards Lissac."

He took her hand, and for a moment her face was turned from him, but he knew she was gazing at the château. He could hear her half-stifled sobs.

"I understand," she said at last. "The peasants have risen. They have driven forth my father and my mother, and Silvain and Roland. They will have to flee to Chesnaye for safety. Nay, that will not be right, for were they to take refuge at Chesnaye you and yours might be in peril. Let us go on—on towards Lissac. Perhaps we shall meet my people, and then we may help them to escape. For I must join them, you see. It is my duty."

But ere Aubert Le Chesnaye could answer, three fugitives from Lissac came panting up from the hill. They were lackeys of the château who had been allowed to escape ere the mansion was set on fire.

They ran like men distraught. One kept crying:

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" in a voice that was shaken by sobs, and in an instant Valérie had hurried after him and seized his sleeve.

"Jules! Jules Cadillac! What has happened!" she cried.

The man threw up his arms in a gesture of horror and despair.

"They are dead — all dead!" he gasped. "They perished in the

flames! Monsieur le Comte, Madame la Comtesse, and the others! Had they come forth the redcaps would have butchered them. So they stayed in the château and fired upon the mob. Then faggots were brought and and oil, and soon the place was all ablaze. Heavens! I shall never forget their faces at the windows — never, never, never!”

“Hush!” said La Chesnaye. “Do you not recognise mademoiselle?”

“Nay, he was right to tell me the truth,” she faltered. “Are you sure that they are dead, Jules? Is there no hope?”

“None, mademoiselle,” replied Cadillac. “Do not venture farther. Return to Chesnaye. That is whither we are bound. Monsieur le Vicomte will give us shelter and food.”

“Aye, he will,” said Aubert. “Come Valérie, let us go back.”

“Is there no hope?” she asked again.

One of Jules Cadillac’s companions answered her.

“Someone said that Madame la Comtesse disappeared from view before the others,” he said. “I heard a redcap remark that her men-folk had made her leave them—that they had urged her to escape. But I never learned what happened afterwards, for I fled, and then I was overtaken by Jules and Pierre.”

There came a silence, broken at last by the voice of Aubert La Chesnaye.

“Come, Valérie, let us go back,” he said again.

But she turned fiercely upon him.

“Go back? Never!” she cried. “My mother may be living! She may be in the hands of those bloodthirsty wretches who have destroyed my father and Silvain and Roland! I will not return to Chesnaye. If they take her to Paris, I will walk beside her tumbrel, and I will go with her to the guillotine!”

“But if she be dead, mademoiselle?” said Jules. “If she has perished? Then, by going to Lissac, you

will have imperilled your own life for naught!”

“Yet I will go!” she cried.

## II.

“A brave decision, citoyenne,” said a strange voice, and a tall figure emerged from the shadows. “If you will permit me to be your escort, I will take you safely to Lissac. For I am sure you will find your mother alive, and I have no doubt that when she is on her way to the conciergerie, she will be comforted by your presence. If Citizen Chesnaye will be so gracious as to lend us his coach, we shall be at Lissac within an hour.”

But Aubert La Chesnaye had leapt ’twixt the stranger and mademoiselle, and had drawn his rapier. The steel glittered like silver in the bright moonlight.

“If mademoiselle goes to Lissac, she goes under my escort!” he exclaimed.

“Ah, but your escort would be worthless, citizen,” replied the stranger; “whereas mine would ensure the citoyenne’s safety. I will tell you why. The patriots who have assisted the peasants of Lissac to destroy the château are under my command. I am Citizen Roberie, from Paris, recently appointed inspector-general of the various bands sent forth to destroy the châteaux of the foes of the Republic and to bring aristocrats before the Tribunal. My business is to send to Paris full reports of the work of our patriots, and my warrant gives me power to release captives who, in my opinion, are guiltless of any crime against the well-being of the Republic. Thus you will realise that I can be a strong friend or a dangerous enemy. Which do you choose to consider me?”

The question was addressed to Valérie, but ’twas Aubert La Chesnaye who answered it.

“An enemy!” he cried.

“Then I shall remember you as my foe when I visit Chesnaye,” said

Citizen Roberie. "Really, citizen, you are extremely foolish. So many aristocrats go to the guillotine because they have spoken a careless or hasty word. And I beg you to sheath your sword. It is true that you can kill me if you please, for I am alone, and you have men around you who are upon your side. But would my death help the citoyenne to find her mother? I think not. So I will appeal to her to make her choice."

Roberie bowed to mademoiselle.

"Citoyenne," he said, "will you accompany me to Lissac? Will you trust me? I assure you that if your mother be alive—and I have reason to believe that she is safe—you shall join her. Afterwards, though I make no promise, I may be able to arrange for her release. If she be dead, then I will send you to Chesnaye. Can I say more?"

Aubert would have spoken, but Valérie, distraught with grief and wrought to a desperate resolve to go to Lissac—to prove whether or not her mother lived—placed her hand in that of Citizen Roberie.

"I have chosen," she murmured. "I will trust you."

The citizen turned to La Chesnaye.

"You will allow me to borrow your coach?" he said. "Perhaps you yourself would like to remain here on the slender chance of the citoyenne returning in, say, two hours or so. I warn you not to follow us to Lissac unless you court certain death.

Aubert La Chesnaye made no reply. He stood like a figure cut in stone. When Citizen Roberie bade the coachman make ready to drive to Lissac, and fetched his own horse from a place amid the trees, where it had been tethered, La Chesnaye shivered, but still he made no sign, and presently the great coach rumbled down the hill, while Roberie clattered along behind.

Jules was now holding Aubert's horse, but La Chesnaye took the reins from him.

"You can go," he said—"all three

of you. Hasten to Chesnaye—tell my father that danger threatens. Bid him make preparations for a flight to England, for the sake of my mother and my sisters. Say that the wolves from Paris are a-prowl, and that ere long Chesnaye will suffer the fate of Lissac. I count upon you, Jules, to persuade my people to flee. Why should they perish? Why should they remain in France, to be butchered by wandering ruffians calling themselves patriots, or to be dragged to Paris to the guillotine?"

"But you, m'sieu? What will you do?" stammered Cadillac. "Where will you go?"

"Jules," said Aubert, "I imagine that I shall go to heaven, for I follow Mademoiselle De Lissac."

### III.

"You will alight here, citoyenne," said Roberie.

The door of the coach was opened and Valérie stepped out. The citizen offered his arm. All around sounded confused and savage voices. She saw fierce and dreadful faces, revealed only too clearly, by the tossing flames of torches.

Not once during the twenty years of her sheltered life had Mademoiselle De Lissac beheld such people as these. They were the gutter-scum—the sweepings of the towns—banded together for one purpose—to destroy the aristocrats.

The coachman and the lackey beside him were dragged from their seats. No harm befell them. They were bidden to be off, for their horses were wanted to replace some of the weary beasts which had been dragging the tumbrils that carried ammunition and food for the Terrorists.

Valérie seemed to be in a hideous, a terrible dream. The shock of the tragedy at Lissac had shaken her to the very depths of her soul. She realised little save that Roberie was speaking in a haughty and commanding tone to the ruffians who seethed



around her; and presently these fell back, making a lane through which the citizen was able to lead his captive.

"Does my mother live?" she murmured.

"Yes—yes. But have patience," he replied. "I must find for you a place of safety. That is my first duty."

Leading his horse, he escorted mademoiselle, by a path which appeared to be familiar to him, to the little hamlet which nestled among the beeches beyond the great park. It was deserted. Everyone had gone to see the last of the château.

Roberie halted by the hostelry, stabled his horse, then entered the inn, and called upon Valérie to follow.

The place was in darkness, and she remained in the porch until the citizen found some candles. These he lighted and placed in the guest-chamber, which was opposite the common-room.

It was a small apartment, furnished with a round table, four chairs, some cheap pictures and ornaments, and an ancient harpsichord which half a century before had stood in the salon of the Château Lissac, and which, when nearly worn out, had been sold or presented to a former innkeeper.

Roberie went to Valérie and took her hand, and lifted it to his lips. Then he stood gazing into her eyes.

"You are enchantingly beautiful, citoyenne," he murmured. "I must save you, if I can, from the guillotine—you, the last of your race."

Mademoiselle turned on him with a passion that struck the exultant look from his face, yet her voice was clear and tranquil.

"So I have come to Lissac for naught," she said. "My mother perished in the flames?"

"Aye," he answered. "She would not desert her husband and her sons."

Valérie fell to her knees and caught

at his hand. "Why did you bring me here?" she cried. "Why did you not tell me the truth when we reached the ruins of the château?"

"Because I wanted you to myself. I wanted to tell you that my name was not Roberie—three years ago," he murmured.

Dumbfounded she rose to her feet.

Again he took her unresisting hand and lifted it to his lips. Then he released her and stepped back, and threw off his heavy cloak, and cast his great hat, with its tricoloured cockade, upon the floor.

Valérie De Lissac stood gazing at him. His face was colourless, but his eyes blazed, and a smile which she remembered and hated made his thin lips curl as in a snarl.

"Monsieur Perregaux!" she gasped.

The man bowed and showed his teeth. Then he drew himself to his full height, exultant and triumphant.

"Aye, Monsieur Perregaux!" he cried. "You remember that evening when I left Lissac? You were standing upon the terrace. You saw your father—that devil whose body is now in ashes—strike me across the face with his cane. You saw your brothers, with their whips, chase me from the parterre. You saw me fall ere I reached the gate, and you watched them kick me until I arose and staggered away—away from Lissac for ever. Nay not for ever, for I have returned to see vengeance fall upon your accursed race. I, the poor secretary, whose only crime was that I loved you, that I was mad enough to declare that love, and unfortunate enough to be spied upon by your brother Silvain, am now more powerful than all the aristocrats who remain in France!"

She stared at him with startled, dilated eyes. She remembered only too well that scene, three years before, when Perregaux had been driven from Lissac. She remembered how she had shuddered while she stood there upon the terrace, listening to

his curses and his cries. She remembered how she had begged her brothers to be merciful, to let him go in peace. She remembered her mother's scornful laughter when she made her fruitless plea.

And now, here was she alone with the wretch who had so cruelly suffered because he had been fool enough to love the daughter of Monsieur le Comte, his master.

Perregaux was no longer the poor secretary. He was Roberie, the Republican—Roberie, the friend of all the great ones of Paris; and she was at his mercy.

Somehow she had always feared and hated this man. She remembered how he used to follow her about at Lissac, and with what persistence he would force himself upon her notice when she chanced to be alone. She had never understood that he was frenzied with love for her until that passionate outbreak which had been overheard by her brother Silvain.

"Citoyenne," he said, "I rode to Lissac with that band of patriots who assisted the peasants to destroy the château. Having set them to their task, I discovered on inquiry that you were not at home. A woman of the neighbourhood said that you were upon a visit to Chesnaye. Then another remarked that she had heard you were returning that evening."

"So I rode forth towards Chesnaye, and halted upon the first hill-top that I might watch the destruction of the château. Then I heard the rumble of the coach, and I hid among the trees. Later I listened to your converse with La Chesnaye. Fortune was with me. I needed but to play a bold game. So I was able to lure you here."

"Then my mother had perished. You knew that when you brought me to Lissac," she said after a long pause.

"I guessed that she was dead. Ere I left my patriots I exhorted them to destroy the whole accursed brood. It

was done. You, and you alone, remain alive, and you are in my power."

It was then that the old spirit of the De Lissacs — the spirit which counted no cost—the spirit of quenchless courage—flamed in the heart of mademoiselle.

That spirit rose above all grief and all despair.

This was not the shy, enchanting girl of seventeen whom Perregaux had coveted three years ago.

He had roused in her all that was best, and all that was most splendid, in the character of the race of which she was the last.

"Citizen Roberie," she said, "you have wreaked your vengeance on Lissac, on those whom you hated, but whom I loved. I, and I only, remain. What is to be my fate? The guillotine? If so, I am ready."

He showed his teeth again and gave a laugh.

Somehow that laugh seemed to madden her, to rouse a fury in her heart.

"Murderer!" she cried. "Liar and murderer! Do your worst and be content!"

"Content!" he exclaimed. "Content! Why, I am that already. I am like the old Camisard who, when asked whether he felt no remorse for his crimes, replied that 'his soul was like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains.'

"Citoyenne, I can assure you that my soul, also, is like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains; for those whom I loathed are destroyed, and you, whom I love, are here with me alone in this deserted hamlet—alone, and at my mercy.

"My hour of vengeance has passed; now comes my hour of love.

"Those kisses which three years ago a cruel fate denied me, I now can claim by right of conquest, for you are my prisoner—my prisoner of love, Valérie—aye, my prisoner of love."

He ceased, and threw wide his

arms, and advanced as though to embrace her. But something in her eyes checked and awed him.

"I wonder whether, amid all the dreadful monsters who have dipped their hands in the blood of the innocent, there is one so vile as you," she murmured in a voice that was low and clear and thrilling with such hate, that Monsieur Perregaux, now Citizen Roberie, was seized by a fierce desire to kill this fair aristocrat whom he so madly loved.

"Have you finished, citoyenne?" he snarled.

"Nay, I have not told you the half of that which is in my heart!" she answered. "You, and you only, planned the destruction of Lissac; yours was the master mind which formed the link between the discontented peasants and the Terrorists over whom you have control. Through you I have lost all, and yet in this bitter hour you dare to speak to me of love. You dare to tell me that your soul is like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains! Saints in Heaven! God must indeed be merciful to suffer *you* to live!"

"Have you finished, citoyenne?" he snarled again; "because, whereas I meant to plead with you—whereas I meant to go upon my knees, if you willed, and to beg you to let me be your guardian all through these perilous days of the Terror — whereas I meant to take you to the mayor of the nearest town, that you might wed me by law as ordained by the Republic, I am now resolved to drag you to Paris—to make you suffer, to taste all the bitterness in this life that a woman can endure, and yet remain alive.

"Think not to escape me by death!"

His voice broke; his savage passion was drowned for an instant in his love for her; and then, finding her cold as ice, scornful and fearless and proud, the man's rage burst in a torrent, and he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Hark!" cried mademoiselle.

Roberie did not release her, but he stood listening, his eyes fixed upon the door. He remembered that it was neither locked nor bolted.

It opened slowly and without a sound, and in the dim glow of the candlelight stood Aubert La Chesnaye, his face deathly, his eyes blazing like coals.

In his hand he held a drawn sword.

A moment earlier Citizen Roberie was at the height of his triumph—a moment earlier his lips were near the lips of mademoiselle — and now all that he had won was dashed from his grasp.

One glance at the face of La Chesnaye warned him that he was trapped by a merciless, a terrible foe—a foe who believed that the lips of the woman whom he loved and worshipped had been desecrated by the vile taint of the Terrorist.

Aubert came swiftly forward. His sword glimmered like a stream of fire.

It was then that Roberie's courage failed him.

His grasp upon Valérie relaxed; she glided away, and left him face to face with her lover.

Roberie, with a curse, drew his heavy sabre, and for an instant the duellists watched each other, while mademoiselle stood by the old harpsichord as still as death.

Suddenly La Chesnaye made a swift, a subtle movement, and his blade flashed towards the breast of his foe. Citizen Roberie parried the thrust, and aimed a fierce stroke with his sabre at the head of the aristocrat. The blow fell short, and next moment La Chesnaye's rapier was rasping against the steel of his adversary; then, with bewildering swiftness, Roberie was wounded and disarmed.

His sabre whirled across the room and fell at the feet of Mademoiselle De Lissac.

Roberie was upon his knees, groveling before La Chesnaye, crying for mercy, his hands outspread to stay

the downward thrust of the threatening sword.

Valérie stooped and picked up the wretch's sabre, and flung it crashing through the window.

"Go!" she cried to Roberie. "I give you your life! Go!"

She seized her lover's arm.

"Let God be his judge!" she murmured. "He has not harmed me, though through him my people perished. But I cannot find it in my heart to let you be his executioner. All my life, Aubert, I should picture you standing over him—all my life I should see his terror and hear his cries for mercy. Heaven sent you in time to save me; therefore let Heaven deal with our foe."

Slowly Aubert La Chesnaye sheathed his blade.

Then he stooped and wrenched the great tri-color sash from Roberie's waist. Tearing this into strips, he bound his captive hand and foot. The Terrorist broke into a frenzied storm of curses.

"Come, Valérie," said La Chesnaye.

He took her hand, blew out the candles, and they passed from the hostelry, leaving their enemy locked in the guest-chamber.

Aubert's horse was tethered to a

post at the head of the little village. He had seen the light in the window of the inn, and had come afoot to the rescue.

"We must ride to Chesnaye, you and I, Valérie," he whispered. "We can go by the road, round by Sancy, and by dawn, if my people have not already fled, we shall all be far from these perils which now encompass us. If only we had another horse! But mine is strong, and you are but a light burden."

"The Citizen Roberie's horse is in the stable," she replied.

He gave an exclamation of surprise and rapture.

Three minutes later the hamlet was wholly deserted save by Roberie, who lay in the darkness, cursing the evil fate that had snatched from him the prize which he had deemed to be within his grasp, and tortured by the knowledge that she for whom he would have sold his soul was gone from him forever.

"Will he ever feel remorse, that wretch whom we spared to-night?" said Aubert, as he and Valérie rode swiftly towards Chesnaye.

"Nay," she answered, "never! For he told me that his soul was like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains."



# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE visit of the King and Queen to the German capital in connection with the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter has been heralded as indicating a material change in Anglo-German relations.

It is significant that while King George came to the throne in 1910, this was his first visit to the Berlin Court. It is customary for a new sovereign to make a grand tour of foreign courts after his succession, but the relations between Britain and Germany were not of a character to ensure a hearty welcome to the King from the people of Berlin. The last occasion on which the two royal cousins met was at the funeral of the late King Edward, when the Emperor rode in the cortège through the streets of London. King Edward was never on very intimate terms with his nephew. A temperamental barrier separated the two, and international differences — commencing with the famous telegram of congratulation from William II. to Kruger on the failure of the Jameson raid—strained the family ties to a breaking point. There was one interval when it seemed as if the breach would be healed. The Kaiser hastened to the deathbed of Queen Victoria, and was a conspicuous figure at the last solemn rites. Then, as now, it was hoped that the breach would be healed, but King Edward and Lord Lansdowne committed Britain to a foreign policy that isolated Germany and divided Europe into two hostile camps—the Triple Entente and the Triple Alli-

ance. Whether King George's visit will accomplish much remains to be seen. Family ties count for little in the game of diplomacy, and unless Germany and Britain come to some agreement widening the horizon of Teutonic colonial activity there will be little permanent relief from the burden of armaments.

The war in the Balkans has helped to bring Britain and Germany together. Their mutual financial interests in Turkey have ranged them in opposition to France and Russia over the question of indemnity, and this diplomatic understanding has given rise to the hope that an agreement may be reached on wider issues.

\*

Spain is no longer a negligible quantity in the delicate equipoise of the balance of power in Europe. There was a tendency for some time towards closer relations with the Triple Alliance, but the settlement of the Franco-Spanish differences in Morocco opened the door for a more intimate understanding between Spain and the Triple Entente which it has been the ambition of the former to effect. The growing stability of Spain and the change in the situation in the Mediterranean make this nation a valued asset as a margin of strength in that strategical waterway. Spain has three first-class battleships ready for launching, and the construction of a second fleet consisting of three more battleships, two cruisers and twenty-two auxiliary vessels

has been approved. On the military side her Government have shown equal activity in the reorganisation of the army and the construction of naval bases on the coast.

\*

The navy controversy in Canada has reached an interesting stage. The Senate has refused to approve the Borden bill until it has been endorsed by the electors. This naturally has aroused the fury of the Conservative press. What right has the Senate, a non-elective body, to force the Government to the country? The deadlock is similar to that which confronted the Liberal Government in Britain when the House of Lords refused to endorse the Lloyd-George budget of 1909-10. That, of course, was a measure that could not be hung up, and there was no alternative for the Government but to appeal to the country.

The country upheld the Government in its quarrel with the Lords, and not only the Budget but the Parliament Act restricting the veto power of the Lords was made an issue and carried into law. What hinders Mr. Borden from making a similar appeal to the Canadian people? The Canadian Senate is a gross anachronism in the twentieth century and should be ended or mended. But on what lines do the irate Conservatives propose to effect its reform? Would an elective Second Chamber simply exist for the purpose of registering the decrees of the Lower House? And, if an effective instrument for the checking of hasty legislation, what practical purpose would it serve that could not be achieved through a referendum?

As to the Navy Bill there does not seem to be any anxiety on the part of the Dominion Government to accept the challenge of the Senate and submit the issue to the people. Either the emergency is not so urgent as Canadians were led to believe or Mr. Borden has not been able to impose

the conditions which he suggested when in England might be the subject of negotiation between the Dominion and British Governments. The navy bill is not a question of aid to the Mother Country. There is really no difference of opinion in Canada on this point. Canada is one in its resolve to help Britain in time of need. The problem is more complex. It reaches down to the roots of Confederation and involves an examination of the principles that govern the relations of Canada to the Empire. For this reason the Liberals were justified in demanding the fullest possible discussion of the navy bill so that the country would have an opportunity of grasping the fact that, under cover of an emergency contribution to the British navy, the Borden Government was seeking to carry through constitutional changes in the relations between Canada and the Empire for which it had no mandate, and which the people alone had the right to decide.

The Canadian people surely have a right to know on what grounds their country is regarded as inferior to the foreign allies of Great Britain in relation to control of her own unit of Imperial defence? For some years past Britain has delegated to Japan and France—states having no British aims or sympathies—the safeguarding of Imperial interests in the Pacific and Mediterranean. Are Canada and Australia less willing and competent to undertake the responsibility entrusted to Japan? If the principle of naval co-operation can be carried out in the case of France and Japan, why not in conjunction with the Dominions? As no strategic excuse can be advanced for this distrust of her own Dominions by Great Britain Canadians must look elsewhere for the reasons that have led Mr. Borden to accept the principle of centralised naval control in relation to Canada's unit of defence, whatever form this ultimately may assume.

By a process of elimination thinking Canadians are forced to the conclusion that the Borden naval departure has its origin in the desire to conform to the British viewpoint regarding the constitutional relation of Canada to the Empire. The British conception of Imperialism is that of a Greater Britain. Hence the conclusion of *The London Times* that the Australian and Laurier policy of naval alliance, as opposed to centralised control, "complicates the constitutional problem to an extent which is likely to lead some day to a complete rupture of Imperial ties." And hence also the refusal of the Australian Government to accept the proposal to substitute the Imperial Defence Committee in lieu of the Imperial Conference as the organ of consultation between Britain and the Dominions. The Defence Committee represents the principle of Imperialism based on centralised control; the Imperial Conference represents a joint assembly of co-ordinate states. Whither is Mr. Borden leading Canada? The country is entitled to know.

\*

The visit of the author of "The Great Illusion" to Toronto has served to stimulate public thought on the issues of peace and war. Mr. Norman Angell's conception of international relations as based upon the principle of conscious economic interdependence rather than force is a restatement of the Cobdenite theory, reinforced by the stronger argument afforded by modern developments of international economic agencies, including Finance and Labour, made possible by improved inter-communication. The internationalisation of Capital and Labour is in process of achievement and once the interests of Labour, equally with those of Capital, are identical throughout the world we may arrive at a point where national boundaries cease to exist. The interests of Finance are practically common throughout the civilised

world at the present time. Interdependence is the basis of financial stability, and the cause of recurrent cycles of world-wide depression.

Labour is not so highly organised on an international basis as finance; it is not equally "fluid." Language, national customs and other barriers tend to prevent the co-operation of Labour. These national differences do not affect the co-operation of finance to the same extent. Mr. Angell's argument is that both these agencies have so far advanced towards effective international co-operation that it is no longer possible for any State to reap economic advantages by recourse to armed diplomacy or actual war. Whatever differences of opinion may obtain as to his theory it must be admitted that he has caught the ear of the thinking world, and has injected a fresh idea into the controversy concerning arbitration and war. There is, however, one flaw in Mr. Norman Angell's internationalisation theory. Will internationalisation proceed to the extent of abolishing colour distinctions? Will Australia, California and British Columbia lower the colour barrier raised against the Asiatic? If not, how is this racial antagonism to give place to international economic interdependence?

\*

The prosecution of the "Deborah" company, in Toronto, on the sworn information of a clergyman, raises questions of serious import. Censorship is a necessary and legitimate method for exercising control over theatres. In England the office of censor, from time immemorial, has been associated with the Lord Chamberlain's department, but in recent years has fallen into disrepute and will likely be replaced by municipal censorship. Under the old system of licensing plays the public censor in England laid down his own standards and was independent of public criticism. The last censor to be appointed was himself the author of a play

of questionable morality. Yet he took it upon him to have plays by George Bernard Shaw and others banned on the ground that they were immoral.

The municipal authority provides a convenient and simple machinery for the exercise of all necessary control over amusement places, and Toronto has recognised this by appointing an official censor. But this does not satisfy the "Committee of Forty," the self-constituted guardians of the morals of the people. Rev. John Coburn is the appointed agent of this committee, and in this capacity he acted as informer in the case of "Deborah." Apart from the merits of the play, the question arises: What justification is there for the existence of the "Committee of Forty," seeing that Toronto, a self-governing city, has appointed a censor? Is Toronto ruled by a representative civic council or by an irresponsible unrepresentative Committee of Forty? Ecclesiastical tyranny in the form of an inquisitorial committee is an evil that differs only in degree from those it seeks to eradicate. If these good men desire to sweeten civic life and keep it wholesome there are other agencies open to them. Has the pulpit lost its power? Is municipal government in Toronto so hopeless that it cannot be trusted to discharge its most elementary obligations to the community?

As to "Deborah," it was a first night, and might have been rehearsed for the benefit of the public censor. The censored play, as it was staged on the second night, was no better and no worse than other so-called problem plays. From begin-

ning to end there was nothing that could offend the most sensitive ears of the theatre-goer. The play as a whole made no claim on behalf of woman of the right to motherhood independent of marriage and love. On the contrary the suffering and remorse of "Deborah" conveyed a salutary warning and lesson at the close.

As a play "Deborah" has some fundamental defects. The maternal instinct is stronger in woman than the sexual, but the Deborah created by the author is not a normal type of womanhood. Who has ever heard of her or known her? The maternal instinct does not lead the normal woman to seek for motherhood apart from love and marriage, for this is to assume that maternal instinct is compatible with indifference as to the future of the offspring. Whether "Deborah" is ever staged again matters little in the contention. What does matter is that the people through the municipal authorities, and not a self-constituted Committee of Forty, should have the right to decide what plays are to be allowed.

Since writing the foregoing, Judge Morson has given judgment in favour of the "Deborah" Company, and the grounds on which he arrived at his decision in the appeal against the conviction of the lower court will be approved by all who value the theatre as an educational influence. So many good people nowadays want to add to the Ten Commandments. It will be an evil day for Canada if the horizon of the people is narrowed down to the limited vision of one reverend gentleman.







THE HONOURABLE MRS. WRIGHT

From the Painting by George Romney. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## EGERTON RYERSON

By DR. PUTMAN. Toronto: William Briggs.

**E**GERTON RYERSON firmly believed in the teaching of biography as one of the strongest points in a system of education. In his remarks on this subject he says that biography should form the principal topic in elementary history. The life of the individual often forms the character of the age in which he lives, and will form the nucleus round which to collect the youthful mind. It is a happy fact, therefore, that his own life is not forgotten, and that in this volume by Dr. Putnam his achievements once more are brought to our attention.

Ryerson was a man who was intensely interested in every movement which had for its end the betterment of the government and general condition under which the people lived at this time, and the history of Upper Canada during a period of nearly sixty years is as much bound up in the labours of Egerton Ryerson as

with the work of any other public man. Not only did he imbue everyone with whom he came into contact with interest, but he had an abiding faith in furthering popular education and in the realisation of this work he was the greatest champion of free schools in Upper Canada.

Without in any way disparaging the great services rendered to British North America by Egerton Ryerson, his long and arduous fight for religious liberty and equality, as well as in his work for the church, the author has written the volume with the primary object of giving a succinct idea of the nature and history of our Ontario school legislation. The story of how the work was done, how valiant and strenuous was Ryerson's championing of the cause of free schools, how firm his adherence to his work, how fireless his energy, how capable his management of details, is what Dr. Putman undertakes to tell, and he does it in a very direct and readable way. Dr. Putnam, himself a well-known educationist, at the present time holds the position of inspector

of public schools at Ottawa. Among his contributions to Canadian literature the best known is entitled "Britain and the Empire."

\*

### "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

BY FRANK L. PACKARD. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

WE recognise at once in this volume some of the terse, dramatic, arresting style that characterises the author's first book, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a collection of fresh, virile short stories, but it would be unjust to otherwise compare this second book to the first. For it takes a supreme stylist to carry off successfully an old theme, and while one may give a new setting, that is not enough. Mr. Packard is a young Canadian author, and his standing as a short story writer makes one regret that his first novel has not more to commend it. However, he recently returned from a trip to the south seas, and as he seems to be gifted naturally as well as by his training as an engineer for dealing with big manly exploits in the open, it is to be hoped that he will write as a result of his trip, and as he can write, a novel that will deal with men as he finds them at the outposts of civilisation.

\*

### A HISTORY OF CAVALRY

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a tribute to the worth of this book to say that it has gone into a second edition. It was first published in 1877, when it won the prize given by the Emperor of Russia for the best work on the subject in competition with writers the world over. It was translated into several languages. This second edition includes a preface, which brings the history down to the present time. The volume

gives an account of the use of cavalry in time of war as far back as the knowledge of man goes, and in this respect it is a unique work. In calling attention to it, it is interesting to observe that while at the time it was written the modern firearm, such as was used in the South African war and the war between Japan and Russia, had not yet come into use, Colonel Denison made a forecast of it and of its effect on modern warfare. Reappearing just now, this second edition is timely and valuable.

\*

### THE GREAT GOLD RUSH

BY W. H. P. JARVIS. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

WE like this book because of its frankness and the author's evident desire to give the plain facts of one of the greatest stampedes in the history of the world. For the rush to the Klondike gold-fields at the close of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly one of the most wonderful evidences of man's lust for gold that the world has even seen. While Mr. Jarvis's book is scarcely a novel, it embraces a series of pictures that have all the freshness of novelty. We feel that he does justice to the miner. He makes of him a respectable man, and, as he himself says, so many things have been written about him to compromise him, so many imaginations have drawn pictures of his morals, that he has felt himself called upon to correct the impression. Besides dealing with miners and mining, the North-west Mounted Police, and many strenuous and adventurous incidents in connection with that great rush, there is as well the introduction, as characters, of a number of dogs whose personalities become firmly fixed in the mind of the reader. These dogs form an important and attractive part of the narrative. This is Mr. Jarvis's second book, his first being entitled "The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother."

## THE HARBOUR MASTER

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.  
Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

MR. ROBERTS here gives us a rattling good tale of adventure along the picturesque Newfoundland coast. As every one knows, there are many perilous reefs in those northern waters, and as a consequence, wrecks are fairly numerous. Perhaps not so numerous now as they used to be when—according to this story—wrecking was a lucrative and adventurous calling. We know, of course, the primitive folk who live by the sea-shore have always in mind the possibility of something coming to them upon the crest of the wave, and this fact Mr. Roberts has well developed and used to excellent advantage in depicting the scenes of looting and fighting and rescuing and drowning. The old harbour master in the cove where the story is laid tries to keep his unruly and mutinous followers in subjection, but there is too much excitement, too much chance for looting rich stores in holdings and cabins of unfortunate vessels. The story fairly reeks of the sea and of sea-faring men, and there is enough romance in it to hold the reader's interest. It is one of Mr. Roberts's best efforts.

\*

## TWIXT LAND AND SEA

BY JOSEPH CONRAD. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THIS volume of three short stories or novelettes serves to further the opinion that the author is the leading short story writer of to-day. Like all Conrad's writing, they are the kind of stories that cannot be described. There is no plot in the ordinary sense of the word, but they are full of movement and rhythm and character and mystery and an infinity that seems to carry them on and set them quite apart from the commonplace. You see ships, heaving upon

troubled seas, and men struggling and cursing and straining against the great gales. Then again you see the sails set, but no wind, and the helpless impotency of mere man is startlingly pictured. In "The Secret Sharer," for instance, one has a good example of Conrad's mastery of the art of creating a sense of impending fate. You see the sailing vessel with men going about it in the ordinary course of events, with the captain in his place, with the sails well set; and yet over all there is a feeling of calamity. You seem to know that something unusual is about to happen, and it does happen. Not so unusual, after all, but unusual in Conrad's interpretation of it. In this story, a naked man in the dead of night comes aboard out of the water. He has killed a man, and has swum from another ship. The captain happens to be alone on deck, and he sympathises with the man and hides him in his cabin. The stowaway resembles the captain in appearance, so much so that the captain comes to think, almost, that he is hiding himself. This feeling of uneasiness increases, as well as the suspicions of the crew, until at last one feels that the very ship itself is aware of something unusual or of something damaging to its serenity. While everything from day to day goes well enough, there seems to be in every mind a fear that something terrible is about to happen. However, at length a way is discovered to rid the vessel of her secret passenger, and from that time on the captain and the vessel find themselves, as Kipling would say, and are master of their environment.

\*

## LONDON AND ITS GOVERNMENT

BY PERCY A. HARRIS. London and

AS this writer so fittingly observes, London has spread its unwieldy mass over the surrounding hills and valleys, and has become

more like a nation than a town, more like a province than a city. He finds that the people who compose London feel a common pride in belonging to so great a community, but are unconscious of any civic union, which, as a matter of fact, he says does not exist. These people, he observes, neither know nor seek to know how they are governed, nor who is responsible for their municipal administration. A great city like this should have great strength, but London, instead of being the great city that it is supposed to be, is in reality nothing more than a little community contained within one square mile of business offices. To trace the history of its complex system of government is the purpose of the book.

\*

#### THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

By OWEN JOHNSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

AN interesting story about how a novel sometimes originates is told in connection with this book. Some years ago Mr. Johnson wrote a short story entitled "One Hundred in the Dark." The story was to the effect that at a Bohemian dinner-party given in New York a costly diamond ring was stolen. The hostess, a person of some courage and resourcefulness, ordered the doors to be locked and all the lights lowered. She then announced that one of her guests had lost a ring, and she requested that before one hundred should be counted the ring be deposited on a table. During the counting the ring was heard to drop upon the table, but when the lights were turned on again it was not there. The question was, Where did the ring go? Having read the story, some one suggested to Mr. Johnson that it would make a first-class mystery novel, and so from that beginning Mr. Johnson worked out "The Sixty-First Second," using

that title because it was just at the point of counting sixty-one that the ring was dropped upon the table.

\*

"Songs of Frank Lawson" is the title of a volume of verse edited and published by the author's son, Mr. Ray Lawson, with a biographical sketch by Mr. C. R. Somerville. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

The writings of the late Mary Stewart Durie, some of which appeared in early numbers of *The Canadian Magazine*, have been printed for private circulation by the author's husband, Mr. James Goodwin Gibson. Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

#### BOBBIE: GENERAL MANAGER

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

WE have no recollection of ever having heard before of this writer, and therefore we presume that it is a first novel. Whether or not one must regard it seriously, and the author is one whose name is sure to become endeared to all those readers who enjoy a wholesome consideration of life. It is a pleasant rendering of the little things in the daily routine, written in such a way as to make them pleasant reading and an agreeable tonic. Bobbie is a girl whose mother dies, leaving to her young shoulders the responsibility of looking after her father and her numerous brothers and sisters. She is of a happy disposition, and capable of much affection. Her experiences as a manager of a household are so delightfully told that it is impossible to give much idea of them in a review. It is needless to say, however, that she conducted the household with eminent satisfaction to all in her charge, and even to herself; for

when at last love in its all-confining sense comes to her, she accepts it naturally, becomes a happy wife, with the satisfaction of knowing that she has done her duty and achieved several modest but praiseworthy ambitions. This is a book that classes with Miss Alcott's "Little Women."

\*

### JUST BEFORE THE DAWN

BY R. C. ARMSTRONG. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**I**N these days of remarkable interest and achievements in agriculture, it is informing to pick up this book by R. C. Armstrong, and find out how the Japanese discovered that a better cultivation of the land was at the basis of their economic success. The leader in this movement was the great farmer-sage Ninomiya Sontoku who was born in 1787 and died in 1856. Born of parents who were suffering the tortures of economic reverses, Ninomiya set to work at an early age to redeem his father's estate. This accomplished, he was called to redeem other estates and then to assist the Government in cultivating waste land and restoring deserted villages. His influence, industrially and morally, was so great that in his honour were built shrines that now attract many devotees. His all but Christian devotion and self-sacrifice in his work causes wonder that, in an age before Christian influence had reached Japan and under such adverse circumstances, one could reach so high a moral level. The book is replete with examples of fine sayings on thrift, diligence, self-sacrifice and other virtues. One particularly exalted saying cannot be omitted. A village chief had lost his influence with his people, and, following the example of hundreds from all Japan, he came to Ninomiya for advice. "Selfishness is of beasts, and a selfish man is animal-like," the sage told him. "You can have influence over

your people only by giving yourself and your all to them. Sell your land, your house, your raiment, your all and contribute the proceeds to the village fund, giving yourself wholly to the service of the people." The book is very readable, but would be improved by a map showing the location of the very many places mentioned.

\*

"The Crime of War," by his Excellency John Batiste Alberdi, who has been described as the "Blackstone of Argentine," has been translated into English. It is one of the greatest works of the kind in existence, and although it was written in 1870, it is admirably suited to present-day discussion, and it should be read by every person who considers or talks about war. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons).

\*

Now that apartment life is so important a part of very large American and Canadian cities, the difficulty of economically providing a table for two persons is constantly being questioned. The volume of recipes entitled, "A Table for Two," by Eldene Davis, therefore, will be perused eagerly. (Chicago: Forbes Company).

\*

From the volume published by the Ottawa Canadian Club, it is evident that the addresses delivered during the year reflect much of the best thought of the year on matters of high moment to the world at large, and it is a creditable undertaking to have the addresses preserved in this collective and available form. The volume is edited by Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labour.

\*

"Prince Charlie's Pilot" is the title of a most interesting and sympathetic account of Evan Macleod Barron, of the Scottish hero's last days and of a service so well rendered to him by Donald Macleod. (Inverness: Robert Carruthers & Sons).



#### SUCCEEDED

Artist—"My object was to try to express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?"

Friend—"I have never seen anything so horrible."—*London Opinion*.

\*

#### KINDLY INTENDED

Missionary (explaining to visitors)—"Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own."

Sympathetic Young Woman—"On, the poor thing!"—*Boston Transcript*.

\*

#### BUTTING IN

In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A travelling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh! Sh!" answered the store-keeper, making another move on the checker-board. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

#### HIS BEST MOVE

There is one first-rate story of an Oscar Wilde retort in Mr. H. M. Hyndman's newly published and entertaining autobiography. The late Sir Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades," was complaining bitterly of the attitude of the press in the matter of his claims to the poet laureateship.

"It is all a complete conspiracy of silence against me," he declared, "a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do?"

"Join it," replied Wilde.—*London Daily News*.

\*

#### POETRY FOR TO-DAY

To market, to market,  
To buy a fat pig;  
Home again, home again,  
Price is too big.—*Judge*.

\*

#### FAIR PLAY

Wife—"I see you're putting on your new coat. It makes my old hat look awfully shabby."

Husband—"Is that so? Well, that's soon mended. I'll put on my old coat."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.





DRAMATIC AUTHOR: "Well, what do you think of my play?"

MANAGER: "D'you want to know my real opinion of it?" AUTHOR (stoutly): "I'm prepared for the worst."

MANAGER (handing him the M.S.): "That's where you authors have the pull of us. I wasn't!" *Punch.*

### A GRAND STOVE

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the coloured mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the coloured woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply.

"And dat air gas stove—oh, my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo-ence, dat fire ain't gon out yit!"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

\*

### AN OLD FRIEND GONE.

A gentleman from London was invited to go far "a day's snipe-shooting" in the country. The invitation was accepted, and host and guest shouldered guns and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a while a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

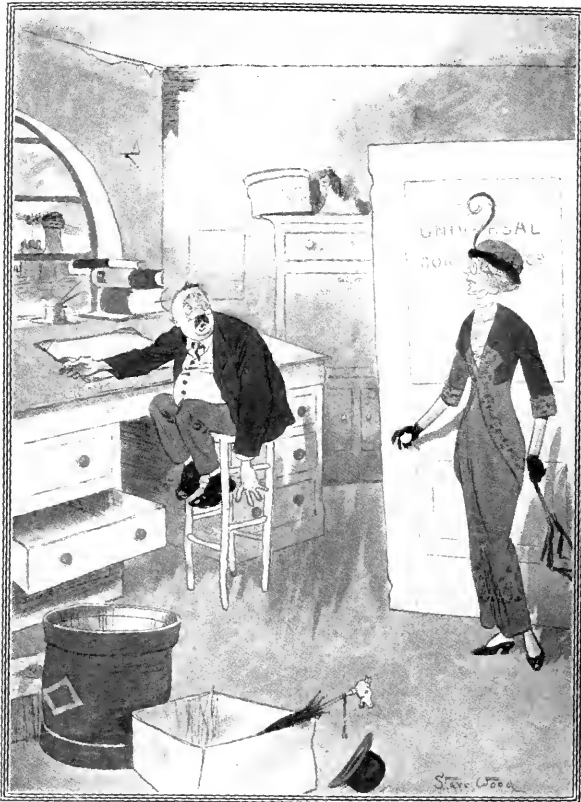
"We may as well return," he remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighbourhood."

The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks.—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

Judge—"Why did you steal the gentleman's purse?"

Prisoner—"I thought the change would do me good.



"Excuse me, but I suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want a young lady to do nothing, don't you?"

"Yes, I don't."

—Tatter.

### BABIES' EYES.

'Tis fairies make the colours that  
 beam in babies' eyes;  
 They steal the soft, blue wing-dust  
 from sleeping butterflies,  
 To mix with azure essence of speed-  
 well, violet,  
 And that small lovers' blossom that  
 bids them not forget.

From mists that veil the meadows or  
 drift up from the bay  
 They draw the opal shadows for  
 dreamy eyes of gray;  
 They press rich browns from hazel  
 and leaves to russet grown,  
 And green of four-leaved clover for  
 bantlings like their own.

—Punch.

### TACTFUL

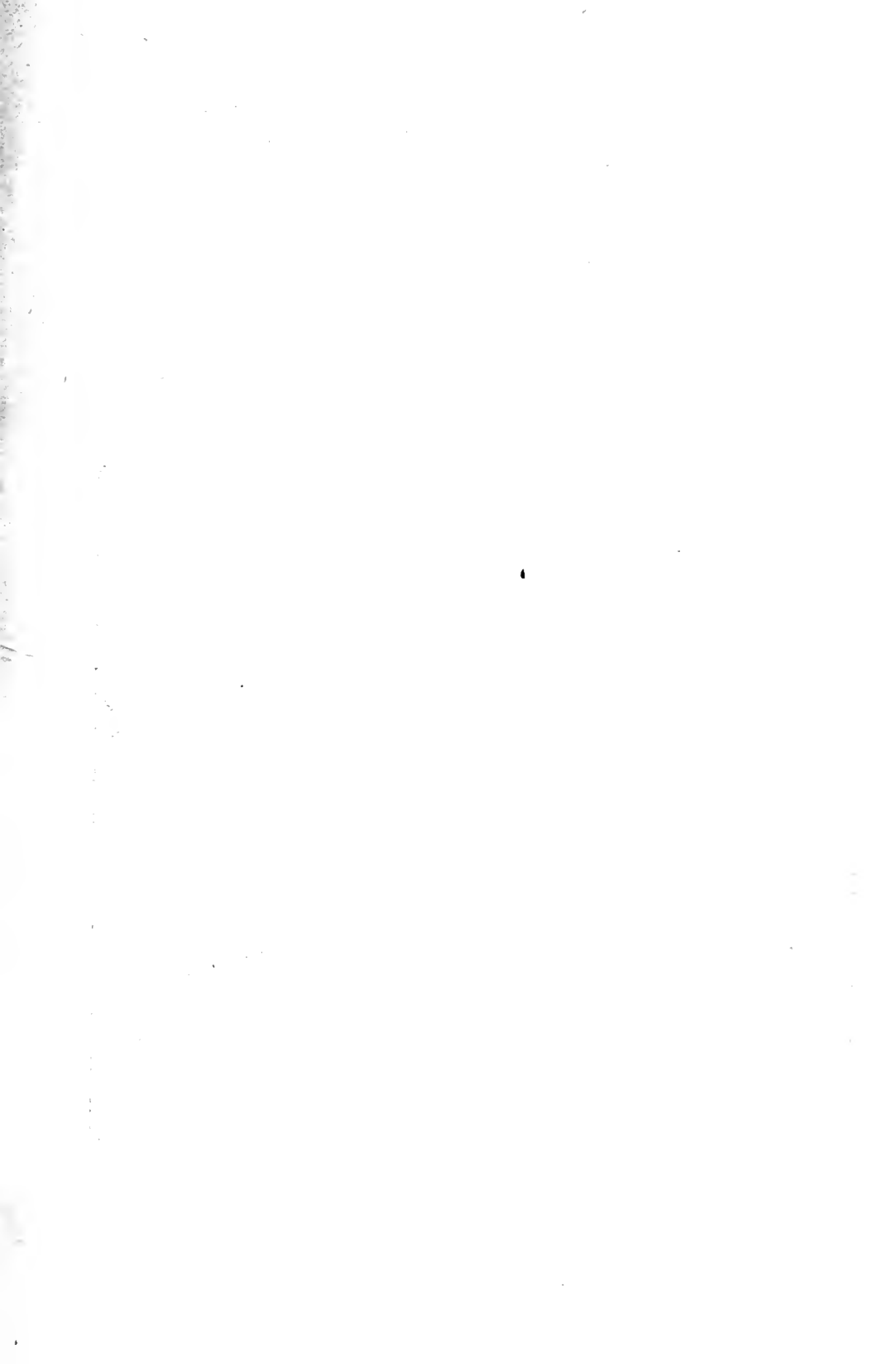
Judge—"You are a freeholder?"  
 Talesman—"Yes, sir; I am."  
 Judge—"Married or single?"  
 Talesman—"Married three years  
 last June."  
 Judge—"Have you formed or ex-  
 pressed any opinion?"  
 Talesman—"Not for three years,  
 your honour"—*Success Magazine*.

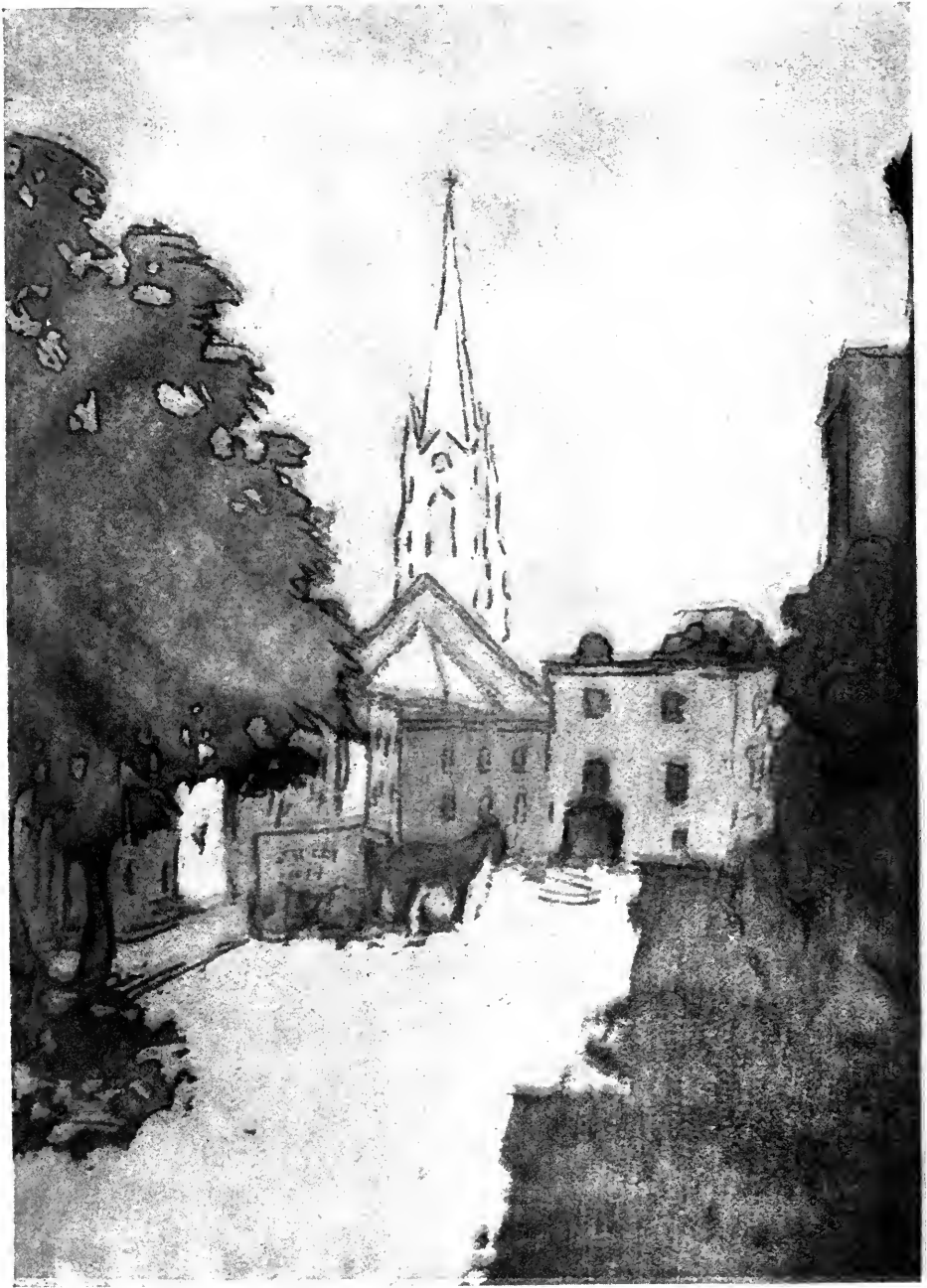
\*

### WILLIE'S EDUCATION

Willie—"Say, pa, you ought to see  
 the men across the street raise a house  
 on jacks."

Pa (absently)—"Impossible, Wil-  
 lie. You can open on jacks, but a  
 man is a fool to try to raise on them  
 —er—I mean it must have been quite  
 a sight."—*Puck*.





ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX

From a Colour Etching by Gyrth Russell



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1913

No. 4

CHANGING HALIFAX

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

WITH PICTURES BY GYRTH RUSSELL

**T**HRONED on her rocky peninsula between the Harbour, the Basin and the Arm, crowned with her star-shaped citadel, and girdled by the blue salt water, Halifax, the City of the Triple Haven, looks eastward over the Atlantic. In the very middle of the eighteenth century the Honourable Edward Cornwallis had the original town hewed out of the spruce wood which clothed the hillside sloping steeply to the beach. City-planning was still medieval. The ideal was a fortified enclosure, designed to accommodate the maximum number of inhabitants within the minimum of space. So Halifax was laid out by military engineers, with narrow streets, fenced in by a rough abattis of felled trees and block-houses. Those were dangerous times. The Miemaes captured or shot and scalped the unwary soldier or settler who ventured "outside the pickets," and soon the Seven Years War broke out and life was still less secure. The fortifications were strengthened and stone-faced batteries were built along

the water-front. From the harbour, Halifax used to look like a walled town. Along the water-front ran a line of embrasures, each with its black-mouthed gun.

From 1749 to the present day the business centre of Halifax has been the original nucleus about George Street, at the foot of which stood the pillory and the gallows. The city expanded in the only two possible directions, northward and southward. The north suburbs were named Göttingen by settlers from the Rhineland and the south suburbs were called Irish-town. The huge central boss of land which dominated all was naturally used as a fort from the first, like the acropolis of the most ancient city. Between its base and the water, Halifax has grown, decayed, has been built and rebuilt for a century and a half.

The middle of the nineteenth century brought in the age of steam, a magic power the city founder never dreamed of. Halifax must be joined by iron bands, first with the chief



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

## THE LUMBER YARD, HALIFAX

towns of the Province and then with the sister states of Canada. The natural entrance for the iron horse and his long strings of Gargantuan waggons was by the northern ends, where old redoubts used to guard the dock yard. Then by the beginning of the twentieth century, the new Dominion had grown so rich and prosperous that the old gateway was cramped and narrow. The swiftly growing traffic choked it and a new entrance must be found. The government engineers have solved the problem by sweeping round the back of the city from the north to the south, and planting their breakwaters, wharves and feeding rails beside the harbour for the convenience of the great steamships which make the ocean a ferry. Here is the one level ample space on

the whole peninsula fit for the service of modern commerce. A space nearly two miles long, stretching from Point Pleasant park to the very heart of old Irishtown will be needed for the improvements proposed. Hundreds of dwellings must be razed to make room for the huge new station. Steele's Pond, where young Haligonians skate and play hockey in the winter, will be filled in, and Green Bank, where happy bathers used to take refreshing morning plunges in the summer sea, will be merged in flat level wharves and piers. The railway slices through the fine old properties bordering the Arm, which is a pity; but imagination pictures the rails sunk in deep cuttings, spanned by fine bridges and bordered with trees and pleasant drive-ways, after the manner of



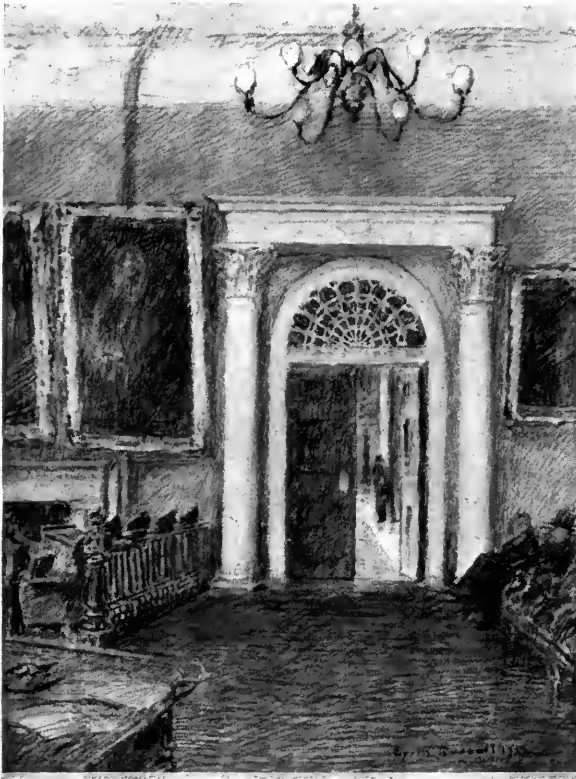
Drawing by Gyrth Russell

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

Paris. Imagination conjures up a waterfront as stately as Genoa's, a terminal station with a noble facade, over-looking a square and a space of flowers, in the centre of which stands Sir Samuel Cunard in bronze, the Halifax merchant, who was the first to span the Atlantic with a line of steamers. Nothing is sacred to a sap-

per, runs a song of the Revolution, but modern engineers are loth to mar the unique natural beauty of ancient Halifax. They aim at enhancing it.

The stone-faced batteries that guarded the water-front have long since disappeared. Modern artillery and high explosives made them obsolete. Even the great citadel in the



Drawing by Gyrrh Russell

## INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBER, PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX

centre is now useful only as barracks. Miles away at the mouth of the harbour and on McNab's Island are the long-range guns, on which the Warden of the Honour of the North must rely for protection against hostile fleets. Of all the eighteenth-century defences, the earth-works in the Lumber Yard are the last relic. The grass-grown mounds represent the old embrasures, from which the guns have long since been dismounted. Any attacking force in the old days would have had to run the gauntlet of fire from this battery as well as from York, Cambridge, Ogilvie, George's Island, to say nothing of the guns above the town and well sheltered batteries across the harbour. No fleet ever attempted to force its way in. Halifax, like Edinburgh,

remains a maiden town, after the dangers of three great wars. Behind the Lumber Yard runs Fawson Street, named for a lucky captain of privateers in the old days, when Nova Scotia had a miniature navy of her own. In this street there are quiet, low-ceiled rooms where Haligonians may sit by the fire-side and see the great ships and the white sails come and go, inward bound from foreign ports or outward bound beyond the skyline.

What this great expenditure of government money will do for Halifax is a moot question. Some optimists cherish visions of everyone becoming suddenly rich. Cooler heads argue that if Halifax is to serve only as a meeting point for the ships and the rails, if goods and passengers only



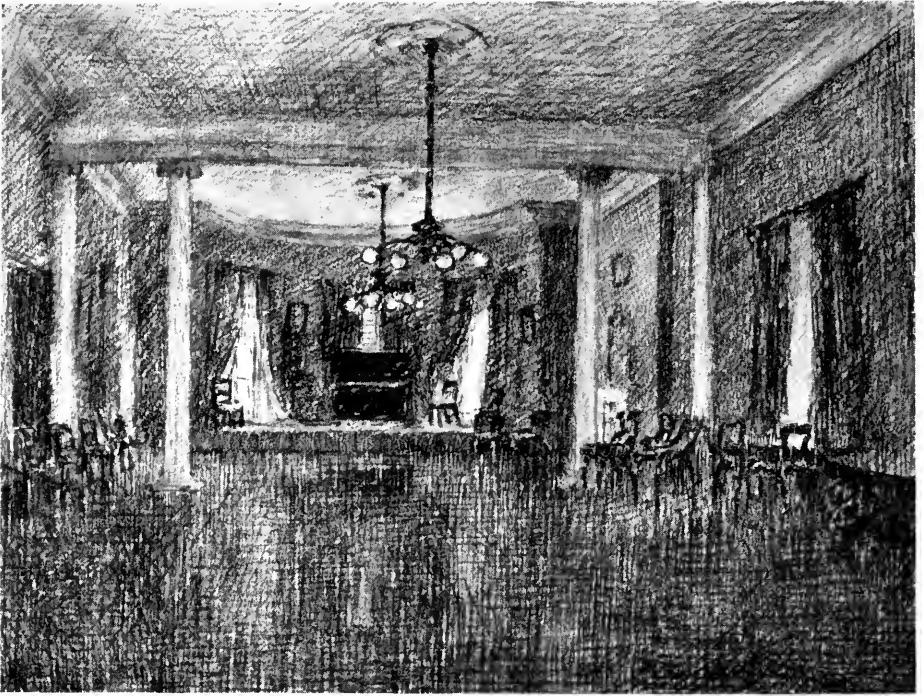


Drawing by Gyrth Russell

THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX

touch port to be transferred, the benefits of such traffic to the city will be very slight. Only as Nova Scotia becomes a thickly populated manufacturing province will the projected terminals add perceptibly to the wealth of the Capital and the Province. The industrial development

of Sydney and New Glasgow seem to point out the path of Nova Scotia's future progress. If the Mayflower Province is to prosper, or even to hold her own, she must become a manufacturing province, the New England of Canada. Some argue up and some argue down. One immediate effect



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

## THE BALL-ROOM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

of the impending changes is a rather factitious "land-boom," which means a general increase in rents and therefore in the cost of living.

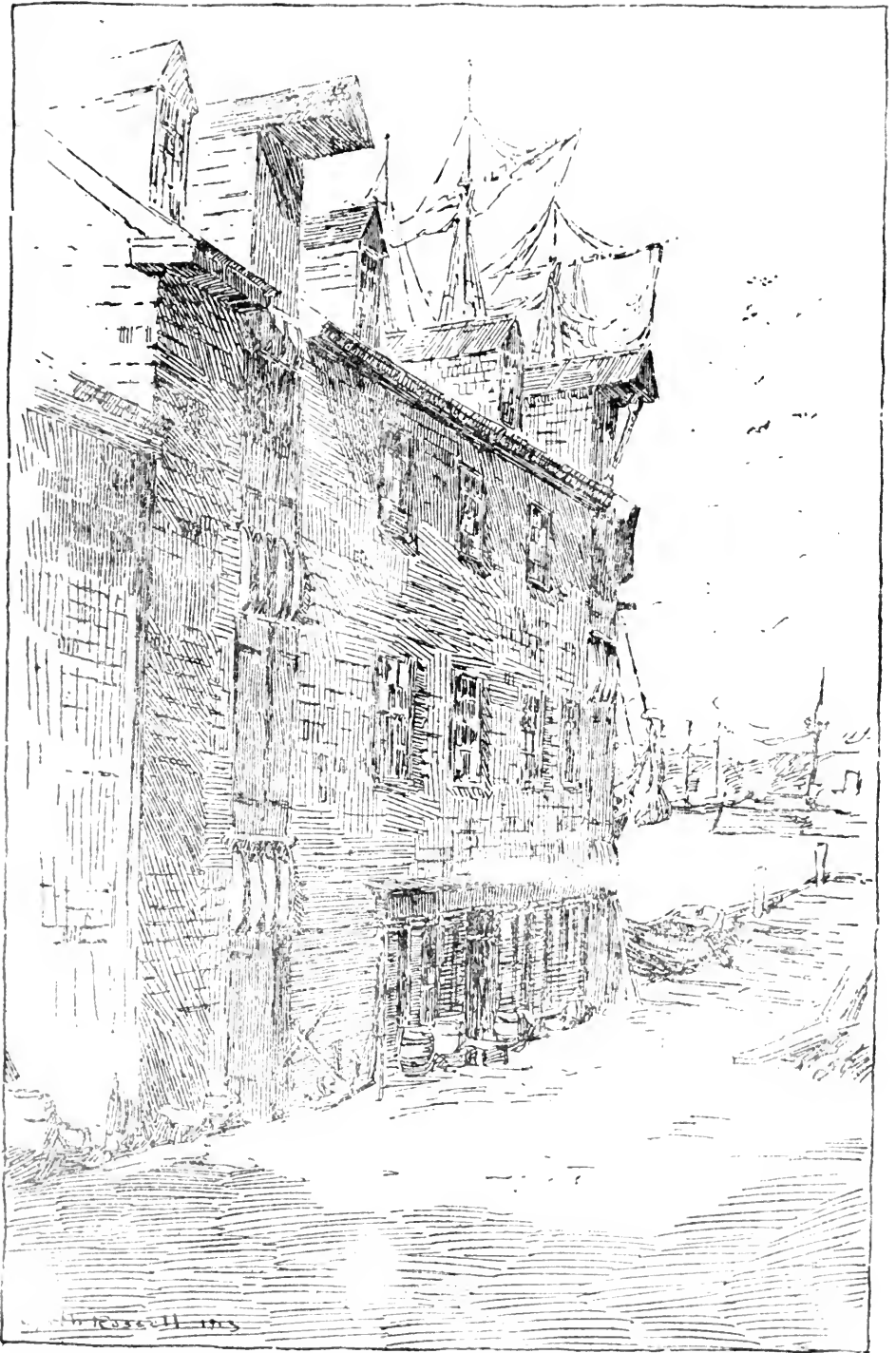
Only one corner of Halifax will be affected by the proposed changes. This is the south end or main residential section. The value of the fine houses on Young Avenue will doubtless be lowered by their proximity to the railway yards, the constant tumult of shunting engines and rumbling cars. But you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. The houses of the quarter to be demolished, old Irishtown, can well be spared. The heart of Halifax will not be changed, or even touched, let us hope for ever.

The human heart is a double-celled affair, and the two chambers of the civic heart of Halifax are Government House and the Province Building.

Both are fine old Georgian struc-

tures of hewn native stone, dating from the first years of the last century. Nova Scotia had not a quarter of her present strength when she made such magnificent provision for the dignity of her law-givers and the head of her government. The local parliament and the King's representative were to be housed splendidly, Fashions in building have changed many times since their foundation stones were laid, but these stately colonial fabrics do not look obsolete. Rather they silently rebuke the tawdry, flimsy, modern structures, like two aristocrats of the old school in a crowd of vulgarians. New Dalhousie has adopted this plain but satisfying style.

Once upon a time a certain thrifty set of legislators proposed to sell Government House to an American syndicate for a summer hotel! Another statesman planned to add a storey or



Drawing by Gyrrh Russell

STAYNER'S WHARF, HALIFAX

a wing to the Province Building! May the hand wither that would alter or alienate a single stone in their walls!

The growth of the city has completely changed the orientation of Government House. It used to face on Hollis street, and for many years, a sentry was always on guard at the gate. Short's drawing (*circa* 1760) of the old two-storey Government House built by Lawrence on the site of the Province Building, shows a grenadier of the time with his sugar-loaf hat, mounting guard at the sentry and his sentry-box beside him. At the outbreak of the American revolution, Governor Legge had just thirty-six effectives to guard the city, and in telling the tale of his mournful destitution states that he did not even reserve a sentry before Government House. Men remember when the last one was posted. In Governor Fraser's time, the Hollis street entrance was walled up, and the back of the building became definitely the front.

In the modern hall-way, marble mural tablets bear the names of the governors and lieutenant-governors in letters of gold from Anno X, as the Germans say. The record covers two centuries and is an epitome of provincial history. Many of their portraits adorn the walls of the great ball-room.

Of these the most distinguished were the three Peninsula and Waterloo officers, who succeeded one another between 1816 and 1832. The first was the Earl of Dalhousie, the school-mate and life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott. He founded in Halifax the college which still flourishes and bears his name. Wherever he went, he left some permanent mark of his administration. In Halifax he not only established a "seminary for the higher branches of learning," but a library for the officers of the garrison. When he became Governor-General of Canada, he founded the old Quebec Literary and Historical Society and started the fund for the

first monument to the heroes Montcalm and Wolfe. In his suite were many young men of family. For her kindness to the unfortunate, the Countess won the honourable nickname "Queen of the Beggars." Their son became the most famous administrator of India, after Clive.

In those good old days, the Governor was a great and important personage. Government House was a little court with a minutely regulated table of precedence. Admission to Government House was eagerly coveted; exclusion was social death. It was the scene of the most brilliant entertainments, dinners, balls and levees.

To Dalhousie succeeded Sir James Kempt, long remembered for the fine four-in-hand he "tooled" himself, for his dandified dress and for his magnificent hospitality. He showed his strong common-sense in developing the roads and highways of his Province. As a soldier he had literally fought his way to the highest rank by sheer pluck, intelligence and devotion to his profession. He had seen and done his share of fighting and had been desperately wounded more than once. At Waterloo, he led a brigade under Picton and took over the command of the division when that heroic general fell. People forget the great episode in "king-making Waterloo," when D'Erlon's 16,000 men charged Picton's 3,000 and were hurled back in confusion.

The third Waterloo officer who reigned in Government House was Sir Peregrine Maitland, a tall, aristocratic Guardsman. He saw much fighting in Spain. It was Maitland's command that gave the "coup de grace" to Napoleon's last hope, the Imperial Guard in the "roar of Hougoumont." His health was delicate, his tastes were artistic, and his influence on the community was for good. He was patron of a painting club that met in old Dalhousie; and he set Halifax a good example by attending church on foot with all his family, and abolishing the Sunday re-



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

AINSLIE'S STABLES, HALIFAX

views and races upon the common.

Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, was lieutenant-governor at the time of Confederation. Howe and his rival Johnston were both given the same honour under the new order, but Johnston died abroad before he could enjoy it, and Howe lived only a scant three weeks after his promotion. Such memories cling to the time-stained walls of Government House.

Directly opposite to Government House is old St. Paul's cemetery, long since disused, but its old headstones, "With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked" — date far back in the eighteenth century. It holds the dust of heroes. In one neglected corner is the grave of Major-General Charles Ross, the commander of the Chesapeake expedition of 1814. To his personal character was due the rare harmony which existed between the land and sea services in those operations. He was the victor at the

"Bladensburg races," and destroyed Washington in revenge for the burning of York. He was killed in the fight near Baltimore, September 1, 1814. At Rostrevor there is a cairn to his memory and in St. Paul's a monument, but of the hundreds of Halifaxians who pass St. Paul's daily, how many even know his name!

The most conspicuous object in the cemetery is the red-stone arch surmounted by a lion. It is a cenotaph to two sons of Nova Scotia who fell in the Crimea, Welsford of the 97th on the heights of Alma, and Parker of the 77th in the blundering assault on the Redan. It is a worthy monument to brave men and speaks of civic pride. Near by is the *Shannon* tombstone beneath which lie the bones of the midshipman Samwell, who died of his wounds in Halifax after the capture of the *Chesapeake*. He was only a boy of eighteen. Beside him sleeps old Stevens, the boatswain of the famous frigate. He was nearing

sixty and had fought under Rodney. As the two ships came close, he lashed them together, and in spite of the fact that his left arm was literally hacked off by repeated blows of a cutlass.

Who remembers Richard Smith of the old 104th regiment, who led the "forlorn hope" in the attack on Fort Erie? We have forgotten even the meaning of the term "forlorn hope" the *Verloren Haufe*, or little devoted band that headed the party of stormers into the imminent deadly breach. The men who volunteered for that service went to almost certain death. Richard Smith survived, but with the loss of his right arm and five honourable wounds.

St. Paul's cemetery is planted thick with trees. In summer, it is a beautiful, not a mournful spot. To one who knows the history it represents, 'tis one of the most memorable plots of ground in all Canada.

Just across the way is the stronghold of the Old Church. St. Mary's Cathedral lifts a tall white spire into the blue. Beside is the handsome Glebe House, and just at hand are St. Mary's school, the Infirmary, a solid island of Catholic institutions. Once the Old Church was proscribed by provincial law. But Nova Scotia repealed her penal laws long before the mother country. The first chapel dedicated to St. Peter and painted red stood at the end of Salter street. On the nineteenth of July, the frame was raised "in presence of a great concourse of gentlemen and other people."

Along Salter street, ran the old line of pickets. Here was also the South gate, at which George III. was proclaimed King. Just across the way stood the old main guard, which was used as a prison for the Acadians and captured Americans.

Almost every foot of Halifax has its memory and its legend. So, to attempt to crowd the story of the Province Building into the tail of an article is a vain thing. Its associations

are endless—serious, tragic, comic. Its mere design and surface interest are worthy of extended remark. The visitor coming upon it suddenly, as he ascends George Street from the ferry would be struck by its quiet old-world dignity, a decoration to any city. To call up what it has seen and heard—Howe's trial for libel, the long word-combats over Confederation and repeal, the resolutions of 1886 to take Nova Scotia out of the union—would be to write out the provincial history. In the stately council chamber, where a legislative body meets, which takes its origin from the treaty of Utrecht, hang pictures of our worthies. There is the portrait of Haliburton, who by inventing Sam Slick uncovered the rich mine of American humour. There is the picture of Sir John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who defended Lucknow through the desperate siege, so nobly sung by Tennyson, and who has never received his due honour. There is the picture of Sir Fenwick Williams, whose magnificent defence of Kars extorted the admiration of the chivalrous Mouravieff. Here are the pictures of the two Georges presented by Lord Dalhousie and,—the gem of the collection—the portrait of Chief Justice Strong by Benjamin West. In the Legislative Assembly are the full-length portraits of Howe and Johnston, whose rivalries made history. In the library are to be found prints of Sir Provo Wallis, the Halifax boy who navigated the *Shannon* into port after her ever-memorable duel with the *Chesapeake*. He lived to be Admiral of the Fleet, and died at the age of one hundred and one, a magnificent veteran. The Province Building is our local Westminster Abbey.

Changes must come to Halifax. This is a world of change. But every true Haligonian hopes that the changes will not disfigure his beloved city, but only heighten and enhance the intimate and haunting charm she borrows from the sea.

# THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

III.—THE METHOD OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

**T**H**ERE** is a popular notion that the Higher criticism is a revolutionary view of the Bible, held by a number of extreme critics in Europe and America, but that notion has been shown to be erroneous. By prejudiced writers it is frequently identified with that view of the date, authorship, and general significance of the Biblical books that is taken by radical scholars, such as Kuenen and Wellhausen; whereas it is only a method, and not a net result, I have said. Let me explain what I mean.

According to its derivation, method is a course to be followed, or the way to do a thing. In that literal sense, each field of investigation has a method of its own, or a way peculiar to itself. But, inasmuch as there are different ways by which a thing may be effected, a method is either suitable or unsuitable, right or wrong. The ancient way of studying the Scriptures, which is usually styled the traditional way, may be loosely called a method, but it was not a scientific one. A scientific method is an orderly procedure, or an established way of doing or proceeding in anything.

Being a critical inquiry into the literary characteristics of the Bible, the Higher criticism is a truly scientific method of study. It is a scientific

method because it is an orderly procedure that leads to assured results. That is something which the old way of studying Scripture did not and could not do. Those are significant facts to be always kept in mind. A proper method is important in the study of any writings, but a proper method is particularly important in the study of the Bible by reason of the excellence of its literature. Its superior qualities are too well known to be disputed. Their superiority is admitted by all who are competent to judge.

As a correct method is the right choice of means to reach a desired end, and, as the end of Biblical criticism is an accurate understanding of the literary features of the books of Scripture, such a method presupposes certain canons or rules, which each critic must follow, and in accordance with which he must conduct his investigations. Those rules may also be called principles, because they are general in their character and have a general application. Though they are specially applicable to the Scriptures, they may be applied to ancient writings of every kind, whether Jewish or Christian, Pagan or Mohammedan.

In the first paper it was stated that the Higher criticism has sometimes been designated "Historico-lit-



erary criticism," because it is a combination of both the historical and the literary method. That designation imports the character of the principles to be applied to the books of the Bible. They are partly historical and partly literary; but, since this branch of criticism is chiefly concerned with literary facts, they belong for the most part to the latter class. Those who have carefully considered what has thus far been said would naturally expect that to be the case.

The province of the Higher criticism is, as has been explained, to determine the origin, date, and literary structure of each book in the Bible. The method, therefore, involves a threefold inquiry. Concerning the origin of a writing we must ask, Is it anonymous, or does it bear the author's name? If the name be given, is the ascription certain, or is it only conjectural? Concerning the date of a writing we must ask, Does the date appear in any part of it? If not, is there anything in the subject-matter to indicate the time? Concerning the literary structure we must ask, Is the writing the work of one man, or is it the work of more than one? Is it in its original condition, or has its form been altered since it left the hand of the author?

Those questions suggest the following principles to be applied in answering them: (1) If there be anything in the writing that conflicts with the date of the supposed author, that part did not proceed from him. (2) If it contain different accounts of the same event, it was compiled from different documents or derived from different sources. (3) If the writing be undated and the authorship unknown, the date may be approximately determined from the contents. (4) If the standpoint of a writer, or his historical situation, be different in different parts of a writing, it was not all written by the same man, or not during the same period, or not in the same place. (5)

If the style of one part be strikingly unlike that of another part, the writing is probably composite. (6) If the conceptions in one part of a writing be sufficiently unlike those in another part, it is certainly composed of separate elements.

Thus the principles are few and simple, and any person can apply them in a general way. Nevertheless, I believe it will help the reader if I exemplify the application of them. Before doing that, however, I must say something about the nature of critical evidence. In the case of Scripture, it is mostly of the kind known as internal, being furnished by the character and contents of each book, or of each section of a book. External evidence would be more valuable, were it obtainable and trustworthy, but unfortunately it is lacking in regard to the books of the Bible. If we had positive testimony of that kind, it would be authoritative, but it is rarely available with reference to ancient writings. So, in the absence of positive testimony, we are thrown entirely on tradition and on internal evidence.

Now tradition is testimony obtained at second hand, and traditional testimony is always open to doubt. For that reason, critics are distrustful of it. While they give it a respectful consideration, they are careful to test it by every means at their command; for, however venerable it may be, it is not authoritative, but presumptive, evidence. It is, therefore, not exempt from criticism, nor can it claim precedence over truly convincing evidence. Besides, it has long been customary to ascribe the books of Scripture whose authorship is uncertain to some prominent characters in history. This is an ancient and well-known custom. Most of the books of the Bible have, at least, one traditional author, and some of them have more than one. In every case the tendency has been to connect a sacred writing with some great name.

When men ask, therefore, what re-



liance can be placed upon tradition with regard to anonymous writings? the answer is, none whatever if they belong to a remote period in the past. In the transmission of doctrinal ideas it is comparatively trustworthy, but in the transmission of historical data it is arbitrary and untrustworthy. Sometimes, however, it may have a strong presumption in its favour. Then, unless the testimony against it be more powerful than that for it, it may be considered probable, if not true. It has some value, moreover, as a starting-point for investigation. That is to say, a tradition respecting authorship may serve as a working hypothesis to be corroborated or disproved.

Hence it stands for what it is worth, of course; but that is very little, as a rule, and with reference to the Scriptures it is practically nil. In the critical study of them we must rely almost exclusively on the evidence furnished by each book itself. That is the course to be taken with all works of antiquity. Literary productions belonging to a distant age must furnish their own evidence as to their origin and date. Before Biblical criticism became a science classical scholars endeavoured, as is well known, to determine the age of anonymous Greek and Latin manuscripts, first from the documents themselves, and then from their language and style.

Of the application of the first principle some examples were given in the previous paper. A writing must accord with the date of its supposed author. Hence Moses cannot have written the whole of the Pentateuch, nor the whole of Deuteronomy, because there are things in those books that conflict with his date; and Isaiah cannot have uttered all the prophecies in the book that is called by his name, because many of them belong to a period much later than his time. Neither can all the matter recorded in the books of Daniel and Zechariah have come from those

two men, because each of these books contains references or allusions that point to a time subsequent to that of the traditional author. For similar reasons, David cannot have been the author or editor of the entire Book of Psalms, if, indeed, he composed or edited any part of it.

Of the application of the second principle, that different accounts of the same event indicate different documents or different sources, there are many examples in the Old Testament. The account of the creation of man in the first chapter of Genesis and that contained in the second chapter were each derived from a separate source, and each represents a document having special literary or stylistic features. These two documents are skilfully combined, or strangely interwoven, throughout the first six books of the Bible, which, because they possess certain documentary characteristics in common, are called by modern scholars the Hexateuch, or the sixfold book. Besides the double narrative of the origin of man upon earth, this series of writings contains a double account, or a double record, of several other events. Only a few of them need to be mentioned, though. In the narrative of the Deluge, the wickedness of the earth described in Genesis 6:9-13 is a duplicate of verses 5-8; and verses 18-22 of the same chapter are duplicated in chapter 7:1-5, the former stating that Noah was to take with him into the ark one pair of every land animal, the latter stating that he was to take with him seven pairs of every clean animal, and one pair of every unclean animal. In chapter 17:16-19 we have one account of the promise of a son to Sarah, and we have another in chapter 18:9-15. These passages give a double explanation of the name Isaac, which in Hebrew means "laughter," the first asserting that Abraham laughed in incredulity at the promise of a son in his old age, the second asserting that Sarah laughed incredulously.

The application of the third principle, that the date of an anonymous writing may be approximately determined from the contents, is well illustrated by the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. The statement in the opening verse, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down," shows that this dramatic lyric was written by one who was familiar with the feelings of the Hebrew exiles, so that it must have been composed either before the end of the Captivity or some time afterwards. In all probability it belongs to a period subsequent to the Exile. Another good illustration is furnished by the group of prophecies, beginning with the fortieth and ending with the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which deals with the captivity of the Israelites in Babylon, and, therefore, cannot have been uttered by the son of Amoz. The mention of Cyrus in the forty-fifth chapter as a well-known man of the time, indicates that he was then in the swing of his career; and the description of the approaching downfall of Babylon in the forty-seventh chapter, together with the exhortation to the exiles in the next chapter to flee from that city, suggests that the writer prophesied towards the close of the Exile, probably about 540 B.C.

The application of the fourth principle, that a different historical situation indicates a different writer, or a different period, or a different place, is too manifest to require much illustration; for a writing must, of course, accord with its supposed historical position, both as to time and place and circumstances. A book cannot wholly belong to the time that may have been claimed for it, if we find in it proof of another or a later date. For instance, the seventh chapter of Isaiah describes the son of Amoz as directed to comfort Ahaz with the assurance that his fears of Pekah, King of Israel, and Rezin, King of Damascus, were groundless; but the fortieth chapter

of the book represents a company of prophets as commanded to comfort the Hebrew people with a promise of speedy release from the hardships and sufferings of the Exile. In the one case the situation is Jerusalem, in the other it is Babylon; and, between those two events, there was an interval of nearly two hundred years.

Examples of the application of the fifth principle, that marked differences of style suggest composite authorship, are somewhat numerous both in the Old and in the New Testament. One of the best illustrations is the book of Isaiah, which has already been used to illustrate the way in which three other principles are applied. Dissimilarity of style does not always assure diversity of authorship, because a speaker must adapt his language to the subject he discusses; but in that book the evidence is quite convincing, and must satisfy all who are willing to weigh it. The second half of the book presents a striking contrast in style to that of the first half, as the careful reading of an English version will show. In the second half we find, not only rhetorical peculiarities that indicate an author other than Isaiah — such as diffuseness and redundancy, repetition and amplification — but also words and idioms that point to a period in history later, some of them very much later, than Isaiah's time. A few of these words are as certainly late in Hebrew as "agnostic" and "boycott" are in English.

The same book may also be used to illustrate the application of the sixth principle, that conceptions in one part of a writing sufficiently unlike those of another part prove that it is composed of separate elements. The theological ideas of the second half are so different from those of the first half as to show that the author or authors moved in a different region of thought from that in which Isaiah moved. Those ideas represent, moreover, a different stage of revelation, and some of them were unique

when they were given to the world. The doctrine of Deity, for instance, is more developed in that portion of the book than in any writings previous to the period of the Captivity, Jehovah being there regarded not as a transcendent moral Being merely, but as the true and only God. Besides a purer conception of his character, we find there a broader conception of his righteousness, and a loftier conception of his purpose towards mankind. Then the doctrine of divine election, and the doctrine of a national Servant, who becomes a suffering Servant, are there found in a form in which Isaiah could not have presented them, because there was nothing in his historical situation to lead to their development.

The reader may now perceive the difference between the old and new ways of studying the Scriptures. The old or traditional way was to take each book of the Bible as being the work of the man whose name it bore, or to whom it was commonly ascribed, and as belonging to a date that was more or less arbitrarily assigned to it. No thought was given to its literary structure by asking whether it was composite or not, but unity of authorship was taken for granted in every case. Furthermore, all the books were practically placed on the same level, as being infallibly inspired, and the whole volume was treated as a single revelation duly sanctioned from beginning to end. A difference of purpose was, doubtless, discerned by all intelligent students, but each part of Scripture was considered by every one to be equally authoritative.

The Higher criticism tests tradition, and either verifies it or proves it to be false. It is a method, therefore, not only of investigation, but also of verification. There is thus no necessary contest between criticism and tradition. The sole contest is between verifiable science and unverified assumption. If tradition can be verified, its testimony is gladly ac-

cepted; but, if it cannot be verified, its testimony, be it little or much, is taken for what it seems to be worth. If, on the other hand, it can be proved to be false, its testimony is promptly rejected, of course. Tradition, however old it may be, does not settle anything. Hence the Church should not claim its support when it cannot be established by proof, and Christian teachers should be careful not to encourage such a claim. Making or encouraging claims that cannot be proved does nothing but harm.

In this connection, let me once more warn the reader against confusing the method with the results of criticism, as many have done, and are still doing. The phrase, the Higher criticism, has so often been employed to denote a set of conclusions reached by a certain class of critics that many have been led to think they were opposed to the method, when they were only opposed to some of its alleged results. To a person who has been traditionally trained, and is unacquainted with the historical method, some of those results might well seem startling, and he might justly hesitate about accepting them. All cautious scholars decline to accept any conclusions before weighing them. But no one who understands that the Higher criticism is only a method of study can rationally oppose it. Those who think they are opposed to it do not appreciate what the phrase denotes.

It is sometimes asserted that criticism is unsettling, but the assertion is unjust. Criticism corrects mistaken notions of Scripture, as science corrects mistaken notions of Nature, but that should not unsettle anyone, though it should lead him to change his mind. It does not unsettle a person to tell him that the earth is round, and not flat; or that the earth, not the sun, makes a revolution every twenty-four hours; or that the world was not made in six solar days, but is still in the making; or that the universe was gradually evolved, and

and was not constructed piece by piece. If someone says, the questions of science are not matters of faith, I say in reply, nor are the questions of criticism matters of faith. It is not a matter of faith who wrote any book in the Bible; it is not a matter of faith when any book in it was written; it is not a matter of faith what the literary structure of any book in it may be. These things have no relation to religious faith, and, therefore, have no bearing on evangelical belief.

There is nothing in criticism to unsettle a person, much less is there anything to disturb his spiritual life; and it is not criticism so much as opposition to it that has hitherto unsettled many devout minds. It is the opponents of criticism, for the most part, that have produced uneasiness and distrust. There has been reckless criticism and there are destructive critics, but most critics now are neither reckless nor destructive. On the contrary, they are both reverent and constructive. They are men who write and speak, or men who speak and teach, in the name of the Lord Jesus. They are men, in short, whose sole desire is to get the truth as it is in Jesus adequately understood. When the opponents of criticism, therefore, brand all critics as rationalists, and fail to distinguish between those who are and those who are not; when they deprecate all criticism, whether reverent or irreverent, Christian or un-Christian; when they both disregard the object of criticism, and misrepresent the work of critics, is it any wonder that good people should become uneasy? It would rather be

a wonder, a great wonder, if such people did not feel a measure of uneasiness.

Notwithstanding what I have stated, there are some who seem to imagine that the Bible is in danger, and they talk excitedly about assaults upon it and about the consequences of them. But, as no Christian critic is assaulting the Bible, all such talk is as empty as it is silly. There are also some who seem to think that the Scriptures need to be defended, and a few persons on this continent have organized an American Bible League, whose avowed purpose is the defence of the Bible. But, as the Bible is not threatened with an attack from any quarter, to organize a society for defending it is ridiculous, not to say absurd. Objections to reverent criticism are as futile as they are mischievous, and works written in opposition to it are worthless, as a rule.

We can no more keep men from investigating the books of Scripture than we can keep them from investigating the works of Nature. So long as there are Biblical problems to be solved, so long men will endeavour to solve them. Nor, apart from the futility of objecting to it, should we desire to prevent investigation. The Bible is not in danger, and it does not need defence. The Bible is its own defence, and all it needs is diligent study. One has only to understand it to appreciate it; and the greatest aid to an adequate understanding of it is what is technically called the Higher criticism, which has been happily styled "Historico-literary criticism."

---

"The Results of Criticism" is the title of Dr. Workman's paper for the September number.

# HER POINT OF VIEW

BY GEORGE W. HALL

“NOW, Ed, what’s the use of talking about it? You know I am giving you two fellows an even chance; first man there gets the job, and that’s all there is to it. I know both of your routes, and it’s no use trying to skip any of these small settlers to reach me first. You know that, Ed, because then you get no chance at all. So, I ain’t wishing you no good luck and no bad luck. I am just looking on—just looking on.”

Old man Chase turned and went his way, chuckling to himself.

Ed Warren stood looking at the small, wiry figure, a slight smile playing on his lips. Turning, he found himself face to face with a tall dark man in overalls, jumper and high-laced boots; a large-brimmed black hat low on his eyes, and with his long, hooked nose and his long black drooping mustache, making him look like an old-time pirate — Big Lou.

“You’ve been tackling the old man, Ed?” said Lou, with a low laugh. “Nothing doing, eh? It’s between you and me—a pretty even race, Ed, I am thinking. I’ve got more grain to thresh, but you’ve got the hardest road.”

“Yes,” said Ed, “I guess it’s pretty even, we should be there in ten days. You are pulling out tomorrow morning, and so am I—So long, Lou; there is enough to do, heaven knows, to get started.”

“You bet. Say, Ed, the girl won’t think much of the one that’s beat, will she?”

The two men’s eyes met in a quick look, as if measuring each other for a fight, and trying to read the soul. Ed answered not a word. “So long Lou,” was all he said. With rapid, energetic strides he walked towards the river’s front, where his outfit was.

As can be surmised, they both had a threshing outfit. By tacit agreement each had taken a portion of the fast developing settlement as his allotment, and every year kept to his route. As soon as the golden grain was being harvested, they started, both covering a large territory. They always ended in the south-west, and it so happened that this year they would probably meet at Chase’s. But who was to win the old man? He was the biggest farmer and threshed 5,000 bushels—a great deal when it is remembered that this is not a prairie country, but the bushy country of Northern Alberta, where every acre must be cleared before being put into cultivation.

Yes, there was plenty to do. Ed did not want to take any chance of the machinery breaking down, and so he overhauled everything personally. A fair-haired, broad-shouldered and deep-chested man, supple and athletic, he gave the impression of unlimited strength and health as his powerful body swung easily up and down the separator, or as he was crawling with cat-like agility into the machine itself, securing bolts, tying with strong wire any parts that may jar loose, his muffled voice calling

from the inside to his helpers for tools. All the time, whether lying on his back among the shakers, or flat on his stomach, on top reaching down, these words of Lou's kept sounding in his mind: "She won't think much of the one that gets beat."

"No, she won't," he answered himself, and if it was he that would be beaten? He could imagine her hurt look, hurt and disappointed, slightly contemptuous. Strong man that he was, a strange feeling of anguish would creep into his heart. She loved him, she had said so, should he fail, she would love him yet, he knew that, but there would be pity mixed with that love; and if there is a thing these almost primitive characters cannot stand, it is pity—pity from a woman. So strong, so self-confident are they, tempered in their continual fight against nature's forces, that to woman they want to appear as conquerors, as giants, invincible in storms, in cold, in work, in danger.

\*

The threshing at the Herrington's, the last place before Chase's was going on smoothly. They had plenty of help, the weather was clear, the machines, separator and engine, were working perfectly. Two more stacks, and it would be done. Already the pitchers were beginning at the top, and the big round stacks seemed to slowly melt at their touch. Ed was calculating his chances—About two hours more and he would have done. Of course, he was not going to wait for dinner or anything; as soon as the last bucketful of grain and chaff, carefully raked from under the machine by the thrifty farmer, had passed through he would pull out.

His gaze wandered down the valley. He knew every inch of that trail. For two miles good and hard. On the left-hand side of the creek, then, that corduroy—hard work, he knew. The bridge, safe enough he

thought, although there had been a slight cave-in on the right side. No; no danger there. He had investigated, the evening before, on horseback. Then the hill—that was going to be hard on the horses, he must put the four teams to the engine, take her up and come back from the separator.

The desire for action sent the blood singing in his veins, he wanted to be there now and at the battle. He swore savagely under his breath when, as only the bottom of the stacks being left standing, the feeder on the separator lifted his hand, the signal to stop. He turned the steam off and rushed forward.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, eager to fix the trouble himself.

It was only a bolt jarred loose. The man had the wrench in his hand and was tightening the nut quickly.

Ed ran back to his engine.

Faint on the wind, yet clear and distinct, a whistle was heard, a long whistle followed by three short ones. Ed's heart almost stopped beating. Could Lou be through already at Bill Long's? Five miles of straight, dry, high road, and he would be at Chase's. Ed knew that whistle; he himself always announced the end of a threshing in the same manner. Yes, it must be Lou. He could imagine the quick hitching up of the teams, the outfit moving on while he was tied there.

How slow these men were working! One pitcher stopped in his work and shouted something at the man handling the grain sacks, they both laughed—some flippant joke. Ed cursed him vehemently, his voice lost in the roar of the machines.

There was hope yet, nevertheless, for they were handling the last sheaves; they were gathering in a heap the chaff under the separator; big forkfuls of loose straw were put on the tables burying the good-naturedly laughing band cutters. Here was Herrington himself with a tub to get the grain and chaff—Would they never be done? He must wait until

they are satisfied, for that is part of the game. At last! At last! He cut off the steam, and as the engine slowed down, with a quick, strong heave of his shoulder, he threw off the belt. He also, then, gave the shrieking whistle full play.

Everybody was marching off to dinner.

"Ratty, Billy," he yelled, "come back." His men turned and retraced their steps towards him. "No dinner for us, boys, out we go. Get your horses, fix the separator. We can't lose a minute. Lou is on the way already."

"H—," said Billy, a lean, black-haired lad with laughing eyes. "I kind o' thought I heard his whistle. By heck, he can't beat us, we'll take her in at the gallop, Ed." He began to run towards the stables.

"I am sick of this," said Ratty, quietly avoiding Ed's gaze. "That's no life. I want dinner, I want my horses fed."

"You do, eh? You go and get those horses, see? And be quick about it. You know me; you know I will make it all right with you. Hurry now, hurry, for heaven's sake hurry."

Ed, thinking him going, stooped under his engine and began to untie the chains that locked the wheels together while the machine was working.

"Look here, Ed," he heard a voice say, "'Taint no use; I ain't going. I quit, that's all."

"What?" Straightening suddenly, he beheld Ratty rolling a cigarette, his small figure and shifty black eyes well justifying his name.

"What? Say that again."

Ed, pale, his teeth clenched, his great fists closed, leaned forward as the little man, unafraid, said again:

"I don't like this jumping up. I quit, that's all. You can't strike me, Ed, and you know it."

With one blow, that powerful man could have destroyed the miserable creature. But the words stopped him

—an unutterable contempt distorted his features.

"Rat, you little Rat!" was all he could sputter. His fists opened and closed spasmodically. Slowly he turned and busied himself with the chains, his hands trembling with his emotion; all the primeval instinct in him urging to kill, to crush that unexpected obstacle, while the sense of chivalry, so strangely developed in these men of the wild, made him refrain.

Suddenly he jumped up and seizing by the shoulder the small man who was lingering, lighting his cigarette.

"Get out," he hissed. "Get out quick or I can't answer for myself."

Ratty saw something in those eyes that made him dart away with a startled cry. Pale, he rushed off, while Ed with slow steps, never once turning his head, went to the stables to get his own teams.

He had two teams of his own and each assistant had one. Billy had seen to it, all the teams were harnessed, soon after they had them hitched up, two teams on the engine, one on the separator. Old man Herrington was stupefied to see them pull out without dinner.

With the great power of adaptation of the Westerner, Ed almost instantly put away from his mind Ratty's desertion. The problem was to get up to Chase's with three teams, that was all.

"Curse that hill," he kept muttering, as he urged his horses; "Curse that hill."

If he could pass the corduroy without mishap, perhaps three teams would take up the engine; the separator would go easily enough. If only he could get there at the same time as Lou at least. But not after, not after!

The road was dry, but uneven, like most Western roads. Some root would make a hard lump with a hole behind, and the machine would jar roughly, dangerously. The boiler, being so

high above the axles, made the whole thing terribly top heavy.

The first two miles were down hill ever so little, and Ed did a very hazardous thing. Instead of holding the horses, he let them go, and soon, gathering speed, they were trotting, the engine reeling drunkenly behind. The Westerner, his eyes clear and steady, sitting there tense on his small seat up above the boiler, did some astonishing driving, smiling grimly when the whole thing settled back with a dull jar after a big hole.

"Not this time, old girl," was all he said.

The horses slowed to a walk. It got to be harder pulling, for they were at the corduroy. Far behind the separator was coming. Impossible to trot with that!

Ed stopped the teams and went ahead to investigate. It was worse than he had thought. He saw at a glance the danger. The poles in the centre of the stretch were too small; nothing to hold them steady. If the horses did not go through surely the slight sticks would spread under the engine's great weight. He must chance it, but he must have all the teams on. He looked back. Billy was just showing on the last bend more than a quarter of a mile away.

The smallest thing had its importance. He knew that a few sticks thrown in at the worst places may make the whole difference. Seizing his axe he rapidly got some of the long, bare, desolate-looking dry spruces, burnt in forest fires years ago, yet always standing, and threw them on the most dangerous places.

That stretch of mossy soft ground was not very wide, yet it suggested the deep woods. Great spruces stood on both sides of the road, majestic, towering above the undergrowth. The shafts of sunlight passing through seemed of a fine golden dust, little flies darting constantly through, back and forth.

The quiet, peaceful background of deep yellow moss and sombre spruces

constrasted strangely with that machine of steel, with its iron wheels, its silvery piston rods, its steam escaping with a long monotonous hiss.

Billy came with his team, dragging a chain behind the double-tree. With the dexterity of men constantly working with horses, they had the third team hitched on in an amazingly short time.

Ed took the leading horses, Billy the wheel teams, and both walked as far out on the left as the lines would allow for a comprehensive look of the whole thing.

"All ready, Bill? Let her go!"

The horses strained as the front wheels climbed on the corduroy; then the pull was steadier. Once a horse got a foot through the poles, but got himself out quickly. It happened not so unexpectedly, but the drivers tried to save everything by a savage yell to the teams. In vain. The engine had come down heavily on the small poles, after lifting high over a thick one, and the wheel, crushing the weak sticks, settled deeper and deeper in the wet moss, half way to the axle.

No urging of the teams could budge it. There it was, inert, the great bulk seemingly possessed of some stubborn, wicked will of its own.

"Just a yank," almost sobbed Billy, "and she is safe—Get up!" he roared at his teams, "Red! Maud!"

"Now, boys," shouted Ed, at the same time. "Pete! Barney!"

The beasts strained, lowering their hind quarters in the terrible effort; a great noise of iron shoes on the treacherous poles. Nothing gave. Some relaxed, while their more tenacious mates flew forward, stopping violently against the collars; then all settled again. A great black horse snorted and began to paw and rear in its excitement, the mares shaking their heads and biting at their mates nervously. Billy made that black horse the target of his rage.

"Quiet! miserable plug!" he shouted, "or I'll brain you;" then



jerking the lines, "Quiet! the whole gang of you," his language drifting into an exasperated flow of astonishing words. He cursed everything, the threshing, the country, the engine and especially Ratty, whose ancestry was not spared.

The horses were quiet again, heads drooping, moving a foot once in a while, seeking an easier place.

Ed, still clutching the lines in his left hand, his right fist closed, stood in a deep study, his eyes fixed on that broad, shiny iron wheel.

"What I want is horses," he said, "two teams, three teams, what's the use?" He turned and looked ahead.

Beyond the bridge, at the hill's first bend, a woman was sitting on a sorrel horse. Immobile she contemplated the scene — Before Ed had time to make any motion towards recognizing her, she wheeled her horse with incredible swiftness and was gone.

It was Rose Chase. Ed blushed deeply. He felt terribly humiliated to have been seen so, with his outfit stuck in the mud, and by her! Another man might not have come half the distance he covered in so short a time, yet he felt as if he were guilty.

"Billy," he said in a quiet voice, "we are going to get out of this and up to Chase's, Lou or no Lou, if we've got to take everything to pieces and pack it there on our backs. You've been freighting, haven't you? Well, we are going to try to raise her like they do a waggon's wheel stuck in the slush.

"On the jump now, Billy, get me stakes."

Billy, although only a lad, knew what to do. He soon had three or four three-foot stakes which he threw at Ed. The latter began to drive them diagonally under the broad wheels thus making a better foundation and an easier climb on to the corduroy. Billy, all enthusiasm now, was interpellating the machine in his glee.

"You thought you would stay there, didn't you? You liked that

spot, you old pile of junk. Nice and soft and wet wasn't it? But you are coming out, see? You bet your life you are coming out!" The swearing flowed again easily, not in anger, but with the joy of an artist accomplishing some remarkable piece of work.

"Now, Billy, cut that out, take your lines, and we'll try again."

"What's that?" said Billy. "By gum, they are coming to help you out, old man. Here's Miss Chase and three teams, and by heck!" he added admiringly, "she can handle them too, believe me!"

Indeed, coming down the hill at a sharp trot was Rose Chase, handling her six horses in wonderful fashion. Four horses were abreast. She was riding the off horse of the right-hand team, which she managed with her right hand; in her left she had the lines of the left-hand team firmly grasped just where they divide. The two horses behind were led by the halter tied to the hames of the animal she was using as a mount. And so, amid a great clanging of harness and a thunder of hoofs, she came abreast of the bridge.

Stopping sharply, agile as a cat, she slid down her horse, seized the bridle of the two inside animals and stood there for a second, her slim white arms, bare to the elbows, holding these great powerful beasts in check. Her eyes were shining from her ride, her dark hair half undone curling on her smooth white neck.

The deep admiration that was plainly showing in both men's eyes she heeded not.

"Quick, Ed," she said, "get your spare double-trees, your chains, ropes, anything. Big Lou is only about a mile away, coming sharp. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

She began to separate her teams, for the bridge was too narrow to allow four abreast.

Billy was working like a fiend, untangling chains, getting an enormous coil of rope ready.

"But, Rose," said Ed, "is this fair? I can't allow it. I got stuck here. Lou is coming without help. No, I am beat, that's all."

Avoiding her gaze, he looked with unseeing eyes at the dark underbrush.

"Oh! Quick, quick!" she said. "I want you up there, Ed. Help Billy; every minute counts. Ed, don't stand there. Of course, it's fair, if I want it."

There were tears in her voice.

The man was undecided yet; not for long, though. The girl ran to Billy and seizing a heavy chain began to drag it, straining, her small hands slipping over the big links. In three bounds, Ed was at her side, pushing her off gently, his eyes moist.

"Girl," he said. "O Girl! For me!" That was all he could say.

Suddenly he was the man of action again, giving his orders clear and sharp, while Billy rushing at top speed kept whistling low under his breath. No matter how hard he was panting his breath came and went following the measures of that unknown song. That was his way of expressing joy with ladies present.

"We will put all the teams on the engine," decided Ed. All the spare double-trees had to be used, the girl herself hooking some of the traces with her strong little hands. The chains, tied together passed between all the teams from the end of the iron tongue to the front team's neck-yoke.

"You take the front teams, Rose. I the hind ones, Billy centre."

"No, no," said the girl. "We can't stop at the top of the hill and come back for the separator, we must run the engine in only. We must ride the horses. Ed, give me a hand." Docile, he stooped, and she, stepping on his hands was seated in a second.

"Hurrah," shouted Billy, "it's like taking a cannon up hill."

Ed mounted the off horse of his last team also, he could not have stayed on the engine's little seat without being strapped on.

"All ready," he said in his quiet, clear voice.

No yelling, no excitement this time, they merely chirped to their horses, holding them well in hand, and slowly the great mass of steel rose, the hind wheels falling in the same hole, but not having time to settle.

The first bend up the hill had to be taken carefully. Rose skilfully keeping her teams far out and swinging only when the engine had taken the turn.

"Now, boys," she shouted, turning her head, "some speed."

A great roar from Billy got the horses excited, they began to trot. By some miracle, the engine kept its balance and so they came into the yard, that slender girl leading, in a cloud of dust amid a storm of hoofs and rumbling steel.

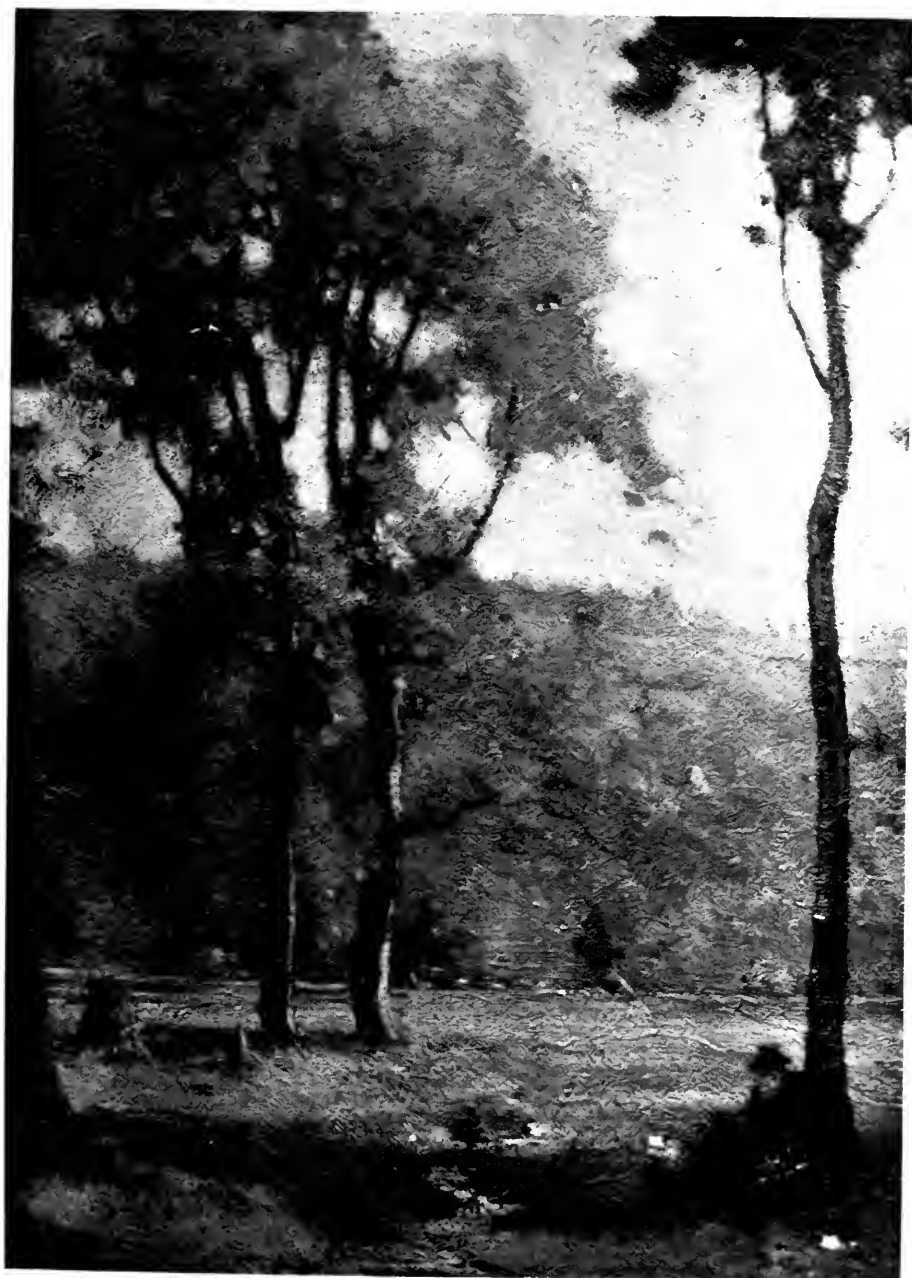
Almost at the same time, just a little after, Lou came in by the North Road; engine in front, separator behind, everything orderly and business-like.

He understood the situation instantly. Getting off his engine he walked up to Ed. With a simple and dignified gesture he took off his hat to the girl, an inscrutable smile on his lips. Going to Ed, he extended his hand.

"Ed," he said, "fair play. What woman wishes, God wishes, as the French say." Saying no more he walked away.

"Ed," said the girl, coming close to him, Billy was on the other side of the horses, "Ed, aren't you glad we won?"

"We . . . . Oh, Girl!" was all he could say as he took her hands in his. "We . . . ." and his voice was husky.



AUTUMN

From the Painting by J. W. Beatty. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE RABBIT

BY D. DOUGLAS EPPES

"What virtue is to a Woman, honour to a Man, so are its Colours to a Regiment"

**I**F you should visit the mess-room of the Halberdiers on a certain night in the year—first putting on your cloak of invisibility, for in no other way will a non-member gain entrance—you will witness the drinking of a toast unique in British Army traditions.

Everybody knows of the Halberdiers. Their name has been writ large in British military history; their honorary colonel is always the reigning sovereign. But, outside the regiment, speaking always of the commissioned ranks, none has probed the mystery surrounding this particular toast. One thing, however, is a matter of common knowledge to the other corps of the garrison in which the Halberdiers happen to be stationed—that, annually on the 27th January, the officers, always the soul of hospitality, are At Home to no one. There is a tradition, which does not belong to this story, that, on one occasion, a royal personage intimated his very keen desire to be present on this evening. Not even, for a prince of the blood, would the regiment depart from its rule, whereat, it is on record, the royal personage went away in high dudgeon with his curiosity still unappeased. From which, it will be seen that, even at the risk of affronting great people, the Halberdiers prefer to keep their secret to themselves. In a word, the ceremony is a skeleton which they keep safely locked up in their regimental closet,

secure from the gaze of prying eyes.

Supposing, however, that you, more fortunate than others, have managed to effect an entrance into the well-appointed mess-room, you will at once note that the mess is there in full strength; from the grizzled colonel to the last-joined subaltern, not one is absent. Custom decrees that the commanding officer should assume the presidency for the occasion, and, never since the toast was first honoured, has the senior regimental officer been absent on this night. Directly the wine has been brought in, the mess-sergeant, carefully shepherding before him the waiters, withdraws, and the doors are locked.

Then the Colonel, rising to his feet, with glass charged to the brim, says: "Mr. Vice-President, and gentlemen of the Halberdiers: The Rabbit." Whereupon, the second-in-command, from his place at the lower end of the long table, rises in turn, and repeats: "Gentlemen, The Rabbit." Each of the diners, by this time standing, voices the words of the toast and thereafter drains his glass to the dregs. Then a hush falls on the assembly, while the Colonel leads the way to where the crossed colours of the battalion droop from the wall of the mess-room. One by one, in order of their rank, he is followed by his subordinates, and for ten minutes, perhaps, during which no word is spoken, the group stands in front of the King's and regimental colours;

the silken colours which tell of the twenty-four engagements—from Malplaquet to Paardeberg—in which the regiment has borne an honourable part in its two centuries of existence as a fighting unit. Thus they stand, and, if you are fairly observant, you will notice, under the cross formed by the two colour-staffs, a small cheap photograph; a photograph of a very ordinary-looking private soldier in khaki uniform. Also, you will note that far more attention is paid to the photo, which is dingy, and was evidently taken in the days when cheap photography meant bad photography, than to the more impressive background of silken standards emblazoned with battle names that fire the fighting blood.

Then doors are unlocked, and the ceremony is over. Thenceforth, however, there is no gathering around card-tables or in billiard-room. The officers, for that evening at least, seem anxious to hold commune with no one. Half an hour later, the mess room is deserted and, ere last post has been sounded, in darkness.

That is the toast. To go back to its origin, however, you have to go back twenty years, when the battalion was just completing its tour of Indian service. A very fine regiment it was then, the smartest and best-drilled in the Punjab command. Small wonder, therefore, that when a battalion was required to do a little police work a short distance from the Afghan border, the general officer commanding decided on its selection. It was merely a minor trouble. A hill tribe had got a little unruly, and, after cutting the throats of a couple of unoffending traders, had sent an insulting message to the government official despatched post haste to investigate the matter. It was thought, therefore, that the visit of a nine hundred strong fighting corps would bring them to a sense of their misdoing. Also, it was hinted that the body, dead or alive, of one Myheer Khan, chieftain of the turbulent

tribe, delivered to the Peshawur authorities, would more than compensate for the loss of the traders' lives.

Accordingly, at the head of the regiment, the Colonel started off on his two hundred miles' trek. His command were fairly well impressed with the importance of their task. It was not active service, by any means, but it was the next best thing to it, and though there would be no fighting, and, consequently, no after compensation in the way of medals, they rather hoped that they might get one chance of using the new Lee-Netfords which had been issued to them twelve months before, and had never been aimed at anything more harmful than a range target.

Thus, cheerily, they went on their way, the band playing stirring tunes, and the bugles winning echoes from the rock-clad hills over which the greater part of their path lay. Thirty miles from their objective, a village in the Karand Pass, they halted for the night on a range of rough hills below which stretched the boulder-strewn valley of the Karand, bounded northwards by another line of jagged-topped peaks. Beyond these again was the village of the marauding tribesmen.

So far they had not encountered a single hostile Pathan. Nor did they expect to do so, until they had left the valley behind them. Even then, the intelligence officer, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of guide, assured the commanding officer that it was highly improbable that the tribesmen would not immediately surrender their chief rather than risk combat with such a formidable force.

The battalion was provided with E.P. tents, for the nights were chilly in that high altitude. In company rows, at regular intervals, the canvas shelters were pitched, the officers' quarters in rear; the tent for the quarter-guard in front of the leading company's lines. A double sentry was furnished on the frontal post, while each flank was patrolled

by one man. By every rule of war fare, the heights to the right, some fourteen hundred yards away, should have been secured. But then the battalion was not on active service. As a matter of fact, the question of establishing a chain of outposts had been discussed, but the intelligence officer had pooh-pooed the necessity for such a precaution.

"We are two good days' march from Myheer Khan's headquarters," he said, "and, after all, we are not making war on him. Better let the men have a night's rest. They need it."

And, so it came, when the orderly officer made his rounds a little after midnight, and turned in his report, "All's well," the safety of the sleeping camp was dependent on the vigilance of five sentries, one of whom was Private John Martin, known to nine hundred of his comrades, as "The Rabbit."

Six foot, three he stood, with a chest measurement that stretched the tape at forty-three inches; altogether as fine a specimen of stalwart manhood as Devon county, that land of big men, had ever sent forth to follow the drum.

Yet, in spite of his Titan stature, "The Rabbit" was not a man of war. In his six years of service, he had never been known to resent an insult. And opportunity to take up the gauntlet had been his in plenty; for, since the day he joined the Halberdiers a country hobbledohoy in his teens, he had been the legitimate prey of every practical joker in the regiment. But he had never retaliated. Not even on a memorable occasion when two of his company, either of whom he could have crushed with a blow of his fist, had blacked his pipe-clayed equipment a moment before he had taken his place on guard-mounting parade. That was four years ago, but the roar of indignation with which the sergeant-major had greeted his appearance still left an unpleasant tingle in his ears. Nor

had his nick-name, bestowed a week after joining the regimental depot, outworn its distastefulness. He never showed that he resented it; but, resent it he did, with a bitterness of indignation which found vent in his moments of loneliness. He had welcomed the expedition, hoping that it would afford him one chance of showing his mettle. But, now that he was tasting for the first time the rigours of field-service, he was fain to confess to himself that soldiering in a semi-hostile country had its drawbacks. Moreover, he loathed sentry duties at the best of times, for his was a companionable nature; but, this night, with a patience that was his chief characteristic, perhaps his chief weakness, he resigned himself to withstand his ordeal of lonely watchfulness.

Two hours may not seem a long time; it depends where and how it is spent. In pleasant company, the minutes may fly on wings. But two hours of solitude in the blackness of the Indian night, with the keen mountain wind biting to the marrow, and the fear ever-present of a vengeful Pathan waiting unseen his chance to drive home the wicked Afghan knife, the triangular knife that needs no second stroke to achieve its purpose, is a period of time into which, to the imaginative mind, ten thousand hells can be compressed. And, in his first hour of lonely vigil, "The Rabbit" experienced them all.

For what he thought was a long thirty minutes—in reality, it was a scant ten — he stood almost motionless, with rifle at the ready, and nervous forefinger crooked around the trigger. And during that time his gaze alternated from the black void ahead to each side of him, and thence to the rear, where the dim outlines of the tents blurred on his imagination like monstrous tombstones. And never did he turn his head, or change his posture ever so slightly, but he caught himself listening for the echo of some lurking hostile presence. The

sergeant of the guard had impressed on him the necessity of patrolling the entire right flank of the encampment. He remembered the behest, and its thought added fresh discomfort to his already uneasy mind. But the task had to be done, and so he turned and paced his long beat. And, then standing, with neck craned forward, and nerves keyed to the utmost, there fell on his ears the slightest of sounds. Behind him he could hear the heavy boots of the sentries on the frontal post crunching over the stony plateau. But this noise was that which a snake might make worming its way through undergrowth or long grass. Calling to mind every one of the stories he had heard of the wiles practised by hillmen in a sudden onslaught on a sleeping camp — how naked, with body oiled and knife between teeth, they crawled within striking distance of an unsuspecting sentry, and thereafter, quickly and scientifically, administered the *coup de grace* which left him a mutilated horror, "The Rabbit" listened fearfully. Scarcely permitting himself to breathe, he strove unsuccessfully to locate the spot whence the sound had emanated; and, then, just as he began to chide his imagination for playing him false, almost at his feet he caught the glimpse of something white; of something, which to his disordered vision, took on the sheen of steel.

He never stayed to bring the rifle to his shoulder. In an instant he had pulled the trigger, and the flash of the Lee-Netford showed him—not the expected big Pathan with uplifted knife, but one of those pariah dogs, half canine, half jackal, that follow a marching regiment as a shark follows a sailing vessel. And this one, disgruntled at his unfriendly reception, dropped the clean-picked bone which he had been gripping with his glistening fangs, and raising his voice in shrill protest, circled around the discomfited sentry to dash at headlong speed through the tent lines. In

a minute the camp hummed with activity. Roused from their slumbers by the rifle-shot and the accompanying chorus of startled yelps from the fleeing pariah, the men poured out of their tents, and formed up in readiness to resist the supposed attack. One company, that to which Martin belonged, doubled out to where he stood, its commander demanding the reason for his warning shot.

"The Rabbit" might have lied; as it turned out, he could have done so with impunity: Instead, however, he blurted out the truth, and when he had revealed it, a chorus of guffaws, which the officers made no attempt to quell, arose from the listening men. But, while the unfortunate sentry meekly accepted the angry denunciation of his company commander and the scathing comments of his comrades, there came a straggling volley from the high ground to the right which, passing overhead, punched great holes in the tents in rear. In a moment, "The Rabbit's" indiscretion had been forgotten. One company was directed to double out for a hundred yards on the threatened flank extending to two paces as it executed the movement, while another took up a position in front of the encampment. These dispositions made, it became the regiment's task to await the enemy's pleasure. But, apparently, the precautions were unnecessary, for there came no renewal of the fire, save an occasional bullet which pinged harmlessly overhead. None the less, the colonel determined not to be caught napping, and the battalion remained under arms until the first streaks of the new day split the dark clouds into ragged tiers of gray. Then, as the hill in front revealed its rugged outline, it was seen that the hillmen, under cover of night, had massed themselves on the precipitous slope and were preparing to give battle to the white men.

"This is too good a chance to miss of giving these fellows a lesson," re-



marked the C. O. "We'll drive 'em out of that before breakfast. Detail a sergeant and six men of the guard to remain behind and look after the camp, and we'll attack right away."

In lieu of artillery, the Maxim, snugly ensconced between two boulders, covered the first deployment and drew the attention of the hillmen from two companies sent down towards the plain to execute a flanking movement. Then, in extended order, the remainder of the regiment advanced to storm the hill. On they swept, halting every now and again to send in a driving volley, and then winning a few yards nearer to their objective. The troops were as cool as though they were carrying out an ordinary parade movement; more important, though, their shooting was deadly accurate. So thought the enemy, apparently, for as the lines of khaki reached the foot of the hill, there commenced a hurried movement to reach the plain below. Waiting for this were the two flanking companies, who rent the descending hordes of tribesmen with volleys at short range, and then, fixing bayonets, rushed at the discomfited Pathans as they debouched on to the low ground. Scourged now by a galling fire from those above, and menaced in their retreat by the flanking party, the hillmen paused irresolute. And while they stood there, seeking an avenue of escape, death smote them thick and fast. A tribesman is no longer a formidable antagonist when you have him on the run, and they were beaten ere the first steel-tipped wave of khaki slayers broke on them. Swift, then, to recognise the mistake which they had made in abandoning their lofty position, they turned and in little knots awaited the onslaught of the white men.

And while bayonet and butt clashed against knife and sword, down the rocky hillside serambled the remaining companies of the Halberdiers, and flung themselves into the melee. Ten minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, and

the hillmen, a broken rabble, were fleeing along the rock-pitted plain, or seeking fresh cover on the hills. And, on their heels, the avengers followed, slaying as they ran. The officers were in no mood to call off their men. It was felt that a lesson was needed, and for many an hour the pursuit was unflaggingly kept up. Came noon, however, and with it the order to reform ranks. "The Assembly" was sounded, and the regiment, flushed with a victory achieved at surprising little loss, turned their faces again towards the encampment, now distant a good three miles.

It was not until the troops had covered half their return journey that the Colonel bethought him of the fact that, save for a guard of half-a-dozen men, the camp was undefended. Even then, as he galloped along with his adjutant at his side, no feeling of uneasiness seized him until the twain crested the hill, and, reining in their breathless horses a hundred yards from the encampment, gazed ahead. In that instant, the senior officer sensed that something was wrong. It was not the absence of any patrolling sentry; nor the unnatural quietness of the camp. It was neither of these matters, though each in itself was sufficient to tell a story of something amiss. That which made him turn with whitened cheek to his companion was the sight of a puttee-woven leg sticking grotesquely from out the sheltering curtain of the guard tent.

Dismounted now, the two officers sped like winged Mercuries towards the canvas shelter. They had just come from as thorough an exhibition of scientific slaughter as the average soldier is afforded a chance of witnessing in a lifetime. But the scene as they entered the open doorway made them recoil in horrified amazement. Inside the tent resembled a charnel house. Face down, mutilated beyond recording, lay the sergeant. His hand still clutched the bayonet-tipped rifle, which, ere dying, he had driven into the breast of a huge Pa-

than until the reddened point showed some four inches beyond the hillman's shoulders. The drummer, a lad of twenty, had fallen after a fight in which his sole weapon had been his tiny bandsman's sword, that now lay, broken and bloody, against the tent pole. Beyond him again, were the bodies of five privates, slashed and hacked with the ferocity with which, in all climes, the Mahomedan fanatic treats his conquered foe. To them, apparently, death had come while sleeping. Not a rifle, save that which the dead sergeant retained in a steel-like grip, was visible in the tent of death.

To the two shocked observers of the awesome spectacle the story of the tragedy was as plain as though related by those who had taken part in it. While the battalion had been vigorously attacking the main force, a small band, perhaps not a dozen all told, had wormed their way up on the reverse flank, crept on the unsuspecting guard, and hacked them to pieces ere the knowledge of their danger was borne on them. The sentry had probably been first disposed of, and thereafter the deadly stalkers, emboldened at the knowledge that the rest of the tiny detachment would not be anticipating attack from such an unexpected quarter, had followed up their initial success fearlessly and rapidly.

Thus the two stood for a period, contemplating the scene of slaughter, until the colonel's gaze fell on the tent pole where dangled two straps.

"My God, Barnes!" he jerked out, his face suddenly grown old. "They've taken the colours."

Blank dismay in his features, the other followed his senior's glance.

"Great Scott, sir, I'd clean forgotten about them. They were fastened to the tent pole. They've taken 'em, sure enough."

Appalled by this culminating catastrophe, each stared at the other's face, speechless. And, as they stood, on their ears was borne the clatter

of the returning regiment climbing up the stony slope to the camping ground.

"They've taken the colours," repeated the Colonel. "The Halberdiers' colours! Think of it man! A guard cut up, and the regiment's colours taken! Captured by a gang of cutthroat hillmen while the rest of the battalion's within rifle shot! Our poor fellows butchered, and the colours gone. What a story to have to tell when we get back to Peshawur! The regiment is eternally disgraced."

He broke down and wept, the enormity of the massacre of his men swallowed up in the still greater enormity—from a soldier's point of view—of the loss of the standards, the historic flags which had looked down on many a field of blood in the Peninsular War, and had been carried in triumph through the Crimean and Mutiny campaigns. Never, till this black day, had they passed into the hands of an enemy, though fierce the battle which had ofttimes waged around them for their possession.

Outside, the returning troops had halted, and the ring of their ordered rifle butts roused the two officers from their gloomy commune. With an effort, the colonel regained his self-possession, and turned to his junior. "Not a word about this, Barnes," he warned. "Not even in the officers' mess. It will never do to let the rest of the battalion know until we have had time to think of some plan for their recovery. If any comment is made about their removal from the guard tent, just say that they have been taken to my quarters."

Elated as the troops were at their victory, the news that the camp had been raided and the tiny detachment butchered during their absence brought a feeling of savage resentment which even the thought of the morrow's sure vengeance failed to appease. They had fought a good action; many of them had smelt powder for the first time in their soldiering, and the memory of the hand-to-

hand fight with the hillmen was good to dwell on. But the mutilated bodies of their hapless comrades sobered them in a way which nothing else could have done. It was hard to think that while succour had been only a short distance away they had fallen victims to the vengeance of the stalking hillmen, and not until the remains had been decently shrouded in blankets and interred a stone's throw from the encampment did they feel disposed to discuss the disaster. Then, gathered in little groups, they sought to piece together the details of the tragedy.

"What I want to know," demanded one, "is where the blooming sentry was when this happened? He must 'ave been asleep."

"They haven't found him yet," interjected a young lance-corporal. "The sergeant-major's had a search party out all afternoon, but they haven't come across the body."

"Who was he?" asked another of the group.

A voice spoke up: "Martin of 'B' Company."

"What! 'The Rabbit'!" exclaimed another. "I'll bet five bob that he cut his hookey the minute he saw the Pathans coming."

"Yes," added the lance-corporal, "and left his pals to be butchered. Mark my words, though: as soon as it gets dark, he'll come skulking back to camp again."

"If he does, they should shoot the dirty tyke on sight," remarked a shirt-sleeved sergeant, spitting venomously at a harmless lizard basking in the late afternoon sun, and the subsequent chorus of "ayes" told that the speaker voiced the sentiments of his listeners.

And while, in savagely tense tones, the Halberdiers discussed the morning's horror, and speculated on the fate of the missing sentry, in a cave, high up on the range of hills which bounded the valley to the north, "The Rabbit" sprawled his unconscious form on the stony floor. And

against him, so close that his bound wrists rested against the staffs, were the colours. Nor was he unguarded, for at the entrance to the cavern, cunningly concealed by a trailing creeper, which wound like a spider's web across the narrow aperture, were squatted two tribesmen, who, secure from observation, peered across the four-mile expanse of valley, and noted every movement of the khaki-clad troops as they searched for their missing comrade.

"Allah permits the white pigs to seek," observed one of the watchers. "Yet shall they not find."

"Ay," growled his companion, as he ran his thumb along the edge of the knife resting on his knees. "Still, do I think it were best to slit the throat of this fellow. A dead Fer- inghi is ever better than a live one."

"Tush," replied the first speaker, as he turned his hawklike visage towards the interior of the cave, and rested his eyes on the form of the unconscious Halberdier. "Heard you not Akbar's express command—that not a hair of the captive's head was to be touched? Dost set thine authority against his? Thy hatred for the white men is not greater than mine, but it is so ordained that, living, this man shall prove of the greater worth."

"How so! Oh, Jost Sing?" inquired the other.

"In this way," explained his companion. "Thou knowest that Akbar and our seven comrades are even now on their way to the village of My-heer Khan. Once there, will be told the story of the blow we struck to-day. When the chieftain learns that the sacred flags of the white men are in our keeping, together with one of their guardians, thus will he say to the Colonel of the regiment when he arrives to pillage and burn the homes of the faithful: "March your men back whence they came, and ere they have climbed the south wall of the pass, the standards and the prisoner shall be restored to you. Refuse—

and the captive shall be put to death, and the flags destroyed.' 'Tis known that these coloured emblems are as the gods of the Feringhis; that have I been told by my brother who served the Government. So it will be that the Colonel will accept Myheer's terms, not alone for this man's sake, but because the loss of the standards would be heavily visited on his own head."

"Nevertheless, he may refuse," persisted the other. "Thou knowest how pig-minded these Sahibs be."

"Then," returned Jost Sing, with a sinister smile, "do thou keep a sharp edge on thy blade, for, should mine fail in its aim, I promise thee second thrust at this white giant."

Meanwhile "The Rabbit," lying a full twenty feet from the conversing hillmen, struggled slowly back to consciousness. His head ached with an intensity of pain which at first forbade connected thought; but as he lay there, dully wondering what had happened him, and in what manner he had come to his present hapless plight, his senses were sharpened by the sight of the two sentinels at the cave mouth.

Now he remembered, how sitting on a boulder, a stone's throw from the encampment, listening to the afar-off roll of musketry in the plain below, there had suddenly burst on his startled hearing a comrade's death shriek; how turning around he had seen a melee of half-naked, dusky forms at the entrance to the guard tent, slashing and hacking at something inside. The sight had sent him running to his comrades' aid, only to come face to face with four Pathans, who, with red, dripping blades, had wheeled to meet him. Twice he had lunged at a foe, each time to see his bayonet stab the air as the nimble Pathan skipped aside. Then had come the crashing blow on the back of his head, which had robbed him of consciousness. He did not know that but for the handle of the hillman's sword turning in the sweaty

palm of its wielder, his head would have been cloven in twain; nor did he know that he owed his life to the opportune intervention of Akbar, the leader of the band of raiders, who, struck by the soldier's miraculous escape and not a little impressed by his enormous stature, had stayed the hands of those who would have administered the coup de grace as he lay helpless and stunned at their feet. Grudgingly, the order had been obeyed, and, thereafter, borne on the shoulders of four stalwart hillmen, who sweated and panted under the weight of their burden, he had been brought to the cave and deposited in the custody of his present guardians until the result of Akbar's mission was made known.

Deepened the shadows until the interior of the cave became dark as the tomb, save where the last streaks of the fading day filtered through the entrance. Here, until the swift Indian night settled down and blotted their forms from his vision, the captive kept his gaze fastened on his swarthy custodians. Once he moved cautiously to ease his position, and, as he did so, by pressing his huge fists together and forcing his elbows outwards, he sought to test the strength of the cords which encircled his wrists. Five minutes of tense struggle taught him that not by this means were his bonds to be broken. He must try some other method. Nor was he long in determining what it should be. Prodding into his back, and causing him a discomfort to which, hitherto, he had been unconscious, were a number of stones which dotted the floor of the cavern. Raising his body ever so slightly, "The Rabbit" worked himself into a position by which one of these stones rested against his bound wrists. Then, anchoring it on the ground between his knees, he commenced to saw the cords against its sharp edge. Tugging and straining at his Homeric task, all the while keeping a watchful ear for the approach of his captors,

at the end of an hour's labour he was able to congratulate himself on the fact that the stone had jagged its way through several of the encircling strands. Then, just as he was counting on having his task completed in the next sixty minutes, there came the click of flint on steel, followed by a flash of light which dazzled his vision—one of the guards had lighted a torch and was stealing noiselessly towards him. In the brief moment of his approach, "The Rabbit," back to his recumbent position again, noted that a thick cloth, or blanket, had been suspended over the entrance to shield the light from hostile eyes. Torch in hand, the Pathan advanced until he stood over the prostrate soldier, and regarded him intently. Marking his sharp breathing, he mistook the cause.

"Fear not, son of a pig," he said with a sneer. "Thy time has not yet come."

He stirred the other's body contemptuously with his foot, and, then, as though seized with an uncontrollable impulse, he bent down close to his captive and spat in his face.

So swift was the action that the Halberdier was unable to anticipate it by turning his head aside. But the insult fired him as perhaps nothing else could have done. He half raised his body, and, exerting all his strength, snapped asunder the half-severed cords around his wrists.

The hillman heard the noise of their breaking and understood.

With a fierce imprecation, he bent down to seize the other by the throat, but the white soldier was the quicker. Grabbing the huge knife, which hung at the Pathan's side, he smote fiercely upwards, and, as he drove the blade home, he rolled to one side, avoiding the falling body of his impaled enemy. The torch in the hillman's hand went sputtering to the floor, as "The Rabbit" sprang to his feet, and met the attack of the second guard. So close was the onrushing Pathan, that his uplifted knife

scarcely had play, and its edge did no more than gash the khaki jacket of his unarmed opponent. Ere he had time to strike again, the soldier had pinned his foeman's arms to his sides, and was forcing him backwards towards the wall of the cave.

Well for "The Rabbit" that he came from a country where wrestling is still accounted the foremost athletic pursuit, for now he had need of all the skill gained in many a hard-fought tussle on the village green. Strong as he was, his opponent was not one whit his inferior in this respect, and always the white soldier was called upon to guard against the knife which the other sought to thrust home. Twice the hillman, with crafty jabs, drove his blade upwards against the Halberdier's broad chest, and, each time, a spurt of blood told him that the stroke had not been an idle one. At a third attempt, however, the soldier by a quick turn of his elbow sent the weapon out of the other's hand to drop with unheeded clang on the stone-strewn floor. Thereafter, the two fought on equal terms.

And so, for a full ten minutes, these men of gigantic strength, with straining muscles and laboured breath, were locked in strife, while behind them, on the ground, the transfixed Pathan plucked feebly at the knife which had pierced his entrails. And as they fought and swayed from side to side, "The Rabbit," secure in the knowledge that his foeman was unversed in the art of wrestling, thrice shifted his grip, with the intention of hurling him over his shoulder; but, at each attempt, the hillman, anticipating the soldier's purpose, saved himself by a snake-like turn of his lithe body.

They were back to the far wall of the cavern again, from which projected an arm of rock some three feet from the ground. By the feeble rays from the sputtering torch, the soldier noted the ledge, and manoeuvred his foeman close to it. Then, with a sudden, quick swing, he twisted his agile

opponent like a sapling across his hip. Scarce one instant were the Pathan's feet from the ground, yet, short as the time was, it sufficed for "The Rabbit's" purpose, for, now, the hillman's back had found lodgement against the arm of rock. Shifting his left hand with lightning movement to the Pathan's throat, the soldier bent back and downwards with all his strength. A myriad stars dazzled the tribesman's vision. He released his hold on the Halberdier's body and sought frantically to tear loose the other's grasp. He might as well have attempted to tear down the wall of the cavern. Back, back, the white man inexorably pressed, until there came a sudden snap, and that which he held was lifeless clay—the Pathan's neck was broken.

Bleeding from the wounds inflicted by his foeman's knife and exhausted by the Titanic struggle, the soldier reeled against the wall. Though he realised that every moment he tarried in the cave added to his danger, his physical powers had been too heavily taxed to permit him to do aught but lie on the ground and gasp for breath. A glance at the other Pathan showed he had nothing to fear from that quarter; death had spared the first hillman from seeing his white enemy triumph over his comrade, and, like some monstrous impaled fly, he lay athwart the colour staffs. The sight of the ensigns spurred the soldier into activity. Would he save them, he must bestir himself, and so, after staunching his hurts as best he could, he passed over to the other side of the cave, and, rolling aside the hillman's body, took up the colours. Then, stamping the dying torch underfoot, with the staffs sloped over his shoulder, he stepped into the night.

He did not lack guidance as to the path he should shape. High up on the hill, four miles away against the inky horizon, flickered the lights of the camp, and towards those pin-points of light, gleaming like fairy

lanterns suspended from the sky, he bent his steps. But ere he had left the boulder-strewn slope behind, the weight of the colours began to tell on him in his weakened state. Reaching the low ground, he rested a while, and, then, taking up the staffs again, staggered on. Yet, though he seemed to have traversed leagues, the lights appeared to get no nearer. A fever seized him. He caught himself wondering if they were a fantasy of his brain; some will-o'-the-wisp that was beckoning him on only to mock him in the end. So exhausted he was that a dozen times he halted with the idea of lying down on the plain, now swept by a bitter wind, but the thought that, if once he rested, he could not rise again, spurred him on to renewed endeavour. He cursed the colours, whose weight, trivial enough at ordinary times, now burdened and crushed him. Time and again he told himself, that, if he was free of them, he could win his way to safety with ease. The thought obsessed him, and at last came the solution. Stopping, he felt in his pockets for his jack-knife, and, opening the blade, slashed the silken flags from the staffs. "Better bring 'em in that way," he muttered, "than not at all," and, wrapping the emblems around his shoulders, he trudged on towards his goal.

\*

In his tent, the Colonel of the Halberdiers was receiving the report of his adjutant.

"No news, I suppose?" he asked listlessly.

"None, sir."

"No one knows yet?"

"No, sir. Not a soul. There is nothing to report except that the outposts have been sent out. . . . Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the search party failed to find any trace of the missing sentry."

"Who is he?" asked the Colonel.

"A man called Martin of Captain Maitland's company. He is the sen-

try who fired at the 'pi-yi' dog this morning, and the sergeant-major tells me that the men all swear that he has funkcd. Probably they are right."

"What are we going to do?" asked the senior officer, after they had sat in silence for some time. "Sooner or later the truth must come out. I have been telling myself over and over again that in a case like this the whole battalion should be taken into confidence. After all, the colours are as dear to the youngest private as they are to the oldest officer. At any rate, I have made up my mind, if nothing develops before to-morrow, to explain the matter to the regiment when they parade. Depend on it, they won't fight any the worse, when we attack Myheer Khan's village. . . . What was that?" he broke off suddenly.

"A shot from the outposts," replied the adjutant, as he sprang from his seat, and sped into the night. Ere he reached the chain of pickets, a rifle barked again.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired of the sentry. "Are they trying to rush you, or are you just seeing things?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier. "It's one of them niggers, all right. He looked like a Highlander, he did, with kilts on. I seen that much by the flash of my rifle. I got him with my second shot, though."

Revolver in hand, the officer strode forward. Behind him arose the murmur of the men, aroused from their slumbers with the wonder on their minds if another attack was impending. On he went, fifteen, perhaps twenty paces, before his feet tripping over on inanimate something brought him to his knees. Regardless of consequences, he bent down and struck a match, shielding the flame in his hands. It had burnt to his fingers ere he realised the full portent of what the tiny light revealed.

"Have a care, sir," warned the sentry, a prudent distance in rear. "He may be playing fox."

The warning fell unheeded, nor was it justified. For here, lying so quiet that it needed no pressure of the wrist to tell that his heart was stilled forever, was the missing sentry; the man who had funkcd—"The Rabbit." And around his dingy campaign-stained khaki uniform, from shoulders to knees, were wound the missing colours. Thus shrouded, he lay there as though, tired, he had fallen asleep. He might have been, so natural was his posture. But the matches, struck in quick succession, showed the kneeler a thin streak of crimson trickling from the white forehead, and dyeing, as it ran, the red cross of the regimental colour a still deeper hue.

"What is it, sir?" demanded the anxious sentry. "Shall I call the sergeant of the picket?"

Erect now, with the priceless emblems folded under his arm, wondering even in that moment how the task of restoration had been accomplished, the officer replied hoarsely: "No, it's not the Pathans, this time. You're not to blame, of course, Morris, but you've shot poor Martin."

"What! Martin of 'B' Company, sir?" exclaimed the sentry in amazed tones. "'The Rabbit'! Gawd's truth, it wasn't my fault. Why didn't he answer my challenge? What in hell was he a-doing of in front of the picket line, anyway?"

And while the word was passed back for the regiment to turn in again, two of the picket bore the motionless form on a stretcher to the guard tent, where one, holding a lantern close to the body, noted where the hillman's knife had slashed two deep wounds in the chest. "See!" he pointed out to his companions. "he did show fight after all. Good old 'Rabbit'."

But the adjutant, snuggling the silken ensigns under his arm, and passing quick-footed through the avenues of tents, heard with a deep contentment the bustle of the regiment as they sought their blankets and

sleep again. "They will never know, now," he said.

He re-entered his senior's quarters.

"What was the trouble?" asked the Colonel. "A nervous sentry?"

For answer the other drew forth his burden and laid it on the table. "The colours, sir," he said simply. "Private Martin — 'The Rabbit' — brought them back." Then he, one of the least emotional of men, dropped into a camp chair and burst into a gale of hysterical laughter.

Thus were the Halberdiers' colours restored to their rightful keeping.

How, after burning Myheer Khan's village and riddling that estimable gentleman's body with regulation .303 bullets, the Halberdiers returned to Peshawur with their colours streaming from bamboo poles, remained a matter of comment in that gossipy garrison until the explanation was forthcoming that the regulation staffs had been burnt in an untimely fire in the Colonel's tent wherein the colours themselves had nearly perished. But on the night of their return, in the secrecy of their mess, the officers heard the real story of "The Rab-

bit's" devotion. Heard it with shiny eyes, and parted lips, and many a murmur of amazed admiration; and, thereupon, collected a sum which kept a mother in far-off Devon in luxury to the end of her days.

And there you have the story of how the annual toast came to be honoured; the story of his regiment's colours which is told to every young Halberdier subaltern when he enters the mess for the first time. But exactly what part "The Rabbit" played in their recovery; how, sorely wounded, he had managed to win his way back to the camp; whether his hand, or the enemy's, had ripped the ensigns from their staffs; whether he had wrapped them around his breast and hewed his way to freedom, or encompassed his purpose by subterfuge, were questions which remained unanswered until a month later, when one, Akbar, surrendered himself, and, after receiving an assurance of pardon, recounted to a group of Halberdier officers the sight which had greeted him on his return to the cave wherein he had left a bound prisoner and two armed guards.





# THE FATE OF THE EMPIRE

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH

BY D. CREIGHTON

PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH IN his article on "The New Britains and the Old," in the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, makes an interesting if somewhat startling contribution to the prophecies of the professors. He starts out by citing the undoubted historical fact that while in the earlier part of the Victorian period the avowed policy of some British statesmen looked to an ultimate severance of the colonies from the mother country, that policy is now supposed to be antiquated, unworthy and discreditable. Starting from such premises, one naturally looked for an inquiry into the causes which had brought about this wonderful change, with conclusions based on the evident tendency of the times. But, instead, the Professor boldly girds himself to the task of stemming the tide, and he admits that it is "by no means certain that the statesmen of the days of *laissez faire*, *laissez aller* were not wiser than the politicians who now-a-days have so much to say about 'The Empire' and its 'problems' and the processes variously described as 'welding' or 'cementing.' "

Those with less temerity might have paused to consider that the change in sentiment has not come through reading magazine articles, but has been forced on them through the logic of events which have demon-

strated in more ways than one the worth of the dominions to the Empire. While, however, the ordinary observer sees in the tendency of the times but a movement to draw closer the bonds of Empire, the Professor, looking beneath the surface, sees with clearer vision the seeds of disintegration already beginning to germinate, and declares that all efforts to prevent it must prove futile, for the breaking up of the British Empire is bound to come. Having to his own satisfaction settled that point, the gradation is an easy one to the consideration of how this "inevitable" event may be brought about. It may come through the unworkableness of different proposals for closer union, and the possibility of the British Parliament without our asking for it, telling us to "loose the bands and go," by an Act "declaring the complete independence of the new communities and withdrawing from them the last remnants and vestiges of the jurisdiction of the British Crown" is coolly considered. Mayhap the growing dissatisfaction of the peoples of the dominions may bring it about—for "why should the affairs of the new country and rapidly growing nation be subject to any meddling control or supervision exercised by strangers living thousands of miles away? This is coming up out of Egypt (Britain), crossing the

Red Sea (the Atlantic), and still finding oneself under Pharaoh's sceptre!" Terrible thought! And it is little wonder that with the spectre of that awful sceptre confronting us, "a civil war in which the whole Empire (real and nominal) would go to pieces," is hinted at. But whether one way or another, whether summary or of slower growth, it seems there is no escape, for all lead up to the consummation: "The certain issue and end is the emergence of these dominions as absolute separate nation-states."

With no intention of discourtesy to the professor in introducing such a homely illustration, this puts those who are foolishly going on in the thought that we are bringing the members of the Empire closer together into the dilemma of the congregation of the coloured preacher, who announced, "Dar are two paths through dis world — de broad and narrer way dat leads to destruction, and de narrer and broad way dat leads to perdition." "Golly! if dat am so," exclaimed an old darkey, "dis chile takes to de woods!" To allay the fears of such people, it may be pointed out that there is no necessity of taking to the woods just yet, for this is not the first time the fate of Canada has been positively settled off-hand, and the "inevitable" of professors does not always come to pass. It is now a good many years ago, but there are many who recollect quite well when the late Professor Goldwin Smith settled our fate in his "Manifest Destiny of Canada," which evoked a spirited rejoinder from the late Sir Francis Hincks. In it he decided—and just as with Professor Duckworth, there was no escaping from it—that our fate was to be absorbed in the United States. The "major forces," as he called them, were all working to that end. But although the majors had the active support of the Professor himself in the spasmodic "continent to which we belong" movement of a few

years after, the privates won out, and Goldwin Smith lived to see his cherished future for Canada as dead as Julius Caesar, with many of those who were temporarily led away joking at the part they had played.

The right of all citizens to amuse themselves, when they have nothing more important on hand, with academic speculations as to the future of Canada is freely conceded—nor need we accuse each other of disloyalty because we differ in our view as to what that future may be — but meanwhile a more serious task confronts us. Our lot is cast in a land of boundless opportunity and undeveloped resources, and it is ours by seizing the opportunities and developing the resources to build up a country of which its citizens may be proud—a task to which one party in the country is as honestly committed as the other. In this work we have our problems to face, and the more immediate one is that of assimilating and making good Canadians of the hordes who, attracted by our opportunities, are flocking to us from every country. But the spirit in which that is undertaken may make a difference to our future. All will hold out to them the welcoming hand, inviting them to share in developing our resources, and making them free of our citizenship. But what will be the outcome if in addition to that they are met by some with the apologetic statement that we are as yet under the rule of politicians across the ocean who are considering how we "are to be retained in a position of subordination," that these men as aristocrats have no sympathy with the common people, and "it is intolerable that we should have to bear the constraint of government" exercised by them, but it will not be for long, as forces are at work which will bring us out as a separate nation? Of course it would puzzle those who thus talk to point to a single overt act within the last generation indicating a desire to retain us in a po-

sition of subordination—to show that our public men have not always been received by those of Britain (even though some of them cannot help being lords) on terms of cordial equality—or what constraint of government we have had to bear — but imbuing the minds of foreigners who are not familiar with our institutions with such statements will bear inevitable fruit, and that not to the advantage of Canada. There are those, on the other hand, who while welcoming the foreigner will point out to him that he comes not alone to share the opportunities of Canada, great as they are, but he is made a member of the larger community, with brethren in every sea, in whose mutual co-operation and assistance there are possibilities of good for all which it would be difficult to fathom—that he is casting in his lot with a country which, as yet with a small population, fears no constraint or pressure even from the most powerful nations, and where peace is assured because the might of the whole Empire is ours without return on our part unless our gratitude constrains us to give it. They may not hope to imbue the stranger at once with their feelings toward the Empire, but they sow seeds which in a second generation will bear fruit. Which is the better way to meet the foreigners who come among us?

Even the most ardent well-wishers of closer association between the different parts of the Empire admit there are obstacles in the way, but they remember that the British Empire was not launched full-fledged with a ready-made constitution, that it is rather:

“A band of settled government,  
A land of old and just renown,  
Where freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent.”

and taking advantage of each opportunity as it comes, they are content to bide their time,

.....“Nor need raw haste,.....  
.....Half-sister to delay.”

Step by step much has already been accomplished, and they have confidence that the people who have solved more difficulties in the way of government than any other nation, till they have built up a system that has become a model for free peoples everywhere, whose statesmen know “to take occasion by the hand,” will in good time evolve a way out of the difficulties which to the Professor seem insurmountable. . Meanwhile the goal is one worth striving for. With strong communities, scattered over the globe, all having a feeling of kinship and working together, what benefits for all may not be accomplished? Already some have come, as witness the preference given by the dominions to the mother country, the helping hand held out by Canada to the West Indian sugar trade, and other things which might be mentioned, which would never have been thought of as between separate nations. With the diversified products and industries of the various parts complementing each other the possibilities of “one great Imperial commercial band,” as President Taft christened it, are enough to fire the imagination and tinge the dreams of statesmen in both the Old and New Britains. Nor will the least of the benefits be the strong position which this federation (or call it what you will — we do not quarrel about names) will occupy in the councils of the world.

Despite nominal Christianity, we all know for how little the wishes of the weaker nations count and how they are made to yield concessions to their stronger neighbours. If the British Empire went to pieces as the Professor prophesies, what would become of some of the nation-states? At best they would have their wishes ignored, even if constraint was not put upon them to yield concessions which their more powerful neighbours coveted. But united in the British Empire they need fear no foe, while their voice would have a potency unexcel-

led—not for aggression but to insure the peace of the world. Aside from all material benefits, however, Tennyson in reply to the Manchester school, whose vision was bounded by commercial advantage, struck a higher, truer note when he wrote:

“We are not cotton spinners all,  
But some love England and her honour  
yet.”

The trend of events has relegated politicians of the Manchester school to the background, and they are little heard of now-a-days, but it cannot be doubted there are many yet who look upon those who attach importance to considerations other than material good as sentimental dreamers. If they are dreamers they are the dreamers who inspire the soul of a nation. Who can doubt that in the past our public life in Canada has often been kept from sinking to a lower depth because of our association with an Empire which has handed down traditions of honour and in-

tegrity which our public men felt was an example for them in some measure to emulate? It is something after all to have “the storied past” for your inheritance — to feel that you have a share in all the glories of Britains down the ages, which the inspiration which that gives not to tarnish but to hand them down enhanced to future generations. If the time ever comes, as come it may, when we are threatened with any of the disrupting forces of which the Professor speaks, the number of those in Canada who will not without a struggle be wrested from the birth-right they prize so much will surprise those who calmly contemplate a change. More than his own party sympathised with the feelings of the old statesman who, in his last election, rightly or wrongly believing that the policy of his opponents meant severance from the Empire, girded himself for a supreme effort, and gained a victory, though it cost his life.

---

## THE SONG SPARROW

By EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

AFTER the long drawn day of dull and dreary rain,  
The sun peeps out, O joyous evensong  
Of pent-up pipings! How the flutes prolong  
The sweetest trills—again, again, again!  
Thou blithesome bird, swift thy soul leaps to the strain,  
Soaring in rapture high above the throng;  
And yet, these saddest notes to thee belong:  
E'er in the heart, the rain, the rain, the rain,  
And fitly falls the true heart shedding tears.  
If could frail mortal e'er forget to feel  
And raise the voice above mere manly fears,  
The song no more would earthy woes conceal  
Than thine, thou truly human little thing,  
That show'st this sorrowing heart the strength to sing!



THE ADMIRAL.

From the Painting by Rembrandt. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE EDICT UPON THE WALL

BY ED. CAHN

"**H**OW now! By the foul fiend 'tis snowing again—by way of a change."

Pierre swung back the upper half of the single door to his shop and put his curly black head out into the inhospitable elements for a brief scowl around.

"'Twould freeze the marrow in the devil's bones and set the grave worms shivering. Tut! I had better not have bespoke the devil so sharp on Good Friday. 'Tis aught he's sent me since but ill luck."

He glanced round and crossed himself repentantly, half withdrawing from the door and reaching out an arm to draw the top closed again, but paused, and once more leaned out.

Darkness was descending with a swoop. The wind was bringing on its wings a winding-sheet of cold wet snow that fell greasily upon the stones, half melting as it came.

As yet no lights were lit. All doors were closed, and already many windows shuttered. The street ran steeply up a spiral track so that the walls of the houses across the way were almost on a line with Pierre's exploring eyes, not a dozen doors beyond. Once more he drew back to stand and gaze straight ahead, his brows drawn into a fretful frown.

The snow fell steadily, cloaking the towers of the chateau on the hill, frosting the chimneys, sheeting the roofs, insidiously creeping into every nook and crevice. The wind rose in a vicious gale and went screaming by. Pierre shivered and again thrust his

head out like a tortoise's from its shell.

He looked up the hill. Yes, it was still there, its fluttering ends flapping in every gust, the King's placard, the edict which made him tremble in broad day: "Whosoever . . . ."

The street was still—none would venture forth in such a storm. Could he not take a basket on his arm and have another look at it without risk of being seen? He would barely glance at it in passing, lest prying eyes might be upon him from some unthought-of corner.

While he hesitated, a man came hurrying into sight, passing the edict with bent head, his shoulders drawn half way up to his ears, his sword just showing its shining tip beneath his huddled cloak. He had drawn his bonnet well over his brow and he was making all haste toward Pierre.

"Bad luck! Here it comes in very person, or else it be my ghost," thought Pierre and shut the door in haste. "Léon! I will be bound!" He cried, and made all haste to thrust his money pouch under a loose stone in the floor and hide the bottle he had recently uncorked behind a pile of herbs in a corner. Then he set a stone jug upon the table and at that instant the shop echoed with the noise of his visitor's knocking.

Pierre made an impious gesture and promptly answered,

"Who batters there so boldly?"

"Thy best and truest customer, Monsieur Pierre, open!"

"Alack, you are an infamous liar—

that same worthy man swings from the gallows this many a day. Begone, knave."

"Open, I say, lest I burn your filthy shop about your ears."

"Will you, truly? Follow your nose, which I'll warrant blushes red for the sins of your mouth; this is no inn," replied Pierre, laughing silently, and testing with his foot the stone beneath which lay his purse.

The man at the door put his lips close to a crack and spoke in his natural voice, which was like enough to the shop-keeper's to be its echo. "Pierre, thou vinegar-faced loon, it is thy brother Léon who awaits without, shivering to his soul, open, therefore."

"My brother!" exclaimed Pierre, "tell me no improbable lies, wily reptile. My blessed Léon is a soldier of the good King. He rides a fine horse and does not go afoot, like a beggar, such as you remind me of. Sing a better song, else you freeze unshriven."

"Ay, that I will; here waddles a fat dame, a monster basket on her arm; methinks she comes to buy your wormy goods, and I shall tell her to beware of—"

Pierre unbolted the door and fairly dragged the man in, heels over head. "Hush, Léon!" He spared not a moment for greetings until he had satisfied himself that it was only a ruse and the street still empty. Léon peered out also, noting with a satisfied eye that the wind and snow would soon obliterate the marks of his footsteps.

Mutual relief made their faces relax. They embraced in brotherly fashion and held each other at arm's length, each anxious to see for himself whether all had gone well or ill with the other.

"By the beard of the Pope," cried Pierre, "hast grown handsomer, Léon. Wait until I get a candle, the better to gaze upon your beauty, my brother."

"No, let the candles lie," said Léon hastily. "'Tis full light enough to

see my beauty, for 'tis like your own, you irreverent rogue, as wanting as the beard of His Holiness."

"What? Art grown modest, Léon? Now candles I must have to behold this miracle."

"Hold! Strike no light: I am here and gone upon the King's business. I pray no man, nor dame, nor yet wench see me here, so save your rush lips."

"Aha, have you been up to your wicked tricks again, Monsieur Léon? Shall I be hung up like a ham, if 'tis known I've harboured you?"

"Oh, the gallows runs in thy empty head like the beads in a nun's fingers; better get thee to a confessor soon. Hast been mixing turnips with thy butter and sand with thy sugar?" The newcomer was affectionately prodigal with his thees and thous. "No, I swear it—hush!" And Pierre started apprehensively.

Léon was now quite at his ease. He neatly overturned a tub of butter and seated himself upon it, meanwhile removing his dripping bonnet and flapping it against his knees, sending a shower of drops onto the sanded floor.

"A truce to these left-handed compliments," said Pierre, pulling the cork out of the jug and filling a pair of goblets with the ruddy wine it contained. "Here, my brave brother, I drink to you and your mission. Though you descend upon me like a visitation for my sins—without your noble war horse and very near to rags, thou art as welcome as rain in purgatory."

Léon bowed ironically and, hand upon sword, he drained the goblet, setting it down with a wry face. "Nom de nom! Do you keep your wine and vinegar in one jug, my brother?"

A step was heard outside. The visitor leaped from his seat as though pricked with a dagger, and catching up his empty goblet darted behind a huge hogshead.

Pierre hastened to the door and



threw it open, bowing politely. "What, the door closed upon the world thus early?" exclaimed the incoming customer. "Ah, Madame, never upon you. But the storm—; it darkens so early—I could scarce believe any so kind as to venture forth this weather. Give yourself the trouble to tell me how I can serve."

"Dost take me for a cat, that you light no candles?"

"Pardon, ten thousand times, madame." The shopkeeper bustled about and soon had three yellow candles flaring.

"I will have some butter, an it please you," quoth the dame. "Did you hear me, monsieur? Butter, I said, mayhap you give me more of your evil mess, half turnips and half curds, why—I shall know how to deal with you." And the dame with a significant expression upon her wrinkled countenance, took a dish out of her basket and set it down decisively.

"Madame!"

He upturned Léon's recent seat, and with the dish scooped out the butter.

"Faith," cried the dame, "is that a manner to keep butter, with its face to the floor? Belike 'twill poison us all. And again, Monsieur Pontet, I found a handful of your black cat's fur in the meal I bought of you three days ago. Can you not keep your cattle out of doors?"

"Cattle, yes, madame; did I have any; but a cat—who shall deny my Lady Puss her good pleasure? Also madame, one has a sorrow for her on behalf of the little ones she——"

"Good weight, I will have it!" interrupted the customer sharply. "Take your thumb out of the scale, or by my troth I will have it also, since I pay dear for it. Now give me that bacon; it's a dispensation straight from heaven that they did not char it in the curing; and I will begone. Think you I can spend all night gabbling with you?"

She caught up her basket and made for the door, but Pierre was there be-

fore her, bowing. "Pardon, madame, but my pay?"

"One side! I hurry—to-morrow."

"It is hard to pay for bread that has been eaten, madame, to-night, therefore."

"Impudence! You delay me; well, how much?"

Pierre murmured a price. "What? Assassin! Too much by twenty sous."

They haggled then for many minutes, but finally agreed, and the lady departed after a deft final thrust. "The King remembers you dealers in rotten eggs, beware for fear you come to wish your grandfather had never been born."

Pierre shut the door again and after snuffing one of the candles and moving the other two to places where they would serve as the best advertisements and shed the least light upon the back of the shop, returned to his brother.

"Such a thing it is to keep a shop, Léon. I wish nine thousand times a moment I had followed the wars like yourself."

"Well, brother, and why not? In the sacred name of Iee!" he added shivering violently, "it is cold here." Pierre smiled a little and glanced at the hearth upon which flickered the remains of a fire. "More fire, more light, my little Léon. I thought myself truly hospitable not to urge either upon you, but if——"

"No, no," said Léon quickly, "give me something to eat. I must hasten on, and that soon, but oh, I am weary of it. Could I be the shopkeeper and you the soldier bold and true, my life would be one long lullaby."

"Eh, in truth," replied Pierre turning away his head, "a song sung by such ravens as Madame Dupont, just gone. You would soon lose your ear for music, that I'll warrant, with none about but higgling dames and maids."

An idea had just come to him, and, wild as it was, he gave it serious consideration, the while he robbed his stock of the materials for his broth-

er's supper, paying only enough attention to the stirring account of the war in Flanders to make appropriate exclamations at intervals. If he failed of his cue once or twice, it passed unnoticed, for Léon too had a scheme in mind, and while his tongue rattled glibly on upon the theme of his own exploits and the glory of a life serving Mars, his brain was engaged upon revolving ways and means of convincing Pierre.

Suddenly in the midst of his tale and his supper, served in the shadow of the hogsheads, he swerved in his story.

"Pray, good twin, do not look so sorrowful. The next time Dame Dupont scolds, lay some of the butter on her with a spade, 'twill soothe her fluttered feathers."

"Tell me not how to maintain my custom," rejoined Pierre, "but rather let me advise you how to conduct yourself, you unhorsed soldier with torn hose, crumpled bonnet and dread of honest candlelight.

Léon frowned angrily and his hand fell upon the hilt of his sword. He sprang up, but his face cleared and he sat down again and fell upon his sausage with entire good nature. "Do you remember how our good mother, God rest her soul, used to vow it was the devil's work alone that made us twins, since never in God's world could we agree?"

"What then?"

"This, only, and I hope it pleases you. I shall be Pierre, the grocer, and don your apron, and you shall buckle on the sword and be Léon the soldier. I remain to ladle out the sugar and the spices, and perchance to rest my aching bones and weary sword-arm. You will ride my horse gaily down the King's highway with the letter to the King of Navarre."

"There is a letter, then?" cried Pierre in astonishment.

"Did I not say so?"

"But you say so many things."

Léon laughed. "You would not believe the keeper of heaven without

proof. Here then." And from the innermost folds of his garments he produced a packet sewn up in silk. "I misdoubt me but what there are more than prayers writ herein, my brother; you must guard it well and give it into no other hands than Henry's own."

"I?"

"Thee. From this instant forth thou art Léon and I Pierre. Come give me thy apron, lest someone enter and find me without my proper badge."

He unbuckled his sword with one hand, while with the other he reached over and untied the string holding the apron and pulled it off.

The outer door opened as Pierre opened his mouth to protest, and with a wink, Léon donned the apron and emerged into the light of the shop and the gaze of the newcomer. It was Madame Serves, and Pierre trembled at the sound of her voice, for she was his nearest neighbour and best customer.

"Stingy one," she began, "only a pair of candles."

"A misfortune, madame," said Léon, "since it prevents me from the better beholding your sweet face. Can you wait until I light others?"

"No. My husband waits. Give me a dozen of eggs; three of the last I bought of you were roosters. Why, good Pierre, where found you those green hose? Old, too, and half wet, I'll be bound. Have you been rummaging around in the snow? Ha, you surely need a wife to look sharply after your shocking ways." She took a step closer and shook a finger beneath his nose. "I am lost if I don't believe you have been into some mischief. Take care, lest I tell Marie Venté."

"Ah, madame!" beseeched Léon.

"Very well, tell me then all about the green hose," demanded the merry dame. Léon hung his head but she turned his face up inexorably, while her brown eyes danced with mischief but nevertheless sharply searched his

face. She even seized a candle and held it near, the better to watch the expressions there.

"They—they—" stammered Léon, "the fact is—well, I dressed in a great hurry, madame, the green hose were the first I came upon——"

Madame Serves, thinking that she understood perfectly, laughed long and heartily, for it was such an easy age that things flavoured of Boccaccio could be hailed with open delight by the most honest of dames.

"Ha, ha, ha, you are a gay puppy, Pierre! But take care that the old dog does not happen home, and bite you for your pains! Oh, Serves will roar," and catching up her purchase, she hurried home.

"Ah ha! Behold! Are you answered?" cried Léon. "Can I not pass as you and you as my shadow? Will you go a'rollicking on the King's business and leave me here a'ladling?"

Pierre had had time to think, and if his mind was not quite made up when the soldier began, a screaming gust of wind outside reminded him of the fluttering placard on the wall at the turn of the street, and the reminder decided him. In order not to appear to fall in with Léon's scheme too readily, he first ridiculed the idea, then listened to argument, then objected to details and at least reluctantly agreed.

Pierre, though living in the fifteenth century, curiously enough, was possessed by many of the devils that beset merchants to the present day. Competition, particularly among grocers, was keen; people bought in small quantities and were fond of credit, they demanded the flesh off the poor grocer's bones and the blood out of his body, figuratively speaking, and so he was forced to various expedients to make his profits, then as now. Therefore, sand found its way into the sugar, powdered sawdust into the spices, great age into the eggs, water into the milk, pebbles into the raisins, turnips into the butter. His

scales were cleverly fixed to render decision in his favour, and his thumbs oftener into the measures than out.

Not only had Pierre Pontet offended in this way, but so many of his fellow merchants, that the King had frowned and dictated an edict which had been posted upon every other dead wall in the town. Already two unlucky merchants had suffered beneath its terms and Pierre knew very well that his revengeful customers only awaited the next offence on his part to hale him forth for his medicine.

He had a good store of gold in his purse, he was young, and his blood called for a free life. Pierre often saw himself in his dreams, mounted sumptuously and galloping over the roads upon some errand for the great. To have an opportunity to give with his own humble hand a silk wrapped letter to Henry of Navarre—oh, that would be an experience.

Besides, what better time than now to see something of the world, for Marie Venté, she whom he meant to marry one day, was away from home on a visit and, once the knot was tied, could he as easily get away? Pierre had the soul of a shop-keeper, it never once entered his head to desert the counter for the battlefield forever. No, he wished only for a change; a frolic away from home; something to boast of in his old age; a chance to let the ill-will of the old dames like Madame Dupont blow over; and, beyond everything, revenge upon Léon.

For Léon, although his only living relative, had in the past, treated him shamefully. He was something of a rascal and a great deal of a practical joker. When Pierre wished to get into a rage all he had to do to accomplish his desire was to think of Léon's cruel jokes. What a morsel it would be to wipe out old scores by means of this masquerade. He did not doubt for an instant that the sly rogue would soon get himself into trouble and his sense of humour being elementary, he considered any misfortune

happening to Léon in the light of a joke.

So, after all, they made a bargain and drank to it in the sour wine. Léon set down his second goblet half finished.

"Name of a dog! I have not a grain of decency under my hide; I have not asked you how does the fair and good Marie. She is well, I hope, brother?" Pierre smiled understandingly. "That she is, thank Our Lady, and gone on a visit to her aunt in Burgundy. She will not come home again, this side of the year, so rest your heart, Léon, she will not be one of your cares in my absence."

"May my feet dangle from the first gibbet you pass if I would not be a tender brother to her. I sigh that I have no way to assure you, cynical man, of my devotion to her and to you," cried Léon virtuously.

"But you have, my only, my best brother, for since nothing but truth passes between us, tell me how comes it that you are about King Henry's business on foot and come to my house very like to soaking wet."

"Infant! Do you think I should clatter to the door upon my war-horse for all the town to gape?"

"Have you one, then?"

"I will bring him within no while at all, 'tis safer now, for it is as dark as the mouth of the pit itself, and good Madame Nature has shaken down a bed of feathers to muffle the hoof-beats and, belike, has yet other downy flakes to bury a thousand more."

"Make haste, then, if you would have me gain the right in your name, to praise from Henry for my haste with his letter. Quickly now, whilst I close the shop. The watch will soon be making the round, and there is a penalty to pay for such as show lights after hours; for honest folk must be snoring in their beds betimes."

"Be listening for me then, with all thy ass's ears."

The candles were put out and the

door opened softly. Léon stepped forth muffled to the eyes in his cloak, and was soon lost to sight in a whirl of snowflakes.

Pierre put up the shutters and bolted the door, then he lit a candle and secured his purse from under the stone and examined the edge of his dagger which he thrust beneath his shirt. After which he despatched the bottle of good wine and sat down to sharpen Léon's sword to his own mind.

He had a razor edge upon it by the time a muffled knock announced the soldier's return.

Léon came in slapping the snow off his shoulders. "*Dame!* the storm is abating; get you gone right merrily. You know the road?"

"As I do my sins."

Pierre buckled on the sword. "'Tis a pretty little carving knife, I swear."

They embraced and once more opened the door.

"What, is this the steed? I compliment you, he looks as mettlesome as his late master and makes no noisy coil at stamping and pawing, like a wise beast."

Pierre, well pleased, sprang up.

"Adieu, my dear, my only brother. All prosperity to you is my prayer. You shall keep all the profits of the shop; make the foolish mesdames pay dear for their sugar, but be generous with the sand. Remember, a bad egg now and then, makes them value twice as well the good ones they get by chance, so profit both. Adieu and may God keep thee."

"Adieu," replied Léon, "who knows, Henry may ennoble thee if you please him and luck attend. Have you the letter safe?"

"Next to my heart." And Pierre was off down the snowy hilly street as silently as if made of air. "Well, by the Madonna," he said to himself, "I pray me I shall like being Léon, better than Léon likes being Pierre."

Meantime Léon, a trifle anxiously, was telling himself that this was a

mad thing he was doing, truly, for not only was the court of Henry of Navarre an exceedingly unhealthy locality for him, thanks to a little matter between himself and the Comte de la Verne, but this very town of his birth besides, and that for a year or more.

"I must look well to my tread, for my path leads over eggs and my bones are not even safe at home—as mine. I must not forget that I am Pierre, whatever befalls. 'Twould pay me to take a ducking at the public pump as Pierre rather than be paid an old debt as Léon."

"Hi! the cunning fox to generously give me all the profits, for thereby he earns fair favour in the books of heaven and himself loses nothing, since knowing me this long time he is well aware that I would take them in any case. To the hunt now! Let's discover the tricks of this doleful trade," and Léon seized a candle and pryed into every bin and barrel and box.

His exploring fingers found his brother's empty bottle, all fragrant with the breath of the sweet wine so recently poured down Pierre's throat. He drew it out, and smelled of it, and held it up before the candle to make sure no drop lingered unconsumed.

"Aha, miserly churl, to drink alone, while your loving brother tumbles through the snow for the horse, like a twitching hostler, and, coming back, is pledged with red poison out of a stinking jug. I am surprised if this very night I do not die of the gripes as I shiver in your filthy attic. I pray to every saint that your windpipe cleaves to the back of your neck until the rope twines about it!

"No! I would change the wish, an' it please the angels he shall have sore adventures by the way, but arrive at last at the court—alive. May the devil keep le Comte de la Verne there until Pierre arrives and announces himself—Léon Pontet—come from

Flanders with a message for the King! Ah, I can fairly see the beggar strut, *ma foi!*" And the new shop-keeper slapped his thigh and laughed.

"My brother will need speak quickly and passing smooth to escape the Comte's ire and steel. 'Twas a scurvy joke I played upon him, and this is like to be a scurvier upon Pierre, verily. But purgatory! a man must laugh, for this be a dull world enough." And Léon took the candle and groped up the stairs to bed, laughing mischievously as he went his way.

"Why, it's a fair bargain, I take his profits in his name and he takes my punishment in mine."

"To sleep now, with all my heart, like an honest grocer, for I have driven a good bargain and neatly cut the gullet, like as not, of my customer. My ears, all I need is a gown and a cowl to be as saintly as a monk. Dreams then, and the devil speed Pierre upon the highroad."

"Brrr, *dame!* It is cold." He blew out the candle and drew the curtain aside to peer out into the night.

The snow had stopped falling, the clouds were scurrying eastward and the moon peeped forth shiveringly. The wind was whirling the snow in long, curling plumes against the walls and Léon noted as he yawned that the tracks at the door and climbing up the narrow street were almost gone.

A mighty gust tore loose the King's edict upon the wall and it flew by the window looking like a giant flake. Léon had seen it fall and watched it scudding past.

"Some one or another of the King's decrees, I dare swear. Does he take his people for a race of pedagogues, and think the whole town may read? A pest upon the notion." And Léon retired to sleep the sleep of the vastly content.

The next day passed off without mishap. Léon, ever on his guard, was used to being called Pierre Pontet by night, and any blunders he

made in serving he made up for by glibness of tongue. Pierre himself could not have surpassed him in politeness nor have driven better bargains.

Not one saw that it was not Pierre who served them but Léon, and Monsieur and Madame Serves jested with him about the green hose for half an hour without perceiving the deceit.

The very enemy whom he feared most in the town came in upon the third day, inquiring if he had any recent news of the blackguardly Léon. Under Léon's sympathetic handling, he rehearsed his grievances and made dire promises of speedy vengeance should Léon ever return from the wars.

"Canst keep a secret, Gaspard?"

"Ay, a thousand."

"Here is one to practise on my brother: The wicked, unruly Léon, rode by this door not a week ago. He went in haste with a message to Henry and ere the moon be young again doubtless will be here once more, en route to Burgundy."

"He will surely stop a day and you shall know it. Never shall it be said that I, Pierre Pontet, should let an honest creditor of myself or brother suffer. Léon shall pay you or you shall take your debt and interest out of his skin."

Alone again, he said, "Ah, sly jackdaw, you will hide the good wine away! I vow to leave you such a load of debts to pay, both yours and mine, as will keep you busy for a year.

"Pssst! Come here, Dame Bag of Sand! The sugar, methinks me, is too sweet. The gossips must have no reason to say the grocer's to blame for their toothless gums."

"Wise Pierre, to have his mistress Marie at t'other end of the earth, else by heaven, I shouldst marry her to complete my noble work."

He merrily mixed the sand and sugar, whistling as he worked, now and then pausing to listen for the footsteps of approaching patrons. There was more reckless mirth in his

handsome young face than evil. Life and this episode were plainly mainly a jest with Léon, and while he spoke so harshly to his brother and played even dangerous pranks upon him, there was no real animosity in his heart.

He was confident that the wit of Pierre would save him if he fell afoul of the Comte de la Verne, and at worst would suffer a drubbing. And meanwhile, Léon would line his empty purse, rest his campaign-weary body and replenish its fires after the manner of a camel.

When it came time for Pierre to return, Léon meant to be warned, and to disappear, that retribution might not find him waiting.

Every time he thought about the wine, he served some customer an evil trick, so that in a very short time he had made himself and his shop a crop of enemies who fairly burned with a fever for revenge.

All might still have gone well, however, had not Marie Venté grown homesick and come home. The morning after her arrival, she dressed in her freshest cap and her neatest petticoat and, with her basket upon her arm and an arch smile upon her face, tripped down the hilly street and entered Pierre's shop.

Léon sprang forward to greet her.

"Name of the Beauties! Marie! How beautiful thou hast grown and how plump thou art!" He held out his arms invitingly, but the damsel swept him a bow, merely. "Faith, Pierre, think you I fly into grocer's arms for the opening?"

"But, Marie!"

"But, Monsieur Pierre!" she mocked, "I came to buy, not chat. Mamma desires a basketful of things; so make haste." And she removed the cloth from her basket and produced towels to wrap her purchases in. "First, I will have—"

"I crave pardon, mademoiselle, let commerce wait upon the dire disease of love. What brings you home again thus soon?"

"Ah, then, my lord marquis, you would rather that I had stayed away? 'Tis well I know it earlier than late. Come, exert yourself, the baking waits."

"Can wait, then, until time melts into eternity. Tell me, Marie, my angel, what brought you home so soon? Confess, you were perishing miserably for a sight of your Pierre, eh?"

Marie stamped her foot in unsimulated rage.

"Sir Impudence! Must I go elsewhere for eggs for my cake? Mind how you give me rotten ones, else worse come of it."

Other customers were approaching, and so Léon owned himself beaten and served Marie with dispatch, but, for revenge, he gave her four bad eggs and into the milk jug first went a gill of water none too clean, and then the milk.

Marie returned from talk with a newcomer to peer into it. "Faith, from the colour of this stuff 'twould not surprise me to catch fish within. Have you forgotten the edict that was fresh nailed upon the walls when I went to Burgundy?"

"That he has; I'll answer for it; but 'twill be easy to prod his memory," remarked an old woman chillingly, and Marie, half frightened, hurried out.

Léon shrugged his shoulders. "Me, I care not a quill for edicts, decrees, or proclamations. I read it not; nor know what it says; or care. An honest shopkeeper has no business with vile writings upon every dead wall."

"Well, Madame Brunner, your turn is next. Only tell me how I may serve."

This lady, under cover of general conversation, contrived to warn the grocer. "Be wise, rather than foolhardy, my friend. Say nothing against the edict. Your feet are upon glass and that spitfire Marie will give you a push that will land you sprawling if you are not careful."

"Not Marie, madame!"

"Bat! Do you think there are no men in Burgundy?" And with this, his would-be adviser left.

Léon was too busy, too careless, too reckless, too greedy, and too vain to give a moment's heed to wise counsel. If a storm was brewing—very well—he would make hay and silver while the sun lasted. He cheated the more assiduously. A plague run away with signs upon the walls; whatever they threatened, everyone but himself seemed to know, so ask he would not, and besides, what was one placard more or less to a soldier of the King? Tush!

That afternoon Marie Venté returned. She carried a small covered dish and seeing the shop empty she entered swiftly.

"Pierre!" she said in a low voice, "for the love of Sense, what ails you? Are you raving mad? Smell!" She whipped off the cover of the dish and presented beneath Léon's nose the four bad eggs he had given her, swimming in their own odorous iniquity.

Léon sniffed once and drew away hurriedly. "Musty, my little Marie, without a doubt. Where did you get them?"

"Musty! Indeed. 'Where,' forsooth! Rotten they are, six times spoiled and fairly stinking. You know well I bought them here." She clapped the cover on.

"Pierre, every cackling dame in the quarter has an axe sharpened for your neck. Your head will fall and that speedily if you do not mend. Leave off your wine a month, since it addles your wits sadly, and give honest goods for honest coin, or it will be the end of Pierre and his shop in the Rue Delaphine."

"It is well to line your pockets warmly, but of what use, if your life, belike, is lost in the lining?"

Léon sat upon the cheese-block and smiled. "Tell me, Marie, are the men of Burgundy good to look at? Good lovers, mayhap?"

Mademoiselle Venté drew herself

up to her full height of five feet. "Monsieur Pontet!" she said icily.

Léon leaped off the block like a panther and seized her tightly in his arms while he carried her ripe red lips by storm. "Marie, you do love me, to warn me thus! Ah, true one, will you marry me this day week?"

Now Marie and Pierre had, privately, the day for their nuptials agreed upon, therefore this speech amazed her and so she lay passively in his arms, suffering his kisses while she put microscopic twos together and considered.

Now that she was so close to him, she felt an uneasy feeling of strangeness. The surface of his skin seemed coarser than its wont; the lips beneath the beard a trifle thinner than she remembered then.

Smilingly she raised her arms and encircled his neck.

"Pierre," she whispered, then, gently, with one hand she smoothed the hair back from his brow.

Beneath the curly thatch there was a small, crescent of bare scalp, souvenir of a youthful wound.

Léon's heart missed a beat, but Marie gave no sign of having noticed the distinguishing mark and continued to caress him for a moment.

"Promise me, Pierre, you will cheat no more for a month. I tell you it is dangerous."

"Answer my question, first."

"After I think a little, my bold lover. I must pray first; but this much I do promise, now. You shall have your answer the very next time we meet. Oh! I hear someone coming! Let me go!"

Catching up the bowl of eggs, Marie hurried out, leaving behind a bewitching smile, but once out of his presence, her face grew crimson with rage. "Dog of a fox! That is not my Pierre, but Léon! Oh, he shall pay, he shall!"

If Léon had not been so busy stifling his laughter in his apron he might have seen that Marie accosted the passersby and exhibited the con-

tents of her bowl, that she received nothing but sympathy and encouragement and that quite a number of housewives followed her around the bend in the street—one of them stopping to point to the space where once the King's edict had hung.

Marie hastened home to her mother, declaring that the insolent shopkeeper refused to give good eggs in place of bad, and her mother, whose wrath had been mounting, was easily persuaded, especially after Marie had begged the pardon of the onlookers and had whispered something into her ear.

The street outside meanwhile was filling with a mob, mostly as yet of injured women, but gaining every moment recruits of men and staring children.

The news ran from mouth to mouth. Pierre Pontet, the cheating grocer in the Rue Delaphine, was to be denounced forthwith to the magistrate by no less a one than his own fiancée and her mother, Madame Venté, known far and wide as the most reasonable, long-suffering woman alive.

That was enough to bring the whole town to stare quite aside from the just cause for grievance. The volatile crowd laughed joyously, such numbers as had not been cheated and those who had, or thought they had, were alike fully content. The times were grim ones, the people likewise. Grim lines showed in many faces, and altogether things boded no good to Léon.

Various unspeakables were collected from the streets, the refuse piles at every back door and from the kitchens and stables nearby, while the crowd waited the appearance of the chief complainants.

Presently the Venté family appeared, Monsieur, Madame, and Made-moiselle, each conscious of his own importance and holding himself accordingly. They headed the procession which wended its delighted way to the magistrate's.



The formalities incident to lodging the complaint were soon over, and then, six soldiers bearing halberds and full of the dignity and importance of their office preceeded the complainants and the growing mob, and made for the Rue Delaphine to arrest the culprit.

Léon heard the noise of their approach, but, thinking it only some common brawling mob, paid no attention until the foremost reached his door.

Too late, he comprehended; he was seized, jerked forth and confronted by his accusers.

The Venté family allowed the talkative members of the crowd to supply all the irrelevant comment and contented themselves with cold stares at Léon, who for all his protests, was visibly weak with terror.

A fearsome officer of the King's law barred the door to the shop against the eager crowd, whilst the edict was read.

He cleared his throat loudly, frowned fiercely and addressed Léon:

"Rogue who expresses scorn for the laws of the King! Know now that our sovereign doth say this:

"Whosoever shall have sold watered milk, in his mouth shall be sent a tube, and into the said tube shall be poured the watered milk till the doctor or barber there present shall assert that the culprit cannot swallow more without being put in danger of his days. Whosoever shall have sold butter containing turnips, stones, or any other foreign substance shall be seized and attached to the pillory.

"Then the said butter shall be placed on his head till the sun shall have melted it completely, and in the meantime the children and meaner folk of the town shall insult him with such outrageous epithets as shall please them—subject to the respect of God and His Majesty.

"Whosoever shall have sold evil or rotten eggs shall be seized by the body and exposed in the pillory. The said eggs shall be given to the children of the town, who shall by way of joyful diversion throw them in the face of the culprit, so that all may be full of merriment and laughter."

The awful voice ceased at last. Léon, without further ado, was drag-

ged shouting and vowing vengeance upon all and sundry, up the winding street to the public square upon the hill-top, while the populace, such numbers as could contrive to squeeze in, invaded the shop, confiscating eggs, butter, milk and everything movable.

The milk was put upon a mule, the butter likewise, and so followed the crowd with more haste than ceremony.

So Léon's sins overtook him fairly. He was bound to the pillory, the people hooting and laughing in high glee. A tube was forcibly inserted in his mouth and the milk poured down interminably, in spite of all his gagging, his chokings, his writhings, his splutterings.

The Venté family, not fearing their fifteenth century dignity, shouted lusty approval, changing it to criticism at the least sign of waste upon the part of the master of ceremonies. The mob increased every moment. Laughter and pointed bits of advice filled the air. All agreed that no better show had been seen in a month of fishless Fridays, and that it was a brave fête indeed which could put it to the blush for innocent diversion.

Presently, however, the milk treatment began to pall; the rascal seemed to have the capacity of a cask, and before the barber, gravely prodding his distended body with a scientific finger, pronounced him in grave danger of his life, cries were heard upon all sides for the butter, the butter!

A fat dame pushed her way to the front, holding in a wooden bowl an odorous yellow mass.

"Look, good people what the knavish ape sold me day before yesterday. Do me the favour to use this; I count not my money wasted quite, an' you do."

"The woman lies!" gurgled Léon weakly. "'Tis some of her own best ehurning."

But his mouth was promptly stopped with a chunk of the butter, to everyone's huge delight, and the rest

heaped upon his head as prescribed. From the hands of the raiders of his shop came further contributions of butter until he was half buried.

Marie lifted her voice above the din. "Hear me, monsieur, the King's officer, cover well the scar upon the thief's forehead."

Léon, from the depths of his misery, heard and understood, but he was gagged, first by the butter, and doubly by trembling caution, for he had seen well in the forefront of the crowd, and armed with a load of decaying vegetables, his ancient enemy, Gaspard.

If he could so soon forget Pierre, his friend, what could one expect from his hands if he but knew the victim to be Léon? He shuddered.

"Ha, well you may tremble!" screamed Madame Venté. "'Twill take some time for the sun to melt the butter this weather."

"Meanwhile," quoth Madame Dupont, "let us keep the knave warm with missiles."

"Yes! Warmed and answered, too!" Marie once more lifted the cover from the bowl of eggs and hurled them with miraculous aim straight upon Léon's unhappy breast.

A shout went up and the air was thick with flying eggs, fresh, not so fresh, and frankly bad. The storm was varied by all manner of decayed vegetables, and a variety of offensive things to be found nowhere upon the earth but in the gutters of a town.

Formalities over, the King's men and the barber left the pillory and joined in the fun. "Tell me, my haughty friend, dost still care naught for edicts?" cried one.

"Mamma desires a pound of cheese, Monsieur Pierre," shrilled the child of one who had never darkened Pierre's doors.

"Pontet, good, honest Pontet, a dozen of fresh eggs!"

"Take your thumbs out of the scale!"

"See what befalls cheats! Lucky you are beyond all believing; the gal-

lows should be graced by you this instant of time." These were a few of the remarks which reached Léon above all the din of the rest. Then his senses reeled and he heard nothing until the incisive voice of Madame Dupont pierced his consciousness.

"This has been stewing for you for a year, dishonest one! Ah, boy, give me the lovely hard cabbage; methinks I can fling it with force enough to jar his teeth loose."

It was only too plain now to Léon that he was truly a victim, not only of his own cunning, but of Pierre's, for he saw that the rogue had been in dire fear of this very thing, and so easily persuaded to the masquerade. Marie, discovering the deceit, was repaying him right royally for his treachery and forcing him at the same time to expiate Pierre's faults, so that once he did return he could begin again with a clean slate and at no cost to his own comfort.

Léon realised all this as he crouched upon the pillory, half frozen, half drowned; the foul mass of butter weighing down his throbbing head; his body covered with the stains of the missiles thrown at him, while all about him they lay, redolent of every smell under Heaven.

The crowd was ever shifting; newcomers came to gaze upon his woe and spend their wit; the children were busy collecting ammunition and darkness seemed a million hours away.

"Death of a mad dog!" he groaned, "such a thing it is to be a shopkeeper! Saint Peter, I'll joke no more with that Pierre—he makes me pay too dear. To the wars once more, Holy Mother."

"Ah, Mercy, good people, see you not that I perish?"

"What!" shrieked Marie. "Whimpering so soon? Think of your brave brother off to the wars, and how he would bear himself in such a situation."

"'Tis he I think of," groaned Léon faintly. "He, and no other, like as not at this moment being kill-

ed by de la Verne, whilst I—”

But an ancient egg closed his mouth again and Marie, wearying, like her elders, shrugged her shoulders contemptuously and turned and left him to the sport of the children.

The last gaping face was gone. Darkness descended with a swoop. A few flickering lamps swung at intervals, the windows flung their golden patches upon the gray garment of young night. Léon was conscious of increasing cold, his battered frame ached intolerably, but as his hands were securely fastened, he was not able to release himself.

A horse came to a stop before him. With a groan he opened his heavy eyes and scanned the drooping figure upon the jaded steed. There was something very familiar about the horseman. Could it possibly be—?

A croaking laugh came from the rider.

“Tell me, my bold bravo, art any relation to Léon the soldier?”

“Pierre! Is it you in the flesh? Yes, I’d know you in purgatory on a darker night than this. If your wit is served by now, help me away. I die, else.” His head sagged pitifully.

Pierre urged his horse a few steps nearer and then dismounted. He was so stiff that he moved like a wooden man, and the oaths and sharp intakings of his breath told how painful each movement was. Finally, he succeeded in freeing his brother, and they helped each other away from the place of shame, leading the almost staggering horse.

Léon was unspeakably befouled, weary unto death, suffering from the pain of cramped muscles, so badly off that he was able to walk only by a supreme effort. Pierre spent his extra breath in curses, but they were not many.

At last they reached the Rue Delaphine and stumbled through the wrecked shop to the fireplace. They made a fire and Pierre’s secret hid-

ing place gave forth some wine upon which they refreshed themselves as well as they could. After awhile they felt enough better to grin weakly at each other.

“Can keep your soldier’s life, Léon.”

“And you the grocer’s. Mars! I am best off in the saddle. To serve stingy dames and scratching cats like Marie forever! To die were better! And from your looks, my brother, you have pulled the whiskers of Death himself. How comes it that you are swelled so as to much resemble a toad? Your face is cut and scratched—you behave, with your groanings, like a man who has been sorely beaten.”

Pierre spread out his hands to the blaze and his eyes wandered about almost happily. It would be easy to repair the damage, thanks to his well-lined purse, and since he had been punished, in Léon’s person, and presumably had learned his lesson, he would soon get back his trade.

“Le Comte de la Verne is none of the gentlest. No sooner did I speak your name as my own—before that, as soon as his little green eyes alighted upon me, I was sore beset.” He shuddered. “A vile game you played upon me, Léon, no thanks to you that I am still alive.”

“Nor to you that I am.”

“Here is your cloak. Yonder is the door. Why must you hasten so? The horse awaits thee. My advice is to put leagues between here and wherever thou art going, before morning—before I hear stories. Did mention Marie, if I heard you. You are Léon the soldier again and thrice welcome to be. Such a life! Never again will I leave my shop; to serve the great is to be ill-served oneself. Must you go?”

Léon, after helping himself to some fresh garments, put on the cloak and buckled on the sword Pierre had flung to the floor. “The jest is played out. In serving each other an ill turn we have done well. We,

we—" He interrupted himself with a laugh, waved his sword and started for the door. At the threshold he whirled around. "I, Léon Pontet, a grocer for even an hour! I was well served!" And he was gone.

His brother rescued a tattered apron from the debris upon the floor and tied it round his waist with a smile of content. He shrugged.

"A soldier! Save me. Only a madman follows that trade!"

---

## TO ARCADY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"TELL me, Singer, of the way  
Winding down to Arcady?  
Of the world's roads I am weary—  
You, with song so brave and cheery,  
Happy troubadour must be  
On the way to Arcady."

Pausing on a muted note,  
Song forsook the Singer's throat.  
"Friend," sighed he, "you come too late;  
Once I could the way relate,  
Once—but long ago; Ah, me,  
Far away is Arcady!"

"Tell me, Poet, of the way  
Winding down to Arcady?  
Haunting is your verse and airy  
With the grace and gleam of faery—  
Dweller you must surely be  
In the land of Arcady."

Slow the Poet raised his eyes,  
Sad were they as winter skies.  
"Once, I sojourned there," he said;  
Then, no more—but with bent head  
Whispered low, "Ask not of me  
That lost road to Arcady!"

"Tell me, Lover, of the way  
Winding down to Arcady.  
Hidden joy your smile discloses,  
Fragrant is your path with roses,  
Glad your gaze and far away—  
Where's the road to Arcady?"

"Stay me not! The hours are sweet!  
Flying, flying are their feet;  
Every moment I must hold  
As a miser clasps his gold!  
Follow, follow after me—  
Here's the road to Arcady!"

# HOW LADIES SHOULD BEHAVE

BY DONALD A. FRASER

**C**HILDREN'S opinions on most subjects generally are interesting and amusing, and on such a subject as the behaviour of their elders they ought to be doubly so. I asked a class of nine-year-olds to write a composition on "How Ladies Should Behave," and some of the information I received is, I think, worth passing on. I will give one boy's composition in full, just as a fair sample, and then make selections from the rest:

"Ladies should not go with bad company, because it will disgrace their family. They should not go to Five-cent Theatres; but go to some play that is by Shakespeare, or some of the other plays.

"And if they are introduced to somebody they do not know, they shake hands, and the person that introduces them says: 'This is Miss —, Mr. —.' 'Glad to meet you,' then they say, 'Did you come from —?' 'Yes, did you?' 'Yes I did.'

"If they go to a reception, they should put on their best dress, and shake hands with the person that invites them, and then go around and meet the other people they know.

"At the table, they should not put their elbows on the table; and they should not talk when somebody else is talking. They should not grab hold of their knife as if it would kill them.

"They should go to church on Sunday, and get the meals ready, and take care of the children and teach them to be good."

Some of the things requisite to a lady's character might be enumerated as follows:

A lady should have good manners. She should keep her shoes clean.

Ladies should have their husband's supper ready when he comes home for it.

Ladies should look after their children, and give them a nickel once in a while.

Ladies should stay at home and be good to their husbands, and do what their husbands tell them. Some ladies have no husbands, so those who have them ought to be good to them.

Ladies should know how to cook well, and wash well, too.

Ladies should use good language. They should know how to make dresses.

They should chop the wood when a "feller" is at work.

Ladies should be polite to gentlemen.

They should get married when they are about twenty-five years old.

Young ladies should answer grown-up people promptly.

If a young girl is in a crowd, and steps on some person's toes, she should politely excuse herself.

When a lady is with anybody she should put on her best behaviour.

A lady should have friends, and go calling to see them. She should go out to teas, and give teas for her friends.

When they go for a walk they should throw up their heads and walk nicely.

Ladies should go out with the men on Saturdays.

If a lady has a piano, she should not have a lot of rag-time pieces.

A lady should go out every day to make her strong. She should have an automobile or a carriage; but she should not ride in it all the time, because it makes her lazy.

A lady should be happy all her lifetime by helping poor people, and giving them money to buy food.

She should have a tidy house, and house-clean every year.

Ladies should not dress very gaily. They should dress plainly and keep their finger-nails clean, and keep their teeth clean.

But there are also a good many things which a lady must not do:

Ladies should not ask their husbands for too much money to buy candy.

Ladies should not smoke cigarettes or cigars, or drink whiskey or liquor of any sort.

A lady should not steal or tell lies.

A lady should not stop a car when she does not want to get on.

Ladies should not wear men's clothes.

A lady should not swear nor take the Lord's name in vain.

Ladies should not loaf around town all day.

Ladies should not go everywhere their husbands go.

Ladies should not be out too late at night.

Ladies should not go joy-riding.

Ladies should not chew gum.

Ladies should not be cheeky anywhere.

They should not be rude to their husbands.

Ladies should not always try to kiss men.

They should not bet on horses and bet away all their money.

They should not flirt with other fellows.

They should not play cards.

Ladies should not waste money and go to all sorts of side-shows at fall fairs and other exhibitions.

Ladies should not wear all sorts of jewellery.

A lady should not eat too much.

A lady should not be proud and not want to speak to the poor.

A lady should not pass some one on the street without saying something.

When a lady goes to anyone's house, she should not stay till supper is ready to try to be asked.

Ladies should not go to dances or balls every night; but just go once in a while.

A lady should not fight with her husband.

The children were unanimous in thinking that church-going was one of the good points of every lady:

A lady should go to church and be good. When she is in church she should not talk out loud, but sing and say her prayers.

A lady should not work on Sundays. She should take it easy, go out for a walk, or do something like that.

She should take her husband to church, and she should send her children to Sunday school every Sunday.

When a lady goes to church, she should listen to the sermon, and the men should stay home and cook the dinner. When mother goes out, she tells father to keep the pot a-boiling, so father says, "All right," and sometimes when mother comes home the pot isn't a-boiling, and the fire is out.

Ladies should not wear rats, or wax their hair, or wear nets on their hair.

Ladies should not powder and paint their faces, or enamel them; or wear false hair. If they want to do their hair up fancy, they should do it with their own hair.

Little grains of powder,

Little dabs of paint,

Make the swellest woman

Look like what she ain't.

During the writing of the composition, I had noticed one of the boys sitting idly most of the time. When I gathered the papers I saw that he had only two or three lines written; but these lines were a *multum in parvo*, and with them I will close:

"A lady should have general manners on all occasions, should be kind and honest, and cook all meals with the greatest delight."



RETROSPECT

From the Drawing by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# REGAN'S DEL

BY RENE NORCROSS

**I**T was owing to Bob Forsythe's glowing account of the salmon-fishing to be had off the mouth of the Satlasheen River, that I permitted myself to be hustled thirty-five miles up the coast in a noisy gasolene launch and landed on a rickety, sun-baked wharf, knee deep in valises and fishing tackle.

I did not mind the noise of the launch, which belonged to a timber-cruiser, one of Bob's many remarkable friends, and I only resented the wharf because it arrived in the middle of and spoilt a story in which a deck of cards and a bottle of Scotch were the chief features. Apart from that the wharf was quite right, fitting in beautifully with a semi-circular sweep of gray shingle, backed by a wall of dark fir, reddening maple, the weathered shacks, and unwashed kiddies of an Indian village far to the right.

Leaving the valises in charge of a languid youth whom we discovered asleep against the sunny side of the freight shed, my friend led me up a narrow, leaf-strewn road which brought us in less than five minutes to a little bungalow, with a wide verandah running round three sides of it, and two most alluring looking lounge chairs standing one on either side of the open door. From one of the chairs there rose up a long, lean, hawk-eyed man in brown ducks and high boots, who swooped upon Bob with terse and profane words of welcome.

After they had finished shaking

hands, Bob introduced me as a green Easterner who was anxious for some British Columbia salmon fishing. Then they shook hands again, and rushed off to negotiate a return trip on a little freight boat that was already sqawking up to the crazy wharf.

I have since told Bob that I received an abundant reward for all my long-suffering patience with his many eccentricities, including his quite appalling taste in tobacco, when he introduced me to Jim Ferrell, and left me with him as his guest for a whole month.

I cannot here set down all the good and sufficient reasons on which I base my regard for Constable Ferrell of the Provincial Constabulary, better known throughout his fourteen-by-twenty-mile district of Satlasheen as Big Ferrell, because this story is of Regan's Del, and, incidentally, young Cotterell, without whom Regan's Del would never have emerged from her native and murky obscurity.

I had been in Satlasheen about three days when the fact was forced upon even my preoccupied consciousness that the little community was seething with suppressed excitement over some happening quite out of the regular routine. It was the languid youth of the freight-shed whom Ferrell had commissioned to row me about the bay when he himself was otherwise engaged from whom I finally got an idea of the nature of the episode, whereupon I feigned a large indifference, and turned the conver-

sation to the weather, but that evening I laid the haunting subject before Ferrell, and left it to him to tell me that it was none of my business.

We were battling our way through a quarter-mile wide regiment of giant kelp that gathered every evening on the bosom of the full tide. It was hard work struggling through the dense, unyielding mass, and Ferrell did not speak until we had won clear and he was pulling straight out over the bay, the big spoon bait trailing and flashing far behind.

"That's the trouble with Satlasheen," he growled; "we have so little to talk about, if anything crops up that would be a darned sight better left alone we cackle like a blessed poultry-yard. I may as well tell you the whole thing if you are going to be backed up against the fence and made to listen anyway."

And here is the substance of what he told me, while the young moon rose on our right, and the last of the crimson after-glow of sunset died out of the pointed windows of the tiny Mission church, perched on the highest ground of the Indian village, backed by the gray-green of the forest and faced by the gray-green of the sea.

Early in the spring of that year, a young fellow named Roger Cotterell had arrived in Satlasheen, bought the most valuable ranch in the district, built a two-storey frame house in place of the log building that had served the original owners, and with a hired man for the out-side and a Chinese cook for the inside, had proceeded to farm, energetically and scientifically, in tweed knickerbockers and a four-in-hand tie, serenely unaware that he was the biggest sensation that lonely backwoods district had ever had. The ladies of the little community were quite as much interested in the new-comer as the men, well-to-do young bachelors being somewhat rare in Satlasheen, and a brisk campaign of hospitality was started against the "poor young fel-

low, so far from his home and people, you know." Ferrell's native drawl, keyed up to the soprano of a sympathetic mother of marriageable daughters, was a treat.

So there were dancing and card parties galore. Never before in the history of Satlasheen had there been such lavish entertaining. Every matron in turn "saw" the rest and went one better, and sardonic reproaches like Ferrell were beginning to lay bets on which family would come off victorious, when, to the utter amazement, horror and indignation of every maid and matron in Satlasheen, the young man suddenly developed a mad infatuation for Regan's Del.

Now Regan's Del wore her patronymic in this unusual fashion because legally she had no right to it at all. Her mother had been the remarkably pretty daughter of a French-Canadian trapper and a full-blood Satlasheen Klootchman. Dan Regan was the yellow-haired hook-nosed blackguard who owned the fifth-rate saloon that disfigured the water-front, and Adela, or Del, was all that could be expected from such parentage.

The first half-dozen years of her life she had passed with her mother in the big smoky barn-like houses of the Reservation, with a few weeks at the Rivers Inlet canneries every spring by way of variety. Then her mother died, and Regan, who had taken very little interest in his paternal duties up to then, suddenly discovered that the child had a ready and procacious tongue, and light feet that danced on little or no encouragement; and in spite of the efforts of the old priest, who did one man's best for the Indians of Satlasheen, he installed Del as an added attraction in his dingy bar-room; and there for the next ten years she grew up, on terms of the easiest familiarity with the riff-raff that visited her father's saloon, going, in right of her white blood, to the district school whenever

the whim took her and disappearing at intervals to visit old friends on the Reservation, particularly her mother's half sister, a fat little Klootchman who lived in a cabin near the beach amid a swarm of brown babies and mongrel poultry.

It was hardly the environment to counteract her wretched heredity, and before the girl was fifteen the white women of the community had forbidden their daughters to associate with her in the smallest degree. At the same time, good, well-meaning souls, they endeavoured to lure the wild young thing into the paths of virtue by those time-honoured means, plain sewing and plainer scrubbing. But Regan's Del only smiled in their scandalised faces and went on her highly reprehensible way. Small wonder that Satlasheen was outraged to its remotest limits when young Cotterell began to refuse invitations to picnics that he might take Regan's Del driving in his new egg-ease buggy or learn to paddle a canoe under her capable directions.

"Looking at it one way, you've got to smile," said Ferrell thoughtfully. "Those ladies never got such a terrible jolt in their lives. All the same, young Cotterell's playing it mighty low down on them; after all those nice tea-parties, too. And he's a great fool anyway you look at it, for he'll be trying to get round the cold shoulder here for long enough after Del's chucked him."

"I suppose the girl is unusually pretty since she can make such hay of this young fellow?" I hazarded.

"Pretty?" Ferrell shipped his oars and began rolling a cigarette; I had wound up the spoon tackle, for the fish were not biting. "She's more than pretty, I guess. Seems to have picked out every good point her forebears ever had and left the poor ones—even helped herself to a streak of style from the French blood. You'll notice most breeds slop round in all the colours of the rainbow, and brass-toed boots; but that's not Del's way

—not much. Dresses all in one colour and puts most of her spare coin on her feet. Got her Klootch grandmother's little hands and feet, and never wears a hat summer or winter. I never saw a hat stick on straight where there was Indian blood. Seems to be against nature. But Del fixes her hair like the saints in the Mission church windows and scores again. Oh, she's as clever as the mischief. A conscience was all that was left out of her make-up."

"She doesn't copy anything but the hair-dressing then?"

Ferrell shook his head gloomily.

"No, and it's a shame, too; what chance has she ever had? I'm sorry for the kid. That Brother Bradson, as he calls himself, the lay-reader chap they've turned loose on us since the parson's voice went back on him, held me up on the road the other day and had the nerve to tell me it was my duty to wade in and get Cotterell out of Del's clutches. Beggar seemed to think I was a kind of a kindergarten for every English pup that had got off the chain too soon. Gassed a lot about the cherished son of a good old country family before I quite got his drift."

"What happened when you did?" I asked with lively interest.

Ferrell damped the edge of his cigarette with methodical care, and felt for a match.

"Tried to make him see that it was no use blaming Del, any more than you'd blame a yellow dog for being yellow. Told him the cherished-all-the-rest-of-the-dope had had a darned sight better start in life than a poor little devil of a breed that was raised in a bar-room; but you can't talk to that pin-head. Del's a bad lot of course, but it made me sore the way he went for her; she wasn't much more than a baby when I was moved up here first, but the smartest, wickedest, gamiest little limb you ever saw, even then; I've seen her sneak the roll out of a half-soaked logger's pocket on one side while he was hunt-

ing candies for her on the other side. But it's a pity for a chap like Cotterell to come a cropper over that sort."

The conversation drifted to other matters then, but during the ensuing two weeks I heard many references to the audacity of Regan's Del and young Cotterell—particularly young Cotterell, who, it seemed, was openly flaunting his infatuation in the face of Satlasheen, and I found myself keeping a sharp outlook in my walks abroad in the hope of seeing the fair enthraller, but no one even remotely answering to Ferrell's description crossed my path. Half-breed girls I saw in plenty, and many young Klootchmans of more or less prepossessing appearance, but none that could disturb the peace of mind of a moderately fastidious young man, and I was in a fair way of forgetting the girl altogether when she was unexpectedly brought to my mind again.

I was lying back in one of the verandah chairs after supper one evening, listening to Ferrell whom I had with difficulty prevailed upon to tell me some of his early experiences in the district, when he suddenly introduced a quite irrelevant "damn," and stared past me down the road with a very disgusted expression of countenance.

"What's up?" I queried.

"That clacking nuisance of a Bradson—the near-parson. Now what the deuce has brought him here?"

We soon knew. Mr. Bradson plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind the moment he arrived, and sank, puffing, upon the verandah step, declining Ferrell's offer of his own chair with a wave of a fat hand. He was a plump, pale young fellow, with very prominent light-brown eyes, outstanding ears, and a manner at once deprecating and conceited. I was immediately possessed of a desire to kick him, and Ferrell's unconcealed antipathy to the man was no longer a mystery to me.

"I have come to consult with you, Mr. Ferrell, about what is to be done in this exceedingly painful affair of young Cotterell and the—er—shocking young person they call Regan's Del," he began in a voice naturally high and flat. "I——"

At that point he became aware of me, tucked away in the depths of the other chair, and stiffened.

"I did not know that you had company, Mr. Ferrell. Perhaps we had better retire to a more private——"

"My friend has heard all there is to hear about Regan's Del already," Ferrell interrupted blandly. "A considerable number of people have wasted a lot of breath lately, stirring up dust that is better left lying."

But this gentle hint was lost on the lay-reader.

"But the affair is much more serious than we had supposed, Mr. Ferrell," he said, after a severe glance in my direction. "It seems it is not a mere temporary folly. The misguided young man actually intends to marry this Regan's Del."

"What?"

It was the only time I ever saw Ferrell look startled, and a gratified expression stole over Brother—the man belonged to no brotherhood, I learned afterwards, but had annexed the prefix because he liked the sound of it—Bradson's puffy face.

"I fancied it would be news to you," he said, a disagreeable note of satisfaction in his disagreeable voice.

"Is it true?" asked Ferrell carelessly, producing the ever ready wherewithal to roll a cigarette, his expression again one of bland indifference tinged with boredom.

"Oh, quite. I had it from Mr. Cotterell himself this afternoon. Something must be done. Perhaps you are not aware that the young man belongs to an excellent family in the old country. Why I understand that a cousin of his mother's is in the House at Westminster."

He tilted his head to one side to watch the effect of this shot.

Ferrell tapped the completed cigarette on the palm of his hand.

"A cousin of Del's father is in the pen. at New Westminster," he observed, in the tone of a man honestly anxious to do his best. "Maybe that's different though," he added thoughtfully.

Brother Bradson stared at him with knitted brows and puckered lips for a moment.

"By 'the House at Westminster'" he said, "I mean the British House of Commons. It is an idiom. I should have explained."

"I see. Thanks," said Ferrell, and my heart sang within me at the thought that Brother Bradson might remain for quite a time yet. I had already forgiven him for interrupting Ferrell's story; I could get the rest of that on another occasion.

"But we are drifting from the subject upon which I came," Bradson continued. "It has occurred to me, Mr. Ferrell, that if you were to speak to this young man it would have a great effect."

"I guess if you were to speak to him it would have a greater—"

"I have done so," and Bradson's pale face became suffused with a delicate pink. "I have spoken to them both, but I regret to say that Mr. Cotterell so far forgot what was due to a man in my position as to threaten me—*me*—with personal violence if I interfered again in what he called his private affairs."

"Some fellows have a nerve," said Ferrell, appearing to address the evening star.

"While that—that notorious girl actually laughed in my face."

"She would," drawled my host. "Del never lets herself get mad; she knows it hurts her looks."

The lay-reader stiffened perceptibly.

"That young person's —er— looks are something in which I take no manner of interest, Mr. Ferrell," he said coldly. "I think such references might be omitted with advantage."

"That so?" said Ferrell languidly. "Well, I believe I like blondes best, too."

I thought for one exciting moment that Bradson would have choked where he sat, but with something between a cough and a snarl he found his unprepossessing voice again.

"About this unfortunate young man, Mr. Ferrell?"

"Well, what about him?"

"I, as I have already stated, I have done what I could to deter him from this mad step, but he simply will not listen to a word; he seems determined to close his ears to all warnings. But even he could not fail to heed a warning from a man in your position. Your official capacity."

He stopped suddenly, panic plain in his puffy face. Ferrell had transfixed him with a pair of eyes from which all the bland innocence had fled, eyes cold and hard and blue as chilled steel.

"That will do, Bradson," he said quietly. "I shall keep my official capacity strictly out of this, and I must say I'm surprised that a man in your position should try to prevent any man marrying the girl of his choice, even if she doesn't strike you as a very wise choice. How do you know Cotterell isn't going to be Del's chance of salvation, and how do you know that its your particular job—of all people—to interfere? Seems to me if I was aiming to be a full-blown parson some day I'd be apt to figure it out that way."

It was the longest speech Bradson had ever been favoured with from Ferrell, and he was completely founded.

"I— er— so very unsuitable —absent relatives—misery certain to ensue," he spluttered in disjointed sentences.

"I daresay, but after all that's Cotterell's business," retorted the big constable quietly. "I think you must have forgotten that he's of age."

Metaphorically speaking, there was

not enough left of Brother Bradson to make a broom and dust-pan worth while. With a few more mumbled incoherences he got himself off the verandah step and melted away into the darkness.

"Little beast," grunted Ferrell, staring after him. "If Cotterell had been a wharf hand in dollar jeans we wouldn't have heard a word of all this, and that's why I wouldn't give him any satisfaction."

"You certainly didn't," I chuckled. "When do you suppose this interesting wedding will take place?"

"It won't take place at all if I can stop it," Ferrell growled.

"Cotterell's too decent a chap to be allowed to commit suicide that way, and that's literally what it would mean. He'd blow his brains out within a year if he married Regan's Del."

"You mean to tackle him then?"

"Not if I can help it; I'd hate like poison to wreck his faith in the girl if he can be got out any other way."

"What will you do? Cable his mother to come and look after him?"

"I'll see Del and try and get her to chuck the poor beggar; she's scared of me if she's scared of anybody, and she knows if I did talk to Cotterell the whole thing would be off. I wouldn't say so to Bradson, but really Del needn't be considered in this; it isn't as if she cared a hoot for him. I'd hesitate to interfere if she did, though it will mean all kinds of blazing ruin for him, but Del isn't the sort to care for anyone but herself. She's Regan over again in that. Well," as he picked up his hat off the floor of the verandah, "I'll go and see her right away. This business has gone far enough."

He put the tobacco and some magazines within my reach and departed. Wong Tai, cook and house-maid of the bachelor establishment, had already set a reading-lamp on the table. In something less than an hour he was back, and I saw at a glance that his mission had not been successful.

"Nothing doing," he said with a wry smile. "Del stands pat. She's got the best catch in the district simply hypnotised, and here's where she breaks even with the women who wouldn't let their girls play with her. I could see it all in her eyes."

"But wouldn't she listen to your arguments. I thought you had a card up your sleeve."

"I thought so too, but she trumps it on sight. Oh, yes, she listened, and when I was through pointing out that she wasn't just the person young Cotterell's mother would want in the family, she calmly agreed with me, but said she was going to marry him all the same. Then I played my card and asked if she still thought she'd marry him after I'd talked to him for two minutes. 'No,' she said, looking me square in the eye, 'because that same day he would shoot himself. Do you want to make him shoot himself?' Did I forget to tell you Del was smart? Jove, the minute she said it I threw down my hand, for I knew she was right, or so darned near right that I'm taking no chances. It's ten to one he'll do it in the end, but she's got me gagged. Lord, it's a pity. Let's talk about something else."

So we talked about something else, and among other things the talk turned to totem poles, and Ferrell promised, if nothing happened to hinder the plan, to take me over the Indian Reservation the next day and show me a particularly fine specimen that stood by the chief's door.

Nothing turned up to interfere with the little excursion, and accordingly we started soon after luncheon, Ferrell leading the way by a shortcut, an old logging road that wound among wild rose-bushes and clumps of balsam. We had just arrived in sight of the outermost fence of the Reserve, when a man vaulted suddenly into view over a high, moss-grown log lying a few yards off the trail; and in the act of turning to stretch a helping hand to a girl who had

sprung upon the log and stood there, balanced, he paused to glance round at us, and I got a good view of him.

"Cotterell," said Ferrell, under his breath, "and Regan's Del."

I saw a well set-up young fellow with pleasant gray eyes, wide apart; a nondescript nose, a mobile, sensitive mouth, a fighting chin, and a typical, English, terra-cotta-tile complexion. And then my eyes went past the man and alighted on the girl.

Ye gods. But there was excuse for the boy.

She stood poised against the green background of the balsams, a slender, lithe creature dressed in amber-coloured stuff of some simple, clinging make that left throat and fore-arms bare. Bronze velvet shoes covered the slim little feet, and the most beautifully formed hand I ever saw rested on young Cotterell's shoulder. But her face, ah her face! Ferrell's description flashed back into my mind: "Seems to have picked out every good point her forebears ever had and left the poor ones." A dark, brilliant, little face of almost pure Spanish type had been evolved out of that mixing of races. There was the dusky glow of the oval cheeks, the exquisite curve of the small, crimson mouth, the fine cutting of the little aquiline nose, and, dominating all the other features, a pair of great, dark, slumberous eyes looked down at us from under half-lowered lids, as she stood, her small chin thrust slightly forward and up above the clean-cut lines of her graceful throat, while the afternoon sun, sifting down through the green roof above, picked out bronze lights in her dark hair, which swept low over either temple to be gathered in a great knot at the back of the little head.

Abruptly I became aware that I was staring, undisguisedly staring, at the girl, and I turned my eyes swiftly aside to young Cotterell.

His fair, bully head had tilted itself at a distinctly haughty angle, and there was hostility in the gray

eyes; but Ferrell gravely raised his battered felt hat. I followed his example, and the boy's expression softened as he returned the salute.

And then — and then my glance went back for a brief instance to the vivid face above Cotterell's; her dark slumberous eyes met mine full, and into their unfathomable depths leaped two little dancing devils. In the very face of her lover's chivalrous devotion, the girl smiled a smile full of cynically humorous appreciation of all that was incongruous in the situation. In that moment I understood Ferrell's deep-rooted conviction that only absolute ruin to Cotterell could come of the marriage. Regan's Del was no subject for knight-errantry. The sacrifice of the boy would be as profitless as it would be complete. And yet she was hauntingly beautiful, and in the still childish curves of her young face was no conscious depravity. For her right and wrong plainly did not exist.

"Well?" said Ferrell, when the silence had lasted a hundred yards.

"Poor Cotterell! She is a juvenile Cleopatra. After seeing her I can quite believe that his smash is inevitable."

"Inevitable," Ferrell agreed.

But we were wrong.

I had done full justice to the totem pole and the big war canoes, the chief's modern house and the great, barn-like place where the tribal dances were held, and nearly four hours had slipped away when we turned towards home, by way of the village, that we might call for the mail. However, we were destined to go without the mail that day, for on arriving at the water-front, we found a little knot of loungers clustered at the shoreward end of the wharf, staring at some object on the water. The tide was at the full, and for a quarter of a mile out from shore and as far as the eye could reach right and left, floated the close-packed ranks of my now familiar enemy, the kelp.

Rather more than half-way through

it, working his way slowly and with tremendous exertion, a man was forcing a small dug-out canoe towards the wharf. Just as we sighted him, a high-pitched inarticulate yell floated over the water, and he waved his paddle in the air once, then fell to his struggle with the kelp once more.

"Old Jeff," Ferrell exclaimed. He arched a hand over his eyes and stared intently. "It's not like old Jeff to make a row for nothing, nor to hurry himself; and, Great Caesar! The canoe's nearly gun'les under."

He was off on the word, at a long, swift lope to the end of the wharf, where the light, two-oared boat I used in salmon-trolling was tied up. I was only just in time to scramble in after him as he cast off, and with an oar each we began battering and fighting our way out towards the old man.

Old Jeff—if he had another name I never heard it—was a curious character, ex-miner, ex-logger, ex-trapper, ex-everything that was strenuous and venturesome, who had settled down to a self-sufficient old age in a little cabin a couple of miles up the coast, where he lived a life of Spartan simplicity on the fish he caught and the vegetables he raised. His canoe was famous as the oldest, smallest, frailest dug-out on the coast, and it was only by constant caulking and patching and consummate skill in handling that he had kept it afloat so long.

Seeing us coming, he ceased to shout, but continued shoving shoreward with might and main, until barely fifty yards separated us, when I saw him again wave his paddle round his head and put his free hand to his mouth.

"Wait!" I panted; "he's going to shout."

And as we paused with dripping oars poised, his cracked old voice floated to us:

"Regan's Del — swimmin' in — hurry an' pick her up—I've got the boy. Hurry or ye'll be too late."

I had done a lot of rowing in my

three weeks in Satlasheen; Ferrell was always in the pink of condition, and we did not spare ourselves. One glimpse we had, as boat and canoe passed, of a limp, unconscious figure in the bottom of old Jeff's sorely tried little craft, and then we were fighting our way on through the baffling kelp, our chests heaving, the sweat running into our eyes, the blood pounding in our ears and temples. Once again, fainter, came the shrill, sea-gull-like cry from the old man:

"Hurry, or ye'll be too late."

But we were already too late.

We found her among the outer fringes of the kelp that had betrayed her fearless young strength; her slight body partially upheld by the shifting, swaying lengths of cold weed; her splendid hair enveloped her like a mantle.

Ferrell, who seemed to possess knowledge to fit every emergency, commenced artificial respiration at once, and kept it up for fifteen punishing minutes, refusing, with a curt shake of the head all my offers of assistance, his frowning gaze intent on the small dark face, framed by the masses of wet hair. He stopped at last, held his hand above the heart for a space, then without a word, spread his coat over the little form, and we pulled back to the wharf, bare-headed.

Later we heard old Jeff's account of the accident.

Cotterell and Regan's Del had gone out, as they had often gone, in a canoe belonging to the girl's aunt, an old craft, but sound. Barring accidents, it should have lasted many more seasons; but the unfortunate pair had driven it against a big, submerged log, a derelict from some passing boom, and the canoe had instantly split and sunk, leaving the man and girl, two miles from land, to cling to the log, all but a few slippery inches of which was a foot and a half under water—the cold, glacier-fed water of British Columbia's straits and bays.



Old Jeff had witnessed the disaster from a quarter of a mile away, and had gone to the rescue with all speed, though his tiny craft could only carry two, with considerable risk to both, while three were out of the question.

Del, it seemed, had had only one opinion as to which was to be picked up. In the teeth of old Jeff's objections and the boy's frantic opposition, she insisted that Cotterel, who could only swim a few strokes, should be the passenger, while she herself swam to shore. Cotterel was still refusing with what breath he had, when an attack of cramp took him under. Del, accustomed from very babyhood to those waters, dived and brought him to the surface again, and Old Jeff, knowing the two-mile swim to be within the girl's power, dragged the boy, half unconscious and still feebly protesting, into the canoe and paddled for shore at his best speed.

Luckily, the one doctor of Satlasheen was driving past the wharf when the old man arrived, and after an hour's hard work pronounced Cotterel out of danger. Under a robust exterior the young man concealed a valvular weakness of the heart which he himself never suspected, and the shock had come within a narrow margin of being fatal.

It might have been an hour after sunset when Ferrell and I stepped out of the little log cabin by the beach where poor Del had spent so many days playing with her little brown cousins. We had left white-haired Father Antoine trying to soothe the Indian women's noisy grief, and I think it jarred us both equally when a few yards from the door we almost walked into Bradson.

"Dear, dear, this is a most shocking affair, most shocking indeed," he exclaimed in his rasping voice. "Most lamentable, I am sure. The unfortu-

nate young woman must have forgotten the kelp. So young—so unprepared. Lost—wholly lost. What a warning to us all!"

Ferrell gave him one contemptuous glance and brushed past, without speaking. I caught him up in three strides and we struck into the darkening trail leading to the bungalow, with no word spoken on either side. Something tense in the quality of Ferrell's silence, coupled with the fact that he did not immediately begin to smoke, made me leave him to speak first. He did so at last—abruptly.

"It's best the way it is, of course. The poor chap will be able to keep his ideal of her always now."

I murmured an assent and waited. I knew that that was not the thought quite uppermost in the big constable's mind. Presently it came.

"What's eating me is that I did that poor little soul an injustice yesterday. I said she didn't care for him — that she was only marrying him to spite the other women. And I was wrong—dead wrong. A girl doesn't chuck her life away—deliberately—for a man she doesn't care for."

"You don't think then that she forgot the kelp?"

"Forgot the kelp? Man, Sma-na-wilt's grand-daughter *couldn't* forget the kelp. She knew this coast, summer and winter, day and night, at all states of the tide, as I know the palm of my hand. No, when Del started to swim ashore she had about one chance in a million of reaching it alive—and she knew it."

"Greater love hath no man—" I stopped, disconcerted to find that I had been quoting Scripture aloud.

"Just so," said Ferrell quietly. "I only hope I may finish one half as well."

And then he lighted his long-delayed cigarette.

# ELINOR

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

**W**ULF the Saxon, coming at his best speed and narrowly escaping killing on the way, brought me news that King Richard was indeed for the Holy Land; therefore remembering a certain promise made two years before (when he drove off certain robbers who had set upon me, a lone man and wounded), I settled such things as called for settlement, and left my lonely castle by the North Sea to keep itself while I should be at the wars. Then I rode off, not ill-pleased, with only Wulf to bear me company, having sent the rest of my men to Eastby with my mother, the Lady Alois, who was minded to wait my return with the nuns there; they would join me later in London whither I was not willing to delay my going.

The road was easy to travel and well known to me, and we met neither robbers nor travellers, neither passed through many villages; though we saw them from hilltops, half-hidden in the fresh green of spring, with the gray of some new-built keep rising from their midst.

At length, as it drew towards twilight, we found ourselves in a country of fair meadows and low, round hills, with orchard trees all white on their sides, and not far off we saw against the sky the dark shape of a tower. Thither we turned and rode slowly up the hill towards it, crossing the river by a shallow ford, and leaving the village and its orchards behind us. All about the castle was quiet, and over the keep floated a

golden dragon on a blue ground.

The steep way up the hill was paved with huge rough stones. Half way up this hill I blew a great blast on my horn, but when I had come nearer I saw that the gate of the barbican was open, the drawbridge was down, and across it, his head shivered by an axe-blow, lay a slain knight. Within, I could see yet other dead men lying in the courtyard, and, at the door of the keep, a young knight, scarcely more than a boy, stone dead, with his helmet cleft in two. Near him lay another, the leader, I thought, of those who had attacked the castle; out of him the life was not yet gone, and I bent over him to learn if I might the meaning of it all. But even as I looked he turned on his back, sighed and lay dead; the shattered helmet fell from his head, and I could see his black hair and fierce black eyebrows knit now into a frown of deadly hate.

Looking up, sadly puzzled at the strangeness of it all, I saw a lady coming slowly down the stairway of the keep. Slim she was and young, as I guessed from the fashion of her walking. At the foot of the stairs she paused, and bent over the body of him who had defended the door. She loosened his helmet, very swiftly, very skilfully, speaking softly as if to herself; then it must have come to her suddenly that he was dead and in need of naught but a shroud and some few masses, for she began to weep, or rather to sob, without tears, but with a pitiful trembling of her

whole body. Then I stepped forward, and she, hearing me even before she saw me, sprang to her feet and stood facing me without fear, meeting my gaze fairly.

"I came but to ask your courtesy for the night," I said, "but now, if there is aught I can do—" I hesitated, scarce knowing what to say.

"Then you are not of those?" she asked, with a sweep of her hand towards the slain men.

"Nay," I answered, "I know not even in what quarrel they died."

She laughed; and in the low scornful sound she suggested much.

"They died in a worthy quarrel," she cried; "A most worthy one! They would have burned a witch."

"Not—" I began, and then dared not go on, because of my strange and horrible misgiving.

"Even I myself," she answered quietly, with a faint flicker of a smile on her lips; "because, as they say, I have cast spells on all the folk round about. But here is poor cheer; within, our meal which was broken into somewhat rudely, still lies spread, and, though the serving people are fled, I myself will do what I can."

"All thanks," I answered; for whether she were witch or fairy woman I could not rest till I knew all. "But by your leave I will make all safe first; for the castle lies undefended, and who knows what may chance?"

"As you will," said she, not it seemed to me, earing at all, and going slowly into the keep.

I called Wulf, and found place for our horses: then, having closed the gate of the barbican and raised the drawbridge by the help of a windlass, I went back to the keep, and found that the engine that let fall the portcullis was broken; the reason I thought why it had not been let fall when the place was attacked. The bodies in the courtyard were grouped about the inner end of the drawbridge and the entrance to the keep.

places, I thought, where the fighting had been fiercest. The device of the great banner, the golden dragon on a blue field, was repeated on the coats of four men-at-arms in the courtyard, and on the shields of two of the knights; all the rest, about thirty-four in number, bore one device, a scarlet hawk on a black field. Then when I had drawn all the bodies into a corner of the courtyard and covered them decently, I mounted the stairs slowly.

The room I entered was low and dusky, lighted only by a fire; and before this fire, deep in thought, sat the witch-maid, if such she was. She rose as I entered, and went towards the table, while I stood bewildered, scarce knowing what to do or think.

"Sit down and eat, and I will tell you the whole story," she said softly; and obeying the spell of her voice I did as she bade me. Sitting opposite to me, the glow of the firelight fell on her face, I saw that her hair was paler than any gold, and her skin like the snow I have since seen on very high mountains, and her eyes were like deep lakes before the sunlight touches them—dark and full of wonder; and, moreover, they seemed to see all in my mind.

"I am called Elinor," she began, "and my father, sometime lord of this castle, is dead: my mother, too,—many years ago; and now my brothers also lie dead without—haply by my fault."

She hesitated a moment, but, when I would have spoken, silenced me with her upraised hand.

"They have called me a witch," she went on, "though heaven knows 'twas without reason, for I have never so much as looked into book of magic; but herein is my fault," (her voice sank lower and trembled pitifully), "that I am afflicted piteously and in such strange wise that if it were told me of another I should scarce believe. I cannot weep, and you know that only witches are de-

nied the gift of tears. I cannot weep even now, when I am alone and helpless and all I love lie dead!"

Her voice died in a low wail, and she trembled as though with bitter cold; then went on still gazing into the fire.

"Also many suitors have come for me, and for none have I had a word of kindness; so that they have said my heart is strangely cold. It may be. But when he who lies dead without came, and was bidden go like the others, his love changed to hate; so he told about that I was a witch, in league with Satan, able to shed neither blood nor tears, and hard of heart, loving only evil; and because they knew that one thing in all this was true, he drew many with him; and he convinced the Abbot of Seeling-court, of whom he holds his lands, and others of authority; so that when things went amiss all pointed to me as the witch, and at last, knowing that none were in the castle but my brothers and me with my waiting women, they fell on us unawares. Then my brothers, believing no evil of me, fought to the death, and my women, afraid lest they, too, be accused, have fled to my enemies, and I am left alone."

"And your men-at-arms? There were but four in the courtyard?" I asked.

"They were in Lonodn whither we were all to go shortly; these threats had moved my brothers to take me out of danger, and Queen Elinor, for whom I am named, had offered to take me among her ladies."

I looked at her long in the fire-glow, then rose and stood looking down into the fire; her eyes looking into mine had been clear as a child's.

"I do not understand." I faltered at length shamed somehow in my own heart that I found no better comfort for her.

"Ah, dear heaven!" she cried, "I cannot understand it myself: how can I understand? My mother told me once that the wise woman of Ald-

hurst laid a spell on me; and she prayed daily till she died that it might pass away. So indeed have I, but without avail."

I could not answer her, having a heart too full of strange thoughts to be able to speak easily. I could only fill my eyes with her loveliness as she sat gazing into the heart of the flame.

"To-morrow you must take me with you to London," she said after a space, "and there I shall go to the Queen as I had planned, and she will protect me, for the love of my mother. For to-night you and your man will keep guard here, though, indeed, I think we are safe until morning."

Then so swiftly that I could make no reply, she rose and passed out of the hall, and I, waking from my dream, called Wulf, and bade him watch till midnight. Then I stretched on the settle before the fire, and tried to think and ponder the story.

Early in the morning Wulf and I buried the slain men, and then, ere we set out on our journey, ate the meal that Elinor had prepared. The great banner we left flying above the keep, that none might guess the castle to be deserted till Elinor should be well away; thus in the early sunlight we set out, riding softly down the long hill to the ford.

In the sweet spring morning, beneath the arches of the leaves, I pondered Elinor's story once again, and thought how ill it matched the blithe sunlight; her face, too, looked tired and wistful, and I guessed her unhappy and perplexed. Thus sadly we fared on until noon, when we stopped at a fair castle, set in a broad meadow. Here, besides the servitors, were only a young lad, and a little maid of perhaps seven summers, for the lord of the castle was gone to the King, and the lady was on a pilgrimage to make prayer for his safe return from the wars of the Cross.

Leaving here, we passed into a narrow defile between green rounded

hills: and as we turned the shoulder of one of these, we met a knight fully armed, seated on a huge gray charger; behind him rode four men-at-arms, and they blocked our way completely. So suddenly had we come upon him that there was little time to think. Wulf came forward till he was close behind me, but Elinor I bade keep back, for the scarlet hawk on the knight's shield had told me that this was no ordinary meeting, but the end of the tale that the slain men the courtyard had begun.

"Wilt give up yonder witch?" cried the knight, his great voice ringing hollow in the narrow pass.

"This lady is no witch," I answered; "She rides under my care to the Queen Mother in London."

"No witch!" he roared: "No witch! Boy, do you take me for a fool! Hath she not, this Elinor, named for one as shameless as herself, hath she not cast spells on half the countryside? And why were four churls and two beardless boys able to slay thirty good men-at-arms and the best knight that ever set lance in rest? Witch! Witch! Thou shalt burn yet!" he screamed, pointing a mailed hand at Elinor and writhing and twisting in his saddle with the power of his rage. Meanwhile Elinor sat very quietly with her veil drawn over her face, seeming not to heed him.

"This is no speech for a lady to hear," said I, "more especially one who has had of late grievous sorrow. Speak within measure and I will listen."

"Within measure!" he cried: "Have I not had enough of sorrow for my own part? How came you with her? You are none of the breed."

"That," said I evenly is not to the purpose, and our errand is not one to admit delay."

He gave a growl of disgust.

"Dost know she is a witch?" he flung at me.

"I know that she is not," I said

briefly, and thereby brought back his fury, so that for a time he could only call on the Saints to witness his truth and Elinor's witchcraft. Then he began again with a kind of forced quietness.

"Hear thou," he said huskily. "She is a witch, as I have said, and she drew my brother from war and from the chase to linger in hall like a love-sick page: then when he asked her of her brothers, this white witch would have none of him, saying forsooth, that she loved him not and other such-like foolery. And they, younger than she, and unwilling to force her, and be witched belike, to their own destruction, would not give her up. Yet my brother tried all means; for he was loth to believe what all men said; for her, did he win the gold chain in the passage of arms at Winchester! For her did he learn at court the art of song that he might please her the better! Yet she turned from him, and at last would not so much as speak with him. Then at last did he perceive the foulness of her witchcraft for the signs of it were plain to all. Can she weep as women are prone to do? Hath she not sworn that she can love no one? Not even my brother the best knight in England, who has set lance in rest against King Richard? What need of more proof? He went with his men-at-arms to bring her to justice, having owned to the sin of loving her, and being cleansed of his guilt; and even then she thwarted him, and now would draw you into her net. But I have made plain to the good Abbot at Seelincourt what manner of woman she is, and I hear here a relic that will turn away her vilest spell. To the fire she shall come, and thou, good youth, go home and come no more into like mischief. Come mistress!" and he turned toward Elinor, who rode slowly forward.

Now, by his speech up to this last, I had not been unmoved; for I freely owned it a hard matter, and not

for a simple knight such as I to fathom, though it seemed to me that it stood not with mine honour to desert one who had trusted me. Nevertheless I would have held further parley with him, had he not taunted me with my youth: an unworthy reason, as I know now. As it was, I turned to the Lady Elinor, saying:

"Is it your will that I fight in your just quarrel, Lady Elinor?" I asked. She looked up at me with wide sorrowful eyes, and more than ever I felt how hideous a thing it was that one so fair and seeming innocent should stand accused of black guilt.

"Go not into danger!" she cried softly; "Too much blood has been shed for me now! I am accursed even as I told you, and she who cast that spell knew that it would lead me at last along the road she herself went; if you fight, this man will assuredly conquer; he is better horsed, he is stronger. And if I go with him I shall not meet the fire, but will die in my own way or ever I come to it."

"You shall die only in God's good time!" I said boldly. "Though he is stronger, my quarrel is just."

"Then you believe me innocent?" she asked.

"I know not; "I answered bluntly enough; "but I am well resolved that you shall not fall into the hands of yonder knight: but if you know of any who will fight in your cause, and who is better able to fight your battle, I will go and bring him hither."

"There is no one else," she said softly: "but I would not have you die in my quarrel. Better to let me go."

But before she had made an end of speaking, I had turned and ridden towards my enemy.

"Fool," he growled, "wilt fight for a witch? Have at thee, then!"

How long we fought in that grassy hollow between the hills I cannot tell; he was heavier than I, and had

more skill, though perchance he was in too hot a mood to fight wisely. Back and forth we went across the short, soft grass, and the hill gave back dull echoes of the fight. But at least my enemy unhorsed me, and then we fought on foot with swords, and the men-at-arms fought beside us, Wulf against the other four, but in no worse case than I against my single adversary; for my breath began to fail and my arm to tire, and my skill was no match for his. At last I struck at him and missed, and he ended the fight with one great blow; for all the world of blue and green went out in a wave of flaming red, and I saw Wulf stagger and fall, and I thought, even as thought left me, that Elinor was left without help, though I had boasted I should save her.

When life came back again, there were clear stars overhead, and the last of the sunset lingered in the gap between the hills. Stiff with cold and pain as I was, and with a throbbing wound on my shoulder, where the axe-blow that had stunned me had struck, glancing from my helmet, I was yet thankful for what life was left me. Horse and arms were gone. Near me I saw a dark mass—a slain man, I thought, most likely Wulf. I bent over him, and at the touch of my hand he stirred and groaned; he was wounded in the head, and when I drew him to a spring nearby and bathed the cut with clear water, he revived and was able to tell me what above all I wished to know—whither they had taken Elinor. Moreover, he still had his dagger, and groping over the place of the fight we found a long knife; so that there was naught to hinder our setting out on our quest.

Our way, as Wulf told me, lay back along the road we had come, and as we went, keeping watch for any signs of the party that had gone before, for Wulf knew only the road they had taken, my mind went back to the tale Elinor had told, to the

black guilt laid to her charge, and to the wonder of her beauty. Truth and falsehood I could weigh no more than ever; only I knew that I would go to her, and, if need were, die in her service; yet how two men, wounded, almost unarméd, were to save her I could not tell.

We went slowly, and listened as we went to the voices of the night; wakened birds, the tread of startled deer, the wind in the tree-tops of little wood, a dog howling, a stream near at hand but hidden, bells far away; then, as we crossed an open hillside sweet with young fern, a distant sound of slow singing, and far away in the valley to our left a dull red glow. My heart turned sick and cold with horror.

"They will burn her to-night!" I cried, and with Wulf following as best he could, I made straight for that ever-deepening glow.

When at last we flung ourselves down close beneath the castle wall, we were breathless, weak, and dripping wet from the water of the moat; but from within the wall came that slow singing and the red light of the fire glowed ghastly against the stars. The chant sunk to a minor wail, and I lay shivering, helpless with despair; of what avail was my will to save her when Wulf and I were but two against a strong castle? Even entrance was impossible! Then, when hope was all but dead, a postern gate not ten feet away was opened, and a page slipped out, no doubt on mischief of his own. But, ere the door could be closed by any of the guard within, Wulf and I had slipped through and lay in the shadow of the keep. This side of the courtyard was quiet and dark, and still in the shadow. We crept around the square tower till the fire was full in view. Some half-dozen horses were tethered here, one with armour piled on the saddle, and in their shadow we lay and gazed at what even now I can scarce bear to think of.

In the red light, stood Elinor clad

in some coarse white garment, her golden hair clipped short, her wrists bound behind her, her tender feet bare on the stones of the courtyard. Two men-at-arms held the chain that bound her hands, and they had bound a cloth across her eyes. Before her, slow-pacing around the fire, walked four monks and perhaps a dozen men-at-arms; the lord of the castle I could see nowhere, but I thought with a grim gladness that his wounds of the afternoon might well keep him within his tower—doubtless by some loophole, whence he might watch this horror. Seeing all this, and raging at my own helplessness, I lay on the stones—planning, despairing, nerving my heart for what I must soon bear. And then, a voice came from the keep above:

"The good Abbot must soon be here. Set open the gate and let down the bridge, that he may lose no time. We have none to fear."

Then did I, prostrate on the stones, thank Heaven for unlooked-for salvation, for I knew what we must do; swiftly I told Wulf my plan, and bade him hasten his work. Unnoticed he slipped with the castle, and as he went I rose, did on the armour that I had seen, and stood among the horses, holding one of them by the bridle, and waiting; and, on the haste that Wulf could make, depended life, and what I now knew was more than life.

So waiting, I heard that endless chant and the beating of my heart and a thousand sounds long unnoticed; and then, clear in the night air, the winding of a horn and the tramp of horses' feet on the lowered drawbridge. But with this came a cry within the castle, and a red light glowed on the tops of the limetrees by the wall; and even as the Abbot and his train rode into the light of the fire, I heard the cry of "Fire, Fire!" and Wulf and three others rushed from the door of the keep.

In one instant the courtyard was full of noise and light. The monks

stood still in terror, the men-at-arms dropped the chains that held Elinor and tore up the narrow stairway. There was none to heed when I rode forward, snatched her from the stones where she had fallen, and then, before any could stop me or question me, rode out across the drawbridge into the quiet night. Behind the castle was in uproar, and the loopholes in the keep flamed against the dark; they would miss us, but there would be few to follow, and those few Wulf would lead astray. So we rode through the dark, I with a heart aflame with triumph, but Elinor, I think, scarce knowing what had befallen her, so still and white she lay in the hollow of my arm.

At daybreak we were far away, and presently at the ford of a river, we found Wulf, ghastly enough to see, but full of heart and hope. So we went our journey well content, and came in safety to London by the evening of that day.

There I gave Elinor into the care of the Queen-Mother, and so left her; for now that she was safe, it shamed me that I had ever doubted her, and I could not for shame bear to hear her thanks; but thought that if in the wars I could win any worship, I could come to her then with better right and more boldness, to plead a cause I knew unworthy; for

what had I, rough and unskilful even in war, to win her love?

But it chanced that on the very eve of our setting out, I walked in the little garden where the Queen's ladies came at times, and mused there in the soft moonlight on Elinor and the sweet fashion of her walking, and her sorrowful life and her great loneliness; then suddenly lifting my eyes I saw her before me, passing along the garden walk, wrapped as I had been in thoughts; perchance, of the unhappy past. And scarce knowing what I did I knelt before her, and told her all my unfaith in the past, and all my present worthlessness; and then, seeing that she listened, not unwilling, to all that I hoped might yet be; with other sweet madness that I hoped might touch her heart; then I heard her voice trembling and yet glad.

"You believed me a witch—"

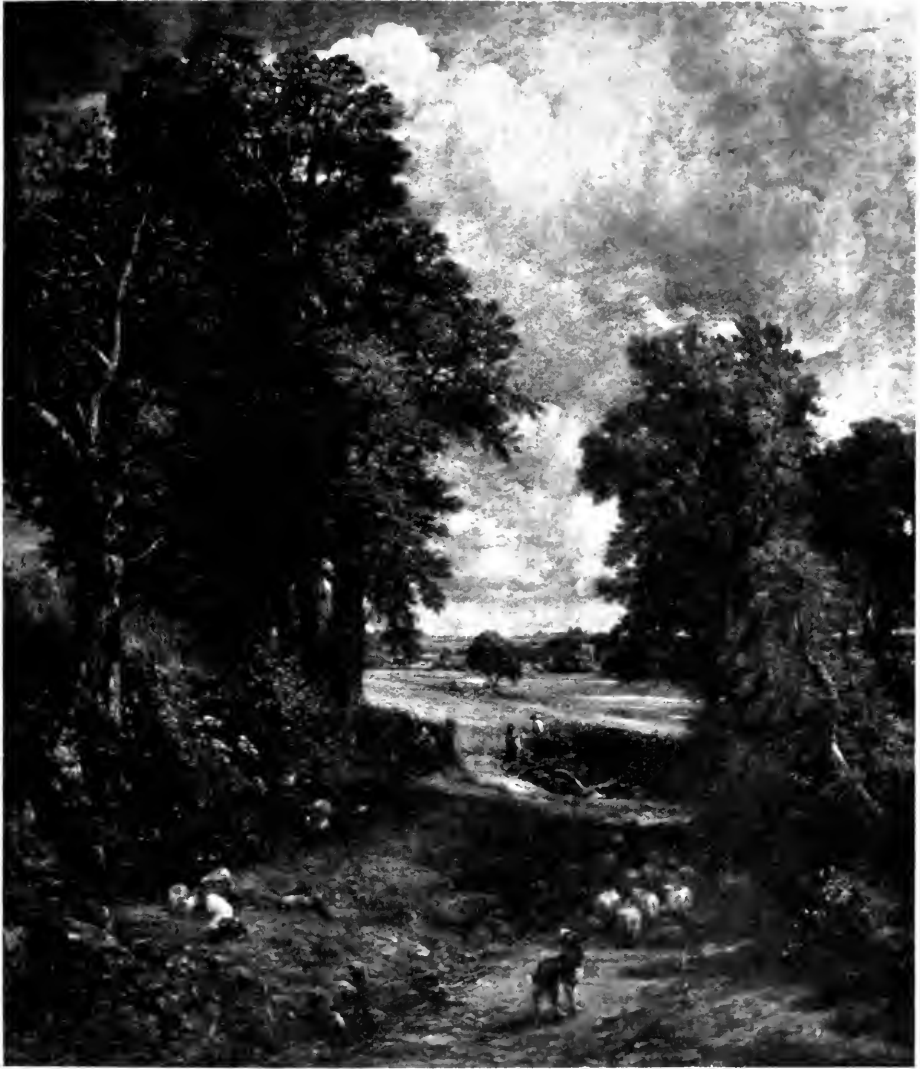
"Dear love," I told her, "I will not lie; but I have not believed any wrong of you since that night—" I stopped, caught with horror at the very thought; but she broke into my stumbling speech:

"And yet—and yet—you carried me away from them! Why—why did you risk so much for one you thought—"

"Because I loved you, heart's life!" I cried, impatient, and then took her into my waiting arms.







THE COUNTRY FANZ

From the Painting by John Constable

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE HOMECOMING OF JIM SAUNDERS

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

THE train slowed down at Glaiser's, and a passenger with a suit-case stepped off. Then with much painful coughing the engine increased its speed and rumbled out of sight around the bend. The station consisted of a five by ten uncovered platform surrounded by fields and patches of woodland, and the man and his baggage were left in undisputed possession. He took off his flaring panama and white handkerchief. A sigh of absolute satisfaction escaped his lips.

"After all's said and done," he muttered, "I guess the best part of going away is the coming back. And five year 'aint made a sight of difference about these parts as far as I can see. The same little daisies, and that patch of buckwheat in the far corner, and the same old snake fence. By jiminy! if Mae hasn't been too darn lazy to replace that top rail that his colt bust the day the boys were giving me the send-off!" and with a low chuckle Saunders picked up his suit-case and started down the dusty road that drifted across the track close by.

It was a good two miles to the river where the man hoped to find a boat to ferry him over, but in spite of the noonday sun, the thick white dust that rose in clouds before his feet and the weight he carried the familiar way was most pleasant to him. Here and there the alders and poplars on either side would fall back and dis-

closed some old farmhouse guarded close by a few gnarled willows and surrounded by patches of oats and buckwheat, and he would wonder how Mary Ann and her "rheumatiz" were getting on, or if Sam was still playing his part in local politics. Then his mind would return again to Betty and the surprise in store for her.

When Saunders's ambitions had outgrown his surroundings and carried him off to the "States" she had promised to wait patiently for his return. She was aware of his "luck," as he called it, and of his attaining to a salary that made her humble soul thrill with pride, but he had carefully refrained from stating just when his business would give him his freedom to claim what he felt already belonged to him. Being desperately driven with his work, and never being much of a hand at letter-writing anyway, it had been some months since he had written or had news of her, and he tried to picture in his mind the wild joy she would have in his unexpected arrival. He wondered if he would find her working in the fields with her father; or down in the clean, cool cellar revolving the churn, with the broad earthenware pans of milk on the shelf behind her; or perhaps nursing some helpless chicken who had got the gapes or come by a broken leg. Then he broke into a whistle and increased his pace.

In time the road turned off through

a fringe of willows and brought him down to the edge of the water. He dropped his valise and gazed up and down the wide expanse of river.

"Good old boy," he muttered, "seems strange that everything should be just the same, but I suppose it would be stranger still if things were different. I feel as if I'd been gone a hundred years instead of five."

With keen appreciation his eyes took in the familiar scene; the huge timber piers strung a quarter of a mile apart down the river, the log boom connecting them, and the miles of rafts crowding in between it and the shore. Outside the boom he saw a tug-boat crawling past with a huge raft on the end of its towline, and recognised the old *Hero* of many associations.

There were no canoes or rowboats on the shore, and he saw he would have to wait until he could hail some craft going up or down river or one crossed over from the other side. Meanwhile he left his suit-case among the bushes and scrambled over the logs to the outer edge of the raft where he could sit and dream and keep his eyes open for signs of traffic.

He stretched his long legs luxuriously and drew deep breaths of the warm air into his lungs. The odour of fresh-cut cedar seemed to drive the last shreds of the city's worry and turmoil from his brain. Nothing else was quite so prevalent of home tide. One of his earliest recollections was of playing tag and hide-and-seek about the piles of sawdust and timber at the mills, with the clean odour ever in his nostrils. Then when he grew older he became lumberman and steamdriver, and not even five years of nerve-racking city grind could clear the tang of it from his blood.

Presently he heard distant shouting and saw men swarm out on the rafts half a mile below. He knew they were returning to work after their midday meal in the cook-house, and wondered how many of the old hands were still with Glaizer. A

dozen started up in his direction with pikepoles in their hands, laughing and jesting boisterously. As they drew near he searched their faces for acquaintances, but it was a gang of the younger men and all strangers to him. They returned his scrutiny curiously and some made low comments that started the rest snickering audibly. He realised that his well-fitting clothes, tan-shoes and panama bore circumstantial evidence of his city life and here at these huge rafting camps on the lower reaches of the river the men did not have the backwoodsmen's breeding in these matters, but showed their contempt without effort at concealment.

"Well," he said to himself, "I won't undeceive the youngsters. It feels sort of curious to be an outsider on my own stamping ground, and I'll keep it up."

Just above him the loose logs were nosing their way down by ones and twos, till they brought up against the raft, and the men began working them down a narrow lane of open water between the rafts and the boom. They were dressed in the unobtrusive garb of the northern riverman: black felt hats, flannel shirts, knee-breeches and caulked boots. One or two had red bandanas knotted around their necks.

"Say, mister," said a tall lanky fellow pausing three feet from Saunders, "you're a stranger erbout these parts, ain't you?"

Saunders smiled pleasantly. "Maybe I am. I left New York yesterday morning. I tell you the heat there was awful. You've got a nice little river here, do you know. Nothing like the Hudson of course, but then one shouldn't expect very much way up here, I suppose," and he looked around in as lordly a manner as he could assume.

Most of the men were standing about and listening intently by this time. He noticed they didn't like his patronising air and was beginning to enjoy the joke immensely.

"Say, Bill, the Johnny reckons he's *it*, don't he?" and the first speaker sneered at the man nearest to him.

"Now look here, my good fellow," Saunders continued in his gentler tones, "don't be jealous just because I come from across the border, for, as I was saying, you've got a pretty fine bit of country up here if 'tis a little wild. Aren't you men what they call lumber-jacks, that I've read so much about?"

"Yes—an' something a heap worse if yer lookin' for trouble," and the lanky man spat impressively on his hand. Saunders saw he was getting ugly, and hadn't the slightest wish to get mixed up in a scrap at the present time.

"Well, I've read how you can 'birl' logs, or 'cuff' them, or whatever you choose to call it. And the truth is I never thought of it as much of a feat. Surely a log is a big enough thing for anyone to stay right side up on, and I wouldn't wonder if I could do it myself."

The other began to look more pleasant. It seemed to him that a most brilliant idea had come to his mind. There was a way to knock the "cockiness" out of this "Yankee"—one they could all enjoy thoroughly, without any risk to his own features. But he mustn't appear too eager.

"I reckon it ain't so hard as we pretend, stranger, but some of the boys are awful duffers at it. Now you're a spry enough lookin' chap, I'll admit, an' no doubt it'd come easy to you as walkin' in yer sleep. Bill here'll show yer how it's done, if yer cares to see."

"Thank you, if it's not too much trouble," and Saunders stood up with his hands in his pockets to learn all about it. The men collected around with guileless expressions on their tanned faces, fearing that if they showed too much elation at the way affairs were going the "stuck-up Johnny" might grow suspicious and seek to escape his much-needed ducking.

Bill, a youth with flaring red hair and an upturned nose and no pretensions to the Appollo mode of beauty, grinned sheepishly as he proceeded to push one of the heavier logs back into the open water above. When it was a good five feet from the nearest log he ran quickly across the backs of a dozen loose timbers and sprang on board, carrying his pikepole as a balancing rod. Then he commenced revolving it beneath his feet with fair speed, brought it to a standstill, and reversed the motion.

Saunders watched with a smile of supreme contempt on his face.

"That looks dead easy to me," he drawled. "As long as he keeps lifting his hoofs I don't see how he can *help* staying on."

"Perhaps it ain't—and then ag'in perhaps it 'tis," answered Long Pete. "Here's a pole if yer wants ter try yer hand, stranger. If yer *do* happen ter slip we'll pull yer out all right."

"Thanks awfully, but I feel sort of lazy after my journey — and here comes a boat now that I'll get to ferry me across."

But Pete had no intention of letting the stranger escape if he could help it. He stuck his thin face close up to the other's.

"I jest thought maybe arter gasin' so much, yer might sorter like to prove yer weren't nothin' *but* gas." Then he gave him the worst insult known to the lumbermen. "Ye'r darsent—yer afeared!"

Saunders couldn't help reddening under the taunt, and came perilously near knocking the man down and so spoiling his amusement. He got a grip of himself and stared hesitatingly first at Bill standing immovable on his log and then at the sneering face of Pete.

"No, I'm not afraid exactly," he drawled, tugging thoughtfully at his moustache. Then, as if he had suddenly made up his mind, he continued briskly.

"All right, here goes." He ignor-

ed the pole thrust out at him and running awkwardly over the loose logs landed heavily beside the patient Bill. It felt good to have the rough bark beneath his feet again, though tan shoes were not the best of things to grip with.

Bill began slowly to turn the log and Saunders cautiously lifted his feet as if he feared every moment of losing his balance and plunging into the water. Then with a broad grin that was reflected on the countenance of the group of men on the raft he increased the speed. The stranger waded his arms wildly, and his feet slipped about clumsily in his efforts to keep on the upper side, but in some unaccountable way he still managed to retain his position. His grotesque contortions drew a howl of merriment from the lumbermen, they had not expected the fun to be so prolonged.

Meantime Saunders was sidling nearer and nearer to his grinning antagonist and keeping up his awkward movements. Then he almost lost his balance and one of his frantically clutching hands caught Bill swiftly under the chin and knocked him into the water.

The spectators roared louder than ever. This unexpected outcome filled them with the keenest joy—all but the discomfited Bill, who crawled out on the raft spluttering and cursing and his face the colour of his hair.

Saunders brought the log to a standstill and awaited the next move with an affected expression of pain and surprise. Pete quickly regained his composure and his eyes gleamed ominously.

"Bill's nothing but a clown," he said contemptuously. "Why a jack-ass could a' kepp his footin' on a scow of that size. If yer ain't got no objections we'll try cuffin' this one," and he began pushing a smooth cedar log from which the bark had been stripped, and about half the girth of the first, free of its fellows.

"Hello, Pete," a girl's voice rang out across the water. Both men lifted

their heads. Saunders would have recognised the tones among a mob. A small rowboat was approaching. An elderly man was rowing and a girl sat in the stern. His heart beat wildly with anticipation and he was about to give a shout of welcome when he heard Pete answer, "Hello, Angel-face, have yer come ter pay us a little visit?"

It was not so much the words but the note of absolute tenderness in his voice that turned the listener suddenly cold. He waited immovably. The boat swung up alongside and Pete helped the girl out on the raft.

"What's yer doin,' Pete?" and she shot a curious glance at the well-dressed stranger.

"Oh, just havin' a bit of fun. This Yankee here wants to be learnt a lesson in cuffin' logs and I'm erbout ter give it to him. Sit down there and watch me," and he gave a knowing wink at the girl.

Saunders saw she had not recognised him, and it seemed as if the sunlight had faded from the world. Five years had made a difference in him that he hadn't realised. He was scarcely more than a youth when he went away, and now his maturity, and his clothes and more than anything else his moustache, disguised him effectually. There was no mistaking their attitude toward one another, and his misery and pride made him shrink from disclosing his identity. He would return to the States that very afternoon. In the meanwhile he was in for a birling match with this fellow whom he had instinctively disliked from the beginning, and who was evidently a most successful rival. If he tried to escape it he knew the man, anxious to show off before the girl, would use language which in his present state would be all that was needed to change his misery into rage. He did not want to put himself in such an undignified position, with the almost certainty of disclosing himself. And then in truth there was a sneaking feeling of de-

light in the thought of ignominiously defeating this man in his own game and before the woman he loved.

He drew one of the lumbermen aside and made him change his spiked boots for his tan shoes.

"I reckon yers in fer a duckin', mister," muttered the lad, "fer long Pete certainly kin cuff some. Say, ain't she a beaut," and he gave his head a little jerk towards the girl behind him. "He's only been goin' with her a month baek, but he's been mad erbout her a sight longer than that. The boys say there's a fellow baek in the States arter her who's got cut out. Say, Mister, those shoes are jest my fit. I wouldn't mind havin' a pair like them," and he stood up and gazed admiringly down at his feet.

The boy's efforts to be friendly didn't greatly improve Saunders's temper. He finished lacing the heavy boots and then ran across the loose timber and gained the light cedar log, where Pete was already awaiting him.

"Now, stranger, here's where you go off—and darn quick!" said the latter. Saunders smiled grimly and said nothing. He pulled his panama lower over his eyes, more to deepen the disguise than to kill the dazzle that struck up from the oily surface of the water.

Beneath the weight of the two men the light timber was almost awash, and only by continuous balancing and shifting of feet was it kept from bucking them into the water. An onlooker new to the game would have marvelled that they retained their positions at all, but when Long Pete began his numerous tricks for unfooting a rival it seemed little less than a miracle that Saunders continued the contest. The log spun first one way, then reversed without warning; jerked violently from side to side; and when the lumberman ran down to the same end as his rival, reared a third of its length out of the water and submerged the contestants to their waists. Jim's old time skill and agility had

not forsaken him, and his spiked boots gripped the writhing log at every step. The watching girl, crouched on the end of a log with her chin in her hands, was no more amazed at the stranger's persistency than was Long Pete. Red-top Bill had even begun to hope that their champion birler would share the honours of his own ducking, for misery ever loves company, and Pete's laughter and sneering remarks had pierced deeper than the freckles.

In the meantime the current had been drawing the log closer and closer to the upper end of the raft, until there was less than ten feet of space between them. Then Pete, pounding the timber beneath the surface by springing into the air, gave Saunders the opportunity he wanted. As the other rose he slewed it voilently to one side and Pete's calked boots came down on the extreme edge of the log. For an instant the clawing feet fought madly for a hold and then the light timber spun swiftly beneath the weight and their owner shot forward and landed full on his back in the stream.

As Pete disappeared a low shout of applause rose from the cluster of loggers. But the girl had jumped to her feet and her strained voice stilled the clamour:

"Save him! Save him! he can't swim!" her face was white and her eyes were wide with appeal.

It hadn't occurred to Saunders that his rival might be helpless in the water, though he well knew that many of the lumbermen followed their precarious calling all their lives without being able to swim a stroke. Now when Pete's head did not rise to the surface he saw the necessity of immediate action. The current was pressing in thin ripples against the upper ends of the logs and the idea of anyone being carried beneath was decidedly unpleasant. Without thought, save of the girl's white face, Saunders dived where the other had disappeared. The water was not over

ten feet deep, and his hands scraped along the sandy bottom. He strained his eyes through the dim yellow light and saw a dark blur writhing close by. A couple of powerful strokes brought him to the drowning man. He felt himself seized in a clutch of steel, that pinioned his arms to his sides, and at the same instant he was aware of a great black cloud closing over his head and crowding out the light. They had been carried beneath the rafts.

The torture in his lungs was more than he could stand. For a moment he went mad with pain and horror. Every muscle in his body strained to free him from that embrace of death. His feet struck violently against the firm sand and they shot upward. There was a sudden jar and the arms about him dropped loose. Then his madness left him. Infinitely far away, it seemed to him, he saw a pale light that marked the free water beyond the rafts. Could his faculties stay awake so long. Already his nerves were numbed, and all sense of pain and left him. As if in the grip of a terrible nightmare, and impelled by a strange force impossible to escape, his fingers reached out and clutched in the hair of the object beside him and then he battled towards that fading glimmer that meant sunlight and oxygen and life! If he could only loose his hold of this terrible thing that was dragging him back he felt he could make it! He wanted to turn and tear himself loose; to bury his teeth in it; only that hideous something within would not let him pause or loosen his grip or do aught but struggle for what his dimming conscience had already lost interest in.

It was almost two minutes after the stranger dived in after his defeated opponent before their heads brushed the surface in a narrow lane of water between two of the rafts, and the white-lipped loggers, standing dazed and silent above, dragged the unconscious forms out into the sunlight and the soft summer winds.

Life was still there, knocking feebly at the half-shut doors, and under the rough but effective handling of the lumbermen brought the warm blood back to the empty veins.

Saunders was the first to open his eyes, and after a few moments slowly rose to his feet. The men were still working over Long Pete, the girl standing with her back toward him, a little distance off. He picked up his wet panama that had been rescued by one of the men, and started clambering over the logs toward land. Now the excitement was over the full wave of his misery surged back upon him, and his only thought was to escape from her presence as quickly as possible.

"Just a minute, Mr. Saunders, please." Her voice was strained and low, and he swung around and faced her, his lips pale as when they pulled him from the water.

"I had prayed that I would never see you again," she said slowly. I thought maybe some little sense of decency would prevent you ever comin' back. Now you have, and yer saved his life I suppose I got ter thank you, even though yer *was* the cause of him getting under the raft. I wish ter God it'd been some other feller who'd pulled him out, instead of you, Jim Saunders! Thank you! That's all!" She quickly turned her face away so that he would not see the angry tears that were beginning to blur her vision.

He came slowly towards her, groping in his mind for an explanation of her outbreak. He might have said just such things to her if he had been less tolerant and forgiving, but that she should act thus made him more dazed than angry.

"What do you mean, Betty?" he said gently. "I did not know that things had changed—that you had forgotten me — that *he* meant anything to you, until after he had challenged me to a birling match. And then because I thought you did not recognise me and couldn't bear the



thought of having you trying to explain. I intended seeing the thing through and escaping out of the country as soon as possible."

"Me explain! You cad! Go back to *her*. I pity her whoever she is!" and she started down the raft to escape the sound of his voice.

Long Pete had risen on one elbow and the loggers were standing about and watched with expressions of awkward embarrassment.

"I reckon I kin do the explainin'," Pete's voice was weak, and he had to pause for breath, but the girl heard it and paused.

He fumbled in his hip pocket, drew out a letter and extracted a little dank slip of newspaper.

"Give this to the feller." Bill earried it over to Saunders without a word. The latter glanced through it quickly — his face as hard as stone. The girl watched him.

"My God! who wrote this? He held the announcement of his own marriage to a girl whose name he had never even heard of.

"I wrote it," Pete's voice had a

note of defiance in it. "If yer hadn't returned fer another week I'd a' had her fer keeps. She don't care a heap of a lot fer me, an' I'm thinkin' she'd hev scratched my eyes out before the year was up. Anyway I give her to you in exchange fer my life, only I wish ter God yer'd left me under the raft."

It seemed to Saunders as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart, and he suddenly heard the birds along the river calling one to another. The girl was weeping quietly, her face buried in her hands. He went over to her and taking her quietly by the arm led her to the boat.

"All right, Betty, I understand," he said gently. Then he called to the old man, and they stepped aboard. Red-top Bill brought the suit-case. Before he pushed them off he held out his hand with an awkward grin.

"If I'd a'knowd you was Jim Saunders, I wouldn't hev cared a hang erbout bein' licked. An' as fer Pete, it serves him right, playing that dirty triek on Miss Betty. An' I wishes yer both luck. *Good-day!*"

---

## HIS GIFT

By VIOLET CRERAR

**T**HY gifts, my friend, I thank you for to-night—  
 A year of dreams, a year of dawning light,  
 Some living hours when I have prayed for death,  
 A second when earth glowed 'twixt breath and breath,  
 A woman's heart strengthened by joy and pain,  
 A soul that, struggling, found its wings again,  
 A mind that sought forgetfulness and found  
 That fragrant joys in memory abound,  
 Patience by pallid days of waiting taught,  
 Silence that by all unshared thoughts was brought,  
 Smiles that were born when all was black with fears,  
 And greatest thanks, for this—  
 Thy gift of tears.

# UNQUIET SPIRITS

BY W. C. GAYNOR

LIGHT winds make a multitudinous babble of voices in the tree tops. Tone and refrain depend of course on the leaves. The tall pines, palm-like in their spread, give forth a murmur subdued and indistinct, like the conversation of grave men heard through an intervening wall—without hurry or excitement. The beech and the maple, the quivering poplar and lightsome birch, and all the other deciduous trees, babble in louder tones, like the talk of weaklings—giddy, playsome, inconsequent.

So Peol had always said, and more than once I took pains to verify his words. That is why when I awakened and heard a gentle clamour of sounds around and about my tent—now deep and slow, again light and querulous, with an intercalary refrain that sounded much like the quick lapping of the wavelets on the beach, I immediately concluded that a wind had sprung up. And yet, on second thought, I knew that the tent was pitched in the open, well beyond the reach of woody sounds; moreover, there was no lap or creak of canvas, no movement, in fact, of any kind to denote the presence of wind. I jumped to my feet with the intention of examining this phenomenon more closely, and was unbuttoning the flap or door of the tent before going out when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Peol in a strangely guarded voice bade me desist.

“No good you go out there,” he whispered. “You see nothin’, you hear nothin’”. Better stay in here

and listen—yes and better say prayer. This be old campin’ ground, and them be spirits of olden times come back to camp. I heard their canoes when they arrive, before you awake. Better stay in.”

I had forgotten entirely about his presence in my tent. This then was the secret of his unwillingness to pass the night on this jutting point—in every respect an ideal tenting ground as I had insisted. This, too, was why he made the unusual request to be allowed to share my tent with me.

He threw himself noiselessly on his couch in the corner of the tent, and immediately I could hear the rattle of his beads. The noise outside still continued. I stood and listened. Perhaps it was imagination, now given direction and supplied with material to work upon through Peol’s sententious warning; but certain it is, nevertheless, that I could distinguish the tramp of many feet, the thud of poles, the hurry and bustle of preparation, and generally such a rabble of indistinct and related sounds as might well accompany the pitching of a camp.

At times the sounds appeared to recede, and then they came to me like the sighing of the wind, faint echoes like the patter of tiny feet. Again they drew near—so close that they moved around our tent—and I could not help surmising what these spirits of a forgotten age thought of this white object occupying their grounds and, no doubt, interfering with their rights.

All this time Peol lay motionless, telling his beads, I felt sure, and praying for morning or the passing of the phantoms. Strange to say, no shiver of fear or blenching in the presence of the preternatural disturbed my own equanimity. I still stood by the doorway, my hand upon the flap button, undecided yet whether to go out or not. I should like to visualise this strange incoming of spirits, were it possible; but as I had by my obstinate insistency early in the evening compelled Peol against his wishes to camp on this haunted spot, the least I might now do was to observe his advice and not trespass on the notice or occupations of the spirits.

Suddenly an unnameable fear took possession of me; a shiver and a compression of my vital forces, as if my blood were parting with its warmth and I were falling in upon myself. I could no longer stand erect, but was forced, despite myself, to a kneeling posture; a very sensible draft of air—as cold as if it blew from icy ridges—enveloped me. I groaned aloud—so the Indian assured me afterwards—and then instinctively I sought his side. How I crossed over to where he lay, I cannot tell, nor had he any clear recollection of it; but I realised that I was near him and that he was busy with his beads. The incubus, influence, or whatever you may choose to call it passed away as quickly as it came, but left me weakened and nervous to an extent of which I have often since been quietly ashamed. I was content to lie by the side of my faithful Indian the rest of the night; indifferent, too, to the progress of the ghostly pageant outside. It passed, so Peol said, with the discovery of our presence by the spirits. One of them had no doubt entered the tent; it was his presence which had affected me so strongly.

An experience altogether so ghostly and uncanny could not of course be discarded in a moment; for some days I was in a state of nervous ten-

sion and exciteability. We changed our camping ground early next morning; it was now Peol's turn to relieve my fears of again occupying a spot so unreservedly the property of the spirits of the night. And thus it came about, when I had recovered my customary equanimity, that he told me the following curious story of his experience in the Tracadie woods, in north-eastern New Brunswick, a story which at any other time I could merely have listened to, but to which, in view of my own recent experience, I was now prepared to give a sympathetic ear.

"We found the old lumber camp we had been looking for — Sabatis and myself—Peol began," and a miserable, desolate thing it was. We had travelled all day on the strong crust that overlaid the deep snows of midwinter, having followed the course of the Tracadie river upwards from our camp some miles back of the settlements at its mouth. Night was fast drawing on; so that it was a relief to hit on this ancient lumber shack.

"It was in an advanced stage of decay, and evidently had not been used for years. Its walls and roof were pallid and gray from exposure to the elements; the joints and spaces between the logs had long since lost their filling of mud and moss; the roof sagged under the weight of snow; and the damp red rottenness of a broken log showed how unsafe was the whole structure. Still it was a shelter — we would not have to spend the night in the open—which was all we wanted.

"Sabatis, who knew those woods better than I did, had not a good opinion of them. They suffered in his esteem—and in the esteem of all the Miemaes — because of the evil deeds of the lumbermen who, years before, had spent their winters there. Legends of drunken orgies and carousals, and of excesses less mentionable, were related by the old people; in fact, it was whispered that

these sombre woods had been the scene of murders unrecorded and un-avenged. Drunken indifference to the safety of men had in one especial instance allowed a poor woodsman to perish under a log which held him prisoner till he died. His cries for help — which though heard by his companions had been cruelly ignored — still resounded through those woods. They had been heard so often even in recent years that no man could tell when they would greet and affright him.

“We came upon the place from the river, with which it was connected by two tote roads. During the lapse of years, since they had been last used, the forest had so encroached upon them that they were no longer open roads along which a team of horses could draw a load, but mere paths on which a bull moose would have to throw back his antlers if he wished to pass. They began, of course, at the door of the hovel or stable, which lay behind the camp and which was in a much more decrepit condition.

“Michel and I did not tarry to make all these observations I am giving you—we took them in at a glance. Night was approaching — the light was already between dog and wolf—so that we directed all our energies towards making the old shack habitable. The roof must have originally been well made, for there was scarce any snow in the interior; a little only where the door had sagged inwards, being still held by one hinge. The interior was large and capable of housing at least thirty men; the bunks ran around the wall, as is usual; and like all camps of the olden times a hole in the roof let out the smoke.

“While Sabatis was mending and reconstructing the door I cleared away a spot for a fire. He soon had the door in good shape; a cross-bar, upheld by a stiff brace, made it absolutely impossible for a wild beast to force an entrance. Sabatis had afterwards reason to rejoice that he

had done this part of the work well.

“I would have gone to the river for water, while he made a fire, but he would not suffer me to leave him. Dread of the place was upon him, so that he would not let me out of his sight. Together, therefore, we opened a hole in the ice, and got water for our tea kettle.

“It was next necessary to procure a supply of fir boughs for our bed, which would be all the warmer if they were first dried and heated by the fire. So while the kettle was coming to a boil we went in the direction of the river, along one of the narrow roads, to a bunch of young firs. As we moved away I could not forbear taking another survey of the shattered old building in which we were taking shelter. A white-haired, lonesome relic it was in the evening twilight, slowly disintegrating in these pulseless wastes; the handiwork of man, now left like a corpse from which the spirit has deserted. How many ghosts of dead men revisited it?

“I learned from Sabatis, while we clipped the branches, the secret of his trepidation. He had himself a startling experience the previous winter as he was passing through this same accursed region on his way home from Miscou. It was in daylight too, a fact which made it all the more inexplicable. The figure of a man on snowshoes, in belt and jumper, dogged his footsteps for miles; sometimes he was in advance, sometimes he lagged behind, sometimes he disappeared altogether; at no time could Sabatis get a full look at his face. At first my friend believed it was a white man who was going the same way he himself was and — glad to have company—he hurried to catch up with the other; but hurry as he might—and Sabatis was a good man on snowshoes—the other kept in advance. After a while he lost sight of the phantom, but only to find, through a sense of being dogged, that it was now following him. The figure was that of a heavy man, yet

it left no visible tracks in the snow.

"Yes, these were haunted woods, and without my company he would not think of penetrating into them. They were full of game on account of this very fact. The Miemaes were afraid to venture into them.

"At this moment there arose on the night air a low, wailing cry almost at our elbows. It was no sound as I had ever heard before in the woods. Sabatis grasped me by the shoulder, and shivered as he listened. 'The Whooper! the Whooper!' he whispered, and I knew that he meant the solitary cry of the dying woodsman, for so it had come to be called in bravado.

"It was not repeated, but quickly upon it came the sounds of an approaching team drawing a heavy load of logs. I am not easily deluded by forest sounds, and here was the familiar grind of heavily loaded sleds on hard snow, the elink and strain of whiffle-trees and traces, and the snapping of the driver's whip. The team drew near and then passed our hiding-place. Not a branch was stirred on the narrow road, no apparition of horses and driver was shown—nothing but the continuous sound of the loaded sleds and of horses breathing heavily. Peer as I might—and I admit I was curious to see the thing—I could see nothing.

"But Sabatis gave me no further time for curiosity. Seizing his axe, he darted in the direction of the camp, crying out to me, 'He come back. I know he come back.' So that I was forced to follow him, if I did not wish to be locked out. I reached the building as he was getting the cross-bar for the door. Together we set it in place and braced it strongly against all intruders. Sabatis got his gun, and setting himself on the end of the deacon-seat he waited. I was satisfied to sit with my axe between my knees.

"'He come back. He come back,' Sabatis kept repeating as if speaking to himself. And sure enough we were

not kept long in suspense, for in a very little while we heard the unmistakable approach of horses and sleds running lightly. There was the clank and jingle of relieved harness and of bunk chains dragging idly. The road to the hovel led around the corner of the camp, and as the teamster turned his horses in that direction it would seem as if the hindmost of the bob-sleds ran up against it, for the old structure shook and swayed as if about to collapse about our ears. Sabatis crossed himself, believing his last hour had come. There was a growing something in his look which I did not exactly like; he had the affrighted eyes of a weak animal which is driven to bay and knows not where to turn. So, to give him courage, I moved over, and taking the boiling tea-kettle from the fire I poured a line of water across the doorway. It is surprising what effect this simple act had on him; he cheered up at once and nodded his approval—the spirits of the dead cannot cross water.

"In the meantime our senses were alert to every sound that came from the phantom teamster. He was unharnessing his horses by this time; we could hear the soft thud of the pole as it fell in the snow, the loosening of hames and traces, the tramping of the animals as they entered the hovel. This last effect was all the more ghostly to me because I had examined the old stable and I knew it was without floor.

"A trembling which was evidently beyond his control passed through Sabatis as we heard the first step made by the teamster on his way to the camp. He was coming to spend the night with us. I do not know how I looked, but I could not have been a wholesome sight if I at all resembled Sabatis. You have heard tell of a man's hair standing on end with fright, and his voice being lost in this throat. Well, that is what happened to him. To my horror—for I was beginning to get nervous myself—Sabatis's long hair commenced

slowly to rise from his shoulders, much as a porcupine erects its quills, while his voice murmured indistinctly 'He's coming. He's coming.' Every footstep of the approaching phantom came distinctly to our ears. Pat, pat, — his moccasins sounded clearly on the hard snow. I counted twenty-two steps before he came to the corner of the camp. After that I lost the count, for Sabatis needed my attention. He was evidently beside himself with fear; his hair now stood erect; his face was blanched and contorted. He continued to hold his gun at full cock, but it swayed back and forth to such a degree that I feared for my own safety.

"Perhaps this danger brought me back my own self-control, for suddenly my wrath began to mount, and I made a movement towards the door. I was quite willing at the moment to have it out with this ghostly visitant. But the look which Sabatis gave me was so appealing that I remained in my seat. The steps still continued outside. They stopped. The teamster, true to custom, was hanging his bunk-chain on a peg in front. A step or two more, and he stood at the door. First he tried the latch—I saw it move; then he pushed heavily against the door; rebuffed in this, he knocked once, twice, three times, slow imperative knocks (there was a faint echo of them in the woods) and then he shook the door, and with it the whole building. The roof swayed back and forth, and the loose glass in the broken windows fell with shivering rattle. Sabatis gave me a despairing look of souring and hopelessness—so extreme was the fear that was in him; and then with his gun pointed at the door, he cried out in his agony, 'God, man, or devil, come in, I shoot.'

"But the teamster did not come in. He still stood at the door, while we, scarcely breathing, waited in suspense. Slowly and casually, as it were, he retraced his steps—thirty-

five of them there were by my count—back to the hovel to spend the night with his horses. Somehow it struck me that he had been doing this every night for years, and that we were intruders.

"The fire had gone down by this time, and I rose to renew it, but Sabatis gestured wildly to me to let it be. I was, therefore, obliged to watch it die out, and with it all hope of supper. I stretched myself on the deacon seat; while Sabatis, like a man in a dream, sat with his rifle still across his knee. Thus passed a night of such quiet and expectancy as only men can know who have had an experience as startling as ours. We welcomed the morning with heavy eyes but relieved hearts.

"Sabatis refused to remain long enough in the old camp to allow me to prepare a light breakfast. God's open air and a meal beneath a spreading spruce tree was what he wanted, he said. After that not one unnecessary hour would he spend in those man-haunted woods. The caribou—which he had come to hunt—might go free, so far as he was concerned.

"With the full return of daylight we shook of the paralysis of cold and fear, and packing our dunnage again on our toboggan, we made our way back to the settlement. The virgin snow around the ancient camp showed no trace of horse or man, except what we had ourselves made. Everywhere it lay six feet deep on the level, unbroken even by a squirrel track.

"That Sabatis and I had come near entertaining some unquiet spirit of those wilds, I have never for a moment doubted. The team and teamster were there in some ghostly guise; he may still be haunting that grim old relic of a camp, for aught I know, if it be yet in existence; but who he was or how he died or what keeps him from his rest, his Maker alone knows."

Thus Peol ended, and I fail to make sense of his story.

# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE jubilee celebration of the German Emperor has set the world thinking as to the future of the German Empire. While the event was followed in foreign countries with outward manifestations of sympathy and friendliness it is significant that in Germany itself nearly a third of the people took no formal part in the national rejoicings. A writer in *The Spectator* points out that the Social Democratic votes numbered 1,787,000 five years after the Kaiser succeeded his invalid father; in 1912 they had risen to 4,238,919. In his latest book, "Germany and the Germans," Price Collier sees the Emperor as the controlling influence in the State: "Wherever the casual observer turns, whether it be to look at the army, to inquire about the navy, to study the constitution, or to disentangle the web of present-day political strife; to read the figures of commercial and industrial progress, or the results of social legislation; to look at the Germans at play during their yachting week at Kiel, or their rowing contests at Frankfort, he finds himself face to face with the Emperor." In every question "the Emperor's hand is there. His opinion, his influence, what he has said or has not said, are inextricably interwoven with the woof and web of German life." The Kaiser still believes in the divine right of kings. He regards himself as "the chosen instrument of Heaven," and his great ambition—realised when he forced Bismarck

to resign—is to play the part of understudy to Providence as the ruler and father of his people. On the whole he has served Germany faithfully. In an age of tottering thrones and decaying nations he has brought his country to a high pitch of prosperity and greatness, and consolidated the Empire against its external foes. But what has been the effect of this assertion of absolute authority of the sovereign upon the Germans themselves? Will this one-man rule go on after the Kaiser is gathered to his fathers?

Price Collier, when in Germany, was struck by the absolute dependence on authority which is so marked a feature of every-day life. The whole nation is machined and drilled to a point where individuality is allowed little play. Into every detail of his individual actions the State obtrudes. Public notices and warnings meet the German at every turn. He is told how to pour out his wine, how to post letters, and his behaviour is governed by a code of regulations that leaves him no room for escape. Gold braid, brass buttons, and the military sword haunt him wherever he goes. He must not sing or whistle or talk loudly. If he kisses his wife in public he is liable to a fine.

State interference in Germany signifies, of course, the administration of laws which the people have had little part in framing. But whether this undue interference with personal liberty comes through autocratic or

democratic channels it is a power to be sparingly applied if statesmen would afford room for the development of the natural genius of the race. Canada has reason to guard herself against evolving State-made citizens. The greatest possible freedom of action for the individual consistent with the freedom and well-being of others—this is the principle that should govern the State in its relation to the citizen.

\*

The Marconi incident is not the only trouble which British Liberals have to face. Leicester has been held by a considerably reduced majority. The local labourites refused to abide by the working arrangement entered into between the two parties at headquarters, and ran a candidate of their own. A section of the Labour party has revolted. The Liberal-Labour alliance has been subjected to severe criticism by the Socialist element, and recent events have not tended to heal the breach. The insurance act has benefited the friendly societies rather than the trade unions, and its operation is regarded with some misgiving by the latter. But the chief complaint against the Liberals is that they have abandoned the policy of the free breakfast table, and put forward principles of taxation which aim at imposing upon the working classes the greater part of the cost of the social legislation of the past seven years. The Tories and Socialists allege that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have recanted their formed convictions as to the taxation of the poor. Speaking in the House of Commons in opposition to the Labour demand for the repeal of the sugar duty, Mr. Asquith declared: "I do not think there is any doctrine more fatal to the root principle of democratic government than that it should consist of the constant amelioration, at great expense to the community, of the social conditions of the less favoured classes of the coun-

try, at the sole and exclusive expense of the other classes."

Mr. Phillip Snowden, M.P., the brilliant leader of the militant Socialists, crossed swords with the Prime Minister over this pronouncement and showed that the working classes in the United Kingdom already contribute three hundred million dollars annually to taxation. He raised the issue whether the rich or the poor should pay for social reforms, and opens up the whole problem in a form not calculated to improve the relations between the Labour and Liberal parties. Mr. Snowden quotes the Newcastle programme of 1891—in which the National Liberal Federation "declared in favour of a free breakfast table," in proof of his contention that the Liberals are pledged to the repeal of all duties upon food-stuffs. On the question of social reform Mr. Snowden is emphatic: "If the poor are to pay for the reforms the State compels them to have, we are never going to get any nearer redressing the inequalities of wealth and poverty." Old age pensions, State insurance, and other ameliorative measures were put forward by the Liberals as a levelling-up policy. If the under-dog is to be fed with a piece of his own tail, it is only a matter of time when he will discover the fraud.

The Liberal policy of taxation as set out by the Prime Minister will receive no support on the Labour side, and if the impression goes abroad that Asquith and Lloyd George have shifted their ground and veered round to the Tory position, serious results may follow in the constituencies. The Liberals cannot afford to alienate the Labour forces and for this reason the land reform campaign is looked forward to with the hope that it may once more consolidate the forces of democracy.

\*

Carson and Redmond are now chasing each other over the length



and breadth of the British Isles. The Irish leader suddenly resolved to follow up his dangerous protagonist who is carrying the fiery cross into the constituencies where it is still possible to appeal to Protestant sentiment and prejudice against the "betrayal" of the "Ulster garrison." Sir Edward Carson has an unrivalled reputation at the English Bar. He is the greatest living cross-examiner and many a witness has had reason to dread that lantern jaw and that sardonic smile as Carson piled Pelion on Ossa and stripped his prey of every shred of moral claim to be regarded as reliable. He has risen to the top by sheer doggedness and ability. He was comparatively unknown when Mr. A. J. Balfour went to Ireland as Chief Secretary. Balfour was laughed at as "a perfumed dandy," and the Irish agitators smiled with contempt at the languid, puny nephew whom Lord Salisbury had handed over so lightly as a prey to his enemies. But Balfour proved a woeful surprise to the Nationalist leaders, then in the thick of a terrible land war, when the shooting of landlords and their agents was of daily occurrence. Before long he was known as "Bloody Balfour," and more feared and hated than "Buckshot Foster," the last Liberal Chief Secretary to match his strength against organized Irish rebellion. "Don't hesitate to shoot!" was Balfour's famous telegram to the head of police at Mitchelstown, County Cork; and while Balfour ruled in Ireland he met every violation of law and order with the same iron resolution. It was in these exciting times that the Chief Secretary discovered Sir Edward Carson, then struggling at the Irish Bar. Fearless and capable men were required to act on behalf of the Crown in the prosecution of the Irish leaders and it was in this capacity that Carson first won his spurs and placed his feet on the bottom rung of the ladder of promotion which has brought him within reach

of the Woolsack. A political trial in the days of the Land League and Plan of Campaign was no ordinary event. The Court of Assize was surrounded by a small army of police with loaded rifles, while squads of cavalry and mounted men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, assisted by plainclothes detectives, watched over the judge and jury, as well as the prosecutors and witnesses. Outside the black fringe of police surrounding the Court House was an ugly, menacing crowd of thousands of sympathisers with the prisoners on trial, and no one could tell with certainty what might happen before the day closed. No one but a man of iron nerve, with a reckless disregard for his personal safety, would have braved the bitter maledictions and dangerous hostility of the Irish Land Leaguers as Carson did throughout the perilous years when Arthur James Balfour was meeting the Irish agitation for land reform with buckshot, police bayonets, stuffed juries from which every Catholic was vigorously excluded, Crimes Acts, wholesale evictions, and all the paraphernalia of the law as administered by the British Government through Dublin Castle. Carson never quailed under the terrible ordeal. He smiled sardonically as he walked or drove to court under police protection while the mob hurled imprecations at his head, shouted opprobrious epithets, or linked his name in street ballads with the other "Castle hacks," including "Pether the Packer"—later known as Lord O'Brien, one of the Catholic judges who served Balfour faithfully by packing the juries with opponents of the political cause represented by the prisoners at the bar. Carson heeded not the cries of the mob, or the unflattering comments of the press. He pocketed the golden fees of the Crown and the curses of the people with equal relish, and matched his forensic skill against the redoubtable "Tim Healy," in many memorable trials, know-

ing that the path of danger was the only one way to the realisation of his legal and political ambitions.

When in later years, 1897-1902, Mr. Balfour substituted conciliation for coercion in the government of Ireland—described as the policy of "Killing Home Rule with kindness"—Carson led the revolt from within the Unionist ranks, and the recall of Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. George Wyndham from the post of Chief Secretary was the result of Carson's implacable hatred of the Irish movement for self-government. At times—notably over the university problem and the alteration in the King's Accession Declaration—Carson has displayed a fierce contempt for the criticism of the Orangemen and a grim tenacity in the uncompromising assertion of his opinions in fair weather and foul. Temperamentally he shares with the former Ulster leader, the late Colonel Saunderson, an unsentimental Cromwellian outlook on Irish affairs, but he lacks the bubbling wit and racy Irish humour which captivated the House of Commons and brought members trooping in from the smokerooms and lobbies when Saunderson was on his feet. Carson's legal training and the sordid atmosphere of the Law Courts have combined to kill any sense of humour he may have possessed. He is sincere and earnest and when he lays his course of action it is a case of "Damn the consequences!" Such is the leader of the Ulster revolt. On him everything hinges. The people of Ulster will follow him into the "jaws of Death," if he decides to push matters to extremes. As a lawyer he has calculated the effect of his threats on public opinion in regard to the Irish question, but it is a grievous mistake to assume that he fears to go the "whole hog," if his calculations miscarry and Ulster is left to fight majority rule against the whole weight of the British Constitution. Both Redmond and Carson now realise that the next appeal

to the country will decide the fate of the Home Rule Bill, whether it passes into law in the meantime or not. And this explains the whirlwind campaign which both sides are conducting in the British constituencies. The Bill has now passed the third reading in the Commons, and after receiving the maledictions of the crippled Upper House, will emerge once more on the long road where uncertainty and anxiety beset the Liberal Government responsible for its safe conduct. Carson is pinning his faith on the ingrained disposition of the British people to interpret politics as a game of compromise, and his reiterated desire to consider sympathetically any scheme of extended Local Government for Ireland is not without significance.

\*

Meantime the London *Nation* advises both parties to meet in conference and arrive at a settlement by consent. No Government, it is recognised, would survive any attempt to coerce the Ulster minority. Compromise is in the air, and were the Unionists to return to power, some attempt would undoubtedly be made to solve the vexed Irish problem as part of a greater scheme of Parliamentary devolution. The immediate effect of the Liberal legislation of the past seven years has been to convince the ruling classes that their only way of salvation is to divorce local from Imperial politics, in the hope that the democracy in each part of the United Kingdom will become absorbed in local affairs in a local parliament, to the exclusion of the world-wide affairs of the Empire. An Imperial Parliament is the last breakwater which the aristocracy can hope to build against the onrushing tide of public opinion. The agitation for the centralisation of Imperial affairs is, however, a policy of despair, and will not succeed in shutting the common people out of their Imperial heritage.



LA TRICOTEUSE

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Claves. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH PATRIOTISM

By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn. Two volumes.

**I**N this history the author, who is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, gives in 1,300 pages the result of ten years' study and research. It is the literary event of the year in England. Macaulay's style and influence are seen on every page, and the two volumes, which must be read and re-read on the instalment plan, are a mine of information and marked by deep reflection and keen insight.

The book is delightfully written and deals in a most comprehensive and exhaustive manner with the history of England from the earliest dawn of national consciousness down to modern times.

What is patriotism? The author's theory is that "Patriotism, like beauty and goodness, is one of those things that we can never rigidly define, because though every one has some rough notion of its meaning,

we doubt if any one has ever yet grasped its full meaning." Although difficult to define, the author accepts the popular idea of patriotism. "For patriotism is but the highest form of love for a created person, and he that would be a patriot, must thus think of his country. The personality of the State was as familiar to Plato as to Burke. "The fixed and unquestioning recognition of this our country's personality, that life compact of numberless lines, is the first and great commandment of patriotism."

The author gives us a history of England with which are combined a history of English literature and art, religion and politics, law and commerce—all tending to support this main thesis, that the soul of patriotism is the view of the nation and the country as a common personality, which draws out on a collective scale the feelings of love and reverence one feels for an attractive individual.

There are two fine chapters on Chatham and Shakespeare. The history of modern times is not the least interesting portion of the author's

work. He views his own times with keen relish, and, although somewhat pessimistic, approaches the questions of the day in the true spirit of the historian. Writing of the social revolution going on in England, the author says:

"An upper class, in the old sense of the word, has practically ceased to exist. So rapid and silent has been the change, that in all the many treatises on modern life it has well-nigh escaped notice, and yet whether we approve it or not, it is probably the most important fact in modern social history. At no period, it may safely be affirmed, since England became a nation, has there been a state of affairs remotely comparable to that which obtains nowadays. Even in the most corrupt days of the eighteenth century, even amid the licence of the Restoration, the people were never without leaders. . . . Things are different now. The barriers are fairly down, or perhaps we might say they have become toll-gates, through which anybody may pass who pays enough. . . . The newcomers who have conquered Society may be roughly divided into the nouveaux riches from the middle class, the Americans, and the other wealthy aliens. These last are perhaps not very formidable as regards numbers, but the fabulous amount of their fortunes, the power that they are known to wield in international and even domestic politics, the unabashed and naturally unpatriotic greed which is the motive of such transactions, and their generally unprepossessing appearance and manners are a very godsend to revolutionary agitators."

The author is obviously inspired by a deep love for his country, and although differences of opinion may prevail regarding some of his conclusions, there will be general commendation for his magnificent contribution to literature, the delightful English in which it is written, and for its stimulating suggestions and deft handling of a great subject.

\*

#### GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT AND AFTER

By Sir George W. Ross. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

**T**HIS is by no means an ordinary volume. And yet as a volume of reminiscences it is not extraordin-

ary. The style of writing is attractive, better, indeed, than many similar works that appear from time to time, and the structure of the book itself is well worthy of the text. We fancy, however, that the author has been too modest in his appreciation of the value of his reminiscences, or rather that the times and the events with which he deals have not been surrounded with a horizon sufficiently wide to expose their importance. Reminiscences are important only when they reflect the importance of other things, when they are untrammelled and illuminative. George Ross has moved actively through the great drama that has been going on since Confederation, a period of our history that has yet to be set down comprehensively in print. At a conservative estimate he is well qualified to write the history of this period.

First of all, he was a country schoolmaster, immediately preceding Confederation, and then a public school inspector. Soon thereafter for a short time he engaged in journalism as the editor of a Liberal newspaper. And to the second Parliament after Confederation he was sent as a member of the Commons by the electors of West Middlesex. For the next eleven years he went during the parliamentary term to Ottawa. Then he entered the Ontario Legislature, became Minister of Education, and then First Minister, and after the defeat of his party at the polls in 1905 he was appointed to the Dominion Senate. What a practical equipment for the man who is naturally endowed for the writing of history! And yet we have before us a volume of a pleasant literary style but of no great historical significance. It starts in a delightfully reminiscent vein, develops into a chronicle of incidents close to the writer and impressions of political leaders, with several discourses on oratory and parliamentary practice, and ends with treatises on "Electioneering as a Fine Art," "The Political Plat-

form," "Speech Making," and "The French-Canadian in Politics." There are 300 pages of type, well margined, and a frontispiece portrait of the author as he appeared in 1875, in the prime of life.

\*

### THE CROCK OF GOLD

By James Stephens. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HIS book rises above mere cleverness. One reads it with unflinching delight; and at the end one asks, What does it all mean? It begins like a fairy tale, and indeed we must regard it as a splendid fantasy. But it is more than mere fancy. It introduces the fairy people of Ireland, abounds in homely philosophy, delightful sarcasm, raucy satire, particularly on the moral conventionalities, and ends with a magnificent call to the people of Ireland to abandon for a season the thralldom of the sordid callings that have misled them from the delightful freedom and pastimes that were their national glory. As a whole, the book is more than a novel, and "The March," which closes it, rises to the dignity of a veritable paean. In the progress of the book there are delightful pauses in which the reader is introduced to some quaint or curious character. The Philosopher's meeting with the old woman by the wayside is a fine passage. The woman has been dismissed ruthlessly from the door of a cottage where she has begged a cup of tea, and as she takes the road again she matters, as if to herself:

"Ah, God be with me," said she, "an old woman on a stick, that hasn't a place in the wide world to go to or a neighbour itself. . . . I wish I could get a cup of tea, so I do. I wish to God I could get a cup of tea. . . . Me sitting down in my own little house, with the white tablecloth on the table, and the butter in the dish, and the strong, red tea in the teacup; and me pouring cream into it, and, maybe, telling the children not to be wasting the sugar, the things! and himself saying he'd got to mow the big

field to-day, or that the red cow was going to calve, the poor thing! and that if the boys went to the school, who was going to weed the turnips?—and me sitting drinking my strong cup of tea, and telling him where that old trapesing hen was laying. . . . Ah, God be with me! an old creature hobbling along the road on a stick."

Or, again, when the Philosopher meets a small boy:

"What does it feel like to be old?" said the boy.

"It feels stiff like," said the Philosopher.

"Is that all?" said the boy.

"I don't know," the Philosopher replied, after a few moments' silence. "Can you tell me what it looks like to be young?"

"Why not?" said the boy, and then a look of perplexity crossed his face, and he continued, "I don't think I can."

"Young people," said the Philosopher, "do not know what age is, and old people forget what youth was. When you begin to grow old always think deeply of your youth, for an old man, without memories, is a wasted life, and nothing is worth remembering but our childhood. I will tell you some of the differences between being old and young, and then you can ask me questions, and so we will get at both sides of the matter. First, an old man gets tired quicker than a boy."

The boy thought for a moment, and then replied:

"That is not a great difference, for a boy does get very tired."

The Philosopher continued:

"An old man does not want to eat as often as a boy."

"That is not a great difference, either," the boy replied, "for they both do eat. Tell me the big difference."

"I do not know it, my son; but I have always thought there was a big difference. Perhaps it is that an old man has memories of things which a boy cannot even guess at."

"But they both have memories," said the boy, laughing, "and so it is not a big difference."

"That is true," said the Philosopher. "Maybe there is not so much difference after all."

Then the Philosopher discovers that the boy has been doing little things all day long "for no reason at all."

"That," said the Philosopher triumphantly, "is the difference between age and youth. Boys do things for no reason, and old people do not. I wonder do we get old because we do things by reason instead of instinct."

## THE BRITANNIC QUESTION

BY RICHARD JEBB. London: Longmans, Green & Company.

HERE is a profound student of Imperialism admitting at the outset that there are subtle differences even among the views of Imperialists, that there are several schools of Imperialism, that while at first, several years ago, he had "taken up the position that Imperial Federation was not practicable," a little later he had begun to feel that "the division of forces was a besetting weakness of the Imperial movement," but that at the time of writing his book he had swung back to the view of the autonomists, those who favour merely a British Alliance. All this goes to show how difficult it will be to reconcile the varied and conflicting opinions on this great Imperial question; but, as is here asked, "Is this conscious division of opinion in the Imperialist ranks a sign to be deplored?" All who are interested in one of the greatest political issues of the day should read Mr Jebb's book.

\*

## CONCERT PITCH

BY FRANK DANBY. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

THIS novel deals with an old theme in a highly entertaining and skilful manner. It is a society novel in which are portrayed the scheming designs of a stepmother with social ambitions. A charming stepdaughter and a plentiful supply of newly-acquired wealth are the baits by which she hopes to obtain a footing in society and connection with one of the titled nobility. Two people—the hero and the villain, respectively—play a prominent part in the story, and the course of true love not running smoothly, the marriageable stepdaughter follows her own infatuations and weds a great Italian composer, who in turn grows cold

and becomes absorbed in his musical productions, and in the prima donna who fills the principal rôle in his opera. A bad old man now comes on the scene and complicates matters, but only for a time, as the prima donna kills the composer in a fit of jealousy in the height of his triumph on the operatic stage, and the widow marries, after all, into the peerage, coming back to her old love in spite of the intrigues of her stepmother. "Concert Pitch" is a readable book for those who care for this class of novel, but it is evident that the author is capable of better things.

\*

## THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THE dozen short stories in this volume are very dissimilar in theme, thereby affording a good variety, and the subjects differ from an outbreak of bubonic plague in a Red Sea port to the quelling of an outbreak of Russian revolutionists, and the victory of a woman's wits over an African slave trader. The tales are all well told, and they compose an interesting and readable collection.

\*

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

THIS is one of the breeziest and most inspiring novels in several seasons. It is composed of five "books." The first illustrates the element of chance; the second, the element of folly; the third, the element of youth; the fourth, the element of love; the fifth, the element of courage. The title was taken from Wordsworth's poem which begins:

"Who is the happy warrior?"

One of the features of the story is the account of the fight between Per-



cival, the hero, and Foxy Pinsent, a professional pugilist. The author obtained the material for this encounter from his observations of fights that sometimes occur in rural England when travelling bands of gypsies stay at the villages. Speaking about this, the author says in an interview:

“When I came as a child from India, where I was born, to England, with my father and mother and my brothers and sisters, we settled down in Devonshire. As a boy, I remember visiting these shows that came to our village, with their professional boxers, and many are the fistie encounters that I have witnessed with the keenest delight. Besides the professionals who formed a part of the troupe, there were frequent matches between the Foxy Pinsents and some ambitious amateurs in the crowd of spectators, as a result of challenges. I admit that I have always been a great admirer of brawn and muscle and I assure you that the fight chapter in ‘The Happy Warrior’ was written ‘con amore.’”

One of the many things that can be said for this book is that in reading it one receives a real inspiration.

\*

### V. V.'S EYES

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE redemption of Carlisle Heth, the beautiful daughter of a tobacco manufacturer, from her demoralising circumstances in life, and her adoption of a career for the social uplift of the community is the theme of this novel by the author of “Queed.” The theme is big, but old, and the plot in places is extremely slender. There is, however, a fascination about the heroine and about the young slum doctor, V. Vivian, whose eyes are supposed to possess hypnotical powers. His eyes, at any rate,

have a powerful effect on Carlisle, with the result that she joins him in his work of philanthropy and morality. While this book has obvious attractiveness, and is pleasing and satisfactory to careless readers, its phraseology at times is so inelegant that it offends anyone who has a taste for good English and apt metaphor.

\*

### NOTES

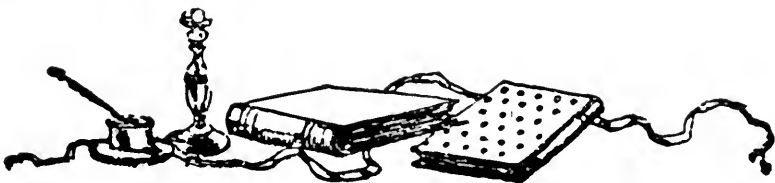
—For some years “The University of Toronto Studies” has included a volume entitled “The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada.” The average person could not hope to read or even know about books that are so numerous as to justify a volume of descriptive matter. Therefore, the volume is of great value. It is edited by Professor George M. Wrong and Mr. W. Stewart Wallace. (Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company).

\*

—“The Art of Versification,” is the title of a valuable handbook for beginners in verse composition. The authors are Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, author of “Writing the Short Story” and “Studying the Short Story,” and Mary Eleanor Roberts, author of “Cloth of Frieze.” (Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School).

\*

—“Making the Farm Pay,” by C. C. Bowsfield (Chicago: Forbes & Company), is an excellent work on farming, showing how to get the largest returns from the soil and to make farm life more attractive and successful.





#### TALLEYRAND'S BREVITY

A single word was often sufficient for Talleyrand to make his keenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the tortures of hell, Talleyrand simply answered "Already?"

To a woman who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:

"Oh, madame!"

In less than a year the woman had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was:

"Ah, madame!"

\*

#### OVERCOME BY THE HEAT

"I hev come to tell yez, Mrs. Malone, that yer husband met with an accident."

"An' what is it now?" wailed Mrs. Malone.

"He was overcome by the heat, mum."

"Overcome by the heat, was he? An' how did it happen?"

"He fell into the furnace at the foundry, mum."—*London Telegraph*.

#### HOPE FOR THE SAILOR

A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea," is meeting with much parental opposition.

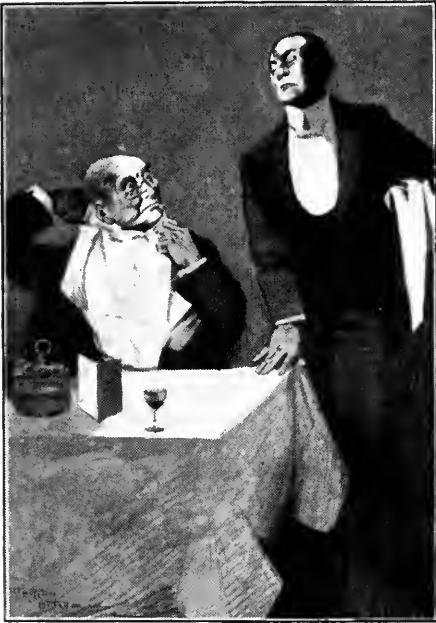
"The sailor never amounts to anything, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed young Canada, triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor and now he's got to be the head of the empire."—*Kingston Whig*.

\*

#### THE WAY IT IS

Robert Henri, the artist, was talking at the annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts about certain old masters. "Take, for instance," he said, "Morland. The illustrious and indefatigable Morland painted in the course of forty years 4,000 pictures. And of these——" Mr. Henri smiled his quiet and intelligent smile. "Of these," he continued, "no less than 8,000 are still extant."—*Vancouver Province*.



DIGNIFIED WAITER: Dinner or shampoo, sir?

### ONE WAS ENOUGH

When Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist and political scientist, was engaged in writing his latest book, "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," he came to a part which he felt might be enlivened if he could think of a new joke. While out walking, in the hope that the inspiration might strike him, he was met by an old friend of his who is a professor at Queen's University.

"Hello, Leacock," said his friend, "you look troubled. What's worrying you?"

"Oh, I'm trying to think of a joke for my book."

The other looked puzzled.

"Why," he said, "what was the matter with the one you had?"

\*

### THE LATEST PLAN

She (in the theatre)—"Does my feather spoil your view?"

He (sitting behind her)—"Oh, no, madam, I've cut it off." — *London Opinion*.

### HAT-CATCHING OUT WEST

"Yes," said the man just back from the West, "when I went out to Alberta, I did what nearly every other tenderfoot does—brought one of those broad-brimmed felt hats like the ones stage cowboys wears, and put it on at the first opportunity.

"Mine wasn't the only one in town, but I felt conspicuous just the same. Somehow or other I hadn't acquired the knack of wearing it. One windy day—and, believe me, it can blow some in B—without half trying—I walked down the main street of the town holding onto my hat with one hand and my coat with the other. As I turned a corner the wind seemed to stop blowing, and I let go of the hat, when a sudden gust came, took it off my head, and sent it rolling like a frightened hoop down the street.

"I started to give chase, when another hatless man—he was a sure-enough Westerner, too—took me by the arm and said:

"Don't chase it, pardner: there'll be another one along in a minute."

\*

### NO ALTERNATIVE

"Why do you beat your little son? It was the cat that upset the vase of flowers."

"I can't beat the cat. I belong to the S.P.C.A."—*Meggendorfer Blatter*.

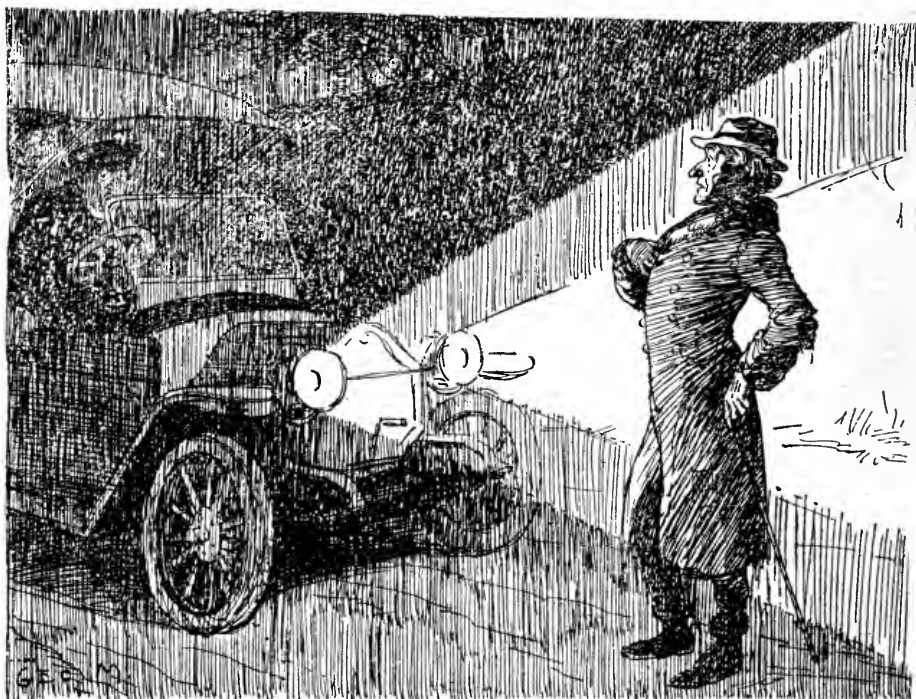
\*

### AN ANNOYING SPEED LIMIT

An old man nearly eighty years old, walked ten miles from his home into Knowlton recently. When he reached town he was greeted with some astonishment by a friend.

"You walked all the way!" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate!" replied the old man, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign, out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."



— SUPERANUATED TRAGEDIAN (after forcing the car to pull up). "Permit me, sir, to indulge for a few brief moments in a joy I have not experienced since my last starring tour in 1893."

### THE SAME LOUIS

A Philadelphia lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of his experiences in search of curios. "I once entered a shop," he said, smiling, "and the salesman pointed out to me a dilapidated chair. 'That there chair, sir,' he said, impressively, 'belonged to Louis Crosseye, King of France.' 'Louis Crosseye?' said I. 'Why there's no such person.' 'Oh, yes, there is, sir,' said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked 'Louis XI.'"—*Liverpool Post*.

\*

### PARTICULARISING

Boy—"Give me six-pence for a poor lame man, mother."

Delirious Parent — "Who is the poor lame man?"

Boy (in a murmur) — "The door-keeper at the circus."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

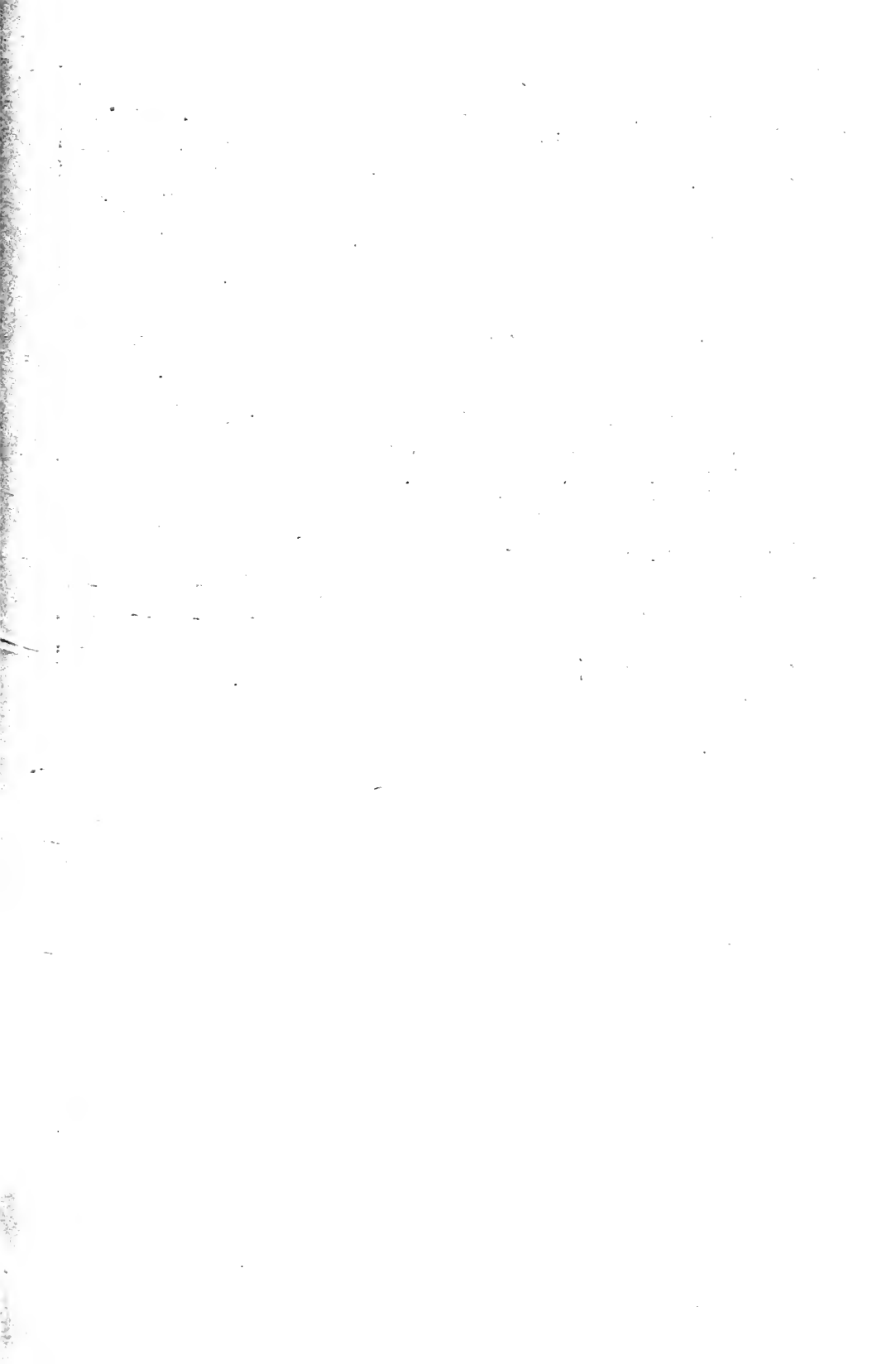
### GOOD, EVEN IF READ

One of the best stories connected with Dr. Macled is not well known. It concerns a sermon he preached in a certain district of Ayrshire. As the congregation dispersed one woman, full of enthusiasm, asked a neighbour, "Did you ever hear anything sae gran? Wasna that a sermon?" "Ou, ay," replied her friend sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" cried the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whistled it!"

\*

### TOO MUCH FOR TOMMY

Tommy had always had to wear his father's old clothes, yet no one knew how badly he felt, till one day he was found behind the barn. Between broken sobs it all came out. "Pa's gone and shaved off clean, and now I know I'll have to wear his old red whiskers."





MUSIC

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists



THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 5

## THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF CANADA

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "IAN OF THE ORCADES," "A BEAUTIFUL REBEL,"  
"THE GREAT LAKES," ETC.

**D**OWN on the shores of the St. Lawrence, where it widens into what is called Lake St. Francis, are the two old Loyalist and Highland Townships of Lancaster and Charlottetownburg. These two townships comprise the whole south front of the historic County of Glengarry, famous in Canadian annals for its Scottish and Loyalist military settlements.

This is a region of an early colonial influence, where every other country home, could it speak, has a story to tell, and every old settled hamlet has been the birthplace or bidding-place of some distinguished man or group of men. Here, in the dreamy Canadian summer afternoon, one can loiter down lilac-bordered garden lanes, or across the drowsy opens, by stream and field and note on every hand the signs of age in man's occupancy of the soil. The old moss-covered barns, and one-time hospitable

stone chimneys, in roofs and gables, all speak rather of the effort and ideal of the past than of the energy of the present. Yet it is a delightful country to abide in, and pleasant and interesting to eye and soul, with rich soil and well-tilled fields of a people contented if not overly ambitious.

Here it was that in the early eighties of the eighteenth century, even before the founding of the Upper Province, came the first Loyalist and military settlers, overflowing from the more seaward settlements and Montreal, where some of them were residing as refugees and veterans of the Scottish and Loyalist disbanded regiments. It was these intrepid colonists, who, daring to meet the privations of a forest-life, became the earliest pioneers of old Upper Canada.

The Grand Trunk Railway, the pioneer railroad of Eastern Canada,

runs along the river front of this interesting old district, and the observing traveller will notice the general appearance of a long-settled community in the aspect of the villages and the country farms and houses, scattered along the line of travel. Leaving the train at Lancaster, an old frontier town, a drive of about eight miles along the picturesque river Raisin, through a finely cultivated countryside, brings us to Williamstown, one of the most ancient villages and settlements in what was once Upper Canada. Here is St. Andrew's, the oldest Presbyterian church in the Province, and said to have been the first place of Christian worship in Upper Canada. The parish was organised in 1787 by the Reverend John Bethune, a retired military chaplain of a Loyalist regiment, who came from Montreal, where he was minister of St. Gabriel's church, and founded this, the first Protestant religious mission. Bethune was a man of piety and ability, and he founded one of the most distinguished Canadian families. Of his sons, one was the second Bishop of Toronto, succeeding Dr. Strachan, who was his schoolmaster at Williamstown; and another was Arch-deacon of Montreal and the first Principal of McGill University. The present church, a quaint stone building, which is built on the site of the first one, dates from the 12th of September, 1812, a few weeks before the death of Brock.

Here also still stands on the river's bank, the old wooden building where Strachan, that other famous old Scottish divine, whose life has been written by Bishop Bethune, taught his grammar school. It is a low gray building, with rough clapboard walls, giving no present sign of its historic importance as the one-time hall of learning for Canadian youth.

Northward again, between these places in Glengarry is St. Raphael's, the pioneer place of Roman Catholic worship in the Province.

Here settled Father, afterwards Bishop, Macdonell, who brought out the disbanded regiment of Glengarry Highlanders and settled them in this now historic spot.

This old county became noted for its group of military Highlanders, many of them chieftain-like gentlemen of the Macdonald and other clans, who attempted to re-create, in the wilds of Canada, somewhat of that old Highland condition of life and society for which old Scotland is famous.

Farther along the River Raisin, which often seems like a large canal so even are its banks and so placid its waters, is Martinstown, another small social centre of bygone days.

From there we arrive at last after a drive of some miles, at McGillivray's Bridge, the old country-place of the McGillivrays, a family whose head is a clan chieftan in Scotland, and whose Canadian founder was a prominent public man.

Here resided in the early half of the nineteenth century the late Honourable John McGillivray, one of the leading men in his time in Upper Canada. He held many important county and provincial offices, and was raised to the Legislative Council of the Province in 1839 by Sir Charles Poulett Thompson. He married a daughter of Colonel Neil McLean, a noted military Loyalist, whose son became Chief Justice of Upper Canada. Mr. McGillivray's eldest son, Neil, succeeded to the chiefship of the clan, and inherited the family estates in Scotland, and another son, George, who was lately prominent in the county, being a public official, acquired the Canadian home at McGillivray Bridge. The house here, a fine sample of a Canadian country residence, stands by the river bank in a small park with well-kept grounds, and it commands a good view of the river and country beyond.

It was here, at this old Canadian home, that of a typical country gen-



tleman, a class of home all too rare in Canada for the country's good, that the writer discovered the long-forgotten papers and record-books of the long defunct Highland Society of Canada.

Who is there living to-day who even remembers the existence of such an association? Yet between sixty and seventy years ago, in the early half of the nineteenth century, its membership included the leading men of Scottish blood in the two Provinces of Canada.

In a large rambling garret, under the pine-raftered roof of the old house, dimly lighted by small, dusty, gable windows, where I groped on a loose floor of scattered boards, in search of rare documents, I came suddenly on the old records, which had long been lost to the memory even of their custodians themselves. The place of hiding was a brass-nailed, hairskin-bound trunk that showed evidence of having made over-sea voyages in the early years of the last century. There, with old books and papers, mice-nibbled and dusty, reposed the minute books and papers which chronicled the doings of this dead association.

So long had they lain there, and so many decades of years with other and alien dreams and ideals had passed in between, that their existence and contents had utterly gone out of mind, as had the old-time spinning wheels and candle moulds and other obsolete necessities and practices and customs of a forgotten and vanished era.

It was interesting to the historian, the man with the true love for the voices of the past, on parchment or foolscap, to scan once more those musty bundles of the sayings and doings of a generation gone. Little after all to the material mind were these old papers. No great find; just a few leather-bound minute books of an old association and some dusty old letters and petitions transcribed in the fine old clerky hand of a period

that could and did take pains to write well and correctly on honest foolscap in honest ink—the chronicles of scenes and actions, ideals and convictions of men now long mouldering beneath the turfs of the old Williamstown, St. Raphael's and other churchyards. And yet, what pictures of living men, what throbs of dead and gone patriotism are stirred anew by the perusal of those old mildewed pages.

There was the roll of membership, recalling a host of personages of a wide difference of vocation, religion and politics, and resident in all corners of the scattered colony; tickets and invitations to annual dinners, reviving pictures of old-time conviviality, long winded and deeply drunk toasts, continued into the wee hours, quite to early cock-crow; resolutions representing strong convictions on public and patriotic questions in a turbulent and perilous period of our history; and, last but not least, addresses to the various Governors, with their replies, showing the prominence, prestige and dignity of the Society.

But the Highland Society of Canada was much more than all this. It was not a mere loose association of social conviviality and patriotic sentiment. It was a branch of the Highland Society of London, England; a serious and powerful organization, with aims and action connected with the welfare of Scotland, and having for its head a Prince of the Blood Royal.

The Canadian Branch had its inception at a meeting held at the residence of Angus Macdonell, near the church at St. Raphael's, on Tuesday, the 10th of November, 1818. This meeting was called under authority from the parent society, bearing the seal of that corporation and the signature of His Royal Highness the Duke of York as president. The objects of both the parent and daughter societies are stated in the commission as follows:

“The preserving the language, martial spirit, dress, music and antiquities of the ancient Caledonians; for rescuing from oblivion the valuable remains of Gaelic literature; for the establishment and support of Gaelic schools; for relieving distressed Highlanders at a distance from their native homes; and for promoting the improvement and general welfare of the northern parts of the Island of Great Britain.”

This purpose and aim of the parent society, established in London in 1778, was adopted by the Canadian Branch with slight variations to suit the country, as is seen in the printed rules of the society issued on the re-organisation in 1843, and taken from the original minutes of 1819. Thus the establishment of Gaelic schools was extended to “other parts of the British Empire,” and with the “improvement and general welfare of the “northern parts of the Kingdom” was included that of the “Highland settlements of Canada.” It is interesting to note, here as elsewhere, that the “British Empire” was regarded as a well-established fact in those days and long before.

Another significant fact regarding this Association is that, though a Canadian branch, it still recognised its obligations to the welfare of the old land, and instead of contenting itself with work for Scotsmen in Canada, considered the scope of its work as embracing both the old world and the new. This Imperial spirit was one which at that day animated all the best of our people; and the parent and the daughter societies worked for the common good.

The commission from London was addressed to several gentlemen: the Honourable William McGillivray, Angus Shaw, Esq., the Reverend Alexander Macdonell (afterwards Bishop of Regiopolis), John Macdonald, Esq., of Gart, and Henry McKenzie, Esq., “it being felt by these and others that the Highland settlements of Upper Canada offered a most favourable field for such an association.”

The inauguration address of the chairman of the first meeting, Simon McGillivray, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents of the London Society, is full of suggestions. He showed that the parent society, starting as a mere convivial club, and a place of Highland resort, grew into a great association of noblemen and gentlemen, ambitious to preserve all the best traditions, ideals, and characteristics of their race, together with the improvement of the Highlands. He further emphasised the fact that this was even more necessary in the Scottish settlements of the newer Empire of the West; so that it was possible and important to have a strong public association in Canada, acting with the mother society here and at home.

The first officers elected in 1818, according to the minute book, were: President, His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, K.C.B.; Vice-Presidents, Reverend Alexander Macdonald, Honourable Colonel Neil McLean, Lieut.-Colonel Donald McDonnell; Treasurer, Alexander Fraser, Esq.; Secretary, Archibald McLean, Esq.

The life-membership roll, from November 24th, 1818, to June 18th, 1824, included the names of Simon McGillivray, London; Honourable William McGillivray, Montreal; Archibald McLellan, of the North-West Company, and Henry McKenzie, of Montreal. So it will be seen that there were many famous old Northwesters in its ranks.

The society continued to flourish with a large general membership until about 1824, when it gradually declined, to be revived again two decades later, by re-organisation in December, 1842. During that period much had happened, both at home and in the outer parts of the Empire.

In Canada, the greatest changes had taken place; indeed, it had been one of the most crucial periods of the country's history. The rebellion of 1837 had come and gone, bringing about consequent results, among

them the union of the two Provinces, in 1841. More significant even was the passing of old social and other influences. What was called the old Tory rule had passed, and out of the extreme conflicting factions more temperate parties had to arise in order to make the rule of the country possible. The fierce militant spirit that produced the rebellion had to soften down into what was called the Baldwin, or Constitutional Reform; and the old Tory party to re-arise under John A. Macdonald, as the Liberal-Conservative. It was a middle or transitional period, when the old association was revived by re-organisation in the last days of 1842.

The first report of the revival, dated at Cornwall the 23rd of January, 1843, showed by a highly respectable list of officers and directors that the society had taken on a new lease of life. Sir Charles Bagot was Chief, and the leading spirits including the President, John Macdonell, Esq., of Galt, comprised the most representative men of the historic old county, and many prominent Scotsmen in all parts of Upper and Lower Canada. Among these, were Sir Allan McNab, the last and greatest of the old Tory school; John Alexander Macdonald, a young Kingston lawyer, who was soon to be to the new Conservatives what McNab had been to the old; the second Bishop Macdonell, of Regiopolis, and Bishop Strachan, a man, who as a great educationalist, divine and statesman, had been and still was a paramount influence in the making of the whole country. The report of the 13th of July, 1843, says of the society that "Since its revival it has acquired a large accession to its members. Many of the most respectable and influential individuals in the Canadas have enrolled their names, and His Excellency the Governor-General has been graciously pleased to become its Chief."

The same report pays the following just tribute to the memory of the

great Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Macdonell:

"The society feels confident that the parent society will approve of its first act since its re-organisation, by which it has paid a tribute of respect to the memory of a man who presided over it for many years, who was a member of the parent society, and who was named in the commission under which this branch was formed, the late lamented Bishop Macdonell, who during the whole course of his valuable life exerted himself in Britain and in Canada to promote the interests and welfare of his countrymen."

The society in its scheme of organisation elected local vice-presidents at different centres, such as Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton. The following letter is from that greatest of all Canadian statesmen, afterwards Premier of Canada, and the dominant personality in its politics, during the greater part of the nineteenth century, but then mentioned in the minutes as "John A. Macdonald, Esq., Vice-President at Kingston." He says:

"It will give me great pleasure to be enrolled as a member of the Highland Society of Canada. My avocations are such as to prevent my doing justice in the capacity of a local Vice-President, and would recommend that some person with more leisure should be appointed to that office. If, however, the society should be unable to fill the office otherwise, I shall be proud to act in it, and perform the duties according to the best of my abilities."

Macdonald was then a hard-working young lawyer in Kingston. He commenced his political career the following year, when he was elected as member for that city. Sir Allan McNab, the old Tory baronet, of Dundurn, and still active in politics, writes on the 12th of September, as Vice-President for Hamilton, appreciating the honour conferred upon him and suggesting the advisability of holding a meeting of the society at Kingston during the meeting of Parliament.

The Honourable and Right Rever-

end John Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, also accepts office as a Vice-President.

William Stewart, Vice-President at Bytown, writes from the Legislative Assembly at Kingston, suggesting that "the Honourable Thomas Mackay, of New Edinburgh, should be appointed as the other Vice-President at Bytown, in the room of my particular friend, the Chief of McNab, as that gentleman resides at a distance of upwards of seventy miles from that town." This is the Chief of McNab who founded the unfortunate McNab settlement up the Ottawa. There is a story that he and Sir Allan were registering at the same hotel, and the Chief signing as "The McNab," Sir Allan signed himself "The Other McNab."

An address was presented by the society to Sir Charles Metcalfe, at Cornwall, on the 2nd of September, 1843, as the Governor was on his way to Kingston. The address referred to His Excellency's "talents, experience, firmness and integrity to preside over the destinies of this Province, at a time when such qualifications are so eminently required"; and assured him in conclusion that one of the chief objects of the society was "to cherish in the minds of our countrymen, in this their adopted land, those sentiments of genuine and devoted loyalty, for which their ancestors have been so distinguished, and individually and collectively use our best exertions to support the Constitutional Government of this Province and to perpetuate our connection with the Mother Country."

Such, indeed, were the staunch ideals and purposes of this historic old society, which, during its existence not only kept in touch with the parent society in Britain, but also with the two strong Scottish societies in Halifax and St. John.

On the 18th of February, 1847, an address was presented to Lord Elgin, congratulating him on his appointment as Governor. It referred to his

illustrious Scottish name and ancestry, and requested his acceptance of the Chiefship of the society. His Excellency, in reply, responded to the appeal and accepted the office of Chief. But about this date or a little later, the proceedings seem to close. Whether the desperate conditions, political and otherwise, which followed, destroyed the harmony of the association, or other causes were to blame, is not exactly known.

One reason for the Society's decline might have been its aristocratic tendencies and composition. Its leaders were chiefly Scottish country gentlemen of Glengarry and elsewhere; and with the gradual passing of the well-to-do classes in Upper Canada who strove to maintain the traditions and customs of old world country life, and the drifting of their sons into the professions and business life of the towns and cities; such an institution would naturally, as it no doubt did, pass into oblivion. Then, the strain of a period like that of the burning of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal in 1849, when most of the members would be almost at war with their illustrious Chief, Lord Elgin, would about destroy its future possibilities.

Time brings about grave changes. The old order passes, but does it always give place to conditions as beneficial as those destroyed? It would have been a great blessing to Canada had her ruling, and wealthy classes, stayed in or gravitated to the country life. Men's minds are awakening more and more to the weaknesses of the so-called democracy, and the curse of the crowded city, where all are consumers and none producers.

May the day be not far distant when once more the great social gatherings of a Province, including the leaders in statecraft, church, intellect, and social supremacy, will be held, not in over-crowded and pauper-creating cities, but in little hamlets and country villages like St. Raphael's or historic Williamstown.

# A HEROINE OF LUCKNOW

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

**S**URELY the great mistake of the New Feminism is the use of the word "New." There is nothing new about it. "Times change, human nature remains the same," says the Sage, and the newest woman of us all is essentially the same as her sister of the last century, or the last hundredth century, for the matter of that. The difference is in the call of circumstance. Never have I realised this more plainly than in listening to the story which I shall try to give you here. One is apt to say that the new woman, whatever her drawbacks, is at least evolving courage and fortitude. Courage and fortitude, indeed! Listen to this tale of a little English girl of eighteen, and understand once and for all that courage, and fortitude, in woman need no evolving.

The tale, which I wish to tell as far as possible in the heroine's own words, is so eloquent that even slight comment seems superfluous. You must first imagine a young girl of eighteen thrown in a moment, without preparation or special training, into the midst of horrid battle, murder and sudden death—and you must watch how she meets the onslaught. Even to call the girl a heroine seems almost to dull the pure gold of a story whose very simplicity cries aloud of the dauntless courage, the fine fortitude, the utter devotion of self which lay unsuspected in the heart of one little English girl—until the call of circumstance summoned it into action.

This little bit of unwritten history was related to me one day in Vancouver by Mrs. Emma E. Prentiss, a charming lady of seventy-four, with the clear eye and ready smile of seventeen. All the events which it records are as clear in her mind as if they had happened yesterday, and so vivid did she make her narrative—one started at the sound of a footstep at the door!

Emma Elizabeth Birch was a child of fourteen years when she was summoned to India to join her father, Colonel Frederick William Birch, of the 41st Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Moultan, a military post at the head of the Indus. The journey was full of wonderment to the child, and not the least of its wonderful happenings was her instant recognition of her father whom she had not seen for nine years.

"I was leaning over the side of the steamer," said Mrs. Prentiss, "one of the old side-wheelers which plied up the Indus in those days, when I saw a boat shoot out towards us. As soon as I saw the face of the white man who sat in it, I cried, 'It is my father!' The ladies on board smiled and explained that it could not possibly be, but I would not be coaxed away. I waved my handkerchief and cried, 'Father! Father!' The man in the boat waved back—it was my father, tired of waiting, he had come down the river to meet the steamer."

"My introduction to India was a happy one. Not only was it good to

be with my father again, but the new land was full of strange and fascinating experiences. One of the strangest of these was a new consciousness of belonging to the ruling caste. This consciousness came early to British children in India, for, in those days, the natives were very dependent upon their white rulers, and the great gulf between rulers and ruled was sharply defined.

"At the time of my arrival my father was leaving Moultan for a new post, and as our travelling was overland I saw much of the country, including some of the wonderful old cities, Lahore, Ferozepore, and Delhi. In Delhi we borrowed an elephant for sight-seeing, exactly as to-day one might borrow a motor car; and that mode of conveyance, though not so rapid, was infinitely more diverting. The new station was at Etawa, and there I spent three quiet and happy years, learning the ways and manners of a country where I expected to pass my life. Perhaps my most brightly-coloured memory of that time was a visit to Cawnpore, that city whose name was afterwards to ring so horribly throughout the civilised world. It was gay enough then, for all regiments were commanded to report there in connection with the acquisition of Oudh. Every day levies were held by Brigadier-General Penny and his wife, the latter with a bevy of the prettiest girls in India standing around her chair. It was, in a sense, my real introduction to Indian society and I enjoyed it to the utmost. Full of pleasure also was a gay week spent in Lucknow, just a year before the mutiny, where, coming down from the hills, I met my father before going on with him to his new (and last) post at Seetapore.

"If there was any anxiety in the air then, we young folk did not know it, and I feel sure that my father had no misgiving whatever in taking up his duties at Seetapore. It is hard indeed to say where or how the first whisper of unrest came, but my first

knowledge of it personally came one evening in the spring when I was coming home from a band concert at the parade ground. I was in my carriage, and my escort was riding beside me, when in passing through a small group of trees we came upon a fire, with a band of natives, wildly excited, dancing around it, beating tom-toms, and at intervals listening to a stranger who harangued them in peculiar fashion, passing around amongst them the small *chupatties* which, though we did not dream it, meant the lives of every white person in India. I told my father of the occurrence, and he became very thoughtful, forbidding me ever to come home that way again. Indeed, we became more careful in many ways, though not actually alarmed.

"My father would have staked his life on the loyalty of his troops. They were a magnificent body of men, not one of them less than six feet, two inches in height, and broad in proportion. They were considered to be the pick of the native infantry, and indeed so strong was the confidence placed in them that upon the first authentic news of the outbreak of rebellion at Merut and Delhi, Sir Henry Lawrence ordered my father to take his men out to meet the mutineers and prevent their coming into our station. This he actually did, turning the mutineers off and returning in good order. All his confidence seemed justified, and he was very proud. But scarcely had he been at home a few hours before our Major came in breathless with the news that two regiments had broken. My father's own regiment still stood firm, and at once he hurried out to the parade ground, quite confident, to force the men back under orders. Before he went he blessed me and told me to show no fear—I was a soldier's daughter. I never saw him again! The rebellious regiments, knowing that their fellows would not rebel while their Colonel lived, shot him down in cold blood. After that there

was no more hesitation. But even then, with the lust of their Holy War fresh upon them, my father's men carried off his body and buried it beneath the mango trees in his own compound. Few English officers received even that tiny tribute from the men they had so greatly trusted.

"We knew what happened as soon as the Major staggered back alone. It hardly needed his brief orders to tell us that our only safety lay in flight — in the long flight of sixty miles into Lucknow. In the compound I saw one of our native officers, an immensely big man, greatly trusted by my father. I ran to him, careless of peril, and asked him why he had let my father be killed. He would say nothing at all except:

"'It is the will of God.'

"Yet he did not attempt to harm me, and I believe that his heart was sore at its treachery.

"By this time our house was full of refugees, and with greatest speed we pushed on the plans for our departure. They were simple enough. We dared not wait for night, but must escape at once in whatever conveyances we could find. Altogether we were a party of about forty men, women and children packed like herrings into a few carriages belonging to the station, or riding our own horses—of the latter party I was one. When all was ready, my sister-in-law discovered that she had forgotten her eau de Cologne. It was a serious thing, for already many of the women were faint. I ran back into the house, vexed enough at the delay, but very glad that I had done so, when running through the deserted rooms, I came upon our old German bandmaster, all alone, calmly staying behind. I was very angry.

"'Come quickly,' I cried; 'they may be upon us at any moment.' But he did not move, and upon shaking him I discovered that he had deliberately decided to wait for death.

"'There are too many as it is—let the others go. They are younger.'

"Needless to say, I did not agree with him, and forcing him to come with me, we found him a place in the overcrowded carriages, and our delayed flight began.

"Oh, that flight! The terrible slowness of our progress! The blinding, suffocating heat! It was so hot that our rings blistered our fingers like heated iron; we had no food and no water, save what we found in stagnant pools, so horrible that one had to hold one's nose to get it down—and always there was the terrible dread, the imminent danger of horrors too awful to think of.

"We had not gone very far before a cloud of dust behind told us that our escape had not passed unnoticed, and presently we saw a party of fifteen or twenty native soldiers in close pursuit. Our men at once called a halt. To go on would be utterly useless—our one chance was to wait, obtain a parley if possible, and, if not, fight it out to the end. Our men promised us they would not leave us alive. It was a five-minute wait for death. In all that came afterwards I doubt if any moments seemed so long. We all knew how little chance there was, yet we were a singularly quiet company. Fortunately for us, natives are very cowardly. Although they could easily have overcome us, when they saw us ready to fight they temporised and finally accepted a large bribe to help us on our way to Lucknow. They never expected that we would get through! Treachery was intended from the first, but we were too clever for them. Time and again with fine sounding promises they attempted to induce us to pass through the villages where we should quickly have been surrounded and killed, and at night they tried to tempt our few soldiers to sleep, saying that they would guard us. But our men never slept; they never turned aside, but pushed on across country through all kinds of difficulties, knowing that in preserving our isolation lay our only hope.

"Even then we would have failed had it not been for the faithful bravery of an old man, a native dress-maker, who was loyal to our party, and who escaped into the city by a short cut, bearing in his ear a tiny quill with our message of distress. He reached Sir Henry Lawrence safely and he at once sent out for us carriages, brandy, food and water. With our augmented forces the cowardly natives dared not attack us as we entered the city and in due time we reached the Residency in safety."

"It seemed strange," I ventured, "to enter in carriages a city in a state of siege."

"Oh, but it was not yet in a state of siege," explained Mrs. Prentiss readily. "The siege proper did not begin for a month after that. But already the Residency was full of fugitives. The best quarters we could obtain were in a Commissioner's house—so near the native houses that only a narrow city street separated us from them. Through their windows they could see right into ours. There were practically no fortifications in the usual sense of that word. We had our windows boarded up, that was about all. A really determined attack might have broken in at any time. It was only the natives' cowardice that saved us. We were under fire in that barracks for five months. It never altogether ceased. Bullets popped around us all the time like peas from the peashooters of mischievous boys. We picked up round shot in the halls and, marking them, fired them back. It was quite an amusement finding our marked shots come back like Bo-peep's sheep."

"But if there were so many bullets, how could you dodge them?"

"Dodge them? We didn't dodge them. A woman in Lucknow would have felt disgraced forever if she moved an inch or lowered her head. The soldiers used to scream at us sometimes, but we didn't care. You see, we were so very busy all the time

that we had no time to think of bullets. The days were never long enough for all there was to do—the nursing, the lint making, the running of the hose fuse which our sappers laid to the mines. I used to sew eighty to one hundred feet of hose at a time. The whole place was mined and counter-mined. It was our great comfort for we had the officers' assurances that if ever the case became hopeless they would fire the mines.

"One night a terrible grief came. My brother was with us in the Residency. He was an engineer, and one of those chosen to look after the mines. So critical was our position that the sentries had orders to shoot at once any one near the walls at night. This night—somebody blundered. My brother and one of his companions had been detailed to examine some outside mines, the sentry on duty was not warned, and as they returned they were both shot by their own comrade! My brother died within the hour.

"But there were so many, many tragedies! One dared not brood over one's own. Men were shot at my side, sitting by me at table, bending over the wounded in the hospital. Husbands were shot while speaking to their wives—the bullets spared no one. I saw one very strange thing happen. One day a fugitive, a woman, came in, in a terrible state. What her experiences had been I never definitely learned, but they must have been dreadful indeed to have reduced her to such a condition of physical and mental collapse. She said she had but one desire—to live for one month longer. Over and over again she prayed that God would spare her for one month. She recovered rapidly and was soon able to take her share in the work of the Residency. She was as calm and capable as any of us. One morning she said to us, 'To-day my month is up!' But we thought nothing of it, as she seemed completely well again. At noon that day my sister-in-law and I



were standing in our room and this girl was in the room next us with an open door between. A bullet came in through the open upper part of the door of our room, passed over the heads of my sister and myself and killed our companion in the next room instantly. She was a very small woman, quite fairylike in stature, and the half-spent bullet, dropping, struck her on the head. It seemed strange indeed that she should have been granted exactly the month she had asked for.

"But so many strange things happened in those days that one more or less was scarcely noticed. One of my most pathetic memories is that of a tiny girl of five who had lost her brother, her mother and her father all in one week; the first two by cholera, the last from a gangrened wound. This little thing would sit all day motionless, never smiling, never speaking. All our efforts to rouse her were utterly useless; she seemed, and has always seemed in my memory, to be the very Spirit of Despair! And she was only five years old.

"Conditions in the besieged Residency grew steadily worse, but do not think that the popping bullets were the worst things. I am sure we minded them less than the terrible heat, the awful odours, the filth, the insects, the pestilence! Dark corners in city slums from which decent folk turn away in horror were sweet and wholesome beside our disease-laden air. Cholera was rife, and fever; a wounded man had small chance, for our hospital stores were painfully limited. There was no soap, and for water we had a pint a day which had to serve all drinking and ablutionary purposes. In that heat you can imagine how much was left for the latter! Even this water was obtained at terrible risk. We paid for it in lives, for every pint of it had to be brought up, by night, from the wells, exposed to the enemy's fire. Every night, also, our dead were buried, our

brave chaplains making nothing of the danger to which they were continually exposed. For food we had the *chupatties*, thin native cakes, and for newspapers we had an occasional native who had made his way through the lines. Awful indeed was the news these living newspapers brought, showing us that, bad as was our state, there were others infinitely worse off. It was in this way that we heard of the massacre of Cawnpore—one poor young officer had a wife there, and many more had friends or relatives. We thanked God that day for the knowledge of the mines beneath our feet.

"How did we get out? Oh, we went out at night, leaving all our lamps burning so that the mutineers would think that we were still there. It was a very effective ruse, and we joined the army at Secunderbagh without farther danger. One other thing—a thing I shall never forget—a thing which is amongst my dearest and most sacred memories, and therefore hard to speak of. You know, I had never thought that I had done much—only my duty as a soldier's daughter, but when I was leaving, our soldiers, the remnant, passed by with their caps raised, and as they went they said, 'God bless you wherever you go!' It has been the benediction on my life."

Mrs. Prentiss grew silent after this. It was easy to see that around that last solemn memory all the other memories clustered close—she was back again in her heroic youth. It was night, the siege was over. Its horror already lay behind, but with it lay her father, her brother, her friends! And now in the ruddy glare of the torches came the soldiers she had nursed, and cheered, to say farewell. One by one, with lifted cap, they passed.

"God bless you wherever you go!"

In all this struggling, changing world is there anything finer than the blessing of God upon duty bravely done?

# VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

I ONCE wrote of Sir William Van Horne that he was always bigger than his job, and that the proof of this was to be found in the fact that while still in the prime of his life, with energy of mind and body still unflagging, he was able to lay down the fascinating position of President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and devote the rest of his life to the pursuits of leisure—in other words, to be master of his fate, instead of letting fate master him.

We most of us dream of a time when we shall be able to do just what Sir William Van Horne did. Some of us will no doubt reach that position, and then—shall we be happy? Will the interests that now seem so attractive when we dream about them be as attractive in reality?

Perhaps the experience of Sir William Van Horne will help us to realize the situation.

I was talking over this very subject with him the other day.

"How did you feel," I asked him, "when at last you were able to look life in the face free from the cares of office?"

As a matter of fact, I don't believe I put it as neatly as that, but that was the effect of what I said.

"Well," he replied, "I always said that when C. P. R. stock reached par, and the mileage of the railway 10,000, I would resign. Curiously enough, these two things happened almost at

the same time—and then I resigned."

"And then?"

"Then I made a discovery. I had about six or seven particular interests to which I always thought I would devote myself when my time was my own. The curious thing is that I lost interest in every one of them immediately. I found that my interest in them hitherto had been kept so keen simply because I could only give odd hours to them. They made leisure hours something to look forward to, but they could not fill my life.

"I did not waste any time brooding over that fact, however. I got out my car, and started out on a trip over the C. P. R., to see what it looked like from a spectator's point of view. I got across to Vancouver, and then, tired of the C. P. R. from a spectator's point of view, I ran down to San Francisco, and on to Monterey. I thought I should enjoy a week or two in that city. I got there on a Saturday afternoon. By the evening I had been over most of the city. By the next morning I had seen all there was to see. That was all there was to it. I was tired of the place in less than a day, and tired of playing the retired gentleman. That same evening I left for Montreal. I had some interests in South America, so I started off to look into them. I have never been without plenty to interest me since."

What happened down south to charm the threatened monotony out of Sir William's life?

He built a railway in Cuba. Most people know that. But few, even of his most intimate friends, know that that project formed one of the most daring, fascinating, and even romantic episodes in his life. I happen to know the story.

Picture your great railway magnate, with all the powers of his master mind in disuse, sitting on the verandah of a hotel in Cuba, smoking one of those long Havana specials that he so loves, and cogitating, cogitating—about nothing in particular.

Behind him the hotel, three meals a day, and endless nothingness. Before him Cuba, Queen of the Antilles, largest and most fertile of all the West Indian Islands, the land which its discoverer, Columbus, said was "the most beautiful that eyes ever beheld."

Cuba—without a railway.

Can you wonder that as he sat there smoking and brooding; all alone on the verandah, with the hotel, three meals a day, and endless nothingness behind him, that suddenly an idea went hurtling through his brain like an electric shock? Can you wonder that his grave, thoughtful, and shall we say slightly discontented face suddenly lit up with the fierce joy of a new and absorbing interest? Can you wonder if he sprang to his feet, slapped his knees, and announced to himself, "I'll do it"?

Yes, in a flash the idea had come, and in a flash the determination was made.

He would build a railway across Cuba!

Little did he know what a tremendous proposition he was up against. Little did he realise the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that barred his way. But if he had known he would not have flinched, having once made up his mind. Was not he the man who once predicted dollar wheat in Western Canada? And when dol-

lar wheat refused to come, did he not make it come by putting millions into the hands of a trusted agent, and bidding him go all through Western Canada and buy wheat at a dollar a bushel? A man who had such masterful ways of making his prophecies come true would not be the man to go back on a pledge to himself to build a railway across Cuba.

He started work at once upon his project.

Now, the United States at that time had just had her war with Spain. And Cuba had as a consequence just come under the provisional government of the United States.

This on the face of it would seem to indicate that the time for development in Cuba was ripe, and Sir William started out blithely to give the Island something which he thought it would welcome with open arms.

To his astonishment he found that there were five companies already waiting for the opportunity to give Cuba a railway—two of them American companies. And to his further astonishment he discovered that neither they nor he could get a charter to build one, for the reason that there was no authority competent to grant them one. Spain had for ever lost her authority. The Island authorities were not sufficiently advanced in home rule to do so. And the American authorities were prohibited by the Foraker amendment from granting any public franchises.

For most men who had officially retired from active business life this would have been enough.

Not so with Sir William. The air of Cuba immediately became the breath of life to him. Like Jacob's war horse, he cried, Ha! Ha!

But in doing so he did not raise his voice above a whisper.

And he did not even whisper the question that echoed and echoed through his head. That question was, "Why not build without a franchise?"

Within a few days he had his

agents at work, and before anybody knew what was happening, he had bought a strip of land right across the Island. Wherever possible that strip was just wide enough for the right of way of the Island. Where he could not buy a narrow strip of this kind, he bought whole plantations. In one instance he bought 30,000 acres at a clip.

He needed no franchise to build a line on his own property.

But the problem was by no means solved. Two great obstacles still remained. The first was this. He had no right to cross the public roads, and could not get it. The second was that the people of Cuba regarded the project with sullen, tacit opposition. They thought he was acting simply as the agent of the United States Government, and was thus beginning to tighten the hold of the United States on their property.

How Sir William overcame these obstacles is quite a little story in itself.

When he got his railway builders together, he laid down two imperative rules, which were as follows:

Rule 1.—When you meet a Cuban, never allow him to be the first to off with his hat.

Rule 2.—When a Cuban bows to you, always bow twice in response.

Now the Cubans preserve all the old Spanish ideas of etiquette and courtesy.

So far, so good. Everything began to go fine. Sir William began to build the railway. And this is how he went to work.

He would build a section at a time. Everybody who could be pressed into service in the locality of that section was hired and paid good wages. The Cubans are as amenable as anybody else to courteous treatment and good wages. The work would be carried along the section until the right of way came to a public road. Then suddenly everybody would be discharged. The work would thus be brought to a sharp and dramatic fin-

ish, and the engineers would clear out of the locality. But Sir William took care that agents were left behind to suggest to the people that it was a great pity that a man who was bringing good money into the country, and building them a railway, should have this great work held up by being refused permission to cross the public highways.

The same thing happened all the way across the Island.

The City of Camaguey was the worst spot on the whole Island to deal with. The people there were sure Sir William was an agent of the United States Government, and they absolutely refused to sell him any land or allow his railway to come anywhere near the city. But he made friends with one man who had a big block of property running cornerways into the city, and he managed to secure that block from him.

Though he had no right of way on either side of it, he announced that this was where he intended to plant his workshops. Also he serenely started to build the railway across the property.

He decided that the beginning of this work called for a little ceremony. Therefore he issued invitations broadcast to the people to come and witness the ceremony of the turning of the first sod of the Cuban Railway in Camaguey.

The people were sullen and suspicious. Hardly a soul responded. But at the last moment the Mayor and his brother-in-law and the latter's little daughter put in a reluctant appearance. The little girl was personally invited by Sir William to turn the first sod, and in the presence of her father and her uncle, the Mayor, and a crowd of small boys, she performed the ceremony.

After that, Sir William came back to Montreal. In his own house he called a meeting of the President and Board of Directors of the Cuban Railway, consisting of himself and nobody else, and proposed, seconded, and car-

ried unanimously a vote of thanks to the little niece of the Mayor of Camaguey for having so graciously performed the ceremony of turning the first sod of the Cuban Railway. This he had inscribed on parchment and nicely bound. The next time he went to Cuba he took it with him.

Arrived as far as New York on his way, another idea struck him. He bought a nice little gold watch, and on the case he had this self-same resolution engraved. And then he went to Cuba, taking with him the late Sir Edward Clouston and Mr. R. B. Angus, now the President of the Bank of Montreal.

When these three drove up to the hotel in Camaguey the atmosphere was frigid.

But later, when Sir William inquired where the brother-in-law of the Mayor lived, and then drove off with his friends to the house, considerable interest in the visitors was aroused.

At the house itself Spanish hospitality asserted itself. They were shown into the best room, and a little crowd gathered outside the house, curious to know what was doing.

Sir William put two parcels on the table, and announced that he wished to see the little signorita, the one who had turned the first sod of the Cuban Railway.

Off went the womenfolk to hunt her up, and the word went round among the crowd outside. The public curiosity was quickened. The crowd enlarged. Out in the courtyard the visitors could hear the splashing of water. The signorita's face was being hastily washed. Then there was a further period of waiting. The signorita was having her Sunday dress put on.

At last she was brought to Sir William, and the great man, putting his hand on her head as he bent down to kiss her, could feel that her hair was wet around the fringes of the face-washing.

Then he took up the two parcels.

"Let's go out into the courtyard," he said.

Now through the fence and over the gateway, all that went on in the courtyard could be observed by hundreds of eyes from the outside. And hundreds of eyes were immediately focused upon the scene. Head rose above head at every vantage point. People were climbing over each other to see what was going on. All of which suited Sir William splendidly.

Gravely he opened the first of the parcels, and produced the important looking parchment bearing the resolution which "the President and Board of Directors" had passed in Montreal. And he read out the document, one of his officials translating it as he went on into his best Spanish. Then the document, in its handsome case, was presented to the signorita.

Next the second parcel was undone, and the gold watch produced.

Excited exclamations outside.

Sir William made a little speech, which was also translated, and then he gave the delighted little maiden the gold watch, "as a slight token of the appreciation of the President and Board of Directors of the Cuban Railway for her gracious act in turning the first sod of the railway."

And again he gave the little girl a kiss, and shook hands with her father and mother.

The quick, warm Latin nature of the outside crowd was touched, and when Sir William looked up at the tier upon tier of faces there were smiles and tears upon scores of them. He had reached the hearts of the people of Camaguey at last.

Sir William did not linger in Camaguey. He was off at once for Montreal, leaving the impression that he had made the long journey to Cuba especially to honour the signorita.

Even his own chief engineer was impressed.

"That was pretty nice of you to give that gold watch to the little girl," he remarked.

Sir William looked at him quizzically. "I didn't give the gold watch to the little girl," he replied. "I gave it to the whole city and province of Camaguey."

The engineer looked puzzled, but he said no more. Some weeks later he met Sir William in New York.

"I understand now what you meant when you said you had given that watch to the whole city and province of Camaguey," he said. "Why, the people there can talk of nothing else. You've won them over. Come on back to Camaguey. You can get anything you want from them. There will be no more difficulty about running the line through the city."

It was true. All the suspicion with which Sir William and his enterprise had been viewed had vanished into thin air.

Everything thereafter went swimmingly. The railway was built, all except the sections where highways had to be crossed.

Meanwhile Sir William's plan for winning the aid of the people in overcoming this obstacle was bearing fruit. Curiously enough, one particular idea manifested itself at the same time in the different districts all along the right of way. Petitions were put out by the people themselves and were signed by the thousand, calling upon the military governor to grant the Cuban Railway the right to link up the road by crossing the highways of the Island. This remarkable manifestation of a single idea simultaneously expressing itself in different districts affords an intensely interesting problem in psychology.

Of course the day arrived when all these petitions were gathered together and taken to the military Governor. Sir William himself was on deck when the petitions were presented to him, and himself interviewed the military Governor. His arguments as to what the finishing of the railway would mean to the Island were admitted by the Governor. So, too, was the unanimity of the people in

favour of granting a franchise to cross the highways.

But what could the Governor do? He was expressly forbidden from granting any franchise, and certainly it would be his duty at once to interfere if Sir William acted without one. He went into elaborate detail to show Sir William that it was impossible to help him out of the deadlock.

Sir William refused to believe that a man of the Governor's great ability and wide experience and administrative gifts and knowledge of international law and powerful influence and trusted capacity and initiative and courage could find even such a situation as this insoluble.

"Well, what do you yourself suggest?" asked the Governor.

Sir William frankly admitted that the situation was too much for him, but he was certain that if the Governor, with his vast experience in statecraft, would take the matter into consideration he could solve the difficulty within forty-eight hours.

"Suppose you think it over," said Sir William, "and let me know what you suggest?"

"Very good," said the Governor, and the seance terminated.

Sir William at once drove to the Governor's confidant and chief adviser, who happened also to be his own friend.

"The Governor will doubtless send for you to advise him as to whether anything can be done to permit me to link up my railway," he said. "I thought it best not to suggest to him what he might do. But if he asks you, please advise him that he could easily solve the situation by granting a revocable permit. Once I get that I'm mighty certain it will never be revoked."

While he was still speaking a messenger came to the friend to come and see the Governor.

"He's acting even quicker than I had hoped for," said Sir William.

A day or two afterwards Sir Wil-



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

Who finds that building railways leaves him with just enough time to pursue his hobbies



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



liam was asked to come and see the Governor.

"Well," he said, "did you find a way out?"

"I think so," replied the Governor. "It may not be exactly what you want, but I think it will do. What do you say to a revocable permit?"

Sir William shook his head, argued for a long time against it, and died hard—very hard. But he died.

The Governor, you must understand, was adamant. He would grant that, but nothing more—positively nothing more.

Sir William thanked him, recognised the delicacy of the situation, and accepted—reluctantly accepted.

The revocable permit was granted.

How to get out of the office without making any sign of haste must have demanded one of the greatest acts of self-repression in Sir William's life. But once out horses could not carry him fast enough to his chief engineer.

Everything was in waiting for this crucial moment. Rails were stacked up at every highway crossing. Labourers were on hand. Everything was waiting for the word "Go," and "Go" was the word.

The rails were rushed across the highways with as near an approach to the action of greased lightning as human ingenuity could conceive in the situation. And before Cuba knew what was happening its first railway was in operation.

It was thus that Sir William beat out his competitors, and achieved what to every one of them was impossible—the building of a railway without a franchise.

And it was by this absorbing enter-

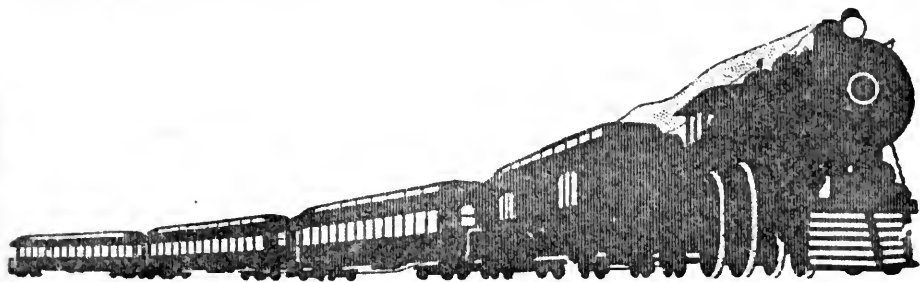
prise that the lonely and miserable former President of the Canadian Pacific Railway found himself again. Never from the moment he started on the project has he regretted that he had the courage, in the prime of life, to lay down one of the world's greatest industrial prizes and retire into private life.

Following the building of the line he had to set about developing the vast estates he had acquired in Cuba, and to-day he ranks not only as President of the line, but as one of the great sugar planters of the Island.

He finds the country fascinating, the climate ideal. With a home in the stern, hard, and enterprising North, and with great interests to call him often to mild and lovely Cuba, where the thermometer rarely falls below seventy and rarely rises above eighty, and where even oranges grow wild, his life is rounded out. It is complete and whole. And every one of the hobbies which he suddenly found so stale and profitless when he had actually taken the step of retiring into private life, he now finds more engrossing than ever. He is a man of enormous wealth and of multitudinous interests and hobbies. He is so busy that actually at times he refuses to go to bed at all—can't spare the time. Life is too interesting, and he has too much to do.

"And after all," he will say, "why should I go to bed every night? Sleep is only a habit."

There is a moral in this story for every busy man who hankers after a life of ease. To point it I am greatly tempted. But I refrain from the luxury, and leave it to each reader to find the moral for himself.



# THE BLIND MAN'S BROTHER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THE blindman Geronimo got up from the bench and took his guitar in his hand that lay ready upon the table near his wine glass. He had caught the sound of the distant wheels of the first carriage. He now groped his way along to the open door and then descended the narrow wooden stairs which led straight down into the covered courtyard. His brother followed him and both took up their stand close beside the stairs with their backs turned to the wall in order to be protected from the damp cold wind which blew through the open gate over the slimy floor.

Under the gloomy arches of the old inn all the carriages taking the road over Stillferjoch had to pass. For those travellers who wanted to go from Italy up into Tyrol, it was the last halt before the Heights. It was not an attractive spot for a long halt. For straight on here the road stretched fairly level without an outlook between bare hills. And here during the summer months the blind Italian and his brother Carlo were just the same as at home.

The post waggon came in and immediately after other carriages followed. The majority of the travellers remained sitting, well wrapt up in rugs and coats. Others got out and walked impatiently up and down between the gates. The weather had become worse and worse. A cold rain lashed down. After a series of lovely days the autumn seemed suddenly and too early to have broken up.

The blind man sang and accompanied himself on the guitar. He sang with an irregular and often suddenly shrill voice, just as he always did when he had taken a drink. From time to time he lifted his head up as with an expression of vain entreaty to the sky. But the features of his face, with its dark stumpy beard and bluish lips, remained impassive. His elder brother stood beside him, almost motionless. If anyone let fall a copper in his hat, he bowed his thanks and looked the almsgiver with a quick, almost furtive, look in the face. But immediately after, almost anxiously, he turned his glance back and stared straight in the blind eyes of his brother. It was as though his eyes that could see were ashamed that such vision was granted him and that they could give no ray of light to his blind brother.

"Bring me some wine," said Geronimo, and his brother went, obedient as usual. Whilst he climbed the steps Geronimo began again to sing. He no longer paid heed to his own voice that he might notice what went on in his neighbourhood. He first became aware of two whispering voices, that of a young man and a girl. He thought how often these two already must have gone up and down the same way; for in his blindness and his intoxication many times it seemed to him as though day after day the same people came wandering over the *joch*, now from the north going south, now from the south go-

ing north. And so, too, he knew this young couple for a long time.

Carlo came back and handed Geronimo a glass of wine. The blind man turned towards the young couple and said:

"Your health, gentlefolk!"

"Thanks," said the young man; but the girl pressed close beside him, for the blind man seemed to her a dismal sight.

Just then a carriage with a noisy company, father, mother, children and a nurse, drove in.

"A German family," Geronimo said softly to Carlo.

The father gave every one of the children a coin and they were each allowed to throw it into the beggar's hat. Geronimo bent his head every time in thanks. The eldest child regarded the blind man's face with a terrified curiosity. Carlo examined the boy. He was forced, as always at the sight of such a boy, to think that Geronimo was just about the same age when the accident had happened through which he had lost his eyesight. For he remembered that day just as though it was to-day, after twenty years, with absolute clearness. Still to-day the child's shrill cry rang in his ears with which little Geronimo had sunk down on the turf. Still to-day he saw the sunshine playing and shimmering on the white garden wall, and heard again the Sunday bells which had just started at that moment to peal. He had shot as often with his pellets at the ash tree beside the wall, and when he heard the cry he thought at once that he must have hurt his little brother, who had just run by. He let the blowpipe slip from his hands, jumped through the window into the garden and rushed towards his little brother, who lay on the grass weeping. Over his right cheek and down his neck the blood was flowing. At the same moment their father had come from the fields home through the little garden gate and now both knelt nonplussed beside the weeping child. Neighbours has-

tened from nearby. Old Vanetti was the first who succeeded in getting the little one's hands from his face. Then the smith, with whom Carlo at that time was apprenticed, and who understood a little about wounds, came too and saw at once that the child's right eye was lost. The doctor, who came from Poschiavo that evening, could not help them any more. Indeed, he pointed out already the danger with which the other eye was threatened, and he proved right. A year later the world was all wrapt in darkness for Geronimo.

At the beginning they tried to convince him that he would be healed later, and he seemed to believe it. Carlo, who knew the truth, at that time wandered day and night long over the countryside, between the vineyards and in the woods around, and was near killing himself. But the Holy Spirit, to whom he entrusted himself, made it manifest to him that it was his duty to live and to dedicate his life to his brother. Carlo recognised this. A singular compassion seized him. Only when he was with the blind child, when he stroked his hair, dared to kiss his forehead, told him tales, took him walking in the fields, behind the house and among the rows of vines, did his own pain moderate. He had, from the very beginning, neglected his training in the smithy because he could not tear himself away from his brother and could no longer make up his mind to take up again his trade in spite of his father's warnings and grief. One day it occurred to Carlo that Geronimo had completely ceased from speaking of his misfortune. At once he knew the reason. The blind boy had come to the inevitable conclusion that he would never see again the sky, the hills, the roads, the people and the light. It was then Carlo suffered more than ever before—so greatly that he sought to calm himself with the thought that he had brought on the misfortune without any intent. And often, when in the early morn-

ing he watched his brother who lay beside him, he was seized with such a grief at seeing him wake that he used to go out into the garden, only that he might not be there beside him as the blind eyes seemed every day, once again, to seek the light which was forever extinguished for them. It was at that time a sudden idea occurred to Carlo to have Geronimo further trained in music as he had a pleasant voice. The schoolmaster from Tola often on a Sunday came over and taught him to play the guitar. At that time the blind boy had no prescience that the new-learned art would one day earn him his livelihood.

From that sorrowful Sunday, bad luck always seemed to dog the house of old Lagardi. One year after the other the harvest turned out bad. A small sum of money which the old man had saved was tricked from him by a relation. And when, on a sweltering August day, in the open field, he sank under a stroke and died, he left nothing except debts. The small home was sold up and the two brothers were roofless and poor, and left the village.

Carlo was twenty, Geronimo fifteen years old. Then began their begging wandering life which had lasted up to to-day. At the beginning Carlo had thought he might find some trade which would support at the same time himself and his brother; but it never succeeded. Besides, Geronimo never had any rest; he wanted always to be on the move.

For twenty years they had roamed over the roads and passes in northern Italy and in southern Tyrol, always wherever the thickest stream of travellers passed by.

And although Carlo, after so many years, no longer felt the burning pang with which formerly every beam of the sun, the appearance of every pleasant countryside, had made him feel, there still remained in him an unceasingly gnawing compassion as constant and unbeknown to him as

the beat of his heart and his breath. And he was glad when Geronimo drank.

The carriage with the German family had rolled away. Carlo sat down as though he did it with pleasure upon the lowest step of the stairs; but Geronimo remained standing with his arms hanging down loose and his head turned upwards to the sky.

Maria, the maid, came out of the indoor.

"Have you earned much to-day?" she cried down to them.

Carlo did not even turn round. The blind man bent down after his glass, took it up from the floor and drank to Maria. She often sat of an evening in the inn room beside him; he knew, too, she was beautiful.

Carlo bent forward and looked out over the road. The wind blew and the rain spattered down so that the rolling of the approaching carriage was drowned in the loud noise. Carlo stood up and took once more his place beside his brother. Geronimo began to sing at the very moment the carriage drove up, in which only one passenger sat. The driver quickly took the horses out and then hurried up into the inn room. The traveller remained sitting for a time in his corner, completely wrapped up in a gray waterproof. He seemed not to hear a word of the song. But after a while he sprang out of the carriage and walked up and down with great haste, without, however, going far from the carriage. He continued rubbing his hands together as though to warm himself. At last he seemed to notice the beggar. He went and stood opposite him and for a long time gazed at him as though examining him. Carlo slightly bent his head as for a greeting. The traveller was a very young man, with a pleasant beardless face and restless eyes. After he had been standing for a while before the beggar, he suddenly hastened back to the gate through which he would have to continue his journey and peevishly shook his head

at the comfortless outlook of rain and mist.

"He has gone now?" asked Geronimo.

"Not yet," answered Carlo. "He will give something worth while when he starts off."

The traveller came back again and leaned against the shafts of the carriage. The blind man began to sing again and immediately the young man seemed to listen with the greatest interest. The hostler appeared and put the horses between the shafts again. And then as though the idea had occurred to him for the first time, the young man put his hand in his pocket and gave Carlo a franc.

"O thank you, thank you," the latter said.

The traveller sat down in the carriage, wrapping himself again in his coat. Carlo picked up from the floor the wineglass and went up the wooden stairs. Geronimo continued singing. The traveller leaned out of the carriage and shook his head with an expression at the same time of superiority and sadness. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to him and he laughed. Then he spoke to the blind man, who stood scarcely two steps distant from him.

"What's your name, my man?"

"Geronimo."

"Well, Geronimo, don't let yourself be cheated."

At this moment the coachman appeared on the top step of the stairs.

"How, *gnädiger* Herr, cheated?"

"I have given your comrade a twenty-franc piece."

"O Herr, thank you, thank you."

"Yes, but take care m—"

"He is my brother, Herr; he will not cheat me."

The young man paused a moment, but whilst he still remained silent, the coachman had climbed on the box and had whipped up the horses. The young man leaned back with a shake of his head, as much as to say:

"Fate, take thy course."

And the carriage rolled away.

The blind man stretched out his hands after it in an expressive gesture of gratitude. Just then he heard Carlo, who had come out of the inn room. He called down:

"Come, Geronimo, it's warm up here. Maria has made a fire."

Geronimo nodded, took his guitar under his arm and felt his way up the railing of the stairs. Upon the stairs he already cried out:

"Let me feel it! What a time it is since I felt a gold piece."

"What's the matter?" asked Carlo.

"Of what are you talking?"

As soon as Geronimo reached the top, he groped with his two hands for the hand of his brother, a sign with which he was always wont to express his joy or affection.

"Carlo, my dear brother, there are after all such beings as good-hearted people!"

"To be sure," said Carlo. "Up till now there's two lira and thirty centissimi, and here too is some Austrian money, perhaps half a lira."

"And twenty francs—and twenty francs!" cried Geronimo. "I know all about it!" He reeled into the room and sat down heavily on the bench.

"What do you know?" said Carlo.

"Now, give over joking! Put it into my hand! What a time it is since I had in this hand a piece of gold!"

"What do you want, then? Wherever must I get a gold piece? There's two or three Lira."

The blind man banged the table.

"That's enough, enough! Do you want to keep it close from me?"

Carlo regarded his brother in a troubled and amazed fashion. He sat down beside him and approached quite close and took hold of his arm to propitiate him.

"I keep nothing close from you. How ever could you think it? No one's ever given me a gold piece."

"But he told me, then!"

"Who?"

"Why, the young man who kept walking up and down."

"What? I don't understand you."

"He says to me: 'What's your name, my man?' and then: 'Take heed, take heed, don't let yourself be cheated.'" "

"You must have been dreaming, Geronimo—that is all nonsense."

"Nonsense? Why, I heard him, and I hear all right. 'Don't let yourself be cheated; I have given a gold piece.' . . . No, he said this: 'I have given him a twenty-franc piece.'" "

The landlord came in:

"Now, what's up with you? Have you given up your business? A four-horse carriage has just driven up."

"Come on," cried Carlo, "come on."

Geronimo remained sitting.

"Why? why must I come? What good is it to me? You stand alongside and . . ."

Carlo shook his arm.

"Still come on down below."

Geronimo silently obeyed his brother; but upon the stairs he said:

"We'll speak about it yet, we'll speak about it yet."

Carlo did not realise what had happened. Why had Geronimo suddenly lost his senses? For even when he had been the slightest degree put out he had never before spoken in this way.

In the newly-arrived carriage sat two Englishmen. Carlo held his hat out before him and the blind man sang. One of the Englishmen got out and threw some coppers in Carlo's hat. Carlo said, "Thank you," and then, as though to himself, "Twenty centissimi." Geronimo's face remained immovable; he began a new song. The carriage with the two Englishmen drove off. Silently the brothers climbed up the stairs. Geronimo sat down on the bench. Carlo remained standing by the stove.

"Why don't you say something?" asked Geronimo.

"But," answered Carlo, "it can only be as I told you." His voice trembled a little.

"What did you say?" asked Geronimo.

"It was perhaps a madman."

"A madman? That would indeed be capital! If someone says: 'I have given your brother twenty francs,' he is, of course, mad! Ah, and why did he say: 'Don't let yourself be cheated,' eh?"

"Perhaps, too, he wasn't mad; but there are people who play jokes on us poor people—"

"What!" cried Geronimo, "jokes? Yes, that you mustn't say—I've expected that!"

He drank down his glass of wine which stood before him.

"But, Geronimo," cried Carlo, and he felt that he could scarcely speak for consternation, "why musn't I? How can you think—?"

"Why does your voice tremble—eh—why?"

"Geronimo, I assure you, I—"

"Well, and I don't believe you. You are laughing now. Oh, I know that you are laughing now!"

The hostler cried from below:

"Hi! blind man, people here!"

Quite mechanically the brothers got up and descended the stairs. Two carriages had at the same moment arrived, one with three gentlemen, the other with an old married couple. Geronimo sang; Carlo stood beside him without any power to think. What could he do? His brother did not believe him! How ever had it become possible? He anxiously eyed from the side Geronimo who sang his songs in a broken voice. It seemed to him that he saw thoughts fleeting across his face which he had never before perceived there.

The carriages had already gone, but Geronimo sang on. Carlo dared not interrupt him. He did not know what he ought to say; he was afraid that his voice would again tremble. Then laughter rang out from above, and Maria cried:

"What are you going on singing for? From me, to be sure, you won't get anything."

Geronimo stopped in the middle of a melody; it sounded as though his voice and the strings had snapped at the same moment. Then he went up the steps and Carlo followed him. In the inn room the latter sat down beside him. What ought he to do? Nothing else remained for him. He must try once again to explain to his brother.

"Geronimo," he said, "I swear to you. . . . Just think for a moment yourself, how can you believe that I."

Geronimo remained silent. His blind eyes seemed to look out through the window into the gray mist. Carlo went on thinking: "Well, he hasn't any need to be so senseless; he has made a mistake—yes, he is mistaken—" But he knew well that he himself did not believe what he said.

Geronimo made an impatient movement. But Carlo went on with sudden vivacity:

"For what, then, should I—? You know yourself, I eat and drink no more than you, and when I buy myself a new coat—you know it yourself—what do I want then with so much money? What should I do with it then?"

In answer Geronimo hissed between his teeth:

"Don't lie, I hear how you are lying!"

"I am not lying, Geronimo, I am not lying," said Carlo horrified.

"Why, have you already given it her, eh? Or will she get it later?" cried Geronimo.

"Maria?"

"Who, then, else but Maria? Ah, you liar, you thief!" And as though he did not wish to sit any longer beside him, he pushed his brother in the side with his elbow.

Carlo got up. For a moment he looked at his brother, then he left the room and went down the steps into the court. He gazed with wide open eyes out upon the road, which lay before him buried in brownish mist. The rain had left off. Carlo stuck

his hand in his trousers pockets and went out in the open. It seemed to him as though his brother had hunted him out. What was it that had happened? He could not at all understand it. What kind of man must it have been, he who gave a franc and said it was twenty? He must assuredly have had some reason for it? And Carlo sought in his memory whether he had not made in some place someone his enemy, who now had sent another that he might revenge himself. But for so far back as he could think he had never injured anyone, never had had before any serious quarrel with anyone. Assuredly for the past twenty years he had done nothing else but stand in the yards of inns or at the ends of streets with his hat in his hand. Was it possible someone had a spite against him on account of a girl? But how long it was now since he had anything to do with one. The waitress in La Rosa had been the last in the spring of the year before—but about her certainly no one had been jealous of him. . . . There was absolutely nothing to give him a clue. What kind of folk were out there in the world which he knew not? From everywhere they came here. What did he know of them? Had there been any reason at all for this stranger, that he said to Geronimo: "I have given your brother twenty francs." Yes, really. But what was to be done now? As things were, it was plain that Geronimo mistrusted him. That he could not bear. He must attempt something or other to end it. He hastened back. When he entered the inn room again, Geronimo lay outstretched on a bench and seemed not to notice Carlo's entrance. Maria brought the two food and drink. Neither spoke during the meal a word. When Maria took away the dishes, Geronimo burst out laughing suddenly and said to her:

"What will you buy with it, then?"

"Buy with what?"

"Oh, now, now, what is it going to be? A new dress or ear-rings?"

"What does he want from me?" She turned to Carlo.

At that moment there was a creaking in the courtyard below of heavily-laden cart-loads, loud voices echoed up, and Maria hastened below. A couple of minutes afterwards three carters came in and took their places at a table. The landlord came in to greet them. They were cursing the bad weather.

"To-night," said one of them, "we shall have snow."

A second began to relate how he was snowed in ten years ago in the middle of August and was nearly frozen to death. Maria sat down with them. Then the hostler came up and inquired after his parents who dwelt in the valley at Bormio.

Once more a carriage came with travellers. Geronimo and Carlo went below. Geronimo sang; Carlo held out his hat, and the travellers gave them alms. Geronimo seemed now to be quite quiet. He often asked, "How much?" and nodded his head slightly at Carlo's answer. In the meanwhile Carlo himself tried to master his own thoughts. But he had always the dull feeling that something awful had happened and that he was quite helpless. As the brothers again ascended the steps they heard the confused laughing and talking of the carters. The youngest cried out to Geronimo: "Come on and sing us something. We'll pay all right!" and turning to the others he added: "Won't we?"

Maria, who had just come in with a bottle of red wine, said:

"Don't have anything to do with him to-day, he is in vile temper."

Despite her answer, Geronimo stood out in the middle of the room and began to sing. When he finished, the carters clapped their hands.

"Come on over here, Carlo," cried one, "we can throw our money in your hat like the people below!" and he took some small change and held

up his hand high, as though he wanted to make it jingle down into the hat which Carlo held out to him. But the blind man seized the carter's arm and said, "My good friend, my good friend! It may fall near by—near-by!"

"What do you mean 'near by?'"

"Oh, well, in Maria's lap."

All laughed, the landlord and Maria included, while Carlo alone stood motionless by. Never had Geronimo made such a joke.

"Sit down with us," cried the carters. "You are a jolly chap!" And they squeezed up together to make room for Geronimo. The conversation waxed louder and louder and more confused. Geronimo talked louder and more merrily than ever before, and never ceased to drink. Just as Maria came in again he wanted to draw her to him. But as one of the carters said, laughing:

"Perhaps you think she is beautiful? To tell you the truth, she is an ugly old hag."

But the blind man pulled Maria on his knees.

"You are all thickheads," he said. "Do you think I want my eyes to see? I know another thing, too, where Carlo is now—eh!—he is standing there by the stove with his hands in his trousers pockets and laughing!"

All looked towards Carlo, who, with gaping mouth, leaned towards the stove and now in reality twisted his face to a grin as though he dare not give his brother the lie.

The hostler came in. If the carters still wanted to be in Bormio before dark, they must bestir themselves. They got up and took a noisy departure.

Once again the brothers were alone in the inn room. It was the hour at which they were accustomed as a rule to sleep. The whole inn sank into quiet as usual about this time, the first hours of the afternoon. Geronimo with his head on the table seemed to sleep. At first Carlo wan-



dered around, then he sat down on the bench. He was very tired. It seemed to him as though he was wrapped in a heavy dream. He had to think of all kinds of things, of yesterday, of the day before yesterday, and all the days before that, and particularly of the warm summer days and the white country roads, over which he had been wont to wander with his brother. And all was so distant and as incomprehensible as if it could never have happened.

Late in the afternoon the post came from Tyrol, and soon after at small intervals came the coaches taking the same road back south. On four occasions the brothers descended into the court. And as they came up for the last time the twilight had fallen, and the little oil lamp, which hung down from the ceiling flickered. Workmen from a neighbouring quarry came by to their wooden shacks, that lay about 200 feet below the inn. Geronimo sat down by himself; Carlo remained alone at his table. It seemed to the latter that his loneliness had already lasted a great while. He heard later Geronimo outside, in a loud voice, almost a cry, speak of his childhood, of that which he had seen with his own eyes and still remembered quite well in every detail; persons and things; his father and how he worked in the fields, the small garden with the ash tree beside the wall, the low little house which had belonged to them, the two little daughters of the cobbler, the vineyard behind the church, and then too his own child, how it had looked at him from a looking glass. How often Carlo had heard all these things. To-day he could not endure them. They sounded so different from what they had previously. Every word Geronimo spoke took on a new meaning and seemed to turn itself against him. He slunk outside and went again over the country road which now lay quite in darkness. The rain had ceased, the air was very cold and an idea seemed

to be enticing Carlo to go on farther, farther and farther, deep into the darkness, to lay himself down at the end, somewhere in the ditch, to fall asleep and never again to waken. Suddenly he heard the rolling of a carriage and caught sight of the shimmering light of two lanterns which came nearer and nearer. In the carriage, which passed by, sat two gentlemen. One of them, with a narrow beardless face, started with fright as the form of Carlo loomed out of the dark into the light of the lanterns. Carlo, who had stood still, lifted his hat. The carriage, with its lights, disappeared. Once again Carlo stood in the deep gloom. Suddenly he started. For the first time in his life the dark made him afraid. It came on him that he could not endure it a minute longer. In some wondrous way, the horror which he himself had felt on his own account confused itself in his dull wits with a sympathy, that was almost torture, for his blind brother, and it drove him home.

When he entered the inn room he perceived the two travellers who had previously driven past him, sitting at a table with a bottle of red wine and talking very earnestly together. They scarcely looked up at his entrance.

At another table Geronimo sat as before among the labourers.

"Where have you been keeping yourself, then?" the landlord, who was just going out of the door, said to him. "Why do you leave your brother alone?"

"Is there anything the matter?" Carlo asked with a start.

"Geronimo is treating the crowd. Of course, it's all the same to me, but you should just bear in mind that bad times again are not far off."

Carlo went softly over to his brother and took hold of his arm.

"Come," he said.

"What do you want?" cried Geronimo.

"Come to bed," Carlo answered.

"Leave me alone, leave me alone! I earn the money. I can do what I want with my own money—eh? You can't keep the whole lot away from me. Oh, you mean well—he gives me all? Oh, no, I know, I am only a blindman! But there are people . . . there are kind people who say to me: 'I have given that brother of yours twenty francs!'"

The workmen burst out laughing.

"That's enough!" said Carlo, "come!"

And he pulled his brother along with him and almost dragged him upstairs, up to the cold garret where they had their quarters. All the way up Geronimo cried out: "Yes, now the day has come, yes, now I know! ah just you wait! Where is she? Where is Maria? Or have you put it in the savings bank? Oh I know I sing for you, I play the guitar, you live off me—and you . . . you're a thief!" He fell back on the straw sack.

From the corridor a faint light shone in. Beyond, the doors of several guest chambers of the inn stood open, and Maria was arranging the beds for the night. Carlo stood over his brother and looked at him lying there with inflamed face and bluish lips, his damp hair sticking to his forehead, looking years older than he was. And slowly he began to understand. There could be nothing except the blindman's mistrust from to-day onwards. For a long time it must have slumbered in him and he must have lacked only the occasion, perhaps the courage to vent it. And all that Carlo had done for him had had been in vain; in vain his repentance, in vain the sacrifice of his whole life. What ought he to do now? He must go on now, day after day, who knew how much longer? guiding him through his eternal night, being faithful to him, begging for him and gaining thereby no other recompense than mistrust and hard words. If his brother held him for a thief, then any stranger would trust him the

same or better than he. In truth to leave him alone, to go away forever from him—that was the wisest thing to do.

Then Geronimo would clearly perceive his injustice, for then he would first experience what it meant to be deceived and robbed, to be alone and wretched, and he himself? How ought he to commence life? For he was not yet too old, to be sure; if he was alone for himself he could still make a commencement at many things. As hostler, at the very least, he would understand anywhere his work. But while these thoughts were passing through his brain, his eyes remained all the time fastened on his brother. And suddenly he saw him before him, alone by the side of a sunny road, sitting on a stone with his wide-open eyes staring up to heaven, whose light could not dazzle him, and with his hands stretching out into the night which was always about him. And he felt if the blindman had no one else in the world except him, so he, too, had no one else except this brother of his. He understood that his love for this brother of his was the whole meaning of his life, and knew for the first time in full clarity that the mere belief that the blindman returned this love and forgave him, had enabled him to endure so patiently all his misery. He could not at once renounce this hope. He must either put up with this mistrust or find a means by which he could persuade the blindman of the groundlessness of his suspicion. . . . Yes, if he could only, in some way, obtain a gold piece! If he could say to the blindman, early on the morrow: "I have only held it back so that you shouldn't drink it up with the workmen, so that no one should steal it from you . . . or something else."

Steps approached on the wooden stairs; the travellers were going to rest. Suddenly an idea flashed through his brain, to go and knock outside and to tell the strangers in

good faith of the day's misadventure and to ask them for twenty francs. But at the same moment he recognised that he was completely out of consideration! They would not, for a minute, believe the whole tale. And he remembered at once how terrified one of them, the pale one, had been as they had driven past when he, Carlo, had suddenly loomed in the dark in the front of the carriage.

He stretched himself down on the straw sack.

It was quite dark in the room. He heard now how the workmen, loudly talking and with heavy steps, went down over the wooden stairs. Soon after, two doors shut. The hostler went once more up and down the steps, then everything was still. Carlo only heard Geronimo's heavy breathing. Soon his thoughts became confused as his dreams began. When he awoke, deep darkness still surrounded him. He looked towards the place where the window was. Straining his eyes he perceived in the impenetrable blackness a deep gray square. Geronimo continued to sleep still the heavy sleep of the drunken man. And Carlo thought of the day which was the morrow; and it made him shudder. He thought of the night after this day, and the day after that night, of the future which lay before him, and a shudder at the loneliness which awaited him shook him. Why had he not been more courageous last night? Why had he not gone to the strangers and begged twenty francs? Perhaps they would have had compassion on him. And yet . . . perhaps it was a good thing that he had not begged from them. But, why was it a good thing? . . . He sat up suddenly and felt his heart beating. He knew now why it was a good thing. If they had refused him it might have made them suspicious of him . . . it, but, . . . He stared towards the gray patch which began to lighten dully.

That thing which, against his own

will, had passed through his brains was of course impossible, absolutely impossible! . . .

The door outside was barred, and moreover, they might wake up . . . Yes, there . . . the gray patch of light in the midst of the dark was the new day . . .

Carlo arose as though it dragged him thither and pressed his forehead against the cold window pane. Why had he arisen then? To consider it? To essay it? . . . What then? . . . It was without doubt impossible, and besides, it was a crime! A crime? What did twenty francs mean to such people who, for their own pleasure, travelled thousands of miles? They would probably not notice at all that they lacked it . . . He went to the door and opened it softly. Opposite, two steps distant, was the other closed. On a nail in the doorpost hung some clothes. Carlo passed his hand over them. . . . Yes if people left their purses in their pockets, life indeed was a simple thing. Soon no one would need to go begging any more. . . .

But the pockets were empty. Now, what more was there to do? He went back again into his room and lay down upon the straw sack. Perhaps there was some better way of getting twenty francs,—a way less dangerous and more in accordance with the law. If in truth he was to hold back every time a few centissimi from the alms until he had collected together twenty francs, and then bought the gold piece? . . . But what a time it would take! months, perhaps a year. Ah, if he only had the courage! Once again he stood out in the passage. He examined the door over . . . What kind of a crack was it that fell perpendicularly from the top to the floor? Was it possible? the door was only shut to, not closed? . . . But why was he so astonished at it? For some months the door had not fastened. Moreover, he remembered that only three times during this summer had people

slept there, twice they were artisans and once a tourist who had injured his foot. The door did not close—he needed now only courage—yes, and luck! Courage? The worst that could happen to him was that both should wake up, and then he could always find an excuse. He peered through the crack into the room. It was not so dark as to prevent him perceiving the outlines of two forms laid on the bed. He listened attentively. They were breathing quietly and regularly. Carlo opened the door and entered the room on his bare feet quite noiselessly. The two beds occupied the length of the wall opposite the window. In the middle of the room was a table. Carlo crept up to it. He passed his hand over its surface and felt a bundle of keys, a pocket knife, a small book—nothing else. . . . Of course it was so! . . . How could he have ever thought that they would put their money on the table! Ah, now he would go away. And yet it perhaps only needed a good snatch and the money would be his. And he approached the bed near the door; here on the chair lay something. He felt of it; it was a revolver. . . . Carlo drew it towards him. . . . Were it not better for him to take possession of it? But why had this man laid his revolver ready to hand? If he awoke and noticed him . . . No, no it would be better to say:

“It is three o’clock, *gnädiger Herr*, time to get up!” . . . And he let the revolver lie.

And he crept farther into the room. Here upon the other chair among the linen . . . Santa Maria! that was it . . . that was a purse! He took it in his hand! . . . At that moment he heard a low creaking. With a quick movement he stretched himself at full length by the foot of the bed. . . . Once again this creaking . . . a heavy breathing . . . a clearing of someone’s throat. . . . then again stillness, deep stillness. Carlo remained lying

on the floor, the purse in his hand and waited. Nothing stirred again. Already the dawn palely fell into the room. Carlo dared not rise but crept forward on the floor to the door which stood wide enough open to allow him to pass, crept out onto the passage, and here he first slowly rose with a deep breath. He opened the purse; it had three divisions. To the left and right only small silver. Carlo next opened the middle division which was closed by another fastening and felt three twenty franc pieces. For a moment he thought of taking two from it, but he quickly put this temptation from him, taking out only one gold piece and shutting the purse. Then he knelt down, peeped through the door into the room which continued completely still, and then he gave the purse a shove so that it landed under the second bed. When the stranger woke up he would believe that it had fallen down from the chair.

Carlo rose slowly. The floor however, creaked slightly and at that moment he heard a voice from within the room: “What’s that? what’s the matter then?” Carlo quickly took two steps backwards holding his breath and slipped into his own room. He was in safety and listened. . . . Yet another creak of the bed and then all was still. Between his fingers he held the gold piece. He had succeeded . . . he had succeeded! He had twenty francs and he could say to his brother: “You see I am no thief,” and they could once again to-day go on their wanderings . . . to the south, to Bormio, then further south to Vetlin . . . then to Tirano . . . to Edole . . . to Breno . . . and to the Lake of Iseo, as in the previous years. There would be no suspicions aroused, for he had himself already said to the landlord: “In a couple of days we are going down.”

It became lighter and lighter. The whole room lay in gray twilight. Ah if Geronimo would awake soon! It

was so pleasant out on the road in the early day. They would set out yet before dawn. A good morning to the landlord, to the hostler, and to Maria too, and then away, away . . . And as soon as they were two hours away, already near the valley, he would speak to Geronimo.

Geronimo stretched and expanded himself. Carlo called to him: "Geronimo!"

"Now what's the matter?" And he started up with his two hands and sat up.

"Geronimo, we will get up."

"Why?" And he turned his blind eyes on his brother. Carlo knew that Geronimo now recollected the occurrence of yesterday, but he knew too that he would not utter a syllable about it before he was drunk again.

"It's cold, Geronimo, we'll be going. It won't clear up. I think we'd better be going. By noon we can be in Boladore."

Geronimo got up. The bustle of the awakening household became perceptible. Below in the court the landlord spoke with the hostler. Carlo got up and betook himself below. He was always early astir and went often in the early dawn out on the road. He went up to the landlord and said:

"We're going to say good-bye."

"Ah, you're going already today?" asked the landlord.

"Yes. It already begins to freeze too bitterly when a fellow stands in the yard and the wind blows through one."

"Well remember me to Baldette if you go down to Bormio, and he mustn't forget to send me the oil."

"Yes, I'll remember you. As for the rest—last night's lodgings"—he put his hand in his bag.

"Let be, Carlo," said the landlord, "the twenty centissimi I'll make a present of to your brother; I too, have listened to his singing. Good morning."

"Thank you," Carlo said, "at any rate we are not in such a hurry as

all that. We'll see you again when you come back from the village. Bormio will remain I think in the same spot, won't it?"

He laughed and went up the wooden stairs. Geronimo stood in the middle of the room and said:

"Now, I'm ready to go."

"A moment," said Carlo.

From an old chest of drawers, that stood in a corner of the room, he took their few possessions and packed them up in a bundle. Then he said: "A fine day, but very cold."

"I know," said Geronimo. The two went out of the room.

"Go quietly," Carlo said, "the two who came last night sleep here."

They trod warily by.

"The landlord sends his greetings to you," Carlo said. "He has let us off the twenty centissimi for last night's room. Now he has gone to the village and won't be back for two hours. But then we shall see him again next year."

Geronimo did not answer. They took the road which lay before them in the dim dawn. Carlo took hold of his brother's arm and both in silence stepped out on the downward road. After a short walk they speedily reached the spot where the road began to descend below in long draw-out windings. Mist rose upwards in their faces, while above them the hills appeared from the clouds as though caught in a noose. And Carlo thought: "Now I will speak to him." But Carlo said nothing and taking the gold piece out of his pocket gave it to his brother. The latter took it in the fingers of his right hand, then put it up to his cheek and his forehead. At last he nodded.

"I knew it all along," he said.

"Of course," answered Carlo, looking astonished at Geronimo.

"Even if the stranger hadn't told me anything, I should have undoubtedly known it."

"Of course," Carlo said perplexed.

"But then you understand why in front of the others up there . . .

I was afraid that you might at once go spend the whole lot . . . And, don't you see, Geronimo, it's about time now, I've been thinking, that you bought yourself a new coat and a shirt and shoes too, I think; that's why I've . . ."

The blindman shook his head violently "Why?" and he passed a hand over his coat, "that's good enough, that's warm enough. We're going to the south now."

Carlo did not mark that Geronimo seemed in no wise to be glad, that he had not excused himself. And he went on saying:

"Geronimo, wasn't I right then? Why aren't you glad? Now we've got it, haven't we? Now it's all ours. If I had told you about it up there, who knows — oh, it's a good thing that I didn't tell you about . . . there is no doubt of that!"

Whereupon Geronimo broke out:

"Just listen to your lying, Carlo! I have had enough of it."

Carlo stood still and let the arm of his brother fall.

"I'm not lying!"

"Oh, I know you are lying . . . You're always. You've lied to me hundreds of time! . . . Besides you would have kept it back for yourself hadn't you become afraid. That's how it is!"

Carlo bowed his head and answered never a word. He took the blindman's arm again and went on with him. How it hurt him, Geronimo speaking in this way! But he was really astonished that he was not injured more.

The mist parted. After a long silence Geronimo said:

"It is going to be hot."

He spoke indifferently, to himself, as he had a hundred times said before, and Carlo knew at that moment—for Geronimo had not changed himself—he had been always a thief so far as Geronimo was concerned.

"Are you hungry now?" he asked. Geronimo nodded, and taking at the same time some cheese and bread

from his coat pocket he began to eat.

The post from Bormio met them. The driver shouted to them:

"Going down already?"

Then came some other carriages—all going up.

"The valley breeze," said Geronimo, and at the same moment after a steep turn the Veltlin lay at their feet.

"Indeed he has not changed a bit," Carlo thought. "Now I have stolen for him . . . and, besides, it has been no use."

The mist below them became thinner and thinner, the rays of the sun piercing holes therein. And Carlo thought:

"It wasn't perhaps a wise step to leave the inn so abruptly. The purse lay under the bed, which is probably suspicious."

But how indifferent the whole thing seemed! What worse could happen to him? His brother, whose eyesight he had destroyed, though he hadn't stolen from him and had believed it for years past, and would always believe it—what worse could happen to him?

There below them lay the big white hotel bathed in the morning light, and farther down, where the valley itself began to stretch out, the straggling village. Silently the two went on, and Carlo's hand always rested on the blindman's arm. They passed by the hotel park, and Carlo saw guests in light summer clothes upon the terrace sitting at breakfast.

"Where do you want to rest?" asked Carlo.

"Oh, in the *Eagle*, like we always have."

When they reached the small inn at the end of the village, they turned in. Then they sat down in the café and had wine given them.

"What are you doing so early down here?" asked the landlord.

Carlo started a little at this question. "Is it then so early? The tenth or eleventh of September—not it?"

"Last year I am sure it was a great deal later when you came down."

"It's so cold up there," Carlo said. "Last night we froze. By the bye, I've got to tell you that you aren't to forget to send up the oil."

The atmosphere in the café was stuffy and close. A strange unrest possessed Carlo. He would have liked to be out in the open again, upon the highway that stretched away to Tirane, to Edole, to the Lake of Iseo, anywhere away in the distance! Suddenly he stood up.

"Are we going already?" asked Geronimo.

"We really ought to be this afternoon in Boladore at the *Hart*, the mid-day stopping-place of the carriages. It's a good place."

And they went. The barber Benozzi stood smoking in front of his shop.

"Good morning," he cried. "Now then, how are things looking up there? Last night you had a good snowfall?"

"Yes, yes," said Carlo, and quickened his pace.

The village lay behind them; the road stretched on white between meadows and vineyards beside the babbling stream. The sky was blue and still.

"Why did I do it?" Carlo thought. He looked sideways at the blindman. Did his face look otherwise than before? He had always known it. "I have always been alone . . . and he has always hated me." And it came on him as though he were walking on under a heavy burden, which he dare not ever cast from his shoulders, and as though he could see the night in which Geronimo was moving at his side, while the sun lay lighting up every road.

And they went on, went on, went on for hours. From time to time Geronimo sat down upon a milestone, or the pair leaned over the side of a bridge to rest. They passed through another village. Carriages stood before the inn. Travellers had dis-

mounted and were walking up and down; but the two beggars made no halt. Again they were out on the open road. The sun climbed up higher and higher; mid-day must be near. It was a day in a thousand.

"The Boladore tower," Geronimo said.

Carlo looked up. He was amazed at the way Geronimo could exactly reckon distances; to be sure there was the Boladore tower on the horizon. A fair distance farther on someone was approaching them. It looked to Carlo as if the stranger had been sitting by the roadside and suddenly got up. The figure approached. Now Carlo perceived it was a gendarme whom he had so often met on the road. In spite of that Carlo started slightly. But as the man came nearer he recognised him and recovered himself. It was Pietre Tenelli. Only in May last the two beggars had sat together with him in Raggazzi's inn in Merignone, and he had told them a dreadful story of how he had been once nearly stabbed to death by a single dagger stroke.

"There's someone standing still," said Geronimo.

"Tenelli, the gendarme," Carlo answered.

They had now come up with him.

"Good morning, Herr Tenelli," Carlo said and halted before him.

"It so happens," the gendarme said, "I must for the time being take both of you to the station in Boladore."

"What," cried the blindman.

Carlo grew pale.

"How is it possible?" he thought. "But it can't refer to it. They can't know down here yet at any rate!"

"It seems at any rate to be your way," the gendarme said, laughing, "nothing bad's going to happen if you come along with me."

"Why don't you say something, Carlo?" asked Geronimo.

"Oh, yes . . . I say . . . I beg your pardon, Herr Gendarme,

how is it possible . . . what must we then . . . or rather, what must I . . . in truth, I don't know . . ."

"It just so happens. Perhaps too you are not guilty. What do I know. At any rate we received notice from the commandant by telegraph that we were to hold you, because you were suspected, highly suspected, of having stolen the people's money up there. But it is possible, too, that you are innocent. But come forward!"

"Why do you say nothing, Carlo?" asked Geronimo.

"I was saying . . . oh yes. I was saying . . ."

"Now come along! What's the sense of standing about on the road! The sun is burning. In an hour we can be right there at the place itself."

Carlo took as usual Geronimo's arm and they went slowly on, the gendarme behind them.

"Carlo, why do you say nothing?" Geronimo asked again.

"But what would you, Geronimo, what must I say? It will all come out. I myself don't know . . ."

And the thought crossed his mind: "Must I explain to him before we are in the court?" . . . It won't do! The gendarme is listening to us. . . . Now what's to be done? Of course in court I shall tell the truth.

No one would believe this cock and bull story . . . Geronimo didn't once believe it . . . And he looked sideways at him. The blindman's head nodded up and down in his old fashion, beating time as they went along and his empty eyes stared into the heavens. And Carlo knew all of a sudden what kind of thoughts lay behind that forehead. . . . "So that's how things stand," he was quite sure Geronimo was thinking. "Carlo doesn't only steal from me, he steals too from other people. . . . Yet everything is all right for him, he has eyes that see and yet he makes such use of them. . . . Yes most assuredly Geronimo was thinking that . . . and then too the

fact that no money will be found on me, won't aid me—not in the eyes of the court, not in the eyes of Geronimo. They will lock me up and him. . . . Yes, him just like me, for he has at least the money." And he could not go on thinking, he felt his thoughts were so muddled. It appeared to him as though he did not understand anything more about the whole business, and he only knew one thing that he would allow himself to be put in prison for a year with pleasure . . . or for ten, if only Geronimo knew that he had become a thief for him alone!

And suddenly Geronimo stopped short, so that Carlo had to halt.

"Now, then what's the matter?" the gendarme said fretfully. "Forward! forward!" But he then beheld with amazement the blindman let his guitar fall upon the ground and, raising his arms, grope with his two hands for his brother's cheeks. Then he brought his lips to Carlo's mouth, who at first did not understand what had happened to him, and kissed him.

"Are you off your head?" the gendarme cried. "Forward! forward! I don't want to be roasted!"

Geronimo picked up his guitar from the ground without uttering a word. Carlo released a deep breath and placed his hand again on the blind man's arm. And he smiled to himself with a wonderful expression of happiness.

"Forward!" cried the gendarme. "Are you willing at last?" . . . and he gave Carlo a push between the ribs.

And Carlo guiding with a firm pressure the blindman's arm, went on again forward. He took a much stronger step, as in the old days. The smile would not fade from his countenance. It came to him that nothing bad could now happen to him—either at the hands of the law or from anywhere else in the world. He had his brother again! . . . No, he had him for the first time. . . .





LAMPLIGHT

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell in the Canadian National Gallery

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE TOLL OF THE CRESTING SEAS

BY F. WILLIAM WALLACE

ON the night of Friday, March 15th, 1912, we were lying hove-to on the northeastern edge of Brown's Bank, fifty miles to the southward of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. The breeze came away from the southwest, and as the evening drew on it rose to a proper March gale, with the accompaniments of rain storms, sleet, and mountainous seas. Lying-to under foresail and jumbo, our schooner performed some wonderful antics as she staggered and swopped over the roaring crests, and it soon became an impossibility to stand upon her decks or even sit on the cabin lockers. With these conditions existing, we turned into our bunks and read, smoked and slept.

At midnight, the wind and sea were so heavy that even hanging into a bunk was a task, while the vessel was pressed down with the weight of the wind in her canvas until the lee rail was under.

"Take in the jumbo!" cried the skipper, and, oiling up, we turned out on the rain and spray swept deck and tied the sail up, leaving the vessel under foresail only.

It was a wild night: dark as the inside of a boot, and a howling inferno of wind, spray and rain. The gale-whipped Bank seas frothed and broke roaring in tons of white water around our little craft and the flying spume slashed the decks. Br-r-r! It was no night for a promenade, so

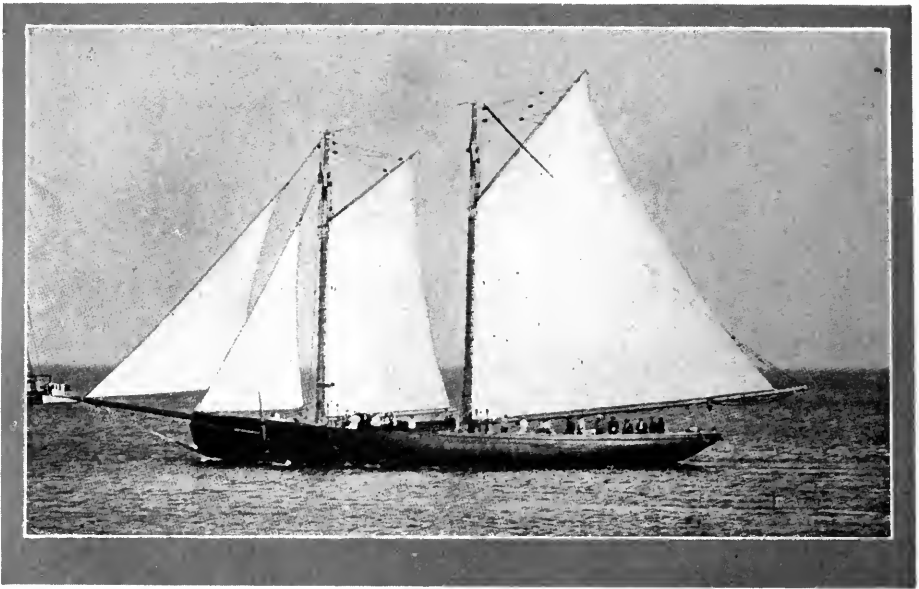
leaving the two watchmates to their chilly vigil, we went below and turned in again.

"Glad we're out here in this breeze," remarked a fisherman. "Wouldn't like t' be pokin' aroun' th' land t'night."

One vessel, however, had taken the risk, and her name heads the list of the first disaster to the American fishing fleet of 1912. She was a Gloucesterman, and *The Times* of that famous New England fishing port, heads the list of Gloucester's toll with the loss of the *Patrician*:

"Schr. *Patrician*, one hundred and twenty-five tons gross, ninety-three tons net, built at Essex, 1905, employed in the Western Bank fishery, went ashore March 15th, near Shelburne, N.S., while running for shelter in a heavy gale, the captain making a mistake in the lights. The captain and nine of the crew were drowned, the lost men being William Harding, master, 40 years, native of Pubnico, N.S., single; John and Albert Goodwin, 22 and 32 years, respectively, brothers, and natives of Bear Point, N.S., both single; Coleman Hopkins, 30 years, native of Wood's Harbour, N.S., single; Joseph Nickerson, 30 years, native of Wood's Harbour, N.S., single; Clarence Perry, 28 years, native of Shag Harbour, N.S., single; Michael Jennings, 29 years, native of Newfoundland, married; Joseph Robicheau, 26 years, native of Surotte's Island, N.S., single; George Spark, 32 years, native of Bonavista, N.E., married; William Griel, 30 years, native of Shelburne, N.S., married. Eleven of the crew were saved."

Ten men went to death that night,



A FISHING SCHOONER IN WINTER RIG

but the loss is not recorded in Canadian records, as the vessel was fishing and registered under the Stars and Stripes. Yet Gloucester's loss is Canada's loss, for it will be noticed that eight of the drowned were Canadians, and two were from the ancient Colony of Newfoundland.

Looking over the list of the forty-five men who lost their lives while prosecuting their business in the Atlantic fisheries of the United States, we find that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland pay the heaviest toll.

Of the forty-five men who died or were lost from United States fishing vessels during 1912, it is interesting to note that twenty-six were natives of Nova Scotia; one hailed from Prince Edward Island, and eleven were natives of Newfoundland—a total of thirty-eight souls.

Whether they be American, or Canadian, Gloucester honours her dead, and the beautiful memorial service held there every summer is one of the most touching and impressive of ceremonies. It is held on a Sunday, and in addition to the inhabitants of the fishing-town, there are

hundreds of summer visitors and Boston residents who throng the hall or church in which the service is held. The roll of the dead is read out by either the Mayor of the town or a prominent official, and when the exercises are over, the day is closed by a procession of children, who, laden with garlands and flowers, troop down to the water-front and cast their floral tributes upon the waves.

Canada has her losses among the fishermen of her home fleet, and the closing days of 1912 saw one of the worst mishaps which ever happened to Canadian fishermen. On the morning of December 23rd, the Digby fishing schooner *Dorothy M. Smart* was "jogging" off Yarmouth, while the crew dressed down their catch of fish. It was early morning, dark, and with a smooth sea and little wind. The men, scattered around the pens and dressing-boards, were working in the light of kerosene flares, when suddenly, and without warning, the schooner was struck by a squall which hove her down until the whole lee deck went under and the mastheads almost touched the water. All the



SEA FISHERMEN IN A DORY

men working to leeward were submerged, and when the vessel righted, it was found that five of the gang were gone. Dorries were swung over, but one man only was found clinging to some wreckage. The others were drowned. Three days before this catastrophe, the writer was in company with the crew of this vessel, being unable to get off to his own schooner lying out in the harbour.

The method of fishing as prosecuted from the Bank schooners is, to say the least, a very risky one, as the work of setting and hauling the lines is done from small, sixteen-foot to eighteen-foot boats known as dorries. These dorries are of a peculiar build, flat-bottomed, deep-sided, and fitted with removable thwarts to permit of them being "nested" one within the other upon the vessel's decks. A Banker carries from six to ten of these dorries if used for double trawling with two men in each, and as many as fourteen if employed in single dory trawling with one man to a dory. When the fishermen make their "set" with the long 2,100-foot lines

equipped with 600 baited hooks, they leave the schooner in the dorries, and scattered over the open waters of the Bank they work their gear and capture the funny harvest of the sea.

It is in the dorries that many men are lost—fourteen men having been drowned in 1912 by the swamping or capsizing of the small craft. Out on the open Atlantic, anywhere from twenty to one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land, they are constantly exposed to the dangers of sudden squalls which may separate them from their schooner and ultimately roll them over in the rising sea. Fog is also responsible for the death of many men; the clammy, impenetrable Bank mist which shuts down without a moment's warning and blots vessel and dorries from each other's sight. Astray in the mist, the lost dorymen may pull aimlessly about looking for the schooner, until starvation or a cresting surge ends their futile search. Considering the number of men who do get astray from their schooners each year, it is wonderful that there is not a heavier toll, but oftentimes,



HOVE-TO—THE WATCHMATES

the lost men are picked up by other vessels, while others have been known to pull a hundred miles in off the Bank to the nearest land. As an instance of the wonderful endurance possessed by fishermen, I will quote an incident which happened in April, 1912. The newspaper account reads as follows:

“The Newfoundland fishing schooner, Florence M., arrived at North Sydney yesterday with two fishermen who had strayed from their vessel on Quero Bank during a thick fog. The men were in an open dory for fourteen days, and for nine days were hemmed in by ice. They had a little cake and some frozen water, which kept them from starving, but both suffered terribly from cold. Only steady exercise kept them from freezing to death, but one man’s hands and feet were black from being frozen.”

Just imagine it! Fourteen days adrift in a dory with but a mouthful of food and water daily, and in bitter, freezing weather! It is a thought which is well calculated to make the bravest shudder, yet our Bank fishermen are constantly risking just such an experience.

In September, 1913, a thick fog had over fifty men astray from their vessels while fishing in the South Channel, off Cape Cod, and though all were eventually picked up by one or other of the numerous vessels and steamers which ply in such frequented waters, yet many of the fishermen underwent trying experiences from cold and hunger. One man puffed to shore after having been two days and nights in the dory without food or water. Thirteen men were picked up by one vessel, while another came into port minus three-quarters of her crew and with her flag at half-mast, only to find the missing men awaiting her arrival.

Many men are lost overboard from the schooners themselves—principally while handling sail in a heavy breeze and sea. The vessels are but small craft, ranging from 60 to 120 tons, and though they are able, strong, and well ballasted, yet there are times when the utmost vigilance on the part of the crew is necessary to avoid being washed overboard. The hull of the schooner rides very low in the water



HAULING IN A MAINSHEET

and the rail is not over two feet high, and when a sea crashes aboard it is liable to sweep everything before it. While making a passage or lying-to, there is not so much danger, as the men confine themselves to cabin and fore-castle, leaving but the two watch-mates on deck—one to the wheel and

the other to lookout. If the vessel is shipping water, the wheelsman lashes himself to the wheel-box, and the lookout performs his duty for the vessel and himself. Handling sail in a heavy wind and breaking sea, especially at night, is different. The men are intent upon the business of pull-



TYPICAL NOVA SCOTIAN DEEP SEA FISHERMEN

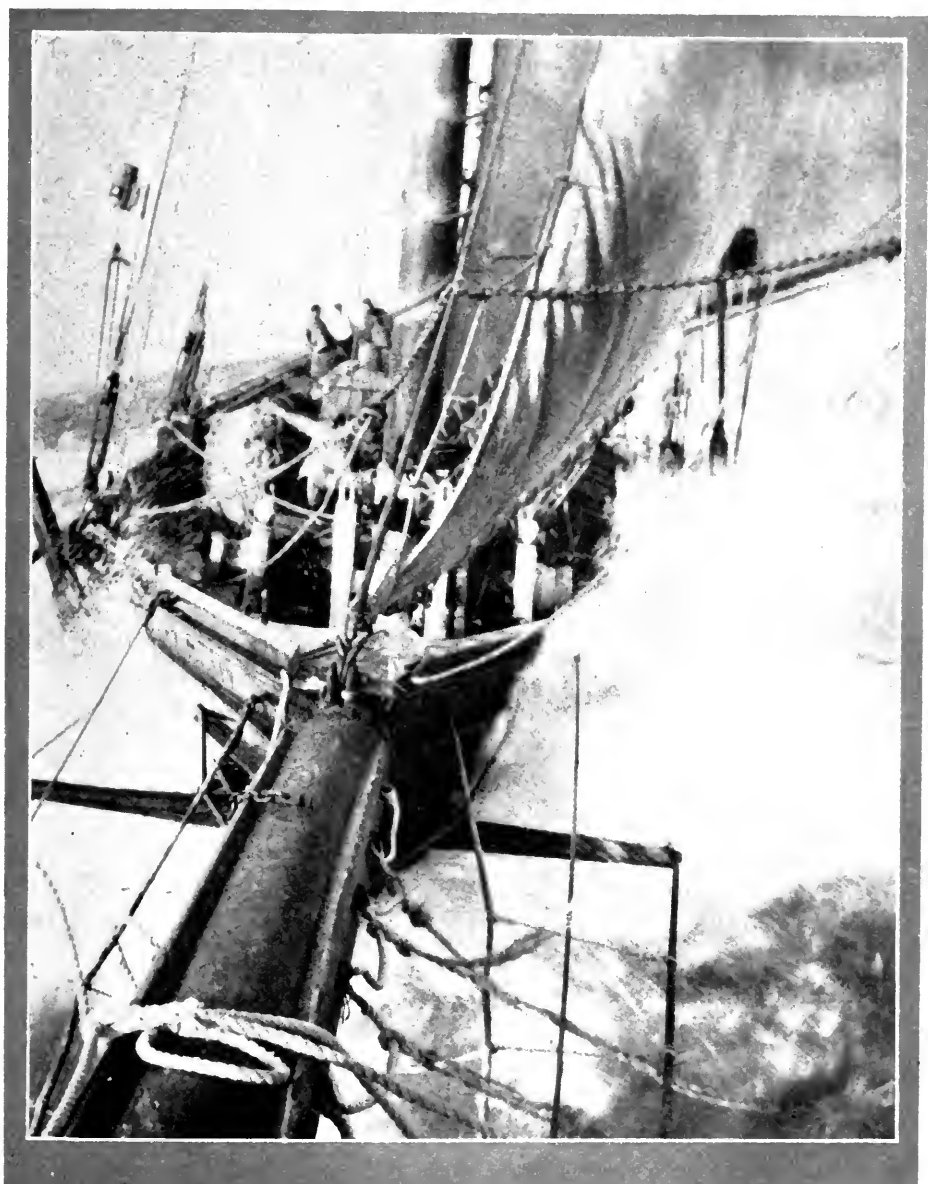
ing or hauling, and in heaving in on a mainsheet, the vessel will often ship a sea over her quarter and wash the whole gang to leeward, and sometimes, when the crowd have picked themselves up, a shipmate is found missing. Nightwork in reefing the mainsail and furling a jib has claimed many lives. It is impossible to tell when a sea is going to board, and the men on the bowsprit tussling with a jib are often washed away when the schooner drives her bowsprit and bow under a surge, while those perched precariously on the end of the main-boom, struggling with a reef earring, are often washed off or precipitated into the water by the slatting of the sail.

It is a risky life; hazardous in summer, and doubly so in winter, and especially when upon the wild waters of the North Atlantic off the Nova Scotia coast and in the Bay of Fundy. Our northern latitudes, untempered by the warming drift of the Gulf Stream, offer nothing but bitter weather for the fishermen in the winter days. The demand for fish is

greater than the supply, and to satisfy the insistent call, our fishermen brave the weather and fare forth to battle with the spite of wind and sea; wresting their finny spoil from the depths between the squalls.

Could you dwellers in inland cities who discuss the tasty cod steak, halibut or other sea-food upon your tables in the winter months but know what men have endured in order that you might eat thereof. Could you but experience the spite of a winter's gale, nights bitter with intense cold, whirling with shot-like snow and hail, and thunderous with the howl of wind and crash of breaking seas. The tumbling, reeling schooners, lying-to on the Banks under scanty canvas, iced up from rail to masthead, decks scaled with ice and dangerous with boarding seas, and men—young and old, respectable and educated, with wives, families, and pleasant homes—living this life in order that you may be supplied. Out in the dories in the hulls between the squalls, working all day under lowering skies in the reeling, rearing boats, tugging on





“THE WILD DRIVES FOR MARKET

Photograph taken from the bowsprit of schooner going sixteen knots in a December gale

trawl or handline, and working through the nights by the glare of kerosene flares. While the fishing is good, sleeping is forgotten; the men work day and night, returning to the schooner but to satisfy a wolfish hun-

ger and pitch out their fish. Then, when the change comes with a leaden sky and lowering barometer, they return aboard and make sail for port on the wings of the storm. What a history can be written of these drives

for market; the titanic struggles with rebellious canvas, the perilous manoeuvring upon ice-scaled, sea-washed decks, and the iron nerve of the skippers who command.

It is only Nova Scotia and Newfoundland that can breed these men, and the Atlantic Bank fishermen, whether sailing under the Empire's

ensign or the Stars and Bars, are reared in the brine-washed villages which fringe our rugged eastern coasts. The sea gives nothing without exacting its toll, and in the payment of the tribute the sand of the shoal water is white with the bones of those who have paid with their lives.

## ECHO DELL

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

**I**N a lone valley fair and far,  
 Where many sweet beguilements are,  
 I know a spot to lag and dream  
 Through damask morns and noons a gleam;  
 For feet fall lightly on the fern,  
 And twilight there's a wondrous thing,  
 When the winds blow from some far bourne  
 Beyond the hill-rims westering;  
 There echoes ring as if a throng  
 Of fairies hid from mortal eyes  
 Sent laughter back in spirit guise  
 And song as the pure soul of song;  
 Oh, 'tis a spot to love right well,  
 This lonely, witching Echo Dell!  
 Even the winds an echo know,  
 Elusive, faint, such as might blow  
 From wandering elfland bugles far  
 Beneath an occidental star;  
 And I have thought the bluebells lent  
 A subtle music to my ear,  
 And that the pale wild roses bent  
 To harken sounds I might not hear.  
 The tasselled fir trees softly croon  
 The fabled lore of older days,  
 And through the shimmering eastern haze  
 Floats slowly up the mellow moon:  
 Come, heart o' mine, for love must dwell  
 In whispering, witching Echo Dell!



BETSY HUME

From the Painting by Sir Henry Raeburn. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

BY G. G. H. READE

I WAS, as a young man, employed in the office of a merchant and banker in Ciudad Real in Spain, when the adventure I am about to relate occurred, and, like many another whose masters and associates were men of a different nationality, I kept myself very much to myself and was particularly careful to whom I made advances of friendship. My father had served in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington, and at this town he had been quartered on Senor Dominiguez, the richest merchant and private banker between Madrid and Cordova. A friendship was the result, and eventually, when my father returned home, without much money and worn out by many privations, he sent me (I was but nineteen) to the office of Senor Dominiguez at their Madrid branch.

Now, the Senor had two daughters and no son, and it was popularly supposed that the business would, on the old man's death, belong to a cousin of his children, a nephew by marriage, a Senor Josè Arguel, who at that time was in charge of a police station, a semi-official, military position, at Consuegra, a small town on the southern slopes of the Toledo mountains, and rather more than midway between Madrid and Ciudad Real.

The banker had set his heart on one of his daughters marrying his nephew Josè, and on the other marrying my humble self; and though I, as

a young man, did not accept my position very seriously, the peculiar pleasure of being considered so important in the eyes of the sixty-five clerks who composed the staff at Madrid was not to be under-estimated.

"The Donna Senorita Inez awaits milord Anglais at the Senor's villa," would the ubiquitous flunkey of the bank parlour say to me, as the hour of two approached, the hour when my duties for the day, and they were light, came to an end.

And then I would wend my way to the charming villa of the rich banker and spend a delightful afternoon in the garden arbours, and finish the evening with dinner and music; and in those days I had something of a voice.

"Do you know," I once said, "when I return to England, I shall miss the guitar more than anything else."

"More than anything else," sighed the Donna Ymelda, the elder daughter and the betrothed of Done Josè, "for shame, monsieur; a guitar is nothing except the player strike it."

"A thousand pardons, fair lady," I quickly answered, "you are more than right. With your touch and with your inimitable skill the instrument speaks."

I saw her dark eyes flash; she was immeasurably the handsomer of the two sisters, and for some time I had thought, boylike and thoughtlessly, that she and I were far better fitted to be mates than her sister and I.

All the while, this bright summer time, when life passed so pleasantly and happily, Capitan José Arguel was away in charge of his detachment. Now, the Capitan and myself were antagonistic natures, and the few times we had seen each other had been sufficient to prove to me that no love was lost between us.

One day this was abundantly proved. I had been unwell with a touch of fever, and the senor had sent me, very kindly, to Ciudad Real to pick up, and, knowing my popularity among my fellow-workers at the bank, had decided to take a villa in the vicinity of Ciudad Real and let me join the staff at the bank office in that place.

So the father, two daughters and I came down, and on our way over the Toledo Mountains, rested at Consuegra, where his nephew, Don José was in command.

José was in high spirits apparently; he had wanted to tap the pocket of the old banker and had done so successfully, to judge from his marked expressions of gratitude to his uncle. I knew beforehand that the official position he occupied had drained his pockets, for on one occasion he had hinted at owing money to the "accursed sharpers," meaning lenders who infested the neighbourhood at that period, and I was not surprised, for when he had come up to Madrid on the few occasions I had previously seen him, he indeed had made the money fly.

Just as we were finishing the evening dinner at his quarters, a simple incident occurred. The Senorita Ymelda turned to me, and said, "You like travelling, monsieur, and fear no foes nor shadows. Shall we walk, after wine, to the river side, so cool and refreshing?"

"With the utmost pleasure," was my courteous answer. I noticed not the scowling face of José as I spoke; had I done so, I might have been forewarned.

But I was young; I knew not the

pangs of jealousy, for this was my first attempt in life at playing the matrimonial game, and I was doing it light-heartedly."

"Come, José, you will join us," sang out the senorita's gay voice, as Ymelda and her sister Inez accompanied me across the lawn of the villa where the Capitan had made his quarters.

There was no answer.

But we three never cared. The girls enjoyed the walk. They admired the tumbling cascade, the rocky banks glistening in the evening shade like as if a thousand glow-worms had covered them; the scent of the orange groves and the fragrance of the tobacco plant perfumed the air, and the senorita Ymelda was in ecstacy.

"England cannot boast this, monsieur," she exclaimed.

"Cannot it," I said, "one day I will show you."

The senorita Ymelda showed her pearly teeth and smiled capitavatingly.

So I told them of the Trossachs and Kilarney,  
Of the Devon lanes and golden fields of grain,  
Of the silver Thames beneath a summer awning,  
Of the freedom of her mountain, stream and plain.

"Oh, sing it, monsieur, sing it, can you not do so?" they chorused.

And I did sing it, with the result that the Capitan José hated me still more, with his fiancée smiling at me, with the old senor's grave face wreathed in smiles at my patriotism. His Spanish blood was up, and as a Spaniard, from that hour he vowed vengeance to the English supplanter.

\*

"Be careful and, above all, pass the night, my lad, at Consuegra; do so both coming and going. It will ease the journey and render it safer. Never be rash like your father! Ah! the major was, yes he was, one of the best."

Such were the parting words of mine host, the banker, Senor Dominguez, as I put spurs to my mount and cantered away from his country villa. I was bound for Madrid, where I should receive a consignment of a certain amount of gold and a quantity of negotiable paper bills from the office of the bank there for the needs of Ciudad Real. The harvest season was beginning and money was required.

Everything went well. Consuegra was reached late in the afternoon. The Capitan José was very polite. Being, as it were, one of the family, I told him my mission, and he cautioned me repeatedly not to allow daylight to desert me on my way through the Toledo passes when I was returning, and to be sure and pass the night at the station.

"Many armed bands are still about," he finished off as I took my departure. "It will be twenty years before Spain has recovered from the war, monsieur."

If I had possessed eyes behind my back, I should have seen, directly I was on my way, that a pair of vindictive black eyes were watching me, and the curled lips of the Spaniard were imprecating and cursing this hateful foreigner—myself.

No obstacle impeded my way, and if it had, I felt equal to any emergency, for I was well armed, a brace of pistols and a short rapier being at easy command, and I could fence not a little in those days.

Madrid was the centre of gayety. Two days and three nights of dissipation rendered me listless and heavy, when on the third day after my arrival I set out on my return journey, starting at sunrise to ensure reaching Consuegra ere nightfall.

It required one hour to sunset when I started descending the lower slopes of the Toledo. On my way I had crossed the Tague at Araujez instead of seeking the bridge at the city of Toledo, and made my way through the Orcana plains and the pass of Surblique. At this latter place my

horse showed signs of lameness, so I pushed him vigorously. It was no joke to be at the mercy of banditti with two heavy bags of gold strapped on the saddle and my inside pockets filled with notes, when darkness should fall on a lonely mountain pass.

As I came on the familiar landmarks of the Captain's post near the hillock commanding the village, I realised how necessary the increased speed of my journey had been. My horse became dead lame, and I walked him into the garden of the villa with the bridle over my arm.

"Here, at least," thought I, "I am safe."

My horse walked away into an adjoining stable to be cared for and fed, while Don José and myself regaled ourselves with light refreshments preparatory to the evening meal. We talked of everything,—the bank business, the senor, the fair senoritas, Madrid, the gold and notes I carried. In fact, the Capitan was affability itself! And then he withdrew to complete, as he said, "the orders of the day."

"I will not be long, monsieur," were his last words, as he left his chair.

Such an evening, perfect, peaceful, calm! I lounged out on the verandah smoking, and, finding mine host engaged in his professional duties, pursued my way across the lawn to the tumbling cascade; and there, under the shade of a vine which covered a disused wall that had once bounded the garden on the river side, sat down to rest my limbs, which were somewhat stiffened by my ride.

I had rested some twenty minutes when suddenly the sound of a human voice reached my ears—the words uttered were hasty and angry.

"I tell you discovery is certain if Senor Le Capitan insists in departure."

"How so, how so, Miguel?"

"Because the world will say in your absence I was guilty."

"And if I stay?"

"Suspicion will fall on one out of all of us?"

"By the soul of the Virgin, no! Are you fearful?"

"How can I be, Senor Capitan, the orders are given; two file of men will execute them. I told them to brain him as he lay asleep on the couch which you have placed in the ante-room off the verandah. The grave will be dug beforehand, and the gold—the gold—"

"Will be ours to share, Miguel. What matters it? This accursed foreigner is ever against me, wrecking all my hopes; and remember I will soften the heart of the fair Inez when he is forgotten."

"Ah," sighed Miguel, "I do not like—but the sooner over the better. Senor Capitan ply the wine for the English are light sleepers."

"Never fear; I only wish we had a poison, not a drug, ready. So obey your orders and see that the men dig the grave ere the moon has risen one hour."

And I heard the two separate—the one, his footsteps retracing their way back to the soldiers' quarters, and the other—I raised myself and peered over the wall—he sat on a large flat stone, gazing at the waterfall, musing, and with a self-absorbed countenance, as it seemed to me, from the side-faced view I possessed of him.

Instinctively my hand sought my pistol holsters, but my belt was off. I gnashed my teeth impotently. "On my saddle," I muttered, "may the saints now guard me!"

To be candid, I had realised my danger hardly as yet; but in a moment the whole horror of the situation dawned upon me.

What should I do? Flee? Now, if ever, was my opportunity, my only chance. I hid myself in the thick vine leaves and thought hard.

It was sufficient that I had my employer's gold and notes. I was in charge of them and, come what may, I should defend them. I called to mind the stern injunction of my fath-

er, "Duty first, and the devil, who is always a coward, afterwards."

My heart was steeled. I walked calmly back to the quarters of Don José. As I crossed the shrubbery below the garden I took a path to the left. I knew not where it led, but I surmised to the stables; I was not deceived, but the stables were securely locked and not a soldier-groom was to be seen anywhere. Accordingly, I came back by the path, and suddenly an idea flashed upon my mind. It was a desperate idea; but desperate times need desperate measures, and I was soothed at the reflection of safety that now seemed within reach.

Carelessly whistling an air and full of apparent light-heartedness, I strolled across the lawn into the sitting-room the Capitan generally used. He was not there, and finding the heat as much as I could comfortably endure, I awaited his arrival on the verandah.

He soon appeared, and I was not a little surprised to find him booted and spurred, as if he meditated an immediate journey.

"I am called away, monsieur," he said, with a polite gesture, "a thousand pardons, but duty knows no obstacle, not even good manners. It is annoying, he went on to say, seeing that I took but little notice, "most annoying, but you must not blame me. A murder has been committed at a village some twenty miles off and the mayor has sent for me, and"—here he smiled—"I must go."

"Of course," I replied. "Pray do not think of me. I will easily rest, if you can show me to my couch, and pursue my way earlier in the morning than I had intended."

"Ah, monsieur, that is kind of you; I wish all your countrymen were as accommodating.

I laughed.

"You will have an excellent host in Miguel? He met you once at Madrid in the Plaza de la Requa."

Miguel! Miguel! Yes, some such name as that I now remembered. Yes! surely, that "cacadore," that man



from the mountains who had made himself so useful to José, and under whose wing he had obtained an entrance into the señor's Madrid house, and through the banker's influence had been appointed a military police officer. Yes! The man had been suspected of sending a rose-coloured note to the Donna Inez.

I tumbled to it all pretty quick, I need not say, after this mental admission.

In a few minutes the Capitan José had disappeared with his escort behind him, leaving Miguel and four police soldiers to "carry out his orders," and I, the intended victim, sat down to a liberally spread table.

"This is excellent wine," said Miguel, "will monsieur try it?"

"Thank you, no!" I replied, "the flames of Burgundy are not to my way of thinking this very hot weather."

Miguel shifted about on his seat. The lieutenant looked and was distinctly uncomfortable.

"But," said I naïvely, "that lighter wine, unopened by your side, if I may?"

"Ah! ah! certainly!" replied the Spaniard. He could do no more than pass it; he could do no less.

"One point scored," thought I, and I proceeded to talk and talk about this, that and the other thing.

On three distinct occasions the Spaniard begged me to allow him to pour me out some wine; each time I politely yet firmly declined.

"We will, if monsieur likes," were his words when the repast was finished, or, to be more accurate, when I had finished the repast by rising abruptly and walking to the window, "walk to the cascade and smoke."

"No, many thanks," I answered, "I have decided to leave here early, by sunrise, so will almost immediately retire to rest."

"As you like, monsieur."

"One favour more," I asked, "pray show me my quarters."

He nodded acquiescence and led

me to a small room connected with the verandah, and pointed to a large chair bed.

"That is the best we can offer," he said, "I should advise your taking it on to the verandah, but as you like." An uneasy smile spread over his features.

We were standing side by side. The short twilight had already fallen, and in ten minutes it would be quite dark. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, I struck Miguel a fierce blow on his temple, felling him to the ground. In a moment, I had seized him, repeating blow after blow, effectually silencing him; for at the first, though stunned and bewildered, he had shown signs of resistance. I gagged him, bound him hand and foot, cut off his coat and collar, and placed him on the couch where I had been asked to pass the night, and covered him over. As he lay there he had all the appearance of a man asleep, and unless the soldiers took a strong light with them, the identity would scarcely be known.

In another moment I had jumped over the verandah rail, and, climbing a tree that commanded a view of the house, ensconced myself in the branches. In the excitement of the moment, I knew not that my hands were bleeding profusely from the force of the blow I had struck the Spaniard.

It was pitch dark. The wind moaned through the trees of the adjoining wood, and the sound of the cascade at the base of the lawn seemed louder in the stilly darkness.

How long I waited I know not. Certain I am, however, that it appeared a longer time than it really was, and my anxiety was ten-fold increased. I hardly thought of the fate awaiting Miguel, and had I even known it, my state of mind would have forbidden me any further serious effort of concentrated reasoning.

From the direction of the stables, which I could see from my post of vantage, came the first indication of

movement. Lights appeared in the rooms above the soldiers' quarters.

I must mention that all this time I had forgotten entirely about the gold. What troubled me was my own safety. Selfish, anyone will say; but how natural! The gold was safe where I had placed it on my arrival, in the room where I had dined. It was there when Miguel and I left the room, and, as the verandah opened out of the apartment, and was the only means of exit, as of entrance, no one had been there as far as I knew, to tamper with it.

Presently the sound of footsteps reached my ear. I held my breath hard. Some persons were approaching across the lawn. Four men advanced, carrying a lantern shaded with a cloth, and halted right under the very tree where I was hiding.

The faint glow of the lantern light showed me their whereabouts. There was no moon, so all I could do was to wait. The beads of perspiration stood on my brow. In another minute they had reached the verandah, the light disappearing with them.

A horrid thought then struck me. If my subterfuge is discovered, a search will be made and at once. I am but one to five. What should I do? Already the men had disappeared into the room to slay their victim. I shuddered at what I had escaped. I was undecided. A moment later and my decision was made. I would stay.

There was a sound of movement around the house. Once again I saw the light of the lantern. This time no serious effort was made to hide it, for it was easily discernible. Instead of crossing the lawn and seeking their quarters over the stables, the men re-entered the house, and again all was still.

I hastily left my refuge and ran rapidly to the stable-yard. There was my good horse with all his equipment slung over the paling of his stall. It took me three minutes to saddle and bridle him. I led him to

the door; he was still dead lame. I was baffled and perplexed. But necessity knows no defeat.

I took my pistols from their holsters, charged them, and returned very cautiously to the tree, standing beneath its shade. Still no movement in the vicinity of the house.

"Where are the men, and what are they doing?" I mused.

My curiosity was more than aroused; I was determined to see. Moving very carefully and treading like a cat, I approached the verandah. Save for a light in the room where the gold boxes were stored and the remnants of our meal still remained on the table, all was pitch dark.

Five minutes, ten minutes passed.

Holding both pistols ready for immediate use, I crept up the verandah steps and peered into the room where I had left Miguel. All was silent.

I entered. I struck a light. Its brightness startled and frightened me. I approached the couch. There lay Miguel, his head smashed in by a fearful blow, and the saturated portion of the sheet covering him showed only too plainly where the stiletto had struck his sleeping form. No time was given me to mediate and consider. The sound of feet, rushing outside, proved that my light had been seen. I rushed to the verandah, prepared to sell my life dearly. As the figure of the first Spaniard mounted the verandah stair, I pulled the trigger. There was a loud groan and shriek, and one of my opponents was out of the fight. As he fell he dropped the lantern he carried and the darkness was rendered darker than ever.

His companions rushed after him. Already one had gained the verandah by climbing up over the five-foot wooden palisade. There were shouts of "Treachery! He is robbing us of our share!" and I had scarcely time to discharge my other loaded pistol at my second assailant ere he could strike me with uplifted knife. Without a groan, he fell at my feet.

The third closed with me. He had a strong sinewy frame, and I felt his long lean fingers at my throat. But I was younger and possessed more skill, if not more strength. I clung to him desperately, warding off all his determined efforts to obtain a firm hold on my throat. The struggle was short-lived, for, suddenly tearing myself away from him, I flung myself at his knees. In an instant he was over and I was on top. One quick and violent jab in the face and he was quiet. Still pressing him downwards with my foot, I searched for my matches and struck a light. The Spaniard lay helpless. In falling he had evidently struck his head against the wooden balustrade, for a deep wound on his head was bleeding freely.

I now knew the moments were precious. I hastened to the lawn and by the side of my first victim picked up the fallen lantern. Lighting it, I examined the scene of the conflict. Two of the soldiers were quite dead and the other unconscious. Miguel lay on his couch, foully murdered. The fourth soldier was nowhere to be seen.

I reloaded my pistols and proceeded to see if the gold I had left in the other room was safe. There I discovered the missing soldier—he sat back in a chair with eyes protruding from his head, and with all the appearance of a man who had drunk heavily and had been drugged. By his side the empty decanter of burgundy, which I had refused.

That was sufficient!

Within five minutes I had led my lame horse to the lawn and packed the gold boxes on his quarters.

"Lame or not lame, you must try and go," I said.

The faithful beast seemed to understand, and he did his best. I bound his lame leg up tightly with a cloth soaked in water, and the first three miles were anxious beyond words.

Time after time I fancied I heard pursuers; but, thanks to goodness, my ears mistook the sound.

An hour later, as the sunset rays crowned the Toledo mountains, I came upon a muleteer making toward the scene of my late adventure. Ten golden pieces were all he wanted to make the exchange between my lame beast and his strong, active animal.

I reached Malagon at ten, and immediately asked for an escort to Ciudad Real. With difficulty this simple request was granted. Late that evening, fatigued and worn out with the anxiety of my journey, and all that I had been through, I reached Ciudad Real.

The next morning the senor knew all. What he did for me I will not say; I am modest. All I will tell the world is that Don José returned to his quarters, saw the havoc of his plans and my resistance, flew from Consuegra, and was never seen again.

The wounded Spaniard was shot by order of the mayor, and a new detachment of "police" were put in charge.

Murders were very common at that time. In a month the affair had been forgotten. Such is life, particularly Spanish life!

And what of the fair *senoritas*? Donna Ymelda is now my wife, and Donna Inez agreed without a tear to the change; yet her home is with us now in the Trossachs, and for our children's holidays we go to Killarney or the silver Thames.

"Shall I sing you once again the old refrain?" I often say to both:

So I told them of the Trossachs and Killarney,  
Of the Devon lanes and golden fields of grain;  
Of the silver Thames beneath a summer awning,  
Of the freedom of her mountain, stream and plain.

and the present lives again with the past.

# CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS

BY J. D. LOGAN

CANADIANS know even less about the musical history of their country than they do about its literary history. Indeed, only a very small minority of the cultured amongst them have decent general knowledge of the beginnings of musical performance in Canada—of its forms, scope, purpose, and artistic development from the founding of the Philharmonic Society of Montreal in 1848 to the first apogee of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto in 1912; and only an esoteric coterie of specialists are aware that æsthetically worthy musical compositions in all forms from songs to masses and operas and from *piano morceaux* to orchestral overtures and symphonies have been written by native-born Canadians during at least the last thirty-five years of the Confederacy. Now, the Canadian people in general are not to be blamed for their lack of acquaintance with the names and works of native-born composers. The ignorance is due to three chief causes. I shall briefly state them, and then proceed to my essential task in this essay.

First, it is not possible for a composer to achieve through his music, as a poet may achieve through his verse, a bad notoriety. A poet may write verse which is perfect in structure and rhythm, beautiful in conception and imagery, and competent to give cultured readers the utmost æsthetic delight; yet he may die to-

tally obscured, his poetry unread and his name unknown. But let a poet write picaresque realism in verse, as do Messrs. Service and Stead, or Imperialistic "dog lyrics," as do Messrs. Wigle and McCrossan—and, behold, such a poet (?) soon grows famous. Structurally, or on the side of the mechanics of verse, the poetry of Messrs. Service and Stead may be regarded as passable; but in moral ideas and in the æsthetic enhancement of thought and emotion, it is thoroughly bad. Yet it cannot be denied that these authors of picaresque poetry easily achieved universal notoriety. On the other hand, music can contain no ideas—moral or immoral—save only musical ideas, and these are wholly qualitative and quantitative relations of tones. Those who say that music is a language are speaking in metaphor; for language is based on a fixed convention that certain black marks, called letters and words, shall, in certain relations, be the symbols or signs of a thing perceived, of a feeling, of an abstract thought—in short, of ideas.

Now, no such convention has been fixed between tones and mental contents; a simple melodic progression does not say, "I think I'll take a holiday"; a chromatic scale passage does not exclaim, "I'm off for the train!"; a modulation from the key of the tonic into the key of the dominant does not remark, "I changed

cars at Sunnyside," and so on. The meaning of music is intrinsic; that is, lies in its structure, rhythm, dynamic changes, tone-colour, power to delight the tonal sense, subdue the heart, or to transport the imagination. The only bad music is music which is *structurally bad*, æsthetically vulgar or inane, as, for instance, rag-time and most so-called descriptive music. Because, then, music cannot express moral ideas, and can be bad only æsthetically, or by being accompanied by an immoral text, as in a ribald song or as in those grand operas whose action is based on lust and murder, no composer inevitably gains notoriety or universal fame save by the absolute superexcellence of his music. Canada has yet to produce a composer whose music, by virtue of quantity and intrinsic beauty and power, would place him amongst the supreme masters and thus compel his name to be known universally.

Again, there has not been in Canada a *systematic* period of musical composition as there has been a systematic period of poetical composition. The renaissance in Canadian poetry, which was inaugurated by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, continuing, as it did, from 1887 to 1903, was so original a display of genius and so productive of a considerable group of genuine poets and poetesses that the names and art of these Canadian singers of "the sacred mystery that underlies all Beauty," became popularised, first in England and the United States, and, eventually, in their homeland. But musical composition by Canadians, from the creative days of Calixa Lavallée (circa 1878 ff.) to the rise of Mr. Clarence Lucas (1897), was sporadic, and the compositions themselves, for the most part, were in the smaller and popular forms: songs, piano *morceaux*, marches, waltzes, and "occasional" choral works, written to celebrate some social or political event. Sporadic composition of music, even if the music were æsthetically worthy, could

give the individual composer only temporary and local reputation—village renown.

Finally: A systematic period of musical composition by Canadians has been struggling towards recognition during the last fifteen years. How, then, does it happen that the names of these composers who are engaged in systematic writing of music are hardly known even to a minority of those Canadians who consider themselves cultured teachers and lovers of music? It happens, I take it, because Canadian Conservatories of Music have imitated Canadian colleges and universities in neglecting to teach the history of the development of æsthetic culture in the Dominion. It is nothing less than academic pedantry run to seed that causes the University of Toronto, which has boasted of its being the second largest — surely in attendance only—in the British Empire, to scorn the suggestion that its curriculum should provide for lectures on the literary history of Canada as a necessary complement to an inclusive survey of the history of English literature. It is just as singular a paradox that the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which is said to be the second largest on the continent (it will grow larger and broader in curriculum under Dr. Vogt's directorship, lately begun), should have hitherto omitted from its disciplines courses in the history of music. *A fortiori*, can we expect the people of Canada to know the literary and musical history of their country, if the universities and conservatories, by their neglect of this province of culture, imply that the Dominion has no such history or none worthy of being made known? Meanwhile the functions of these institutions, in this regard, must be delegated to those Canadian journalists who happen to be trained in the theory of music, and who know the history of its practice in the Dominion.

What follows, then, is the story of

the life and art of Calixa Lavallée, Canada's first native-born creative composer, and of Clarence Lucas, Wesley Octavius Forsyth, and Gena Branscombe Tenney, who may be signalised as the first native-born Canadian composers to undertake the systematic creation of fine music.

Whenever I think of Calixa Lavallée I picture him figuring brilliantly in the company of that brilliant coterie of French-Canadian poets and musicians who were born in the late 30's and early 40's of the last century—Fréchette, Legendre, Lemay, Gagnon, Routhier, and Lavigne. But this is only pleasant reverie. For while Lavallée, through genius, nativity, and social relationship, belonged to this company of rare spirits, and while two of them, Mr. Ernest Gagnon and Mr. (now Hon. Sir) Adolphe Routhier, were his devoted friends and have done most to signalise the splendour of his genius, he alone of them all was fated to coruscate fitfully in the firmament of art, and then, like a falling star, to close his shining in sudden darkness; he alone of them all was destined to enter Elysium by way of utter poverty and wretched death—"un frère des nuits tragiques." He died in Boston and his body, now dust, lies obscurely buried there; yet he takes a not inglorious place near those immortal dead, Schubert and Mozart, who, like himself, passed wretchedly in their prime, crowned, not with laurels, but with thorns.

The bohemian vicissitudes and tragedy of Lavallée's fitful, wayward, though brilliant, career reads like an absorbing romance. Born at Vercheres, P.Q., December 28, 1842 (three authorities give this date; Sir Adolphe Routhier says the right date is 1844), Lavallée received his elementary training in music from his father, who was a lute-maker. He began his professional musical career as an "infant prodigy"—appearing, at the age of 10 (Routhier says at the age of 11), as a concert pianist in the

Royal Theatre, Montreal. This is a remarkable empirical proof of Lavallée's native genius for music. Another proof, and the first seizure of that "wanderlust" which obsessed him and cursed his career, is found in the fact that when he was in his fifteenth year he went, as accompanist and solo pianist, with a Spanish violin virtuoso on a tour of the United States, the Antilles, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. About his twentieth year he forsook the concord of sweet sounds for the noise of battle, enlisting in the Army of the North during the American Civil War. In two years he returned to his first love, and began teaching music, and concertising, at Montreal. When he had been a year or two at this work, the "wanderlust" once more seized him, and Lavallée disappeared from intimate view and serious musical work for eight years. He returned to Montreal in 1873, and friends subscribed funds enough to enable him to spend two years at the Paris Conservatory, where he studied piano, composition and instrumentation to gain technical training for employing his gifts in creative composition. Returning to Montreal in 1875, Lavallée engaged in piano teaching and choral work till 1878. In that year, in the hope of being able to found a conservatory in Quebec City, he removed thither, but was compelled to become organist and choirmaster of St. Patrick's church in the ancient capital. Thus fate decreed the better end; for, freed from the exactions that would have been entailed on him had he succeeded in founding the conservatory, Lavallée then and there began the brief but splendid, creative period of his wayward life. That period cannot have lasted more than five years (1878-1882). In 1883 the "wanderlust" seized him for the last time, and associating himself, as solo pianist, with Mme. Etelka Gerster, the famous dramatic and coloratura soprano of the time, he toured the United States. Little else remains to be

told. In 1886 and 1887 Lavallée was President of the Music Teachers' National Association; in 1887-1888, Chairman of the Examining Committee of American Compositions; in 1888 he went to London as American delegate to the Conference of the Society of Professional Musicians; on his return he took up teaching in Boston, and was appointed instructor in music at Petersilea Academy. He died in Boston on January 21, 1891,—"in poverty," says Sir Adolphe Routhier, "bordering on wretchedness." (*The Canadian Home Journal*, December, 1907).

That such an ignoble death actually was the lot of Lavallée, who had a large circle of well-to-do friends and other influential social and professional connections, strains probability. The manner of his death, even if it happened as reported, only shocks sentiment and romantic fancy; as a cosmological process his death is no more significant than the passing of the lovely flowers of the fields. What is significant is the fact that Lavallée lived and wrought; and that though others preceded him and were more effective than he as a formative force in promoting musical education and taste in Canada, Lavallée must be regarded as the first native-born Canadian creative composer—first in time, in genius, in versatility of achievement and in meritorious musicianship. This estimate of him might be left to rest on the internal testimony of Lavallée's compositions. Fortunately I am able to submit to the same effect the explicit testimony of the most eminent living Canadian musician whose own creative genius, though held in rein, as it is, by other services to art, is real and acknowledged. "I became acquainted with Lavallée in the 80's of the last century, when I was in Boston as a student of music," said Dr. A. S. Vogt to the writer, "and he impressed me as a man of extraordinary ability—not merely as a clever executant of the piano, and not mere-

ly as an adroit deviser of pretty melodies and sensuous harmonies, but as a genuinely creative artist, a pure musical genius." And I, for my part, whenever I turn to tender reverie from a study of his brilliant *études de concert*, often fancy, that his brief, dainty, airy, bright-toned, showy "Le papillon" (*The Butterfly*) is autobiographical. For like it, and his other *études de concert*, Lavallée was ephemerally brilliant, and loved the showy tone-painting which astounded the concert-hall audiences of his day much as De Paehmann's facile, technically faultless playing of Chopin's études and mazurkas astounds a Massey Hall audience to-day. But when I think of his cantatas, oratorios, songs, and his symphony, I perceive that Lavallée's mind was finely constituted, that his heart was noble in its sympathies, and that his aspirations were spiritually lofty. To his compatriots of French and of British descent he has left a legacy of delectable music; and to the younger generations of Canadian composers he has left his ideals and achievements as a worthy example and an immortal inspiration.

Such was the man Lavallée. Following is a summary estimate of his music. First, as to quantity: During his brief creative career Lavallée composed prodigiously. He has to his credit a beautiful cantata (composed in 1878 in honour of the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise at Quebec, as vice-roy and vice-reine of Canada, and sung by a choir of 500 voices), an oratorio ("Tu es Petrus," composed for the dedication of St. Peter's church, Boston), two operas (Routhier says one opera, "La Veuve"—*The Widow*,—produced in Chicago in the 80's), a symphony (called "Boston," because dedicated to the City of Boston. In form it must have been an imitation of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, No. 9, if Routhier is right in saying that it was "rendered . . . by a large choir and orchestra"), two or-

chestral suites, several overtures, several string quartettes, many *morceaux* and *études de concert* for piano ("Le Papillon," is the most widely known), many songs, and, not least, the famous so-called "Chant National" (composed in 1880, to be sung in unison, as it was, in that year at the celebration of the Festival of Jean Baptiste at Quebec City). As to quality: Since most men and women insist on not taking the artistic attitude to art, but listen with their eyes or motor system to music, just as they insist on looking at paintings as literature bound in golden frames, Lavallée is admired, not for his finer, more artistically constructed, more emotionally satisfying, and aesthetically dignified music, as, for instance, the larger works mentioned, but for his "display" piano pieces, and for his "Chant National," which, because it was written by a French-Canadian and a Catholic (the same man who composed the beautiful cantata in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise as a sign of Canadian welcome, respect, and loyalty), has become a bone of racial contention and spleen in this so-called "Canada of ours." In general, Lavallée's compositions are marked by versatility of form and style, by originality and pure beauty in melodic invention, by expressive harmonies, rich, warm, and sonorous when the themes are human and intense, or refined and noble when the themes are dignified and exalting, by fanciful, highly coloured, ornate harmonic figuration and piquant modulations when the themes are light *jeux de joie* or meant for technical display, and by variety of sensuous and emotional appeal. Though as a man Lavallée was moody and whimsical; as a composer he was always the conscientious and superb artist. Even in composing his *études de concert* he was this. If, for instance, his "Le Papillon," so far as melody which stays in the memory and seduces the fancy is concerned, has no distinction, being "drier"

than the driest of Bach's "Inventions," in technical beauty it is an effective example of genuine delineative music, rightly aiming to describe the Butterfly, not as a creature of variegated colour, but as an ephemeral, evanescent, flitting creature. This he accomplished by imitating its movements with semblances of them in rapid tempi, fanciful progressions, intricate inversions, brilliant scale passages, and all those means which demand from a pianist fairy-like touch and the utmost digital dexterity in assured taking of the rhythm, dynamic changes, and niceties of phrasing. As for Lavallée's "Chant National" I shall only remark that it was originally composed as a simple melody to be sung in unison; and as such was neither national or un-national, until Sir Adolphe Routhier made it provincial by supplying it with the text beginning "O Canada, Terre de nos aïeux." The melody itself, however, has the intrinsic dignity and emotional expressiveness of a noble hymn. If I may help my compatriots to cease confusing aesthetic substances and thus sensibly to form a criterion of taste, I may do so in this way. The melody of Alexander Muir's infectious song "The Maple Leaf Forever" is what is known amongst military bandmen as a "Quickstep" (the time is either 2/4 or 6/8; the name "Quickstep" suggests the tempo). Muir's melody appeals, not to the aesthetic sensibilities or to the imagination, but to the motor system and the feet. On the other hand, the melody of Lavallée's "Chant National" is a pure construction of the musical imagination when occupied with thoughts of a religious festival. Naturally it has the form, style, and tempo consistent with the required emotional expressiveness of a dignified, spiritually exalting hymn. In this regard the "Chant National" takes rank, indubitably so, beside the Russian National Hymn and "Die Wacht am Rhein." But Canadians, instead of admiring and loving this



finely composed, sonorous, dignified melody, become a spectacle to the world by quarrelling over the racial affinity and creed of him who composed it, while he himself lies in an alien grave where, happily, he hears neither it nor the unseemly, ungracious quarrelling. *O Dieu de nos aïeux . . . !*

Six years after the death of Laval-lée the name of another native-born Canadian composer became the cynosure of foreign critics, musical societies, instrumental and vocal virtuosi, and rapidly rose during the last fifteen years to possess the glory of a star in the firmament of the musical world. Now, because he and the two other Canadians whom I shall immediately name have long been friends, and all three have consistently devoted themselves to musical composition during the same period, as if mutually inspiring one another to emulation, I group together Mr. Clarence Lucas, Mr. Wesley Octavius Forsyth, and Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney, and distinguish them as the first native-born Canadians who have systematically essayed musical composition as a fine art. They deserve this distinction on account of the quantity and quality of their music and on account of the express recognition they have received as creative composers by foreign critics and composers and the like recognition implied in the inclusion of their music in the programmes of foreign choral and orchestral societies and instrumental and vocal virtuosi. Other Canadian composers, native-born and naturalised, there are; but these, as, for instance, Dr. Vogt, Mr. H. J. Lantz, Dr. Ham, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and Dr. Broome, do not come within the scope of an essay that, as in the present case, is not encyclopædic but pragmatic and philosophical. For I am not awarding marks and prizes, but, as a sincere constructive critic of my country's civilisation, I am remarking indigenous tendencies or movements, and evaluating spiritual

forces in a special field. I have estimated Lavallée. I proceed to signalise the gifts and achievements of Mr. Lucas, Mr. Forsyth, and Mrs. Tenney,

Of these three Mr. Lucas is the most versatile, inventive, ingenious, prolific and distinguished. Born at Smithville, near Niagara, Ont., he received his musical education in Canada and Paris. While in his "teens" he tried his wings at composition, and by the time he had reached the thirtieth year of his age, he had composed, *inter alia*, seven operas, one of which, a comic opera, "*The Money Spider*," was produced in London in 1897. I mention this fact as proof of his prodigious energy and prolific invention; for one of the singular aspects of his genius is that like Wagner, whose ideals and methods infected his own, Mr. Lucas was often his own librettist and lyricist as well as always the composer of the opera scores and of the musical settings to the lyrics. Further: it must be remembered that from his fourteenth to his thirtieth year he was also engaged as a student, instrumentalist, conservatory teacher, musical journalist, reader for a firm of English music publishers, conductor of operatic companies on the road, and of one or more orchestras.

From his thirtieth year to the present there has been no failure of his fertility in musical ideas, or of his energy in producing musical works in almost all forms and styles. By actual count I find more than one hundred and forty compositions to his credit, comprising 8 for orchestra (overtures, symphonic poems, and a symphony), 12 for organ, 20 for piano, 12 for violin, nearly 70 songs, 7 operas, 2 cantatas, and a miscellany of oratorios, anthems, compositions for piano and orchestra, and for 'cello, and several transcriptions for piano. Yet this Canadian-born Titan of the musical world is as unknown and as unappreciated in his homeland as if his glorious music were the far-off, seldom-heard echo of the voice of

“ . . . . . the Cuckoo-bird  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.”

Not thus do the other nations value the music of Clarence Lucas. London has frequently heard his overtures “Othello,” “As You Like It,” and “Macbeth,” played by the Queen’s Hall Orchestra, under the baton of Sir Henry Wood; and America heard the “Macbeth,” played by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. His cantata “The Birth of Christ,” when sung by the Apollo Club of Chicago in 1902, was hailed, both by critics and composers, as a beautiful work of art and as an example of a new feat in musical ingenuity, namely, the daringly original way in which Mr. Lucas had contrapuntally treated the chorus, “Carol, Christians.” This is worth specially remarking. Mr. Lucas treated this chorus in the form of a “passacaglia,” which is a very old dance-form, in general like the Chaconne, but less joyous and usually much more contrapuntally embroidered by the 18th century composers who used it for instrumental, not for choral, composition. The passacaglia was introduced into modern instrumental music by Brahms who employed the form in his E minor Symphony, No. 4. But it was left to a young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas, to introduce it, as he did with daring, deft, and convincing effect, into modern choral music.

Of the rest of Mr. Lucas’s music the tale may be told summarily. His organ compositions belong to the repertory of organ virtuosi and church executants. His “Mediation in A flat,” and his “Gloria in C,” are especially popular in England and America, and his “Toccata,” was a favourite on the programmes of the late A. Guilmant’s Paris recitals. His “Fugue in F minor,” is the most famous of Mr. Lucas’s piano compositions. It was written for Mark Ham-bourg, who played it in public recital for the first time at Vienna. It was pronounced by Leschitzky to be

“the best modern fugue for piano-forte.” Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a like distinction to Mr. Lucas’s “Valse Impromptu.” His latest piano piece, “Epithalamium” (Impromptu) was written for a young Canadian virtuosa, Miss Valborg Martine Zoellner, and is marked by Mr. Lucas’s characteristic qualities, namely, by melodic novelty (he is never inane or hackneyed), by dignity and learned treatment of the harmonic support, and by subtlety in embodiment of emotional nuances. His violin compositions are favourites with the virtuosi, especially his brilliant, difficult Concertstueck (Ballade, Op. 40). More musical are his “Legend” and his Opus 48 (five lyrical pieces).

As a song-composer Mr. Lucas is superexcellent. Personally, if I were asked which modern song-writers I would choose always to be represented on a concert programme, I should choose three, the late Edward MacDowell, and two of my compatriots, Mr. Lucas and Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney. If I were asked why, I should answer: Because the songs of these three have novel and vital melody, and are suffused with a sort of Keltic beauty or pathos and with the exquisite pain of spirit which the Germans call “Sehnsucht” as in Mr. Lucas’s “Memories,” “When Stars Are In The Quiet Skies,” “When We Two Parted,” and the lovely “Iroquois Serenade.” In prolific genius Clarence Lucas reminds me of Beethoven; in productive energy, of Richard Strauss. Thus viewed he is a Titan in the musical world. Despite these potentialities, he is a superb artist who will always be vital, but who will not forget duly to love beauty.

A decidedly lyrical composer is Mr. W. O. Forsyth. Possessing neither the versatility nor the productive energy of Mr. Lucas, Mr. Forsyth is, notwithstanding, a systematic composer of music which is conceived poetically and composed with

a beauty of melody and of harmonic colour that conveys dainty messages to the tonal sense, and, at the same time, suffuses these with exquisite emotional suggestiveness. In short, if Lucas is the Titan, Mr. Forsyth is the tender or gentle musical lyrist. His nearest analogue in lyric poetry as such is his fellow-countryman, Bliss Carman. Unlike the latter, however, Mr. Forsyth is too psychological and analytic to compose music, as Carman composes poetry—with sheer lyrical abandon. His piano pieces, as, for instance, "A Night in June," "Poeme d'Amour," and "The Lonely Pine," which are highly characteristic of his genius, are little stories of inner spiritual history, full of melodic charm, but coloured with refined or tender reverie, or with other personally precious experiences of the spirit. Further: Mr. Forsyth's music, as might have been inferred from what I have just said, is devoid of all those light playful bits of melodic fancy and tone-colour which come under the æsthetic genus of humour. The importance of this observation will appear later. In the meantime, I characterise Mr. Forsyth, in contradistinction from Mr. Lucas, as a lyrical composer, specially gifted in originating novel and beautiful melodies and in so harmonising them is to make them win the musical sensibilities and charm the romantic imagination. He, too, like Lucas, is always the refined artist.

Born in Markham Township, Ont., Mr. Forsyth received his musical education in Canada and Germany. He was a finished organist and concert-pianist. To-day he is known chiefly as a master-teacher of piano, and as a composer. In the latter regard he has about sixty compositions (in published form) to his credit, mostly piano pieces and songs. To these must be added a Prelude and Fugue for organ, three works for orchestra and a Romance for full orchestra; the last was brought out in Leipzig by Conductor Herr Jarrow, and in

Toronto by Dr. F. H. Torrington's orchestra, the composer himself conducting. It is, however, as a composer of piano music, strictly in the piano idiom, poetically conceived and artistically composed, that Mr. Forsyth takes rank as a creator of genuinely fine music, and that he gains the right thus to be appreciated by his Canadian compatriots.

Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney, too, is a lyrical composer. Unlike Mr. Forsyth, who, as I have said, is a story-teller of spiritual experiences, and not their singer, Mrs. Tenney is *par excellence* the singer, the musical lyrist of love and life in its intenser, more human moments. Further: Mrs. Tenney is a musical lyrist with a distinctly fine gift of humour, the fancy for its spiritual nuances and the power to embody and express these in her music with joyous abandon or tender humanity, and with ingenious, piquant art. Her nearest analogue in lyric poetry as such is her fellow-countryman, Mr. Arthur Stringer, some of whose psychologically veracious "Irish Poems," notably "Ould Docter Ma'Ginn," and "Of My Ould Loves," from "Memories," she has set to music, rendering faithfully and winningly the subtle Keltic humour and pathos of Mr. Stringer's verse. Now, who is this young, ingenious, happy, human melodist, in whose music are incarnate the very joy of love and the vision of the mystery and humour of life that—if you look—are first expressed in her wondrous, eloquent eyes?

Mrs. Gena Tenney (*née* Branscombe) was born at Picton, Ont. She received her musical education in Canada, the United States, and Europe. She had a most brilliant career as a student of the musical craft and art; and was an expert teacher and executant of the piano. She still appears as a concert-pianist; and recitals of her own compositions are an event which awaken the admiration of composers and critics. She is a prolific composer, especially of songs.

In this field she is one among a thousand; for her songs are distinguished by intense emotion and, sometimes, by a Keltic wistfulness, but always by pure beauty and "soul." Altogether her compositions number about seventy, comprising songs, pieces for violin and piano, and, amongst her unpublished works, several compositions for orchestra, and for chorus, a concertstuecke for piano and a suite for violin and piano. Her most popular song is "With Rue My Heart Is Laden," but in pure musical beauty, pathos, and lyric emotion, "There's a Woman Like a Dew-drop," "Dear Little Hut by the Rice Fields," "The Tender Sweetness" (poem by herself), and "An Epitaph" (poem by Mr. Stringer), are consummate in art and compelling in

power over the heart and imagination. Her instrumental compositions are dainty, expressive works, marked by melodic novelty, rich harmonic colour, and by daring and ingeniously fanciful modulations, all accomplished with surety of fine craftsmanship.

To sum up: Of the three systematic Canadian creative composers, Mr. Lucas is the big, versatile mind, the Titan; Mr. Forsyth is the reflective, pensive poet of the piano-forms; Mrs. Tenney is the musical lyrist of love, pathos, and humour; her *forte* is songs. As a song-composer (I say this at the behest of art, not in gallantry), Gena Branscombe Tenney is one in a thousand—at once an ornament to her sex and the glory of her Canadian homeland.





MRS. GENA BRANSCOMBE TENNEY

A Canadian "Musical lyrist of love and life in its intenser, more human moments"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# DOMESTIC ANIMALS WE SHOULD KNOW

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

AS one travels through Canada noting the striking varieties of climate and contrasts in physical features, as well as its vast unoccupied regions of the north, one is struck by the lack of variety in the species of domestic animals in use. This is, of course, true of other countries, but we think that nowhere is the opportunity so great for enlarging the variety as in Canada. We attract people from the ends of the earth, but do not seem to encourage the introduction of domestic animals. The questions naturally arise: What other varieties are there? and Is it possible and desirable to introduce them here? To the latter question our answer is in the affirmative.

A very limited variety of domestic animals are universally used by man. There are a few which he can use in almost any part of the world, such as the horse, cow, sheep, hog and a few others. These, early coming under the domesticating influence of man and probably possessing larger qualities of adaptation to varying climatic conditions, have accompanied him in his migrations through all the continents and almost to the ends of the earth. The Anglo-Saxon world in particular has specialised on this limited group to the exclusion of other varieties, and we follow the lead regardless of our possibilities in other directions. So much for race conservatism. How difficult it is to de-

part from the beaten track of established custom!

Almost every country, too, has some animal capable of domestication and especially adapted to the country's peculiar conditions. A few of these the necessity and genius of man have from time to time domesticated, thus gradually developing their better qualities and compelling them to serve his purpose and perform his will. In newer countries, however, the necessity for domestication largely ceases, since the animals already in use are considered sufficient. Canada has a generous variety of such wild animals capable of useful domestication, such as the bison, reindeer, musk-ox and the Rocky Mountains sheep. Doubtless in time, had the Indian been undisturbed in his possession of the country, he would, in the progress of his gradual civilisation, have also developed some of these animals. But a foreign civilisation with its own types of domestic animals, with thousands of years of human fellowship, displaced the Indian as well as the animals he was beginning to regard as the source of his sustenance. As it is, it is quite probable that it would be worth while, by cross-breeding and other processes, to domesticate or introduce a strain of these wild types into domestic herds for the special qualities they possess. But this is another matter. . . . Apart from the few types of ani-

mals mentioned as being almost universally used by man, there are a number of animals which have been long domesticated and which contribute greatly to his wealth and comfort. But some are confined to special zones, countries or climates, and some, indeed, are only suited to the tropics. Among this class of domestic animals is the camel, elephant, yak, carabao (water buffalo), reindeer, llama, alpaca, vicuna, and a few others. All these animals play a very important part in the economic conditions of life in the countries where they severally belong. Unlike the ordinary domestic animals in common use, these have been used only in limited areas and little beyond the limits of the lands of their nativity and domestication. Some of them, such as the carabao and elephant, are suited only to the conditions of a tropical country. The sphere of distribution open to these is consequently limited. The elephant might find a congenial home and prove a useful animal in the tropical regions of South America, while the carabao might possibly be used to some advantage in certain regions of Australia, Mexico, and other warm countries.

Most of the other special animals mentioned belong naturally to the temperate, north temperate and Arctic zones exclusively, and for this reason have a wider sphere of distribution and usefulness. It seems rather strange that these domestic animals, belonging naturally to the higher latitudes, have been so long almost exclusively confined to the lands of their origin. Of late, it would seem, attention has been drawn to some of these animals, and in one or two cases experiments have been made with a view to wider distribution. There certainly seems to be no good reason why at least some of these splendid animals should not prove a great boon to man in a much wider sphere than they now do, thus increasing the variety of his flocks and making pos-

ible human habitation in regions now uninviting because of the lack of suitable animal life. This is certainly true of extensive regions in Canada.

It is gratifying to note that some beginnings already have been made with the domestic reindeer. Both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in Labrador and Alaska, such experiments have been made. So far as these experiments have gone they have been attended with gratifying success; and this wonderful animal would seem to be in every way adapted to the conditions found in the northern part of this country. The original stock for the Alaskan herds under Dr. Jackson has thrived and multiplied beyond expectation. Indeed animals born in these places are said to be superior to the parent stock. There would seem to be no doubt of the suitability of this animal to the high latitudes of Canada. Indeed such experiments were begun last year in our far north, with good prospects of success. Let us hope the reindeer has come to stay among us.

The economic value to the country of this wonderful animal can hardly be over-estimated. In Europe the reindeer makes possible the carrying of settled population and civilised life to the shores of the Arctic Ocean and far beyond the Arctic Circle. It contributes much to the economic wealth of northern Europe in hides, flesh and dairy products, besides being a beast of burden. It is closely related to our native reindeer or caribou, and, it is said, a cross between the two is an animal superior to either. Be that as it may, it seems well within the bounds of reasonable expectation that the vast stretches of our north land not adapted to other varieties of domestic animals, could well become the permanent home of vast herds of domestic reindeer.

It is estimated that there are now in the Canadian north from thirty millions to fifty millions of wild reindeer, and yet they do not represent the capacity of the land. This will



enable us to form some conception of the capacity of the country for animals of this class, and the monetary value they would represent. For example the average value of a reindeer may be placed at fifteen dollars, and if the thirty millions of wild animals, now in the north, were replaced by a like number of the domestic variety, it would represent a value in this product alone of four hundred and fifty million dollars. Thus, what is now an uninhabited waste would be converted into a grazing country of vast potential wealth and considerable population. Surely this dumb emigrant might be heartily welcomed among us!

Differing greatly from the reindeer but scarcely less hardy, and of even greater value economically, is the Tibetan yak. In Tibet this wonderful animal exists both in the wild and domestic types, and in the latter form is the chief animal of the country. The Tibetans could hardly exist on their frost-bound Chang without the yak. It is about the size of the domestic ox, its flesh is said to be preferable, its milk is richer than the cow's, its hide makes the best of leather, while it also yields an immense fleece of hairy wool suitable for various fabrics. It lives on the coarsest of herbage, and even in the winter forages for itself on the bitter plains of Tibet. It carries heavy burdens through deep snows, and on rocky passes where no other animal would travel in safety.

We could hardly conceive of any conditions in Canada being more difficult than those of its native land; and it would seem that this remarkable animal might be well adapted to large areas of our high northern latitudes and, indeed, suitable and profitable in all parts of the country. About a year ago two of these animals were presented to the Government, and it is hoped that they may be but the beginning of the vast yak herds to be found in the country in the near future. More importations

should be made, however, to comprehend the best strains and to insure a more rapid increase in numbers.

We will now speak of a few animals which, as yet, have not been successfully introduced into other countries, and yet would seem to be of considerable value if possessing necessary qualities of adaptation. I refer to the llama and related species which inhabit the high altitudes of the Andes Mountains of South America. Of these there are four species, namely the llama, alpaca, vicuna, and huanacu. Of these the llama and alpaca only have been successfully domesticated. The huanacu and vicuna, though valuable, are obtained chiefly in their mountain haunts by hunters and will, therefore, not come within the scope of this article. All these wonderful animals are representatives of the camel type in the western hemisphere, but have some remarkable features peculiar to themselves, chief of which is their wool-bearing qualities which adds greatly to their value, especially in the case of the alpaca. In addition to this, however, their flesh is used for meat, their milk for domestic use, and their hides for leather.

The llama is, in some respects the most important of this group, being the largest, standing four to five feet in height and is extensively used as a beast of burden. It is chiefly used as a pack animal in the higher and more inaccessible mountain regions, where other animals could not find secure footing. The alpaca, though smaller, yields a finer quality of wool and is also used, though to a less extent, as a pack animal. They are very docile in disposition and require little or no care, living on the coarsest food, which they forage for themselves, where sheep would hardly find substance.

These animals were domesticated by the ancient Incas or Aztecs, and they represent the only animals domesticated by the American Indians except it might be the husky dogs of the Eskimos. The llama was in do-

mestication in South America long before the Spanish occupation. Their range is throughout the whole Andean system from Peru to the plains of Patagonia. We are apt to think of them as suited only for tropical situations since South America is largely within tropical boundaries. This, however, needs some modification; for, though they live, as a rule, in low latitudes they always thrive best in a cool climate and for this reason they invariably seek the high altitudes near the line of perpetual snow. They seem to have no affinity to, or liking for, the low hot valleys of their native land. They present the strange anomaly of a temperate-zone animal living in a tropical country, under temperate-zone conditions. This is indicated in the way nature has provided them with ample protection from the cold with a woolly fleece.

These qualities justify the belief that at least the harder strains or types could be adapted for favourable Canadian conditions. Probably the reason why the feeble attempts made to acclimatise these animals to northern conditions have failed, is that the more likely strains have not been tried. Those native to Peru and Ecuador have, through countless ages, been accustomed to a high altitude with a cool dry climate, which conditions are rarely found outside those countries. Other strains of these animals, however, are said to be found as far south as Patagonia, where, naturally, conditions are more similar to our own. It would seem that animals from these more southern points and lower altitudes might be successfully introduced to favourable sections of this country. An experiment, faithfully conducted, would certainly be well worth trying since, if successful, they would add greatly to our economic wealth. Llama and alpaca wool are considerable factors in the English trade.

In this connection mention must be made of the camel. Much misunder-

standing exists in Western lands concerning this the earliest of all animals to come under human servitude. Perhaps the greatest misconception concerning the camel is the prevalent idea that it is suited only to tropical countries. This delusion has gained currency from the fact that it is so extensively used in the great tropical deserts. Indeed it is almost the only beast of burden possible in such regions. The true lands of the camel, however, are not, as many suppose, the tropics, but rather the northern regions of the temperate zone. The camel is just as averse to extreme heat as to extreme cold. Then it must be remembered that there are strains and types of camels as there are of horses and cattle. There is, for instance, the dromedary or racing camel, which can make a hundred miles a day, quite as different from the slow-going pack camel as is the race-horse and the heavy-draught animal. Again there is a great distinction to be made between the Arabian camel, which is more inured to the hot deserts and the Bactrian type. The latter is sometimes called the Mongolian camel, and it is adapted to cold northern regions.

This animal is wonderfully inured to cold. It is in common use in Central Asia, including Mongolia, Siberia, and Tibet. These, as is well known, are among the coldest countries of the world, but there the camel is one of the most useful and common of animals, travelling the frozen plains and making progress through the deep snow (thanks to its long legs) where no other animal can travel. This northern species is provided with a long hairy and woolly covering, which not only protects it from the cold, but from which is made coarse fabrics used for tents by its nomadic owners. Both its milk, flesh, and hide are esteemed in the countries where it is common. Indeed it is considered one of the essential features of domestic life in those regions.

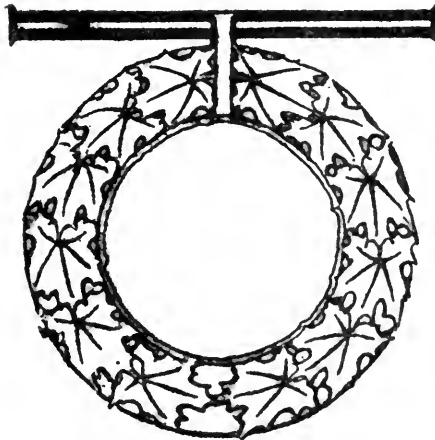
This useful animal is essentially of the East, and for some reason has not found much place in European countries or among European peoples in other lands. This only illustrates again the power of age-long custom. It is true that camels have to some extent been introduced into Australia to make possible exploration in the desert regions of the interior. At one time it was proposed to demonstrate their usefulness in Texas, but this was frustrated by the Civil War, and the camel still remains in the East.

While, owing to the physical anatomy, giving it water-storing powers, rendering it thirst-resisting and, therefore, wonderfully adapted to dry and desert regions, it is at the same time suited to most countries. What an animal it would have been for our Western plains in the early days! Indeed it might still have a large place in helping to solve the transportation problems of the country. Its endurance of hardships and ease of sustenance, with other qualities, should commend it as a valuable addition to the useful animals in this land of such varied features. Why not give the camel a trial in the Land of the Maple?

In addition to the foregoing, mention could be made of one or two species of goats, natives of the high plains of Central Asia, bordering on

Tibet. One of these species is believed to be a cross between the Cashmere goat and the hardier Tibetan variety and yielding wool that is little, if any, inferior to the pure Cashmere. The other, is a species of the black Persian goat, being characterised by a jet black, thick, curly coat said to closely resemble, or be identical with the famous Astrachan. Both of these animals are thoroughly hardy, and, according to accounts, are accustomed to harder conditions than they would be subjected to in Canada. There seems to be no doubt that these valuable animals could be introduced into this country with complete success. It goes without saying that they would be a very valuable acquisition to our domestic herds.

The Department of Agriculture has done much in the branch of animal husbandry by way of improving the types of domestic animals we now possess. Would it not be well, however, for this valuable branch of the Government service to look into the range of new types of domestic animals of possible value to the country? Should partial success attend such efforts, they would bring untold wealth to our agricultural communities, and greatly enlarge the agricultural area. Let us make room here for some of these dumb friends of other lands.



# ANATHEMA IN THE FAMILY

BY ANNE WARNER

DACRE left his hat and stick in the hall and went upstairs.

The clock was just striking four, and he was on time.

The man was standing waiting for him above, a reserved and respectful smile half overspreading just one single angle of his face. He opened a door, and Dacre entered. His breath halted a very little as he went in—the room was empty, after all.

It was a big room, with a *very* big mirror at each end. There was a fire and two arm-chairs pushed up to its glow; there were flowers, there were books; there was a tea-tray, suggestively bare-looking; there were many things — in fact, very nearly, all things. Yet it was an empty room.

There seemed no other course for him to pursue in the circumstances than to stand by the chimney-piece and wait. While he stood there he thought, and his thoughts ran quickly. There were many reasons to make them run quickly, but the two main ones were that the room was empty, and that it was his cousin's room.

Of course, she was anathema in the family, this cousin; that he knew as well as he knew that he was now on the eve of meeting her face to face. But she had not looked anathema that day when he had caught his first glimpse of her across the course at Henley. She had looked slight and frail, and pale and pretty, and after he had noticed, with special atten-

tiveness, how extremely slight and frail and pale and pretty she looked, she had looked at him—straight at him—and in the flash they had recognised their kinship. Much more than the course at Henley had divided them then—that was months ago — and now he was standing in her room awaiting her. He had never seen her since that strange minute in the summer, but now they were to sit together by her fire and know the sound of one another's voices for the first time. He was feverishly impatient. She had written "four," and it was four, and here he was, and here she wasn't. Then he looked at the clock and saw that he had been waiting two minutes and a fraction over. Exasperating!

There was a heavy curtain over the door nearest to him, and from the other side of the curtain came curious murmurs of silk swishing and of lace dripping in its wake. He thought half a dozen times that the silk and lace were surely about to bear directly down on him, and half a dozen disappointments were his reward for daring to base his hopes on threads and webs.

But at last the period of delay came to its own period, the curtain swung back, and his pale and pretty cousin stood before him.

"So this is really you!" she said, taking quick steps straight to him, holding out her hand, and smiling. "It is really you! I'm very glad."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes—yes, it is me."

They just touched hands.

"You don't look English," she commented at once, sweeping all his six feet, four together into a single comprehensive survey; "you look French."

"Oh, don't!" he cried quickly.

"Surely, you aren't insular?" she asked with a surprised accent in her voice. "Why, you know, you *are* French way back, and if you spelt your name as you should—" She stopped short. "Which chair do you choose?" she asked abruptly.

"The one that you don't," he answered.

"Take the blue one, then; the green one matches my gown." She sank into the green as she spoke and he took the marine blue. It was much too low for him for—

"You're almost Titanic, aren't you?" she laughed.

"I do wish that I was a bit shorter," he said.

"Nonsense!" she replied, "you're just right. Pray excuse me——" She was up and leaning directly over him. He thought, lightning-like, of how she was anathema, and that—

But he saw that she was ringing a bell set in the wall beside him. "For tea, you know," she said pleasantly, and was back in her own chair within an instant from the time of leaving it.

"I'd forgotten tea," he said; "they don't have it with us, you know—that is, not much."

"I don't have it at all usually," she said. "I'm having it to-day for you." Her eyes were flashing here and there over him in a way that made him think of sunbeams. "You'll drink it when it comes, won't you? You know that you must—it wouldn't be polite otherwise."

He felt inexpressibly charmed by her sweet and friendly and informal manner.

"I'll try and drink it," he answered her, smiling.

It came just then. On a glass tray. Hot toast well covered up. A little round plum cake. The man arranged all on the table and drew two chairs to position beside it.

"Doesn't it look nice?" she asked. "Come close."

She only meant close to the table, of course; but it was a lovely speech to hear. She rose as she made it.

She was very little and slender. He was conscious of towering tremendously as he pulled out her chair. She looked into his brown eyes and laughed with an innuendo of witching divination. "And I am wearing my highest heels, too," she said, "just to try and be worthy of you."

He pushed her and her chair to place, still laughing.

"Now, cousin dear" — she was pouring out his tea — "tell me how many lumps, and I'll promise never to ask that question again as long as we both shall live."

"Two," he told her.

And she put two in and gave him the cup.

It seemed to Dacre — stirring his tea and contemplating her earnest, downward glance as she poured her own—so strange that she should be anathema in the family. But what a lucky thing it was that he had gone to Henley, instead of deciding to accept the motor invitation of—

She looked up just then.

"Did you come this morning?" she asked.

"Yes—oh, that reminds me—my mother and sisters came up, too."

Her face changed ever so slightly. "I thought that you were coming up to town all alone and would dine with me," she said, biting a very little bit of toast, and turning on him eyes which seemed to have suddenly withdrawn from the light.

"I didn't want them to come," he protested quickly. "I didn't know that they were even thinking of such a thing until last night. I can assure you that I was as surprised as you are."

"Where are they staying?"

"At the Paddington Hotel."

She bit off another little bit of toast and ate it ever so slowly.

The clock struck half-past four.

"What did you say to them when you came away?" she asked finally.

"I said that I was going out for a while."

"For a while?" Her inflection was very penetrating.

"Oh, yes. I didn't say for how long."

She looked at him, and a little smile crept round her lips. He was drinking his tea and did not see it.

"When does your train go?" she went on after a minute.

"Half-past eleven. And I get to Newcastle at four-forty to-morrow."

"Morning?"

"Morning."

"That's not nice is it?" she said. "Please give me some cake."

He swallowed quickly. "Oh, I'm so sorry—I didn't notice." Then he seized the cake and a knife.

She looked at him and laughed. She was a dear little cousin for a big fellow to own. Too bad that the family—

"From which station do you go?" she asked as he cut the cake.

"King's Cross."

"Oh! how awkward! You'll have to spend most of the evening going back and forth to Paddington, won't you?"

Yes, of course. It is awkward."

He was surprised at how earnestly he felt about it. When one came to consider, it was a most beastly shame about it all.

She contemplated him. "I thought you'd dine here," she said sadly, after a while.

"Yes," he said a little vaguely.

He felt vague—and serious.

"More tea?" she murmured, after a minute's pause.

"Thanks."

She took the cup from his hand. Her hand was small and white, and his was large and brown. He noticed

them both. The cup came between like a chaperon.

"Only one lump, this time, please," he said gently.

She poured out the tea and dropped in the one lump. As she gave him back his cup it seemed to him so strange that he was here to-day and had never been here before. She appeared to follow his thoughts.

"To think that I have never even seen your mother," she said thoughtfully. "I can only just remember your father. It was because you looked so like him that I knew you at Henley. I remember his patting me on the head. I must have been about four years old then. I couldn't have been very big because I was only five when we went abroad—after the trouble, you know."

He did not "know," but something made him glad that she had been only five "after the trouble." It wasn't through any fault of her own then that she was anathema in the family.

Presently she continued, "What sort of a mother have you? Is she like you?"

"Oh, dear no," he exclaimed quickly, "she's the very opposite of me. But my sisters—one of them—the one I'm so fond of—would like you immensely."

She smiled, a little curling smile, again at the naïve statement.

"What would she say," she queried, "if she knew?"

"But my sister does know—I told her."

At that she started a bit, looked quickly paler, and then quickly pinker, and then, clasping her hands within her lap, she bent a steady look on him—surveyed him. "And what did she say when you told her?" she asked.

"She told me to be sure to come back and tell her all about it."

At that she laughed outright, and he laughed too, and the butler, coming in with a discreet cough, turned on the electric light and took away the tray.

They went back again and sat down in front of the fire.

"And what shall you tell her when you go back?" she asked, stretching forth one hand to a near-by table, and taking from it a box of cigarettes for him. He took them from her.

"Thanks very much; but won't you take one first?"

"I don't smoke."

He felt glad of that, remembering the anathema; but then he instantly recalled the "five years old when the trouble came," and that seemed to bury the anathema for good and all.

"What are you going to tell her?" she repeated then, again stretching forth her hand, and this time securing wax matches for him.

"Thanks very much. Why, I'm going to tell her everything."

The clock struck five as he spoke.

"Do you mean to tell her everything to-night?"

"Yes, I mean to tell her everything to-night."

She looked down at his clasped hands.

"Tell me about your college life," she asked, as if she desired to veer to subjects that would interest his sister when retailed.

"It's easy to talk over what I know so much about," he laughed; "only stop me if I bore you."

He leaned far back in the sleepy, hollow chair and began. The fire blazed brightly, the cigarette smoke floated upward, once in a while their eyes met, and always she listened with a charming interest and little questions that kept him going. "Tell me about your rowing. Tell me about your degree. Tell me—tell me—tell me—"

The clock struck half-past five, struck six, struck half-past six.

"What are you going to do to-night?" he asked, stopping short all of a sudden when the last-reached hour chimed in his face.

"Read, I suppose, or play the piano."

"Aren't you going out?"

"No, no, indeed. I don't care to go out alone in the evening. What could I do?"

"Of course," he assented, and then he shook off the ash of his cigarette; "it would have been great sport dining together," he added meditatively.

"Tell me about when you were in Germany," she asked irrelevantly.

He began, and after a while the clock struck seven and then half-past seven. It was one of those wretchedly insistent clocks, too—the kind that cannot be talked down.

"Well, really, I think that I must be running along," he observed.

She did not say anything. There was a short silence.

"I wish you'd just send me away," he said finally. "If you'd tell me that you wanted me to go, I'm a gentleman, and of course I'd go."

"I don't want you to go," she said: "but I am thinking of your mother. When I think of a man's standpoint I always think of his mother's standpoint too."

"Oh, you must not feel troubled over my mother," he remonstrated, quickly. "As a matter of fact, they expected to have friends to dine with them at seven."

"At seven?"

"At seven."

She looked first at the clock and then at him.

"Why, they'll be done before you can possibly get there," she said.

He looked first at the clock and then at her.

"I expect that's so," he answered cheerfully.

"You'll just drive up there to eat alone?"

"Yes."

"Then you might as well dine with me, after all."

A warm, beneficent glow seemed to fill the room.

"Well, I really suppose that I might," he admitted.

"Ring the bell then, please."

He rang the bell.

"I will have him bring the joint

and vegetables at once," she said, as they waited for it to be answered, "that won't take long to eat, you know; we can skip the soup and fish."

"I don't see any need of skipping the soup and the fish," he replied. "My family will be busy with their company. They won't mind my not being there. I said I might not be back to dinner."

"You said you might not be back to dinner!" she exclaimed with a start.

"Yes," He laughed at her expression as he nodded.

She was still looking exclamation points when the waiter came in response to the bell.

"Will you serve dinner here, and serve it as promptly as possible?" she said to him. "This gentleman is in a hurry to go."

"Oh, I say!" he cried.

The waiter bowed and went out.

"You are in a hurry—you know that you are."

"No, I'm not. I told you that they had company."

"Well, he can just as well think that you are." Then she clasped her hands in her lap again. "Tell me about Henley," she said.

After a while the clock struck eight.

"And the dinner hasn't come yet!" Wrath and apology mingled in her tone. She rang the bell again, went to her desk for a second, and then went out in the hall.

"I think that he'll hurry now," she said, significantly, when she came in again, and that she spoke the truth was soon evidenced by the waiter's rapid arrangement of the table.

"I wonder if I can wash for dinner," he asked.

"Wait until I turn on the lights."

She rose and passed beyond the curtained doorway as she spoke. When she came back she left behind her a broad, illuminated path to soap and towels. He followed where it led.

The soup came up and they sat down. It was a very cosy dinner-

table, and they enjoyed the soup, of course.

After awhile the clock striking half-past eight brought them to a sudden recognition of the fact that they were apparently stuck fast at the soup course.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "Why, what has become of our dinner?"

He went and rang the bell.

"Has anything happened?" she asked the waiter the instant he entered.

"There was a little accident with the fish, madam, but I have it ready to serve now."

As a matter of fact it was nearly nine o'clock when they terminated their repast.

"You don't want coffee, do you?" she asked.

"Thanks, yes; I should like coffee."

She looked surprised for a second, but then she ordered the coffee.

"Be as quick as you possibly can," she bade the waiter.

Dacre folded his napkin with great deliberation.

"Can't you wait for it, after all?" she demanded.

"What makes you think that I can't wait?"

"Folding your napkin looks as if you couldn't wait."

"Oh, no, it doesn't. It only looks as if we were going back by the fire to drink it there."

They went back by the fire, and he put out one hand and dragged the dining-table to where it blocked all egress.

"There, now I never *can* get out," he said in a tone of deep satisfaction; "nothing but steeple-chasing could get over *that*."

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, we *are* having a good time, aren't we?" she said joyously. "I'm so glad that we have learned to know one another."

The waiter coughed discreetly in the hall and brought in the coffee.



After a while the clock struck half-past nine.

"Such a beastly bore my being tied up there in Newcastle," he commented; "it's such a long way to come down to London." He did not seem to hear the clock at all.

"Yes, you never could come from there," she agreed.

There was a silence then. He had not finished his coffee, and took a little sip from time to time. His actions were establishing an entirely new precedent for men in a hurry to get to the bosom of the family.

She sat dumb and wondering, but quite ready to acquiesce in anything. They talked about Paris, the Tyrol, the edelweiss, and then—

"I have to go," he said finally, with desperate decision.

"What do you think they'll say?" she asked, her soul riven with anxiety.

"They won't care. I told them that I might not be back before ten."

"Really?" Again her tone was full of amazement.

"Really." Again his was coolly reassuring.

"I'm sorry that the dinner was so long," she said faintly. She was becoming numb and bewildered over the way that he broke things to her.

He pushed the dining-table slowly away with one hand. "Oh, it didn't matter," he said indifferently. Then he arose with the greatest possible reluctance and stood upright.

"I wonder if I shall ever see you again?" she said.

"What?" His tone was one of puzzled but emphatic feeling.

"I wonder—"

"Ever see *me* again! You wonder if *you* will ever see *me* again!"

He felt a sudden pity for the family—something that they didn't know about and were not going to like seemed to his prophetic vision to be approaching.

"Surely we'll meet again," he said.

She stood up, and they moved towards the door together.

"It's been so nice," she said sweet-

ly, "only for the dinner. And I did try to hurry that. I went out in the hall and gave him a shilling to be quicker."

"That was kind of you," he said, looking down with a smile.

There was another pause. Then he laughed.

"It's cruel to deceive you," he said, "I—well—the fact is that while you were turning on those lights I—I gave him half a crown to go slow."

She stepped back a little, and her lips parted quickly, and she stared hard up into his eyes.

"You—you—you gave him half a crown to *go slow*."

And then, although she remained little and frail and pretty, she no longer looked pale.

"I ought to apologise, I suppose," he said hurriedly. "Perhaps I haven't been very fair to you. But, you see, I never knew myself before how much I could want to stay anywhere. The real truth is, the—the—the family aren't down here at all. But I didn't just guess at Henley just all—just how—just what—"

She was standing quite still, looking straight up at him. For a long while she said nothing, and then:

"Why did you do so?" she asked.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Perhaps I wanted you to beg me to stay. And I wanted to know if—you'd mind my coming."

"Are you really going to-night?"

"Yes, I am really going to Newcastle to-night."

They stood there side by side.

"The train doesn't go for an hour," he said finally, with great irrelevance. "And it isn't much of a run down for Sundays," he added, with a still greater irrelevance.

After a long, long while she spoke.

"No," she said, very softly and gently, and the little monosyllable sounded in the circumstances quite as sweet in his ears as we are given to suppose that its opposite always sounds in the ears of an accepted lover.

# SWIFT: A PRECOCIOUS PIONEER

BY W. LACEY AMY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE WOLF"

WHEN Canada's new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, pushed its way into the unknown Rockies of Northern British Columbia it was welcomed by one pair of hands only—the only white ones in all that vast region of undiscovered grandeur. Swift, the pioneer, was official reception committee of the Yellowhead Pass, appointed by himself to represent himself as the total of the white population of two hundred miles of mountain peak and torrent and forest.

Not that the railway was essential to Swift! He had lived so long in there on his own resources that nothing on earth seemed able to interfere with his independence. But the same brains that had turned into a sustaining home a mountain valley three hundred and fifty miles from the nearest neighbour came to his assistance in realizing that the two little rails could bring him luxuries he had not learned to despise as well as renounce.

And the Grand Trunk Pacific? It was too experienced to ignore the outstretched hands, for the way to the Pacific was effectually blocked by Swift's domain, the most unique farming enterprise in Canada—a little patch of tilled ground that extended across the only available pass from mountainside to mountainside. Yes, Swift stood there with extended hand—but he kept his back to the Pacific and his eyes open. Even the big rail-

way stopped to shake hands, to smile its thanks and commence the parley.

When Swift first looked about him in the centre of what is now Jasper Park he could have pitched his tent anywhere within many hundreds of miles without comment or opposition. That was about thirty-five years ago. The Hudson's Bay Company represented everything of authority within a month's journey, and the only present or predicted value of the Rockies was on the back of the fur-bearing animals that appreciated the protection of unscalable heights and uncharted valleys. Swift himself was not drawn to the spot by any special prescience. He just liked it, and, liking it, sat down because it fitted his mood. That he has continued to sit there is proof of the durability of the surrounding attractions.

Swift—nobody seems to have heard any other portion of his name — developed the wanderlust as a youngster down near Washington, away back when Edmonton was only a Company trading-post and the whole north country a Company hunting-ground. He and a partner reached Edmonton still unsatisfied. They passed farther westward through the Rockies to Jasper House, the mountain post of the Hudson's Bay Company; and near there the unfordable Athabaska forced them to pause.

That moment's hesitation was sufficient to make more than a passing scene of the grandeur around them.

Anyone else would have pulled out a sketch book, or built a raft to see what was beyond. But Swift and his mate built a shack. And instead of making lines on paper they made them on the ground. There in the heart of the western mountains they dared attempt to introduce the arts of the East, to rouse the soil into a belief in bigger things than the production of spruce and poplar and cottonwood trees. But Swift seems to have monopolised faith in their works, for his partner showed a decided preference to his traps and rifle.

They parted—over a little bit of workable level ground in the midst of the Rockies, with no neighbours but a few Indians a hundred miles west on the Fraser, and no future that promised profit. The partner wandered off through the Yellowhead Pass, rifle in hand; and Swift, left alone to an impossible life, capitulated and shouldered pan and pick for the gold that might lie in those mountains.

But the little clearing beside the Athabaska kept calling to the man who had felled the trees and broken the sod. Restlessly he wandered about, hoping to drown the profitless call, but in his ears it kept tinkling like sweet music. Before his eyes there floated pictures of towering peaks, snow-covered, of a swift river and tumbling torrents in the midst, and of a crude, log shack where he had dreamt dreams. The beckoning finger of the wilds would not be denied, and he yielded. Thirty years ago he struck back through the mountains to the only "home" he knew, to a life whose lonesomeness only Swift can know. He takes no credit for being a prophet. He just smiles and looks out over the few tilled acres and smiles as a father would pat the back of a son who has not disappointed him.

It was a simple operation for the erstwhile prospector to stake out two thousand acres. If the mountainside had not obtruded itself he might as

well have made it two million. He built another little shack beside a rushing mountain stream that poured down from the glaciers of Pyramid Mountain on its way to the Athabaska. He cut down more poplars and cottonwood. And after he had two acres cleared he began to plan and hope.

To plant he must have seed. Edmonton was three hundred and fifty miles to the east, but after years of travel without destination that distance was negligible. With his supply of seeds and what few provisions even he required he started back to his lonesome home in the mountains. And ahead of him tramped six cattle. It must have been a trail of difficulties; but there was the satisfaction of knowing that, once the cattle reached their two thousand acre pasture, a reasonable stability of mountain and river would keep them there without a cowboy.

Then the serious work of the mountain farmer began. It was possible to drive in cattle, but he could not set down on his farm an outfit of factory-made implements. Just there commenced a display of that ingenuity that would prevent even a socialist begrudging Swift the opulence that will be his. A big fir tree was a simple conversion into a roller, and jackpine trees lacked only the finish of machine-turned shafts. Of wood he made a plough, a harrow, and even garden tools. And the wooden tools he planned and cut in those days he is using now, without the land resenting the absence of style and polish.

When the land was seeded Swift was only beginning to know his own resources. He discovered that the rainfall of the mountains was too uncertain for his ambitions. So far as is known he expressed no grouch against Providence for deceiving him into attempting the impossible. Instead, he dug a trench from a mountain stream back of his shack, and radiating from it many little ditches cut the farm. Where each ditch left

the main trench he placed a sluice gate — and then this single-handed mountain farmer was as independent of nature as it is well for man to be. If his potatoes were languishing he lifted a couple of gates and sat down to watch the glacier do his work. If his wheat was ripening to the scythe he jammed down the interested gates and definitely decided when to harvest. Swift, with his wooden implements, with his unmarketable crops from his unmarketable land, was farming scientifically.

Twice a year he had to endure that month's weary trip to Edmonton, and like any other obstacle in Swift's way it must have a remedy. All that long trail meant only flour to him, for he had long since learned to forgo the luxuries of civilisation. And the problem of flour he accordingly set out to solve. He built a millwheel, placed it in one of the convenient mountain streams, and watched it for a few days like a new toy, as it shakily yielded to the rush of the water. Then he set out for Edmonton and brought back a small grinder. Doubtfully he set it in place, connected it with the wheel, and sat down to see if Edmonton had anything on the Rockies. The flour came — good enough for his purpose — and there was his own flour mill on his own farm, manufacturing solely for himself. Lots of us afford inexpensive luxuries like automobiles and yachts and valets, but Swift has a monopoly of the personal flour mill luxury.

My first visit to Swift's farm was via a gasolene "speeder" that rattled its way over the eight miles of new track from Fitzhugh, the mountain divisional point of the Grand Trunk Pacific. When the speeder drew up before the shack a cluster of young faces that had curiously watched my approach disappeared instantly, and I had time to look around.

The railway ran within twenty yards of the front door, passing between the shack and the stables, and cutting a line through scenic gran-

deur that branded it as an intrusion. The shack, a long, low, log building, was in three sections, one the overhanging, log-roofed porch that is a feature of all ambitious residences in the wilds, then the original house, and behind it an addition of more recent years, the demand of an increasing family. Back of the shack toward Pyramid Mountain, one of the prominent peaks of the Yellowhead Pass, and from it a noisy stream rushed, past the house, appearing here and there through the trees Swift had allowed to remain along its banks, and rattling off towards the Athabaska a half mile away. Opposite the door, across the Athabaska, was a precipitous upheaval of mountain, like the first efforts of a landscape maker who is unfamiliar with his tools. East and west the railway disappeared in the clutching folds of other mountains on mountains.

It was a spot for a tourist hotel, rather than for a farmer. Either Swift had fallen upon a freak of nature in such a glorious combination of agricultural possibilities and scenery, or his weird ability had utilised nature to his own ideas of beauty and use. Anyway, the farm lay there in the centre of a valley of greatest loveliness.

Just inside the door sat a stout half-breed woman, Swift's wife of later years, working on a pile of moccasins that flecked with brilliant colour the top of a rough table.

"He 'way two, tree day. Mebbe back soon," she said in answer to an inquiry for Mr. Swift.

The information was not sufficiently definite whereon to base an appointment, but it was interesting as a sidelight on the wandering, independent life of the pioneer, who happened also to be a husband and father.

Inside, the first thing that came into view was an oil-cloth-covered table on which rested soup plates and cups and saucers. Probably it was the Rocky Mountains version of a

curio table, for the rest of the interior and the history of Swift scarcely paved the way for soup plates. A stove, innumerable tins, old blankets, and three rough chairs that carried the overflow of litter covering the floor, made it a matter of careful progress to reach the one chair that was emptied of its load. Swift's special hobby appeared in a line of eight or ten clocks and watches that hung from the logs supporting the roof. One would think time of value in the Rockies. Most of the walls and ceiling was concealed by pictures clipped from newspapers, the only system of selection appearing in the children's faces that covered the outside of the front door.

Besides the mother four children managed to squeeze into the room, the younger generation well-dressed, intelligent and alert, and eager to supply the missing English of their mother's halting conversation. The woman faced the pile of bright leather — the light brown of the young moose, the white caribou, the brown, smoked caribou, and a few shocking developments of her own ideas of leather staining. The cheapest of the moccasins was held at three dollars, and the white caribou brought four; but then the caribou had disappeared since the railway came in with its hilarious bohunks, its rattle and rush. Of late she has been forced to recognise Edmonton once more as the source of supply.

In all, fifteen acres have been broken on the farm, and the success with wheat and most of the vegetables justified replanting year after year. Horse raising is one of the main features of the Swift industry. Forty-five horses now roam the range, the easy pasture and open winters making them a clear profit. Mrs. Swift is proud of what her husband has done, but she looks forward to that which will make her prouder still. The presence of the one railway would have profited Swift for much of his life, but a second, the Canadian

Northern, has built its grade to his borders and beyond.

Swift has recently knocked much from the romance of his life by giving up part of his farming for the lure of real estate. He says it is because the railway has interrupted his irrigation system, but the avidity with which he dropped the one for the other speaks well for his perspicacity. The business negotiations he has carried on with the Government and with the two railways are ample proof that the pioneer life does not necessarily narrow a man.

When the Canadian Government decided to anticipate the railway by setting aside all that district in the mountains as a national park it approached Swift in the light of its experience. But Swift enlarged that experience. He refused to move. He had a pretty firm conviction that thirty years of unquestioned residence was above governments. He stuck. And the Government succumbed. They granted him a quarter section in the centre of one of the grandest national parks in the world. Swift knew it was enough for any ordinary man to hope for or to require.

When the Grand Trunk Pacific came along it learned that Swift made no favourites. He set a price for the land the railway required; and rather than suffer the tedious delay of arbitration they paid it. Again Swift had won.

The Canadian Northern rushed its work to catch up to the Grand Trunk Pacific; and once more Swift blocked the wheels of progress. Negotiations failed to move him, and, as there was no way round his farm, the railway built its grade to the edge of the quarter section and then jumped to work from the other side. Last fall terms had not been made, but Swift is content to wait. His demand is that the Canadian Northern establish a townsite on his farm. It wouldn't cost the railway anything, and the level bit of land is the most suitable in many miles.

In anticipation of that event the townsite is already laid out, and the name of Swiftholme will assist in the monetary returns.

Swift deserves the best that can come to him. He took up a task that would have lain to this day like the rest of the Rockies. He lived entirely alone for a dozen years where com-

forts were the products of his own hands. He put his brains to the solution of problems that would have driven another back to civilisation decades ago. But probably he will never be worth writing about again, now that wealth is his. For it was in the fastnesses of the mountains he found himself.

## TORONTO AND NEW YORK

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

**B**UILDINGS and houses? yes,

The places where men work and live,  
 All these are here high towering to the sky.  
 But homes, ah, no, for New York has not homes.  
 Search all Manhattan through from end to end,  
 You will not find them. Homes?  
 Here men and women live upon the streets,  
 And boys and girls, and little children, too,  
 So young you would not call them boys or girls,  
 But only "children," little "tots" or "tykes,"  
 For all their faces are as old and lined  
 As are the aged in that place I know and love and call my home.  
 There children laugh and play in yards and lawns,  
 And romp a-coming home from school,  
 And sing aloud with clean good childish mirth.  
 But here the things that make the children smile  
 Make men grow old before their time;  
 Bring tears to wash the beauty of the women clear away,  
 For all the colour that they put upon their cheeks,  
 And turn their hearts to stone, cold stone,  
 The stone that is the heart of all Manhattan town.





JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON, AND HER SON, THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY

From the Painting by George Romney. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

## IV.—THE RESULTS OF CRITICISM

BY REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

**T**HOUGH criticism is a method, and not a net result, it has produced a great variety of results, some of which are conjectural, some of which are doubtful, some of which are probable, and some of which are demonstrable. Some are purely conjectural, having been suggested by men of speculative minds; some are rather doubtful, though they are endorsed by critics of great prominence; some are very probable, but remain uncertain because of insufficient data; some are quite demonstrable, being supported by evidence that would be readily accepted in any other case.

Of the results of criticism which, it may be asked, may we safely accept? We may safely accept any result that can be proved, and we cannot safely do anything else. That which is true is always safe. It is that which is not true that is both unsafe and injurious. God is truth, and only truth is of God. Only truth, therefore, is what the Church should seek and what its representatives should teach. That which the Church requires, that which the world desires, is established facts; and the sooner Christian teachers appreciate the situation, the better it will be.

Some persons speak and act as if there were things about the Bible which ought not to be told; things which, they appear to think, should be kept from the public; things which, if

generally known, would shake the confidence of the people and diminish their regard for the Scriptures. Such an opinion, however, is a foolish one to entertain. There is no probable result that should not be given to the people, nor is there any certain result that will not help the cause of truth. To withhold any Biblical facts from the general public is a policy of deception, and one that is no less dangerous than it is dishonest.

What results of criticism, then, may be taken as practically assured? To furnish an exhaustive list would require too much space, but I may present a concise statement of those that I regard as satisfactorily established. In presenting this statement I shall be very frank with the reader, believing, as I have said in other words before, that there is no fact about the Bible which ought not to be made known. I have tried to classify the facts in such a way that they can be easily fixed in the mind.

(1) Canonical Results. Investigation shows that the Canon of the Bible is unchronological. The books are not arranged in the order in which they were written, much less in the order in which the events recorded in them took place. That is the case with those of both the Old and the New Testament. Of the Old Testament we have really two Canons—the one in Hebrew and the other in

Greek; but in neither of them are the writings chronologically arranged, though the arrangement found in the printed editions of the Hebrew Bible is superior to that given in the Greek version, and is now generally followed by critical scholars in studying the ancient Scriptures.

The Reformers eliminated a number of the books in Greek because they thought them spiritually inferior to the others, but all of them are considered canonical by the Greek Church, and most of them are so considered by the Roman Catholic Church. There is one order of the books, however, in the Hebrew Bible, there is another order in the Greek version, and there is another order still in the English versions; but, though the arrangement in the Hebrew Bible is more nearly chronological than that in any of the versions, in none of the collections are the works arranged in the succession of time in which they were composed. Criticism is giving us a better arrangement of the books of the Bible.

(2) Textual Results. Investigation shows that the text of the Bible is imperfect. That is true in regard to each Testament. In addition to the variant readings in the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament, the divergencies between the Hebrew and the Greek are very great. Though the renderings of the version correspond pretty closely to those of the original, there are notable exceptions to that rule. The books of Jeremiah, Proverbs, Job, Esther, and Daniel exhibit remarkable irregularities. In the first-named book especially the dissimilarity of the readings is prodigious. Besides remarkable changes in the general arrangement of its contents, there are differences of a much more serious sort, such as the presence in the Hebrew of an enormous amount of matter wanting in the Greek, and the absence from the Hebrew of many words and phrases belonging to the Greek.

Moreover, criticism discovers in the

Scriptures a great number of glosses, interpolations, and marginal notes. Though somewhat frequent in it, such additions to the text are not indicated by the Revisers of the Old Testament, but the New Testament Revisers have indicated them in various ways. In very many places they have either omitted or inserted in the margin words, phrases and entire verses. For instance, they have removed from the Lord's Prayer, found in the sixth chapter of Matthew, the beautiful doxology at the end of the thirteenth verse, which is probably an interpolation from an ancient liturgy, and have omitted all reference to the doctrine of the Trinity mentioned in the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of First John. Then they have bracketed as a late appendix the latter half of the last chapter of Mark's Gospel, and have also enclosed in brackets the passage about an adulteress contained in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to John. Criticism is giving us a better text of the books of the Bible.

(3) Historical Results. Investigation shows that the historical accounts recorded in the Scriptures are quite uneven. That is to say, they vary both in accuracy and in trustworthiness. The early history of every nation rests upon tradition. In the nature of things there could be no other basis. A primitive people keeps no records, and cannot tell what happened in its infancy. Only reminiscences are transmitted, and these are necessarily very vague. What I say is no less true of modern than of ancient times. The beginnings of the British nation are wrapped in much obscurity, and the earliest accounts are both legendary and traditional. Hence we should not look for literal history in the oldest narratives of the Bible, but should expect to find in them legendary and traditional elements. We should be prepared to see that the chronological statements of the Book of Genesis are imperfect, just as we should be prepared to see

that the genealogical tables of the Evangelists are incomplete; for, as a matter of fact, much of the history and chronology in the primeval and patriarchal ages cannot be determined with certainty. Only about the time of Abraham, a little more than two thousand years before Christ, do the records of the Hebrew people become substantially accurate or measurably reliable. The early stories of Genesis were constructed out of traditional materials which were either derived from Babylonia or belonged originally to both Hebrews and Babylonians. Whether they sprang from a common tradition or not, they were manifestly developed from more primitive forms, such as are found in Babylonia, and were gradually purified and spiritualised, and adapted to meet the requirements of Hebrew habits of thought.

Besides revealing legendary and traditional elements in the ancient narratives, criticism proves that certain accounts are mythical, as those in the second chapter of Genesis, which speak of the making of man from the dust of the ground and the forming of woman out of one of his ribs, and that in the sixth chapter of the same book, which speaks of the sons of the gods, not the sons of God, taking themselves wives of the daughters of men; it proves that certain accounts are symbolical, as that in the third chapter, which pictures the power of temptation under the form of a serpent, not as a personal devil, but as an evil principle that lures men into disobedience; it proves that certain accounts are anthropomorphic, as that in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, which represents Jehovah as appearing to Abraham in the form of a man, and that in the last verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, which speaks of the back parts of God, as if he had the body of a human being; it proves, too, that certain accounts are idealised, as some of the stories related in the book of Daniel, and some of the nar-

ratives recorded in the books of Chronicles. Much of the matter in these books should not be taken as serious history. Criticism proves, also, that some of the Biblical characters, such as Abraham and Moses, Jacob and Joseph, Elijah and Elisha, have been idealised, just as Alfred the Great and other noble men of modern times have been idealised. The history contained in the Old Testament is religious history, and much of it is presented in the form in which it was slowly shaped by tradition or in which it was consciously modified for homiletic purposes. Even the books of Joshua, the books of Samuel, and the books of Kings, though comparatively trustworthy records, contain expressions that do not occur in rigidly historical writings. I ought, perhaps, to mention that the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament is both idealised and philosophised. Criticism is giving us a fairer estimate of the narratives of the Bible.

(4) Legal Results. Investigation shows that the legislation of the Old Testament is uncertain. By calling it uncertain, I mean that we are not sure of either its origin or its date. Men thought once that the whole of the early laws of the Hebrews originated with Moses, but we can now prove that such was not the case, for many of them existed long before his birth. The recent discovery of the Code of Hammurabi, who antedates Moses by about a thousand years, suggests that Hebrew legislation was directly influenced by that of Babylonia. The striking parallels between the Babylonian laws and the Pentateuchal laws show that many of the latter must have been borrowed from the former. But, while they must have been borrowed, as I have said, they were put together with quite another spirit, because the purpose running through them is very different from that of the original. To prevent crime, not sin, is the object of the Babylonian legislation, but to prevent sin rather than crime, is

the object which the Pentateuchal has in view; for in the Pentateuch crime is to be punished, not merely because it is injurious to society, but because it is an offence against God. Moreover, the Hebrew laws are characterised by a superior humanity, as well as a superior morality. Hebrew law, like Hebrew history, is religious, and is pervaded by a religious spirit, so that there is a uniqueness about both the history and the legislation.

Then we know now that Moses was not the author of all the Old Testament laws, because many of them bear marks of belonging to a later date. Their character indicates that they were not only framed subsequent to his death, but were also made to suit varying conditions of society. The evidence is conclusive that they were neither compiled by any one man nor enacted at any one time. Though they were not all enacted by Moses, many were connected with his name because he was the first great Hebrew legislator and the founder of the Hebrew constitution. When the earlier laws were revised and brought up to date from time to time, the name of Moses was used in connection with them, much as the name of an author remains connected with a modern text-book after its original form has disappeared. Though considerably revised, the laws are thus stamped with the spirit of Moses, and may be viewed as Mosaic in that sense.

The Pentateuch reveals three distinct codes or bodies of law—the Covenant code, the Deuteronomic code, and the Levitical code—which relate to different periods in the life of the nation, and represent different stages of religious development. The Covenant code, or Book of the Covenant, as it is called in Exodus 24:7, is the body of general law contained in Exodus, chapters twenty to twenty-three, being so named because it formed the basis of a compact on the part of Israel with Jehovah; the Deuteronomic code is the body of civic

law included in the book of Deuteronomy, and the Levitical, or Priestly, code, is the body of ritual law found in the book of Leviticus, together with certain sections of Exodus and Numbers which treat of Priestly legislation.

Like those of other nations, the laws of the Hebrews grew up gradually, as the circumstances of the people called them forth; and the course of their growth would probably be, first customs, next statutes or edicts, and then codes. The three codes described seem to have been compiled in the order indicated, the one succeeding the other after a long interval, no doubt. As would naturally be expected, there was a development of one organisation from another, and a transformation of one institution into another, as time went on. In other words, there was a transition, age by age, from a certain state of things to a state of things materially different, and a consequent modification of the laws to suit the altered state of things. Criticism is giving us a finer knowledge of the legislation of the Bible.

(5) Literary Results. Investigation shows that much of the literature of the Bible is composite, being made up of separate elements. Many of the books that were formerly believed to be the work of one man are found on examination to have been produced by different men living at different times, and some of them wide intervals apart. That is the case with most of the longer books—whether historical, poetical, prophetic, or evangelical—and with some of the shorter ones, such as Daniel and Zechariah, neither of which books is the work of one author or the product of one mind.

The first five books of the Bible have a particularly composite character, and, though portions of them must have come from Moses, Mosaic authorship can be no longer claimed for them. Criticism proves that they were compiled from four different

documents, each of which has certain peculiarities of style; and an analysis of the book of Joshua shows that it is marked by the same characteristics as those of the five that precede it in point of documentary structure. Since the documents used in the composition of them can be traced in it, that book is now included with them by critical scholars, who, instead of speaking of the Pentateuch, are accustomed to speak of the Hexateuch, because they view these first six books as constituting one specially connected series.

The compositeness of the book of Genesis is further proved by the double accounts that appear in it. I have already shown that we have a double narrative of the creation of man, the account in the second chapter overlapping in some respects the account in the first, and each one containing a different word for God. I have likewise shown that we have a double narrative of the Flood, especially of the animals entering the ark, and I should explain that each narrative is characterised by the use of a different word for God. I may here add that we have one version of Abraham denying his wife in chapter 12:10-20, which uses Jehovah, the Hebrew name of God, and another version in the twentieth chapter, which uses Elohim, a Hebrew name denoting God, but not a proper name, as the former is. Comparing the two versions, we may see that the ethical tone of the second is superior to that of the first, and indicates a distinct advance in moral sensitiveness.

Criticism proves, moreover, that David was not simply not the author of the whole Psalter, but that he wrote little if any of it, as most of the Psalms are of late date, some of them belonging to the time of the Maccabees, about 170 B.C. Of none of them, however, can the origin be determined with certainty, because, though the superscriptions suggest names and occasions, they were written by editors, not by au-

thors, and are different in the Greek translation from what they are in the Hebrew text. They, therefore, tell us nothing certain about either the authorship or the date. Criticism shows too, that the book of Proverbs, instead of being principally the work of Solomon, is a collection of moral apothegms by various Hebrew writers in widely separated points of time; and that the book of Isaiah, instead of being the product of the man whose name it bears, was composed at different periods and by different persons, and that the whole of the latter half belongs to either exilic or post-exilic times. It should here be observed that, even in the New Testament, different documents appear to have served as the sources of our synoptic Gospels, two, at least, having been used in compiling the First and the Third Gospel, or that by Matthew and that by Luke.

Then, besides showing the compositeness of the literature, the critical method helps us to determine its true character. It enables us to see that the story of the Fall is allegorical rather than historical; that the book of Job is an epic poem, and not a literal history; that the Song of Songs is a collection of poems celebrating the delights of human love, and that Ruth and Esther are each romantic history, or historical romance. In this connection it may be stated that most of the books of the Old Testament and many of those in the New belong to a later date than that to which they were formerly assigned. Criticism gives us a closer acquaintance with the literature of the Bible.

(6) Religious Results. Investigation shows that the religion of the Old Testament is Semitic, which means that it was common to the other branches of the family of Shem. On comparing the religion of the Hebrews with that of kindred peoples, it is found that their rites and ceremonies, their customs and institutions, their sacrificial systems, and

their division of things into clean and unclean resemble very closely those of the other Semitic tribes. But, while it is found that many of their ideas and observances were common to other races, it is also found that they gave a new significance to that which had long existed, having developed purer doctrines and enacted purer forms of worship, doctrines and forms that were still further spiritualised by Jesus and his Apostles. Such a comparison shows that every historic religion is a gradual growth by which one stage passes quietly into another, each addition to truth being the expansion of a germ of truth already known. Criticism gives us a broader view of the religion of the Bible.

(7) Moral Results. Investigation shows that the morality of the Scriptures is progressive, as is, indeed, the revelation of God contained in them. As the Israelites ascended in the scale of civilisation, they advanced in moral and religious culture, the latter being the cause of the former. There is a manifest progress in moral teaching from age to age, and many practices that were allowed in earlier, were disallowed in later, times. Many ethical statements in the older books are imperfect, but they represent the highest standard of morality that existed when they were made. One has only to compare the Law of Moses with the Gospel of Christ to perceive the great differences between them. Criticism gives us a clearer notion of the morality of the Bible.

(8) Scientific Results. Investigation shows that the science of the Scriptures is undeveloped. Each part represents the conceptions of the age in which it was written. As the first chapter of Genesis does not contain literal history, so it does not present accurate science. The cosmogony of the writer was the one then common to the civilised nations of the ancient world. The aim of the author, however, was not to give a history of our planet from the beginning, but rather

to show that everything owes its origin to the creative energy of a spiritual Being, who is both self-existent and supreme. In this respect the account is utterly unique. Hence critical scholars are not anxious to reconcile the story of Creation with the testimony of geology, because they know the object of the writer was not so much to teach science as to teach religion. In like manner, Jesus spoke as a religious teacher, and in harmony with the scientific notions of his day, when he described the sun as *rising* on the evil and the good. Criticism gives us a truer appreciation of the science of the Bible.

(9) Doctrinal Results. Investigation shows us how to deduce the doctrines of Scriptures from an inductive study of its facts. Such a study proves that Biblical inspiration is spiritual, not mechanical, being concerned with moral principles and religious truths. It proves that the Bible itself is not revelation, but the record of a revelation, which resulted from apprehending the will of God through communion with him and meditation on his ways. It proves that man was created innocent, not perfect; that he fell from a state of innocence, not a state of perfection; that sin is not an essence, but an act of will; that atonement is not an objective performance, but a subjective experience, and that salvation is not so much exemption from pain or suffering hereafter, as deliverance from sin and selfishness here. Criticism gives us a juster understanding of the doctrines of the Bible.

(10) Exegetical Results. Investigation shows that the historical meaning of the Scriptures has been largely overlooked. By leading us to seek for the thought that was in the mind of each writer, criticism helps us to discover the original signification of thousands of passages. It not only shows us that the traditional view of them is wrong, but also enables us to form a right view of them. It throws a flood of light, too, on many difficult

questions. Furthermore, it leads us to study the two great sections of the Bible together—the New Testament with the aid of the Old, and the Old Testament in the light of the New—thus enabling us to perceive their relative significance, as well as their organic unity. Criticism gives us a fuller agreement concerning the meaning of the Bible.

The foregoing are a few results that may be considered definitely settled, for they are such as all critical scholars will admit, and no competent scholarship would dispute. Look-

ing at them carefully, the reader will see that criticism leaves the permanent elements of the Bible unimpaired, its essential doctrines undisturbed, and its eternal verities untouched. Every religious truth, every moral principle, every vital evangelical conception stands just where it has always stood, and just where it will always stand, because criticism has nothing whatever to do with any of these things. It deals simply with the casket, so to speak, of Scripture, and not with the precious jewels therein contained.

---

“The Gains of Criticism” is the title of Dr. Workman’s paper for the October Number.

---

## DOMINIC

By R. C. READE

**R**OAD-MENDER and dredger of ditches,  
 Layer of pipes and digger of drains,  
 With his sunny smile and his corduroy breeches,  
 From Naples vineyards and Lombardy’s plains,  
 Wherever men work with the pick,  
 There you will find him, Dominic!

Swart-visaged and witless of riches,  
 Horny of fist and avid of work,  
 As the earth in spadefuls he tosses and pitches,  
 No weakling he, to grumble or shirk!  
 Oh, in tireless wielding of shovel or pick,  
 There’s none so famous as Dominic!

Knight-errant of culverts and ditches,  
 Rodin of mud and Manet of clay,  
 Deserves he not room in your sculptured niches,  
 O ye Halls of Fame, on your judgment day?  
 No greatness beats fame with the shovel or pick,  
 There’s the boast and the pride of Dominic!

# THE GRIP IN DEEP HOLE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE KINDRED OF THE WILD," "THE RETURN TO THE TRAILS," ETC.

THE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects, was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees; and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now; and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking; and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding, lashing branches he sank downward—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat. Then, shooting through the lighter bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep, and cold. Barnes went down straight, and clear under, with a strangled gasp. His feet struck, with some force, upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and débris; and sputtering he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realised that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and débris, and turbulence of little waves, seethed about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged



again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clearing the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits compose themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from the shore the main current swirled past silently, as if weary from the turbulence of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his lips—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling, its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away instantly in his grasp. And once more, in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of himself. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still afloat, it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced

him, being a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches, or roots, of some tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon the ankle like the jaws of an otter trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm, clutching the joint. As he considered, he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set himself about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cables or sections of a tense snake body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous ef-

fort. Then, filling his lungs very moderately, the better to endure a strain, he stooped suddenly downward, deep into the amber gloom, and began wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest, he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it—again and again to fail just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half inch above drowning, the desperateness of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe, to his woods-familiar eyes, looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquillity of the solitude, except, now and then, an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful tsic-a-dee-dee of an unseen chickadee, or, from the intense blue overhead, the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fishhawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood. Yet here it was, apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scourged ice-field.

A silent rage burned suddenly

through all his veins, which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered over Barnes's grim, upturned face, and went dancing gayly out across the shining water joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hair's-breadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes's vision a trout rose, and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes's haggard eyes, seemed an analogue in miniature to his own.

But it was not in the woodsman's fiber to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began searching with his eyes among the branches of the popular sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of a stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to pry apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight crackling in the underbrush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodsman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved quickly down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to find out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the falls, was floating belly upward, down the current, close to Barnes's side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it, and drew it into the pool.

Softly it came drifting down towards Barnes's hidden face. Among the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

Barnes now understood quite well that commotion which had followed, along shore, the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sand-spit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, it was staring straight at Barnes's face, upturned upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew it was staring at the dead salmon. His heart jumped sickeningly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this and be afraid to come for the fish.

But to his surprise the great beast, which had seemed to hesitate, plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool but some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his, by right of discovery; and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes

had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce Barnes made up his mind on the instance.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about an arm's length from Barnes's face. Swimming high, his mighty shoulders thrusting up a wave before him which buried Barnes's head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in its jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes's moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait, perhaps two seconds, while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this inexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw himself shoulder-high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight, and dragged ahead till he thought his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go, to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking, and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled

softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness, lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage; and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his labouring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear, there swimming frantically for the sandspit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes's foot was hurting fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land, the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see

what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. **Man** he had seen before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that, to his startled mind, was just a lure of this terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at his so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone, Barnes swam to the sandspit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins and aching limbs.



# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

**A**T a time when every first-class Power was hopelessly outclassed by the British fleet, the Lords of the Admiralty launched the first Dreadnought and placed the most powerful navy in the world on the obsolete list. The change from vessels of the *King Edward* class to Dreadnoughts has cost the British taxpayers millions of pounds, while sacrificing the margin of supremacy which, until the arrival of the Dreadnought era, had not been seriously challenged. Naval experts are not yet agreed that the Dreadnought—offering a bigger target to torpedo and submarine craft, and involving greater sacrifices in men and money in case of loss—is the most serviceable and efficient fighting machine in time of war. The experts are now in serious conflict as to the revolutionary experiments of the Admiralty since Mr. Winston Churchill was transferred to that Department. With enormous supplies of the best steam coal in the world within British shores, Mr. Churchill, with that impetuosity that marks his conduct of public affairs, has declared for oil fuel and has added to the navy about one hundred destroyers solely depending on oil for fuel. The immediate result of this policy has been to raise the prices of oil against the Admiralty and to compel the First Lord to retrace his steps and modify his plans. Had not the greed of the Oil Trusts forced prices up to a prohibitive level, the British Dreadnoughts using coal might, in a few years' time, have been as obsolete as the *King Edwards* are now.

Warned by the rising barometer in the oil market, the Admiralty, which in 1912 "was compelled to use oil fuel over nearly the whole field of construction," decided that "the five battleships of this year are to be coal-burners, using oil as an auxiliary only." Within one year the biggest spending Department in the United Kingdom is "compelled to use oil" and then suddenly reverts to coal. Oil "which in 1911-1912 could practically compete on favourable terms with coal," is now almost double the price!

This inflation in the price of oil is attributed to the policy of Mr. Churchill in substituting coal ships, with oil as an alternative fuel, for vessels constructed to burn oil only. And his sudden reversion to the coal type is hailed by his critics as an admission that he blundered into the arms of the trusts that control the world's supplies of oil. An important feature of the Admiralty's oil policy was that it was based on the report of a committee, the chairman of which, Lord Fisher, had to sell his oil shares before assuming the position. As the possessor of oil shares he must be held to be favourably impressed by the importance of oil as a fuel. Whether he was in a position to give unbiased advice on the subject to the Admiralty is open to controversy and has been the subject of unfavourable comments by a section of the British press. That his advice was acted upon and then as suddenly reversed does not tend to inspire confidence in the First Lord or the Admiralty.

Following hard on the heels of the

Marconi incident came rumours of a Government deal in oil contracts. While the grosser insinuations of political opponents are as admittedly unfounded as those relating to the deal in American Marconis by Cabinet Ministers, there is a feeling abroad that the Admiralty policy, since Churchill took over control, has encouraged the oil magnates and ship-builders in the belief that naval construction and the oil trade would be greatly stimulated by the changes projected. Oil as a fuel has certain advantages over coal in regard to which naval experts are agreed. But the great objection to any revolutionary substitution of oil for coal as fuel in the British navy is that there is no such certainty in the supply of oil as there is in the case of coal. A few powerful trusts have cornered the world's supply of this commodity. There is no visible oil supply of any magnitude within the Empire, and as oil is liable to be seized as contraband, the British fleet would dissipate its strength in time of war protecting foreign oil cargoes, while all the time there is at hand in the Welsh coal-fields an unlimited supply of fuel. Mr. Churchill's administration at the Admiralty has caused serious misgivings among his own political friends, and he has not succeeded in winning the confidence of the Big Navy party.

\*

Dr. Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate, is a retired physician, whose selection is free from any political taint. *The London Times* describes him as "neither Imperialist nor Little Englander," but one who "has given to poetry what Seymour Haden gave to etching, and more. He has studied profoundly and practically the origins, the values, the philosophy of words, of rhythms, of meters. The passion of the artist for beauty is the pure motive of Mr. Bridges's poetry, and the honour paid to him is an honour paid to poetry for her own sake."

Dr. Bridges has reached the allot-

ted span of life, and most of his literary work has been published since his retirement from active work in London hospitals. He is not a popular poet in the sense in which Tennyson was, but his reputation stands high among critics of literature. His poems are classical rather than popular, and for this reason are not widely read or known. A complete edition of his poems was published last year by the Oxford Press, and won for him at once a wide circle of admirers.

\*

*The Tablet* recalls a good story regarding the incomes of poets. The late King, when Prince of Wales, was dining with Sir Henry Thompson, the surgeon. Always curious about personal details, he asked his host what annual income could be made in his profession. "About £15,000," was the reply; "and in yours," said the Prince, turning to Sir Charles Russell. The answer was £25,000. "And in yours," pursued the questioner, addressing Mitfais. "£35,000," replied the painter, adding, as he noticed the Prince's astonishment, "Well, last year I actually made £40,000, and had a long holiday in Scotland fishing." Finally the same question was put to Browning, but he refused to be drawn. On leaving the house, however, he whispered confidentially to a friend, "Forty last year."

\*

Mr. S. A. Rounsefell, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, writes:

"I see in the July *Canadian Magazine* your opinion respecting the Government's Navy Bill, intimating that this Bill should be submitted to the people for approval before being acted upon. If this was done, my opinion is that the present Government would have been sustained, and come back to the House with a larger majority than they have at present. But what a waste of time and money, for the Senate would throw the Bill out again. This navy question was in the

air at the last general election—Borden informed the people that if his Government was placed in power he would introduce a Navy Bill far superior to the Liberal 'tin pot Navy Bill.' That great and rising young man, the Honourable Mackenzie King, at the last election, informed his constituents that if the Borden Government was sustained, Mr. Borden intended to have built large war vessels to fight the Germans (his constituents were largely German).

"However, the action of the Senate pleases the Conservatives. Now the Government can buy up those three Dreadnoughts which the British Admiralty intend building, to fill the gap—the different items of expense will be placed in the estimates, and passed by the House, quite independent of the Senate. The late Mr. Ellis, of St. John, N.B., was the only independent Liberal in the Senate. All the others were tied hand and foot by Sir Wilfrid and his followers in the House of Commons. Great Britain would fall to a second-class power if Germany were supreme at sea. You can call it emergency or menace—it is a race for supremacy, and there need be no war."

The question of national and Imperial defence should be approached from a non-partisan standpoint, and the fact that Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were agreed as to a policy in 1909 should make it possible for both parties to come together again on a scheme of defence which would adequately express the sentiment of the nation and satisfy the requirements of our time. It was Mr. Borden's expressed intention to refer the question to the electors, and there does not yet appear to be any other method by which the verdict of the country can be definitely ascertained.

\*

The return of the American Commission of Agricultural Enquiry, after an extended tour through European countries, should give a much-

needed fillip to the study of rural conditions on this continent. Several Canadians were attached to the Commission, and their reports will be looked forward to with keen interest by agriculturalists and by all who follow with concern the decadence of rural life in the Dominion. Four days were spent in Dublin by the Commission, and there the members had an opportunity to meet Sir Horace Plunkett, whose energies are devoted to the regeneration of rural life in Ireland, and whose ideals have inspired similar movements in other countries.

\*

Much is being written about the decadence of Britain in fields where formerly she reigned supreme. In the realm of sport she is no longer able to hold her own with younger nations, and now comes word that theatrical managers find a difficulty in obtaining good plays. Three London theatres are at present drawing houses with adaptations of novels not intended originally for dramatisation. Martin Harvey still draws big houses to "The Only Way." "Oliver Twist" is popular nightly at the Lyceum, and "The Barrier," which first appeared as a novel by Rex Beach, is also running at present. Actor-managers, hungry for something attractive, have had to turn to writers of fiction for plots and characters. Does this show lack of originality on the part of the modern playwrights?

\*

The impression gains ground in political circles in England that the Asquith Government will go to the country some time between the passing of the Home Rule Bill and the date when it goes into operation. Mr. Redmond is opposed to this course, but party agents are preparing for an appeal to the constituencies next spring. There is a well-grounded assumption that the attitude of the Ulster minority renders an appeal to the electors necessary. If the Liberals are returned the Unionist argument that Home Rule has been car-

ried by the suspension of the Constitution under the Parliament Act will lose any moral force it might possess by the ratification of the Irish measure at the polls. If Ulster continues to resist after a clear verdict by the country at large, Carson and his followers will be deprived of all the moral weight which their opposition to an Irish Parliament under present circumstances would carry among Unionists in England. It is impossible to conceive of Mr. Balfour, for instance, countenancing revolt in Ulster once the verdict of the electors is emphatically declared on the side of the Liberal Government. On the other hand, there is some doubt as to the return of the Liberals at the next general election. In this case the Irish problem would have to be solved by both parties in conference. As Mr. Redmond and his colleagues have advocated self-government as Imperialists and abandoned the old Nationalist platform of the forties, sixties, and eighties, it would be difficult for the Tories to resist the temptation of attempting a settlement by general consent on lines that would admit of wider powers of self-government when party excitement in Ulster has subsided. As in all great political fights, keenly contested, the older generation will have to die off before Ireland can settle down to normal conditions.

Writing on the Irish question reminds me that most of Parnell's success was due to his gift of selecting men. He had great faith in the young men, and the Redmonds and others who went into Parliament to wring concessions from England were just out of their teens. It is thirty years since Willie Redmond first entered the British House of Commons. In the *Westminster Gazette* he contributes some interesting reminiscences and notes the fact that on the Liberal and Labour benches there are only two members who were there when he arrived. These are Mr. Buxton, the President of the Board of Trade, and

Mr. Burt, the father of the House. The Unionists are better off with some six or seven, headed by Mr. Balfour, who were in the House in 1883, but in spite of their smaller numbers, the Nationalists boast eight such veterans—namely, Mr. Redmond and his brother, Mr. Dillon, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. T. M. Healy.

\*

In a volume of essays just issued, the editor of *The Economist*, Mr. F. W. Hirst, expresses the opinion that Mr. Winston Churchill contemplates changing sides once more, and the author is fortified in this belief by the withdrawal from sale of Mr. Churchill's volume of Radical speeches. There would be nothing unusual or inconsistent in such a step, although precedents are rare of Cabinet Ministers changing parties twice in a decade. Churchill left the Unionists on the Free Trade issue, and as there is little prospect of Chamberlain's fiscal reforms being accepted, there is no reason why the member for Radical Dundee should not again cross the floor. There is no doubt he would be a powerful acquisition to the Unionist party. It would be difficult, as Mr. Hirst points out, to find a prominent statesman who has not changed his opinions and his party. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Carson among present members of the House, are conspicuous modern examples. Gladstone began life as a Tory, Disraeli as a Radical. Palmerston was a Tory and Whig at different periods of his career, while Lord Derby, the Tory Prime Minister, was a Whig Reformer down to 1835. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain passed from extreme Radicalism, Free Trade, and Little Englandism to be the powerful exponent of Imperialism and Protection. Chamberlain's conversion was, perhaps, the quickest on record, for it is said he changed in a single night.





RETURNING HOME

From the charcoal drawing by André Lurion

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE

BY WILLIAM BANKS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

EVERY boy will want to read this striking record of one who, although he possessed many of the bedevilling characteristics that make most boys irresistible, was nevertheless a real hero. William is an office boy in a lawyer's office, a most extraordinary office boy, and he says extraordinary things, with the result that his employer and Tommy Watson, the auctioneer, and Epstein, the retired actor, and Flo Delamere, the actress, and the lawyer's aunt, and several others, take a profound interest in his welfare. This common interest inspires the lad's ambition to make something of himself, but he is so inately clever that no one ever has any doubt of his advancement, and in time he begins to think that perhaps after all there is a future ahead of him. William is a master of up-to-date slang — one would almost call him an inventor of apt phraseology, and there is in

everything he says and does an unexpected element that adds interest even to prosaic subjects and incidents. The features of the book are the political meetings, the baseball match, the wedding of Tommy Watson and Flo Delamere, and several intimate passages that are sufficiently pathetic to give contrast to the wholesome humour of the book. The author is a Toronto journalist, at present news editor of *The Globe*. He has written about what he knows and about characters that have won his keen sympathies and admiration. The scene is laid in Toronto, and observant readers will recognise places mentioned and perhaps one or two of the characters.

\*

## THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

By T. EVERETT HARRE. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

HERE is a real love story, a tale of absolute heroism. We recall no recent bit of fiction that so pulsates with exalting love and magnificent self-sacrifice. Ootah is a young Eskimo hunter, the pride of his race,



Mr. WILLIAM BANKS

A young Toronto journalist whose fine characterisation "William Adolphus Turnpike" is reviewed herewith.

the envy of every youth of the tribe. Annadoah seems to be his natural complement, for she has fine grace and beauty, and none other is so skilled as she in the primitive crafts that make of Eskimo women help-mates worthy of the men. Ootah loves Annadoah, and for her he leads in the walrus hunt and in the chase for the polar bear. But a blustering, bargaining white man, with trinkets and gewgaws, comes to the village, and the wonder of him turns and wins her heart. He visits her iglow, and then goes away, promising to return. Ootah is observant, but patient, and when in the throes of winter the tribe is threatened with starvation, it is he who goes out on the perilous yet successful hunt for musk oxen. And when spring comes, and Annadoah's

child is about to be born, it is he who provides her with food and rebuilds her iglow, and keeps her lamp of fat burning. And when the child is born—blind—and the others of the tribe chase the fleeing mother to destroy the child, because it is the custom to take the life of every maimed child that is born fatherless, unless some man of the tribe volunteer to be its protector, it is Ootah who appears on the scene to thus volunteer. But he is a moment too late, for the child has just been torn from its mother's arms and cast from a high cliff out into the sea. Ootah marks the spot where the child disappears, and, poisoning himself for a moment on the edge of the rock, he dives like an arrow into the billows. The mother and others await breathlessly his reappearance. But he does not reappear, and Annadoah falls upon her knees moaning.

"A cold wind moaned a pitiless lament from the interior mountains. Yellow vapours gathered about the dimming sun. Ominous shadows took form on the shimmering sea.

"I-o-h-h-h—iooh! Unhappy sun—unhappy Annadoah!"

"Taking fire in the subdued sunlight—and descending from heaven like a gentle benediction of feathery flakes of gold—over and about the dark, crouched figure, softly . . . very softly . . . the snow began to fall."

Thus we have a picture of the eternal maiden, a tale of wondrous pathos and charm.

✱

#### LEVITY HICKS

By TOM GALLON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"LEVITY HICKS was a tall, spare man, with unruly hair that might have been curly but for the extreme shortness of it, and with clothes that were worn to the verge almost of shabbiness. His was a grave face, save when now and then a curious slow, shy smile swept over it, and then went away again. There

was an air about him that could not exactly be defined as one of timidity so much as suggesting that he was never quite sure of himself. He came now into the room a little haltingly, with just that quiet smile stealing over his features; it gave him for all the world the ludicrous air of a dog, not quite sure of his welcome, wagging his tail as he comes towards you."

In these words the author describes the quaint character who has never had his chance in the world. He has been used by others, and many have used him as a stepping-stone to fortune. The happiness of love has been denied him, except by one woman, but he has to die and come back in the spirit to realise it. His coming back and moving about in the scenes and with persons he knew in life is known by this woman only, and a child, who in life had been placed in fanciful surroundings. The story has many quaint and delightful passages.

\*

### THE OUTLAW

By DAVID HENNESSEY. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS sensational novel received the second prize of £400 in the publishers' recent competition. While it has obvious faults, its merits nevertheless more than turn the balance in its favour. The Outlaw is in his way a creation—certainly an arresting figure. Life has treated him hardly and unfairly, and although his resentment and revenge may not be pretty, they are at least consistent with his character. Salathiel is a human being; one can believe in him. This is the crux of the whole book, for it stands or falls by this one character. In other respects "The Outlaw" is a well-handled, capable piece of work. It is written in a style that at worst is businesslike and at best is remarkably well suited to the subject matter of the story; it is crowded with incident; and it presents a

fresh and vigorous—though one-sided—picture of a period of Australian history which is little known or studied in this country. In fact, "The Outlaw" may not be a great novel, but at least it is a very good one.

\*

### WINDS OF DOCTRINE

By E. SANTAYANA. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son.

"THE shell of Christendom is broken. The unconquerable mind of the East, the pagan past, the industrial socialistic future confronted with their equal authority. Our whole life and mind is saturated with the glow of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, international democracy." With this statement as a beginning for these interesting studies in contemporary opinion, the late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University lays bare what he regards as the modern tendencies in philosophic thought. The view is expressed that the convictions and ideals of Christendom are in a state of disintegration and anarchy. There is an inquiry into the case of modernism and Bergson. The volume contains also an essay on Shelley, or the poetic value of revolutionary principles, while there is as well a paper on "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy."

\*

### COMRADE YETTA

By ALBERT EDWARDS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALBERT EDWARDS has scored again in "Comrade Yetta." This is a graphic story of how a poor, friendless unsophisticated Jewess of New York's East Side—a member of the second generation—went right, against the tide, instead of wrong with it; of how she rose from a state of poverty and obscurity to a position of influence and independ-

ence. The human interest is sustained to the close.

To the sickening revelations regarding the social evil, this story contributes by illustrating the evil scheming and brazen persistence of the cadet. The reader is ready to cheer when Yetta finally escapes. For those who are interested in the working conditions of women, there is a never-to-be-forgotten description of the tortures and barbarities of the sweat shop. For the fiction lover, there is a charming love-story with a wholesomely satisfying outcome. Every reader with a grain of human sympathy will find this story informing, startling and appealing.

\*

### CANDLELIGHT DAYS

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

**T**HIS book contains a charming picture of Ontario pioneer life. It takes the reader back two or three generations to a time when candles over the fire-place in a log hut furnished the light that helped the early settlers to pass pleasantly the long winter evenings. The boy who is supposed to tell the story, if we could call it a story, relates his experiences from the time of childhood to manhood, and that is in reality the sum and substance of the book. The author reveals an intimate acquaintanceship with the life of the pioneer, and a keen sympathy with him in his struggles.

\*

—"Goldwin Smith: A Study" is the title of a volume to appear soon from the gifted pen of Mr. Arnold Haultain, who for a number of years was Professor Goldwin Smith's private secretary. This volume should throw a flood of light on a character which to many persons has seemed always to be inscrutable. The publisher is Mr. Werner Laurie (London).

\*

—Useful little books, even if, as the editor admits, they are lacking in comprehensiveness, are the two volumes, "Humour of the North" and

"Scouts of Empire," edited by Laurence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa. There are examples of the humour of Joseph Howe, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, W. H. Drummond, Mrs. Everard Cotes, James McCárroll, George Thomas Lanigan, and James Demille. The scouts of Empire included in the other volume are Henry Hudson, Samuel Hearne, Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, Alexander Mackenzie, and Simon Fraser. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

\*

—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have in course of preparation a series of books to be published under the general title of "The Canadian Library of Religious Literature," and the editorship of Professor G. C. Pidgeon, Vancouver; Professor R. E. Welsh, Montreal; Professor W. S. Milner, Toronto University, and the Reverend H. Symonds, Montreal. The books will deal with literary, historical, theological, and ethical subjects. Some of those who have definitely agreed to write for the series are: President Falconer, Principal Maurice Hutton, Professor T. Callander, Professor James Cappon, Professor R. E. Walsh, Professor J. Dick Fleming, Professor W. R. Taylor, Professor Robert Law, Professor T. H. F. Duckworth, the Reverend Herbert Symonds, Professor R. Davidson, and Professor A. R. Gordon.

\*

—John Masefield's great prize poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," has reached its tenth impression; "The Window in the Bye Street" its third thousand. This indicates that poetry is still read if it is worth reading. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

\*

—"Camping With Motor-car and Camera" is a vivid and readable description of a tour in the Norfolk Broads, in Wales, along the shores of Barnstaple Bay and among the Hambleton Hills. This book is an inspiration and a guide. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).



## THE DANGEROUS WORLD

By ESTELLE M. KERR

**T**HE world's a very dangerous place for such a little boy:  
The flowers all carry pistils, on purpose to annoy;  
Sometimes the great bul-rush-is out, and then I hide my head,  
And when the trees shoot every spring, I cough and stay in bed.

It's simply terrible to think how many flowers are wild!  
I do not think the woods are safe for one who's just a child,  
And even in the garden is a tiger-lily's lair,  
While dande-lions on the green spring up most everywhere!

You can't tell when you'll see a snake or step upon a toad,  
And unexpectedly you'll find snap-dragons by the road,  
And so you may as well be brave, or else pretend to be,  
For dangers lurk in every flower and hide in every tree.



#### SURE OF HIS GROUND

Among the coffee-drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck. He liked coffee unadulterated. While with the Prussian Army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Bismarck said—"Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of chicory. "Are you sure this is all you have?" demanded the Chancellor. "Yes, my lord, every grain." "Then," said Bismarck, keeping the canister by him, "go now and make me a pot of coffee."—*Belfast (Ireland) News.*

\*

#### THE GUIDWIFE'S MISTAKE

A tourist who had ben caught in a severe storm in the Highlands of Scotland finally came to a solitary cottage and eagerly accepted an invitation to stay overnight.

After supper, while he was wearing a suit of the guidman's clothes till his own were dry, he met the mistress on the stairs. She bore a broom in her hands, from which he got a sharp thump on the head, followed by the exclamation:

"That's for askin' the man to stay a' nicht!"—*London Telegraph.*

#### HIS AIQUALS

As a magnificent vessel, one of the great South African liners, was steaming into Southampton harbour, a grimy coal-lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel, observing this, shouted:

"Clear out of the way with that barge."

The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply: "Are ye the captain of the vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer aiguals," said Pat. "I'm the captain of this."

\*

#### AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT

The two young ladies had been to the opera and were discussing it on their way home in the street car.

"I think 'Lohengrin' is wonderful," said the lady in the large hat.

"It's not bad," said the one in purple velvet, as she handed the conductor the fare, "but I just love 'Carmen.'"

The conductor blushed. "I'm sorry, Miss," he said apologetically. "I'm married. You might try the motor-man though; I think he's a single man."





WIDOWED SERVANT (who has received a wreath from her mistress):  
I don't know 'ow to th—th—thank you, mum. I 'o—o—ope to do the  
same for you some day. —Taller

### THE SAME OLD STORY

It became the solemn duty of justice to pass sentence on the aged man for stealing.

"It is a shame that a man of your age should be giving his mind up to stealing. Do you know any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to the law?"

"Now, Judge," was the reply of the aged sinner, "this is getting to be a trifle monotonous. I would like to know how a fellow can manage to please you judges. When I was only seventeen years old I got three years, and the judge said I ought to be ashamed of myself stealing at my age. When I was forty I got five years, and the judge said it was a shame

that a man in his very best years should steal. And now when I am seventy years of age, here you come and tell me the same old story. Now I would like to know what year of a man's life is the right one, according to your notion?"

✱

### DAREN'T

After the performance of a theatrical troupe in a small town in New York State, the constable asked the comedian, "How did the show go to-night?"

"Rotten!" replied the comedian. "No one laughed."

"Laugh," said the constable. "I'd like to see 'em laugh. I'm here to keep order."



GIRL (suddenly noticing policeman): "I fahnd it like that. I never done it, mister; straight I never!"—*Punch* ¶

#### EXPLAINED

There is a certain English Church minister in Ottawa who is in the habit of writing his sermon on Friday and of walking about the house all day Saturday, repeating it in a loud voice so as to have it thoroughly memorised by Sunday morning.

One Saturday a young gentleman was calling on one of the minister's daughters and, as he waited in the drawing-room, he was very startled to hear the loud voice of her father apparently talking to no one at all, on the floor above.

When the young lady appeared, he inquired as to the meaning of the noise.

"Oh," she replied, "that's just father. He's walking around upstairs, practicing what he preaches."

✱

#### THE POWER OF THE AD.

Professor Warren M. Beidler of Bethel, Penn., last month declared in an eloquent and witty commencement

address that Americans were money mad.

"We're money mad," he reiterated the other day. "Art, inventions, flying—all things are considered by us wholly from the financial point of view."

"I recently heard of a novelist who declared that his last novel had failed for lack of artistic skill.

"This amazed and pleased me. An American novelist to talk about art! It was unique. But then I heard the rest of the sentence.

"Yes," the novelist continued bitterly, "the lack of artistic skill on the part of my advertisement writer quite killed the book."

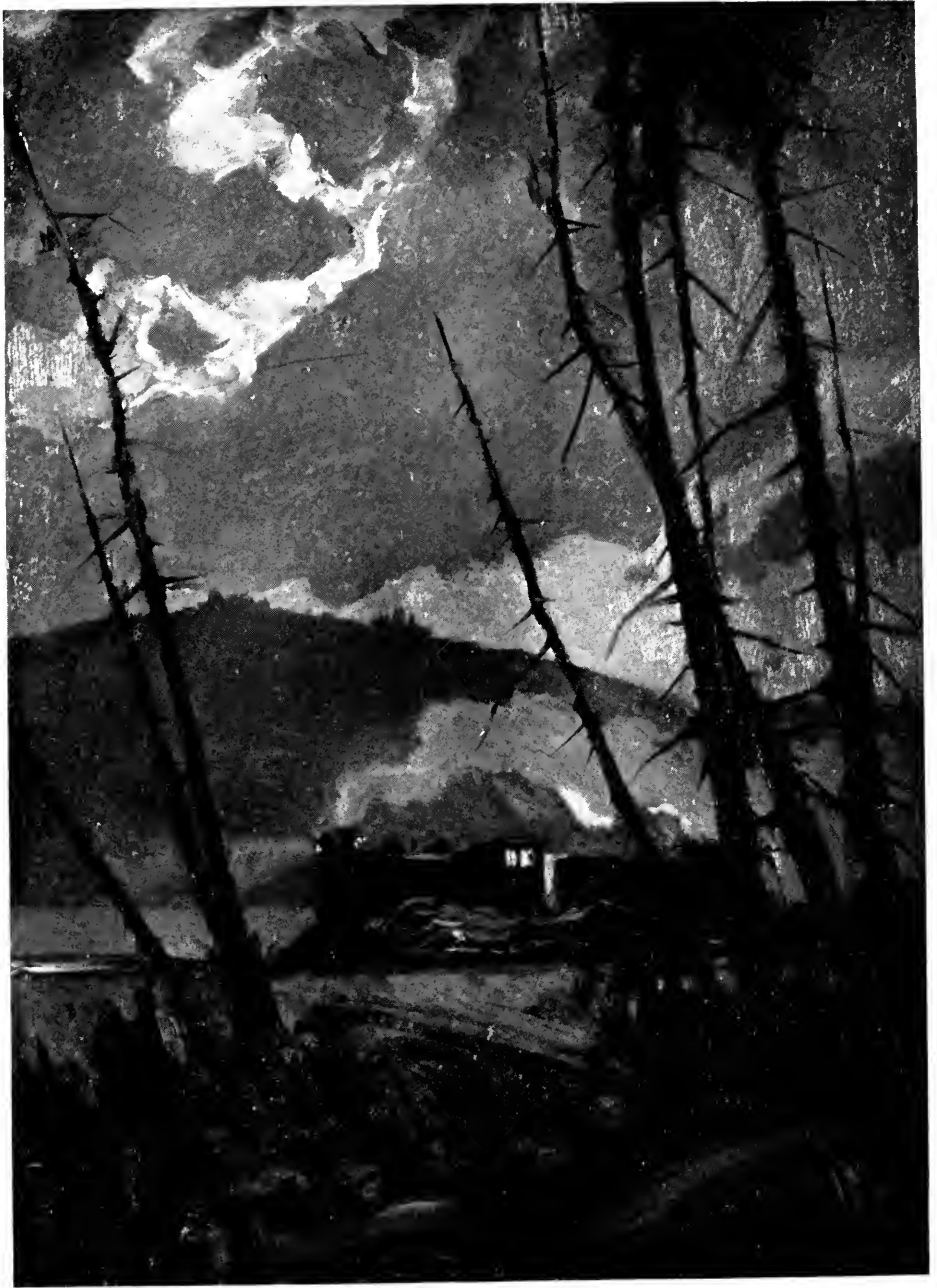
✱

#### UNAPPRECIATIVE

She—"I have made a water-colour drawing and hung it up in your study to hide the stain in the wallpaper."

He—"But, darling, I never complained about that stain. — *Meggen-dorfer Blaetter*."





A NIGHT TRAIN IN THE NORTHLAND

Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald for "The Spirit of Travel"



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1913

No. 6

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

A CONTRAST IN OPINIONS AND BACKGROUNDS

BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT has long been the desire of idealists that Ontario and Quebec should live in understanding and concord. It has long been the fruit of race conditions and of agitators' labours that that they have lived in misunderstanding and mistrust. Ontario people look with loving eyes to kinsmen in the West; they even bridge the long span and speak affectionately of the people down by the sea. When it comes to Quebec, language and creed drop a veil between and darkness and non-intercourse reigns.

When Henri Bourassa and Armand Lavergne were in the House of Commons, at the zenith of their political power, they and the Orangemen from Ontario constantly snarled across the floor. "The Orangiste," the Nationalists would sneer at Dr. Sproule. The present Speaker of the House was not adapted for verbal melees, but brother Orangemen readily supplied counter imprecations. These cross-firings were usually good-natured, but they unfortunately reflected an undercurrent of opinion. This reached

its highest fever in the clerical organs of Quebec and in *The Orange Sentinel* of Ontario.

Many years ago a young Englishman, now in the service of the Government at Ottawa, arrived in Canada, fresh and raw, but vigorous and stubborn. On the day he reached Montreal his first spectacle was a Corpus Christi procession. As the Host passed, thousands of reverent Catholics knelt on the ground, a spectacle which has ever been a puzzle to the ultra-Protestant mind. The newcomer, of course, did not kneel, nor remove his hat. A zealous Catholic knocked his hat off. The fight began at that point and was quite a counter-attraction for a few minutes. The newcomer happened to be an Orangeman, and was as tenacious of his prejudices as were the men who could see only sacrilege or worse in one who had no respect for such a venerable Catholic rite. The creed hatreds that brought riotous accompaniments of such processions in Montreal and Toronto years ago belonged to an era less tolerant

than the present. Catholics were encouraged to hate Protestants, while Protestants gloried in the alleged rottenness exposed by such travelling mischief-breeders as Father Chiniquy.

It is not too much to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been the greatest indirect means of modifying the hatreds between the two Provinces. It is true that he has suffered at the hands of Ontario because he is a French-Canadian. He has never quite reached the heart even of Ontario Liberalism, influenced as it has been by the prejudices spread industriously by ultra-Protestant Conservatives. During the 1900 election the hue and cry throughout Ontario by Laurier's enemies was, "A Vote for Laurier is a Vote for Tarte," meaning thereby that it was a concession to the very hierarchy itself. Needless to say, Laurier has not won many Conservative votes in Ontario, though many Orangemen failed to support the Conservatives on the school issue in 1896.

At the same time, Laurier has measurably raised the tone of inter-provincial relations; he has lessened the prejudices of by-gone days. By sheer gifts of oratory and leadership he has compelled admiration among his foes. "Vote for a Frenchman—never," used to be the cry. "Vote for Laurier—no," is the present modified version. The antipathy formerly was based on race and creed; now it is based more largely on politics. Even the Toronto which chased William O'Brien, the Irish Catholic leader, now tolerates Catholic processions, and the other day paused in admiration while thousands of devout members of the Holy Name Societies passed through its streets. Ontario members of Parliament at Ottawa mingle with the men from Quebec and find they are much the same as themselves. The Quebec man usually knows the Ontario man's language and converses on home interests, while the Ontario man happily whiles an hour away from duty joining in some of the weird but fas-

cinating *chansons* which the Quebec man has inherited for generations. Even Dr. Sproule, as Speaker of the House, has undertaken to learn French, and though his pronunciation may be trying to the French-Canadians, it is an honest effort for efficiency in a public duty.

These preliminary observations lead us to a consideration of the essential differences between Ontario and Quebec. Are the two Provinces elementally and irreconcilably opposed to each other? Is one to be forever the exponent of prejudice and progress and the other the expression of conservatism and darkness, according to the point of view?

The differences have causes based on the history as well as on the prevailing creeds of the respective Provinces. When a French-Canadian claims that his is the real Canadian race he excites resentment, but he is more than half right. The French-Canadians of to-day, numbering more than two millions, are the descendants, with a very rare exception, of the sixty thousand French people on the banks of the St. Lawrence at the time of the British Conquest in 1763. There has been no immigration from France since then except an occasional priest, journalist, physician, or other professional man. The Quebec of to-day is an emanation of the France of pre-Revolutionary days. It has not only had no fresh immigration, but it has relatively little intercourse with the mother country. The France of to-day, with its liberal religious views, its joy-loving and artistic city life, has little in common with Quebec outside a basic language. There is not even a sentimental longing for France, because for a long period in the early history of Quebec the only educated part of the population was the clergy, and since the French Revolution, to which the clergy were, of course, opposed, they have educated the people to fear the liberal religious doctrines of France. This often amounts to an anti-French

prejudice, as was seen in the hostile reception to refugee priests from France a few years ago and in the troubles experienced by isolated French peasants who come over nowadays to settle in Quebec.

Now and then a French-Canadian orator shows a spark of racial pride. "We are the subjects," said Henri Bourassa a few years ago, "of a power which for centuries has been the foe of the land of our origin. We owe political allegiance to a nation which we can esteem, with which we can make a *mariage de raison*, but for which we cannot have that spontaneous love which makes a joy of life in common and mutual sacrifice. The laws of atavism and all our traditions stand in the way." Then he hastened to add: "Our loyalty to England can only be, and should only be, a matter of common sense." At another time (1902), Mr. Bourassa wrote: "The present attitude of the French-Canadian is one of content. He is satisfied with his lot."

The cause of this contentment was well expressed by Seigfried in his excellent book, "The Race Question in Canada," when he said: "England has given them what no other power could or would have given them—the fullest, most complete, most paradoxical liberty." And when Sir E. P. Taché declared that "the last shot fired on American soil in defence of the British flag would be fired by a French-Canadian," he was not unmindful of the source of that liberty.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a greater optimist on the cordiality between the two races than most authorities, defined the dual attitude of the French-Canadians in a speech at Paris in 1897 in these words: "We are *loyal* to the great nation which gave us life. We are *faithful* to the great nation which gave us liberty."

Thus it comes that the people of Quebec have little historical background outside their own Province. Not only have they lived there for many generations, but their educa-

tion has been of a nature to limit their geographical outlook and to confine their tastes to extreme simplicity. Devotions and ecclesiastical literature have taken the place of newspaper reading until the last few years; the home circle and parish have represented the habitant's chief interest in life. His national song, "O Canada," was written by a French-Canadian, for French-Canadians, and has to do with their own country. In Ontario "God Save the King," composed in another land, directs the thoughts of the singer to a distant country, and to Imperial responsibilities.

When the people of the two Provinces call up their respective heroes there is another contrast. The Quebec man recalls that the discovery and settlement of Canada was due to the enterprise of his own Cartier and Champlain. He remembers the skilful generalship of Montcalm, the last to fight for French domination on this continent. It was out of consideration for French-Canadian feeling that the promoters of the Tercentenary pageant at Quebec in 1908 avoided picturing the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and gave instead a march past of the two armies happily mingling.

Once the conquest was made, the French-Canadians settled down to a contented life under British rule. They were liberally treated in the terms of peace, which they have ever since appreciated. When the clergy persuaded the people of Quebec to resist the blandishments of the revolting American colonies in 1775, their action was influenced by the knowledge that their creed and language were sure of better protection under the Treaty of Paris than they would be under the new Republic. When they loyally supported the Canadian cause in the War of 1812 they were no less alive to their own interests, as people of an alien race and religion.

Ontario, on the other hand, draws its emotional patriotism from quite

a different fountain-head. Her children are taught English history from its dawn, and until it merges in the stories of gory battles on their own soil. William the Conqueror was a forefather of our present King, and we are inheritors of all the lustre of a hundred glorious wars. The sun never sets on our wondrous domain, and every year or two our map gets a new patch of red. This covering the world with the drum-beats of the martial airs of England is taught us as the best thing that can happen all round; not only is our existence dependent on the Empire's existence, but it will be a black day for the entire world should anything go wrong with the British Empire. Black Friday to a financial magnate would be as white compared with the day the New Zealander views the ruins of St. Paul's from Westminster Bridge.

All this is the natural outcome of the historical background and the teaching of the citizen of Ontario. When the United Empire Loyalists, the flower of the southern colonies, refused to follow their more hot-headed fellows into the revolution, it became desirable that they should seek refuge on British soil. The revolutionists made it uncomfortable for them, as the Loyalists have made it so ever since for those whose patriotism differed from theirs. Britain's hereditary enemy, France, took a hand in the revolution, thus earning more enmity. A little later, while Britain was in a life and death struggle with France, up comes the new Republic with a war on the infant Canada. That the small, defending forces operated with such bravery and success has been a permanent inspiration for race pride and Imperialism in this country. We have ever since imbibed from the Loyalists a dislike for even the intelligent Yankee; so how much more desirable is it that inferior people in other parts of the world should know and feel the benefits of British rule?

Although the French-Canadians

took a similar noble part in the defence of Canada, their motive was not so much love for Britain as a desire to retain their own soil, race, and religion inviolate. Their historical teachings have more to do with the wonderful achievements of the saints than with the growth of British seapower from Elizabeth's time to the present. Though the hierarchy has been shown in several cases to have largely lost its political control of the people, the priests are still the local leaders, and operate in certain directions with much influence on the sentiment of the people. The annual French-Canadian Congress, inaugurated a few years ago, has renewed a spirit of pride in race and language. Abbé Casgrain, a few years ago, speaking of the future of the French-Canadian race, said:

"The mission of the American France upon this continent is the same as that of the European France in the other hemisphere. A pioneer of the truth like her, she has long been the sole apostle of the true faith in North America. Since her origin she has never ceased to pursue this mission faithfully, and to-day she sends forth her bishops and her missionaries to the extremities of this continent."

Ontario, too, sends her sons afield to Christianise the world, even to the healthen of Quebec! In Ontario, however, the Protestant Church has many divisions, and usually several varieties in each village. Attendance is not in any sense compulsory, nor obligatory, save as dictated by conscience. In Quebec the clergy, by reason of the tithes, are the temporal, as well as spiritual, heads of the community, a condition which makes for a large and wealthy religious body. Attendance at church is almost universal, and thus is secured a solidarity impossible in Ontario. It also promotes a communistic as distinguished from the individualistic method of living in the neighbouring Province.

Ontario people are apt to forget



that many French-Canadian families go back two or two and a half centuries on Canadian soil; and that the family pride of a de Boucherville or a Joly de Lotbiniere has just as much basis as that of a Ryerson or a Denison.

Even the place names of the two Provinces eloquently reflect the historical background of the respective peoples. Journey through Ontario and you are confronted with names of counties, townships, towns, and villages lifted almost bodily from England, as in Middlesex, Lincoln, or York. Go through Quebec and we meet the names of French kings, governors, and explorers, not to speak of innumerable saints held in close reverence by a devoted people. In Ontario we find in the nomenclature a solemn march of heroes, governors, poets, philanthropists, statesmen, discoverers, and martyrs, connected with the expansion or glory of England, such as Sir Isaac Brock, Sir Guy Carleton, General Haldimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescott, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Durham, Sydenham, and Aylmer, Governor Simcoe, Sir Charles Bagot, Milton, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Raleigh, Hampden, Palmerston, Pitt, Harvey, Franklin, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, with such reminders of victory as Blenheim, Trafalgar, Vincent, Waterloo, and Sebastopol.

In Quebec how different are the scenes called up by the names of cities, rivers, counties, and parishes: Champlain, after the founder of Quebec; Chicoutimi, the first French viceroy, Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain. Two officers of the Carignan regiment, St. Louis and Richelieu, perpetuate the Grand Monarch of France and his long-trusted Minister; Frontenac, Vaudreuil, and Beauharnois were three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, while Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm and de Levis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix, and

other celebrities are similarly remembered. As to the names of saints, the calendar and Acta Sanctorum seem to have been ransacked and not even the most obscure result of canonisation overlooked. Throughout Quebec we meet names unfamiliar and meaningless to Ontario, names only quoted at general election time, and then only to be mispronounced!

With such a past, what will be the future of the relations between Ontario and Quebec? Undeniably there has been a growth of toleration and sympathy. Public life has improved since the days of the eighties and nineties, when Meredith rode the Protestant horse in the Ontario Legislature, when sectarian processions in Montreal and Toronto invariably provoked riots; since the days when a Jesuits' Estates bill threw Ontario into a racial delirium. Sir Wilfrid Laurier showed in the Manitoba school matter that there was a way to settle a creed issue other than by emulating two dogs on either side of the fence who race up and down, snarling and barking at each other. Protestants in Quebec and in eastern Ontario take fright at the expansion of the French race in their localities, owing to the large families and aggression of the priesthood. The fact is, however, that while the people of French origin in Canada increased by twenty-two per cent. in the last decade, despite the absence of immigration, they now constitute only 28.51 per cent., compared with 30.71 per cent. in 1901, while the people of British origin comprise 54.07 per cent., compared with 57.03 per cent. ten years ago.

The French-Canadians being cohesive and unchanging, seem destined to be the conservative leavening portion of the Dominion's population. Receiving no additions and mingling little with the outside world, they are less mobile and susceptible to change than the other parts of the Dominion. Devoted to religion and the domestic virtues, they go their way, little in-

fluenced by the world about them. The change, as far as it has gone, is in the direction of better education, as urged by Godfroy Langlois and Sir Lomer Gouin; in greater freedom in political thought, as evidenced by the failure of the clergy's cause in different elections; and in the use of more machinery and conveniences, such as the harvesters and the telephone, and other labour-saving devices, in rural life.

With such a background, Quebec and Ontario cannot be expected to think alike on all public questions affecting Canadian nationality or Imperial relations. Ontario looks well ahead, is progressive in ideas, and has constant reminders through immigration and agitation of her Imperial relations and responsibilities. Quebec's outlook, on the other hand, is local and provincial, and her people are less influenced by considerations outside their personal or provincial

welfare. At the same time, such an authority as the Honourable Dr. Be-land said to the writer: "The position of the French-Canadians on the navy or any other Imperial question would be based on what they thought would be good for Canada. There is a strong sentiment against all military or naval expenditure, but they accept pretty well the word of their public men. I feel that if the abstract question were put to them: 'Will you vote for a navy expenditure, or against it?' they would probably vote against it, but if the public men went to them and said to them that it is a duty, that every nation is getting a navy, they would say: 'We must do what is right, and as we have a militia we had also better have a navy.' Both parties are pledged to action for a navy. Therefore the French-Canadians, I believe, will fall in with one or other of the parties on the question."

---

## SONG

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON

THE night-long shadows faded into gray,  
 Then silvered into glad and gold sunlight,  
 Because you came to me, like a new day  
 Born of the beauty of an autumn night.

The silence that enfolded me so long  
 Stirred to the sweetest music life has known,  
 Because you came, and coming woke the song  
 That slumbered through the years I was alone.

So have you brought the silver from the shade,  
 The music and the laughter and the day,  
 So have you come to me, and coming made  
 This life of mine a blossom-bordered way.

# THE PEACE COMING AFTER

BY J. M. HARPER

THE immediate rejoicings indulged in at the close of the War of 1812 by the contestants on both sides of the Atlantic are on the point of being repeated by their descendants, now that a hundred years of peace have healed the wounds created by it, as well as the political antipathies that preceded it. There are still some differences of opinion in regard to the outcome of the specialised events of the campaigning and the achievements of those who took a prominent part in the struggle, which makes any writing of the story of the war far from being acceptable by all readers. The claim for victory or defeat in some of the engagements, for considerate or inconsiderate conduct on the part of those who had the directing of the campaigns, for heroism or lack of courage of the respective commanders and their men, have hardly even yet, after a hundred years of historic research and calming down of prejudices, lost all traces of a literary partisan flavour. When peace was declared, the joy in the United States, in the Canadas, and in the Motherland, could not be taken as other than a blending of opinion on the part of the invaders and invaded, tempered as it was by the memorialising of the consummation of the Treaty of Ghent by medals and congratulatory addresses. The very title of that "Treaty of Peace and Amity" stands as evidence of a shaking of hands between Great Britain and the United States, not to speak of the several striking medal-inscriptions that were

published under authority, namely, "Peace spreads her influence o'er the Atlantic shore," and "Concord between Great Britain and America"; while the motherland no less shook hands with the Canadas in presenting them with a "Medal of merit from a grateful country."

The celebration of this peace and its continuance, in the right spirit, can only emanate from a proper knowledge of the details of the war which preceded it and the friendly co-operation from the perpetuance of peace that has happily followed in its wake. The hundred years' peace at present on the point of being celebrated comes to us all as a lesson born from the foolhardihood of a family quarrel, with little or no advantage, political or commercial, to any one of the contestants. There was joy on the part of all three when it came to be known that a treaty of peace had actually been consummated. There was no trepidation over what its terms might be. As early as the spring of 1813, the Czar of Russia had expressed a willingness to help out a movement in favour of restoring peace between the militant nations, British diplomacy, however, afraid of stirring up other international difficulties than were already in hand, with Napoleon still regnant at Paris after his dismal retreat from Moscow, turned its back on the suggestion for the time being. Yet, for all that, word was carried, several months after, when the troops in Canada were preparing to encounter the

severity of another Canadian winter, to the American Government, that the British authorities were not unwilling to join in an effort to bring about a peace in terms as was said of "a perfect reciprocity not inconsistent with law and order and a just upholding of maritime rights." President Madison and his colleagues at once replied that they were quite willing to select representatives for a conference in Europe that would take up the question of bringing about immediate harmony and a continuing of friendly relations between the two nations. The place first suggested for the holding of the conference was Gottingen, in Sweden. But this was eventually set aside for the less remote City of Ghent, in the Netherlands.

At the time of the holding of the conference, Ghent was a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated about thirty miles from Antwerp, on the Rivers Schelt and Lys. It is a quaint-looking place, dotted over with street-connecting bridges and stream-dividing islands, rivers, and canals intersecting it from street to street. The members of the conference were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, plenipotentiaries from the United States; and Lord Gambier, Henry Coulburn and William Adams, representing the interests of Great Britain and Canada. The conference held its meetings within the walls of the old Carthus Convent during the autumn of 1814; but it was not until the 24th of December that a final decision was reached, to be followed up by a closing banquet of historic significance, in the Hotel de Ville, given by the citizens of Ghent to their distinguished visitors.

The story of the proceedings from day to day is full of interest. Indeed, the procedure of a friendly give-and-take, adopted during the sederunts, stood as a forerunning of the policy of reciprocal forbearance

that has been perpetuated in all Anglo-Saxon negotiations for the past hundred years, whenever the interests of the United Kingdom and the Republic of the United States, or of their dependencies, were thought to be in jeopardy. Within the Anglo-Saxon family circle since then the message of peace-making has happily ever been kept in evidence, irrespective of all the angry looks and scolding that may be indulged in, before or after a common ground of agreement has been reached. With the plenipotentiaries brought together in the peaceful retreat of Ghent, the causes and conditions which had brought on the war and had prolonged it needlessly, could not but be always in mind as the negotiations proceeded; but every trace of partisan bitterness was kept well in the background, as the debates in behalf of ultimate peace were persevered in from day to day.

The people of the United States had been induced to think favourably of an invasion of Canada, possibly of amplifying their own territory, as being the most direct way of protesting against the British sea-power. On the other hand, the people of Canada, with full faith in Britain's prestige on land and sea, had patriotically risen up against the recalcitrancy as an injustice to them, whatever it was to those of the motherland. These two fundamental pre-dispositions of those whom they severally represented had to be kept in rein by the members of the conference, as they sought a common sympathy to work out from; and that common ground or sympathy was soon reached when the rights and privileges of the Indian tribes came up for discussion, at the earlier of their meetings. Working out from that common ground, the evolution of peace-making soon had its way; and, when the day before Christmas, 1814, that evolution reached its goal, the demands of the Americans against impressment and the other evils which led to the breaking out of the war

came to be given a very secondary place to the general desire for peace. Indeed, the omissions in the treaty are more striking than the concessions, there being actually no mention made in its clauses of the right of search, or the blockading of seaports, or sharing in the Canadian fisheries, or the naval guardianship of the Great Lakes. The articles of the treaty are eleven in all, and in accord with these, severally or apart:

(a). All territory, places, and possessions, taken by either party from the other, were to be immediately restored, with the exception of certain islands adjacent to the shore-lines of New Brunswick and the State of Maine, which were finally to be allocated to either country by a Commission.

(b). Public property that had changed hands during the war or while the treaty was in the way of being ratified, was not to be destroyed nor carried away; nor was private property, including slaves, to be confiscated or reclaimed except after definite legal disposal of the same.

(c). The fixing or defining of the boundary-line between Canada and the United States, by land or water, was to be entrusted to the decision of after-commissions, with an appeal to some foreign authority if necessary.

(d). The Tenth Article, as a foreword to the decree in President Lincoln's time, may be given in full as an evidence of the humane tendencies of even these earlier times: "Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice, and whereas both his Britannic Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavours to accomplish so desirable an object."

(e). Nor is there any slighting in the Ninth Article of the common ground first seized upon by the plenipotentiaries, one and all, as a means

of getting to work at amicably drawing-up a proper treaty, with their prejudices for the moment held in abeyance, inasmuch as it is therein decreed that the rights of the Indian tribesmen shall be safeguarded, with all possessions, reservations, and privileges as were theirs prior to the breaking out of the war restored to them, irrespective of which side in the contest they espoused, or what inhumanities they were guilty of when under arms and military oversight.

And as the student of history examines these eleven articles of the treaty he can hardly run away from the decision that the starting of such a war was a mistake, just as the continuing of it was a losing game for both parties concerned. In a word, the Treaty of Ghent virtually left the combatants, as far as prestige and territory were concerned, where they had been at the outbreak of hostilities. Battles had been lost and won, property had been destroyed, cruelties had been indulged in, animal passions had been aroused. And the only asset of any value left after all was over was the conviction that it would be the grossest of follies ever to take up with such a stupid course of conduct, neighbour to neighbour, again. And it is that asset, left as a legacy to the present generation—that fortunate outcome of war in the still lingering peace of a whole century, which is likely to be celebrated for all time within the family circle of Anglo-Saxondom between the last month of the year and the first month of the year succeeding it.

The Treaty of Ghent was duly signed by the plenipotentiaries on December 24th, 1814, and ratified by the Prince Regent four days thereafter in London. Rumours of the event reached America while yet the British and American soldiery were in the vicinity of Mobile Bay, and while General Andrew Jackson was receiving the plaudits of his country for the victory he had gained in the

Battle of New Orleans. The treaty in written form was placed in the hands of President Madison on February the 17th. The terms agreed upon were publicly made known in the United States and Canada the day after, though it took several days before the communities along the eastern seaboard and up the St. Lawrence were definitely informed of what had happened. And now the celebration of the Century of Peace, thereby inaugurated, is to be celebrated on the eve of the celebration of the progress of the arts and industries of the world by a World's Fair to be held at San Francisco, California, and in many other ways. Is the unanimity of joy over the celebration of that same Century of Peace, inaugurated by the Treaty of Ghent, to be as marked as was the joy that hailed the arrival of the news of the ratification of the treaty which inaugurated it? Here is what has been said by Lossing of the arrival of the news that the inauspicious war was at an end:

"The glad tidings of peace which the good ship the "Favourite" brought to New York was wholly unexpected and produced the most intense satisfaction. No one inquired what were the terms of the treaty; it was enough to know that peace had been secured. The streets were soon filled with people; and a placard, issued from one of the newspaper offices and thrown out of the window, was eagerly caught up and read by the multitude, who made the night air vocal with huzzas. Cannon thundered, bells rang, and bonfires and illuminations lighted up the city until after midnight. Expresses were sent in various directions with the glad news. Boston had the news in thirty-six hours, and Albany in twenty-four hours. The bearer of the treaty in manuscript to Washington dropped the news at Philadelphia, while Baltimore joined with Washington and Philadelphia in their rejoicings. Government stocks advanced, while trade took a leap forward. There was joy all over the land, and especially along the Maritime frontier. Banquets and illuminations marked the public satisfaction in the towns and cities. There were also great rejoicings in the Canadas because of the deliverance of the Provinces from the terrors of invasion by which they had been disturbed for almost three

years; and the British Government, appreciating the loyalty of the inhabitants of these Provinces, as manifested in their gallant defence of their territory, caused a medal to be struck in testimony of its gratitude. There was rejoicing also in Great Britain because of the peace, especially among the manufacturing and mercantile classes, for it promised returning prosperity."

And surely such joy cannot but be repeated in commemoration of the peace ushered in by it and still happily continuing.

The locating of the war in its right place in the history of the world is one thing. The locating of it in Canadian or American history is quite another thing. The world's historian, even after writing a full volume about it, gives it a very secondary place in the annals of warfare. "It was a comparative small war," says Lucas, "and its incidents were to Englishmen completely overshadowed by the more glorious record of the Peninsula and Waterloo. Neither to Great Britain nor to the United States was this war of a kind to invite commemoration and remembrance, as a grateful national theme." And yet the same writer of history is forced to say, Englishman as he is, that to Canadians the conflict was far more than this. Neither to them nor to their belligerent neighbours was it a small war. From the first it was to Canadians a life-and-death struggle, a fight for liberty, for hearth and home, for all that a people small or great hold dear; nay, as we all may call it in these later days, it was the baptism of fire of a new nationhood at its birth. And it is that early sacrament of suffering that Canada would conjointly celebrate with the United States, under the auspices of the motherland of both peoples, as a prelude to the "good-will among men" that has fostered the staying powers of peace for the past hundred years, and has brought to us all so many international prosperities. We would celebrate the peace of a hundred years. But we would also em-

phasise and exalt for the benefit of the generations of the next hundred years and longer the heroism and endurance witnessed during the years of the war, which taught the century of peace, about to be celebrated, how national aggrandisement is ever easier of accomplishment by a mutual forbearance than by a rushing to arms. The craving for peace has no less of a courage in it than the craving for war. Whenever the under-humanities of envy and hatred and false patriotism are made to keep their hands off liberty and progress, the nations are never slow to speak well of the "ways of peace," and delight to celebrate them as a victory on the battlefield. The City of Ghent, no doubt proud of having doubled its population since 1814, has ventured to "play first foot" in the celebration. London proposes to follow, in line

with the capitals of the United States and Canada. From New York to San Francisco, as well as from Halifax to Vancouver, the burden of repeated joy is on the way of being taken up. Canada and the United States have attained, it may be said humorously, to the position of being on safe friendly scolding terms with each other. The controversial spirit that embittered all and sundry in early times has been for long on its death-bed. Open conflict has now no status as an approaching possibility on either side of the line. Indeed, the greatest Empire and the greatest Republic of the century have only congratulations in their gift for Canada, as she proceeds to join them in celebrating what she is fond of calling her "very own war" and the hundred years of peace that has so happily come after.



## THE LOG-BOOM

BY BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

A CROSS the shining waters of the bay,  
A giant half-moon, fettered to the shore  
Like some unruly beast by either horn,  
The log-boom floats, with every shifting wind,  
Straining now this way and now that, and still  
With sullen grumblings striving to be free.

O Sylvan deities! ye gods of wood and hill!  
Look on this scene, and wring your hands, and weep.  
How are the mighty fallen! Here they lie,  
The monarchs of the forest—lordly pines,  
And shadowy firs, and twisted cedars—here,  
Stripped of their branches, riven of their bark,  
Naked, and all unlovely in their chains.

Not theirs to ripen into hoary age,  
To listen for the coming of the wind  
And welcome him with strings symphonious,  
Until they fell, worn out, with hollow boom—  
The grand finale to their harmony;  
Not theirs to lie at peace in forest mould,  
Till tender mosses compassed them around,  
And made their crumbling ruins beautiful;  
Not theirs to shelter in their hollow trunks  
The feeble woodland creatures; and not theirs  
To sink at last into their mother earth,  
And through their children rise to life again.

These fell in all the glory of their prime,  
Crashed down with angry rush of rending limbs,  
And bled at every gash and cruel wound.  
Man, the despoiler, stripped them for his use,  
Harried them through snow and ice and freshet,  
Bound them here to wait his pleasure. Soon,  
Riven by whirring saws, some here, some there,  
Will go, to be a part of hut or hall,  
Palace or kennel—merchandise of trade!

Thus mourned the poet in a bitter mood,  
Thinking of those sweet dryads whom he loved,  
Cast out by careless hands from house and home,  
And of the mighty wrong the forest bore.  
When, lo! the setting sun smiled on the boom,  
And over-decked those naked gleaming hulks  
With princely robe of purple, gold, and white;  
And then he saw—seeing them thus crowned—  
That all was well: for what is it to die,  
Be it a man, or tree, or any other thing,  
So that in death is service, and the world  
Be thrust one hair's-breadth nearer to the dawn.



# THE HONOURABLE ADAM FERGUSSON

BY J. C. BOYLEN

**P**OLITICAL struggles and the ambitions of those who participate in them so crowd the page in history that the works of those who have quietly laboured for real improvement get little notice and come in for seldom more than bare mention. Canadian history is far from being free of this defect. The agitation for responsible government, with its disorders and rebellion, the partisan disputes which resulted in deadlock, loom so large in Canada's story that those who did not figure conspicuously in the political arena then are crowded to one side.

Hence the name of Adam Fergusson and his efforts to improve agriculture and settlement are none too widely known. Yet the man who was among the first to import pure bred cattle into Upper Canada, who was one of those instrumental in establishing the Ontario Veterinary College, and who helped organise what has become the Canadian National Exhibition is deserving of notice in the records of Canada. His public service was not spectacular, and it was rendered at a time when the political arena in this country was the scene of stern struggles. Even at the time of his death in 1862 the papers were so full of accounts of the fratricidal fights between the Northern and Southern States that little reference was made to the passing of one who had done

considerable for Canada, both here and in Britain.

The Honourable Adam Fergusson was born on the family estate, Woodhill, in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1782. He came to Canada first in 1831, and his experiences on this and a subsequent journey in 1833, when he came to Canada to live, he recorded in his book "Practical Notes made during a Tour in Canada and a Portion of the United States."

Like many landed proprietors in Scotland, he became a member of the Faculty of Advocates, but did not pursue law as a profession. In 1832 he disposed of his property in Scotland and came to Upper Canada, where he purchased 7,000 acres in the Township of Nichol, and on a portion of which he laid out the town of Fergus. He also acquired 100 acres near Wellington Square, now Burlington. This farm he called Woodhill, after his old home in the Highlands. On this farm he spent most of his life in Canada. It overlooks the surrounding country and on a clear day his guests used to be able to discern, through glasses, the spray rising from the Niagara cataract. Mr. Fergusson's son, George Douglas, the only one to leave a family, had charge of the estate in Nicol and lived in Fergus as his father's agent.

In Scotland he was a Whig in politics, and on coming to Canada he

supported the Reform party. In 1842 he was appointed a life member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and prior to that he was a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. At home he was an active member of the Highland Society—in fact, he was one of the first members of this Scottish agricultural organisation—and he made the promotion of agriculture his chief public work in the new country. Till his death he maintained a herd of pure bred Shorthorns, a breed of cattle that is doing much to make Ontario a great dairying country to-day.

It is said that wherever a few Scotsmen foregather abroad they proceed to form a Caledonian Club. At Fergus they organised a curling club instead. It was one of the first in Upper Canada, and Honourable Adam Fergusson was its president. The militia he and his family also actively supported. Mr. Fergusson's second wife, Jessie Tower, who accompanied him to Canada, took a great interest in the development of the Fergus settlement. With them they brought as tutor to their younger son Rev. Patrick Bell, who is claimed by British agriculturists as the inventor of the reaping machine. Mrs. Fergusson died in 1856. She left no family. Her husband's seven sons and one daughter were all by his first wife, Jemima Johnston, the heiress of the Blair estate, of Balthayock, in Perthshire. She died in 1825, shortly after her youngest child was born.

Whatever the Honourable Adam Fergusson did as a politician for his party it is his work on behalf of colonisation and agriculture by which he will be remembered. While a Reformer, he did not seem to have much liking for radical ideas, particularly those of William Lyon Mackenzie. Fergusson first met Mackenzie when coming up the St. Lawrence from Montreal in 1831. He says of him: "We had with us a sort of public character in a journalist of the Upper Province, noted for principles by

some called liberal, and by others denounced as breathing sedition itself. Mr. M— was now on his return from Quebec, where he had been catering to the columns of *The Colonial Advocate*, and among other items had received the parliamentary papers upon the Rideau Canal, a precious morceau for critique and exposition."

Four years before the Rebellion of 1837 he wrote: "The domestic politics of the Province would rather seem at present to be pacific. Mr. M— has announced the demise of *The Colonial Advocate*, and more than hints at the probability of his own retirement from public life. The merits or causes of this change would seem to be imperfectly known but are somehow mixed up with recent transactions in the Methodist Connexion in Canada and England."

The Honourable Mr. Fergusson liked Upper Canada from the first. His impressions as set forth in his book are favourable and his opinion candid. He was not blind to the obstacles to be encountered in a new country and he did not omit to refer to them. He reached New York in 1831 after forty days at sea and entered Canada by way of Lake Champlain. His advice to all coming to Canada was to travel by way of New York, Albany and Lake Champlain, because of the accommodation and speed of the packet ships plying from Liverpool. From Montreal he visited Quebec, travelling by the steamer *John Molson*. The fortifications at the ancient capital impressed him. He soon returned to Montreal which he described as "the chief trading-port of the St. Lawrence" and related that while "vessels have hitherto been obliged to clear at Quebec, it is understood that a Custom House will ere long be granted to the merchants of Montreal. No situation 500 miles from the sea can be better adapted for commerce; it must always be the outlet for the largest portion of Upper Canada produce.

It was Upper Canada he wished to

see and its agricultural possibilities of which he wished to learn. The roads up to Prescott were miry and almost impassable that spring. The vast expanse of Lake Ontario amazed him. Niagara Falls held him spell-bound. "The water privilege is great and machinery to any extent might be kept in play" he prophetically observed after describing the majesty of the cataract and its unrivalled scenery at that time. Niagara Falls always had an attraction for him and he had great hopes of the project to create "The City of the Falls" and establish there a scenic capital for the North American continent.

After spying out the land, he returned to Scotland, married his second wife, sold his estate of Woodhill and in 1833 started back to Upper Canada. He apparently purchased the 7,000 acres in Nichol township on his return to Canada. After examining the property he planned on it the village of Fergus.

From Guelph he rode out to inspect the tract before purchasing. At this point he wrote:

"The soil was found to be of first rate quality. A deep black loam, rather inclining to sand, upon a stratum of limestone, and the luxuriance of clover and other grasses was quite refreshing to look on.

"I had come somewhat rather prejudiced against the district, under an idea that if the soil around Guelph was but second rate it must be still worse farther back. Never was I more out in my conjecture. The land is of the best description, and I was altogether so entirely satisfied with soil, situation, and other advantages that since this visit I have purchased a block of 7,000 acres. Upon this with the aid and co-operation of some friends, ere many years pass away I hope to see a thriving community established. There are some fine falls upon the river, which is clear as crystal, flowing over a limestone bed, full of delicious trout, and the forest abounds in a variety of game.

"In reference to the capabilities of Nichol, I offer with some confidence the following calculations:

"With a capital of £500 sterling, which is equal to £600 currency, a man may purchase and improve 200 acres of wild land in Nichol."

Mr. Fergusson was fifty years old when he settled in Canada. It was his dream to see an Upper Canada peopled by men and women from the British Isles. His book recording his journeys through Canada was designed to encourage immigration from Britain to this Province. With his book was a map of "The British North American Provinces." Parry Sound District and the North Shore of Lake Huron are marked on this map as "The Chippewa Hunting Country". The County of Bruce is designated as "Indian Territory." The country through which the C.P.R. runs from Ottawa to North Bay is marked "Dense Forest." Through this map he laid before the people the Upper Canada which he dreamed would grow to be a daughter nation of Great Britain. It was a fertile country of vast extent awaiting settlement and a country he recommended as the result of personal inspection. Beside the map of the Province recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture the country of which the Honourable Mr. Fergusson wrote is but a small fraction of the 407,252 square miles which now comprise Ontario. But the Province as he saw it was a goodly land.

"It may be said I am partial to the Province, and I readily admit the fact," he wrote. "I liked it at first, and I feel satisfied I shall continue to like it better the longer I know it. It wants what the Mother Country well can spare—capital and people. Let these continue to flow in as they have for two years past (1832 and 1833) and the wilderness will assume an aspect which can hardly be anticipated or described."

His advice to immigrants has equal application to-day. He wrote:

"Few things will puzzle an immigrant more than the choice of a situation, and the contradictory statements which selfish motives will present to him require his utmost prudence and caution to sift. In general, he ought to be in no hurry. If he can afford to board with a respectable family for some months I am confident that his time and money will be well repaid by the knowledge and experience

which may thus be acquired. Beside the parts of the country I have touched upon there are others at least equally desirable."

In this new land the importation and breeding of pure bred stock was attended with considerable risk and often with heavy loss, because of the lack of men qualified to treat the diseases and ailments of animals. The veterinary was a *rara avis* in Upper Canada at that time, Mr. Fergusson, while an advocate by training, was an agriculturist of scientific bent. He attended lectures in agriculture given at Edinburgh University by Prof. Coventry, the first professor of agriculture at that seat of learning and also lectures by Prof. Dick who founded the famous Veterinary School at Edinburgh. He saw the young country's need and was instrumental in having one of Prof. Dick's pupils, Dr. Andrew Smith, brought to this country. Dr. Smith located in Toronto as a veterinary practitioner and gave lectures under the auspices of the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada. Later Dr. Smith established the Ontario Veterinary College, now a Provincial Government institution and affiliated with the University of Toronto. It was taken over by the Government in 1908 and is now under the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

In 1846 with Colonel E. W. Thomson and others he helped form the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada. Its first exhibition was in Toronto in the fall of that year and it was the forerunner of the present Canadian National Exhibition. To encourage the breeding of good stock he offered prizes to be competed for at this exhibition, one of them being known as the Fergus Cup.

The Honourable Adam Fergusson was eighty years old when he died. He lies buried in the old Wellington Square cemetery. A portion of his

house still stands. Two years before his death he was seized with paralysis. He died on Sept. 24, 1862 while the exhibition for which he had done much was being held in Toronto.

Two of the Honourable Adam Fergusson's sons became prominent figures. His youngest son, Robert Colquhoun Fergusson, entered the Bank of British North America in Toronto. Through the influence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts he was elected to the Board of the Union Bank of London. At his death, in 1883, he was chairman of the institution, and was declared to be the only Canadian-trained banker, save Sir John Rose, who ever became head of a London bank. The Union Bank is now known as the Union and Smith's, the chairman of which is Sir Felix Schuster.

Adam Johnston Fergusson, the second son, was County Judge for some time of the united counties of Wellington, Waterloo, and Grev. Later he represented these in Parliament as a Liberal. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Legislative Council. In 1862, having succeeded his eldest brother in the Scottish estate of Balthayock, he was from that time known as the Honourable A. J. Fergusson-Blair. He was appointed Receiver-General in 1863. In 1864 he was asked by Lord Monck to form a Ministry. But the uncertainty of things in those days of deadlock forced him to give up the task, after several attempts to select a Cabinet. In 1866 he abandoned the Honourable George Brown and joined the Coalition Government, as President of the Executive Council. When Confederation took place he entered the Senate and served as President of the Privy Council. His death occurred a few days after the prorogation of the first session of the Parliament of the new Dominion. Like his brother, Robert Colquhoun, he died unmarried.



THE HONOURABLE ADAM FERGUSSON

A pioneer in the interests of Agriculture in Ontario

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

DECORATIONS BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



1. The first Traveler

HE paused, listening—head crouched on shoulders, small eyes alert. One heavy brown hand parted cautiously the screen of whispering green before him: the other rested uneasily on the rude weapon slung from his side: uncertainty clouded his face. The wind, leaping from cover, again carried the sound—the idle calling of a strange bird, one that had not happened into the valley below and behind him.

Peering anxiously from side to side

and as far before him as the eye could penetrate, he toiled on, gaining higher ground. Half afraid, half expectant, he ventured across the open spaces in the wood. Panting, he reached the top-most point on the hill and saw below him for the first time the world that surrounded his native valley.

The sun flecked him with gold. The mellow sky poured light upon him. The earth lay at his feet green and palpitating, mottled with the shadows of clouds. The wind lifted strange incense to his nostrils. He compressed his eye-lids and beheld countless valleys greater than the one from which he had this morning made his way. For a long time he gazed, then descended by the way he had come, and in the circle of the fire-light told the tribe the wonders he had seen.

They stoned him for his folly.

A few believed, and made the journey to the hill-top for themselves, secretly. Public opinion changed. In time they placed a large stone to mark the grave of the pioneer, the first traveller, and the priests worked his name into the ceremonies. In his



name they explored two valleys, and other generations went even farther



afield until they forgot the stone over the grave of the First Traveller and pushed on, as we push on to-day, in the name of necessity, of commerce, of war, of religion, and of adventure. Columbus answered, in vain, the challenge of the western horizon. Behring flung himself eastward, across the Pacific. Drake pursued the sun. Men designed, as time went by, great ships by which to reach the new continents and when they had reached them, built railways to carry them farther across. We are still producing more ships and more steel rails. The earth swarms with journey-makers. The world is laced with the paths of the restless.

And yet the challenge has not been satisfied. It is re-iterated from each mountain-top and every horizon. It calls as it called the cave-dweller and as it called the great explorers. It was not answered when Champlain landed at Quebec, or when La Salle's friends found that the St. Lawrence did not lead to Cathay, or when the Russians were cast upon the shore of Alaska. It persists to mock each new generation. Each day thousands answer. Each day a thousand pas-

at Euston re-discover the Cheshire Cheese.



## 2. The Spirit of Adventure

When we were children we read books of adventure. We are now compelled between the covers of political essays, or matrimonial autopsies by sad novelists. At nine we knew heroes. At something over thirty we have only political leaders and family traditions to sustain us. In our more or less remote youth there were times when imagination defied nursery authority and transmuted the substantialities of our environment into a magnificent world peopled with demi-gods: about tea-time one planted dragons in the shadows of rhododen-



sengers landing at Quebec rediscover the Terrace, and a thousand arriving





drons and slew them carefully before being led to bed: one summoned Blue Beards by the lifting of the eyelashes: one had as many lions and major generals at one's disposal as Nebuchadnezzar or the War Office.

We do none of these things now. We are content to know and to be known by each flagstone in each street we patronise. We pension off our sense of adventure by efforts in the stock market or by subscriptions to polar expeditions. It is true we make journeys, and in a sense we travel, but it is not as we might travel. When we leave home we carry introductions to other cities from history; to monuments by Baedeker; to a few men from our new friends: and to hotels by a motor club's guide book. We risk nothing. We run no chance of adventurous mishap. We see only what history, the guide books and our friends say are proper for us to see. For the spark of adventure is dead in most of us. We do not travel, but make journeys: on business, for health, to gamble, or to be temporarily rid of one's obligations. We move from appointment to appointment, from old friends to new friends, from historic ruin to fashionable resort,

Of travel for travel's sake we know surprisingly little.



### 3. The Art of Travel

It has been said that those who most enjoy life are not those who merely exist from event to event, from achievement to achievement, pleasant luncheon to brilliant dinner, engaging friend to stimulating experience, but those who know how to spend the intervals of life as well as its intense moments, and who find a pleasure in the mere spending of quarter hours at whatever best occupation each quarter offers them. They, as it were, sip life. They know its subtler flavours.



from cathedral to art gallery, from point of departure to point of arrival.



They look upon living as, after all, only a matter of making a journey and spending the interval between one depot and the other more or less agreeably. These make good travellers, for what is true, in this connection, of living is true also of the making of journeys by rail or vessel, by foot or motor. To live well or to travel well one must study the intervals, spending each hour like a given number of gold pieces, on the best the market affords.

Books and bridge parties have their place in any itinerary. Cigars and smelling salts and huge quantities of luggage may be necessary, but more necessary is it to open the windows of the mind and look out upon the pageant of the miles. Release the faculties from office hours. Bid reason, forging logic upon logic, engage itself towards finer ends. Loose fancy. Mount the senses at vantage points where they may oversee the triple pageant of the day. Let them report the men, the colours, the music and the fragrance of the marching world. Applaud the vagabond hours.

To see new scenes, to hear new songs, to smell the new perfumes in

real joy of the traveller. Forget for a little while whence you came and why you go. Catch the spirit of travel, which is companion to the spirit of adventure, and let it amuse you.

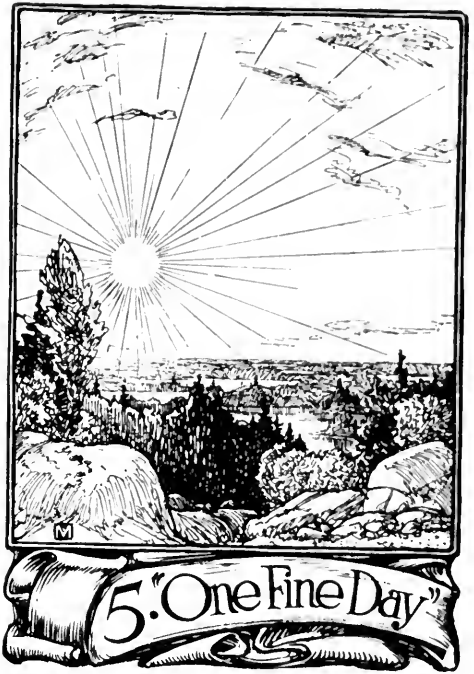


new winds—in short, to see the world alive, at work and growing—is the

Two centuries ago it was an adventure to travel from Manchester to London by stage coach. To-day the great journey is across Canada by railway coach. In place of the shining horses, the grumbling wheels, and the driver's cracking whip, is the lean, black beast of steel, and the train—a chariot drawn by a Pegasus into the

blaze of the sun. In place of the coachman's whip and the horn of the guard is the cry of the Western locomotive, summoning Echo from her hiding-places in the hills, flying ahead and afar—the cry of the wild stallion leading his battalions across the plains.

This Canadian locomotive, high-chested, arrogant, beautiful in its sheer naked ugliness, is not like the masterpiece of compactness and concealed strength which draws the steamer trains into Liverpool. Its bigness, its weight, its unclad vigour is like the very country across which it portages the world's traffic. It tolls a heavy bell when it commences to move from the station. Its departure is in the nature of a ceremony. There is the hiss of steam. The driving wheels respond to the thrust of the exposed bars and cylinders. The earth trembles as the cara-



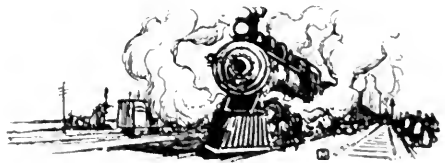
van rolls from the station platform.

There is no wonder men do it with honour, that its bearing is arrogant and its departure and arrival ceremonious. England and Scotland flourished ages before steam was found out. Caesar conquered Gaul on foot or horse. But British North America was unconquerable before the advent of the railway. One might almost say this Western locomotive is the Caesar of this Western world—his retinue of carriages, his legions. The history of the Dominion of Canada really begins with the history of railways.

The Imperial Limited, hurtling across the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, and the heavy freight train labouring from town to town, are the alternating pulse of the nation, quickening every fibre of the organism.

For a moment the impressions were confused. I could not account for the circumstances: semi-darkness; quiet, pervaded by a humming from somewhere underneath; until, as from a great distance came a long cry—a whistle, peremptory in tone, I awoke. Last night had been Toronto—the station, a sleeping car.

The blinds moved easily, and I could see that it was still very early morning. The earth had changed. From a populous city I had come suddenly into a virgin land of rocks and water, trees and sunlight; a land where were no signs of human habitation. It seemed, as the train swept



on, to have no end. Miles fled while I was yet blinking; there a high hill:

there a valley; there a crooked lake  
—a series of crooked lakes, black-blue



set in gray-black rocks, the water placid close to shore where the trees leaned over to dream, but laughing where an early-prowling breeze blew into the face of the reflected sky. Everything dew-soaked and peculiarly *clean*. The freshness and sweetness of the air like fine water in a perfect goblet. The morning scintillated, a very gem.

\*

With a curt tug the locomotive, somewhere ahead, hurries his following head-first through a cutting. The granite walls through which engineers gone and forgotten once blast-er this right-of-way shout back at the roaring wheels, as though some old resentment still lies between the train and vanquished nature. The argument stops, and there comes the thunder of ten thousand tons rolling over

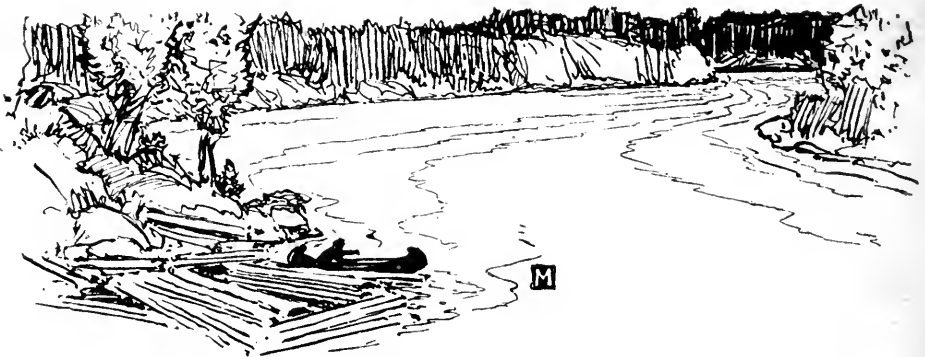
a bridge. Moving in stately mien beneath the straddling steel, flows a black river. Not a sign of man's handiwork anywhere save for this railway, a tangle of logs—deserters from some lumberman's last year's boom—and a motionless Indian fishing from a bark canoe.

And then, we are among trees, young green things that become excited as we approach, wave their arms madly and point after us. Then a sombre forest of steadfast spruce, a cluster of sapphire lakes, a pine growing from a cleft in a mossy cliff, a little stream, in flight, stumbling over stones—and five red deer breaking for cover.

The train curves, and there stands the source of the morning's gladness. Attendant clouds are just withdrawing. He mounts toward his noon-day throne, and as he climbs, lakes and dew-wet rocks, pale soft-wood of the second growth and black evergreens,



birds and streams salute him! A glorious morning!



In the November Number Mr. Cooke will sketch the trip across the Prairies and Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

# COOKING AS AN AID TO EMPIRE

BY HAROLD SANDS

COOKING, a noble art, may claim credit as a factor in empire-building in Canada. A good dinner hastened the addition of British Columbia to Great Britain's possessions.

The banquet was given by the Earl of Sandwich—suggestive name in this connection—and one of the honoured guests was Captain James Cook. When he sat down to the noble earl's table one notable night in the year 1776 the great explorer had no intention of making the voyage to the Pacific Coast of Canada, which subsequently was to add more lustre to his name than any other of his remarkable journeys. He attended merely in an advisory capacity. But the earl's chef served so fine a repast that Cook yielded to that other cook, the king of the kitchen, and so became the first Englishman to explore the coast of British Columbia and Alaska.

It happened in this wise: For centuries the British Government ardently had longed that to the mistress of the seas should come the honour of discovering the Northwest Passage about which, as the Strait of Anian, so many mythical accounts had been written. Before the ill-fated Franklin expedition proved to the world that there is such a passage, though it is an impracticable one, it was the current belief that there was a broad, ice-free strait connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. Many adventurers sought to find this stream to the north of Canada, and some ancient marin-

ers, with a disregard for the truth not confined to their days, asserted they had made the voyage both from the east and the west. Some of these men were the first Europeans to land on what is now the coast of British Columbia, but for all practical purposes Captain Cook may be termed the discoverer of that rich section of Canada, thanks to the excellence of the dinner served at the London residence of the Earl of Sandwich.

Great Britain had a standing offer of £20,000 (\$100,000), as a reward to the first ship's crew that should accomplish the Northwest Passage. At first this reward was offered only if the trip be made from the east, through Hudson Bay, to the Pacific. Afterward the Act of Parliament was amended so that the voyage could be made from either the Atlantic or Pacific—westward or eastward.

In the early years of the reign of King George III, the Earl of Sandwich was First Lord of the Admiralty, and he was ambitious that the Northwest Passage should be discovered by Englishmen during his term of office. Therefore, he planned an expedition, but met with difficulty when it came to selecting an experienced man as commander.

Because of the outstanding services already rendered by Cook, the Earl felt reluctance in asking him again to risk his life in remarkable endeavour in out-of-the-way quarters of the globe. There was a general feeling, in fact, that Cook had won his spurs and by his eminent services

had become entitled to "the privilege of honourable repose," as a reporter of the eighteenth century put it. None liked to suggest that upon him be imposed the task of making a third voyage full of danger and hardships. The Earl of Sandwich, perhaps with an eye to what his cook could do, invited the explorer to attend a dinner and give the guests "the benefit of his valuable advice."

His lordship's chef excelled himself on that memorable occasion, and the influence of the well-cooked viands was so great that although Captain Cook had resolved to retire and enjoy his blushing honours, he, in the enthusiasm of the moment, volunteered to take command of the proposed expedition. His offer was closed with at once. Accordingly he refitted his famous ships, the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, and the *Discovery*, of 300 tons, and sailed from England on February 9th, 1776.

Because his instructions from the Admiralty said so, Cook went the long way round to the northwest coast of America. He proceeded by way of the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, Otaheite (Tahiti), and the Society Islands. He was ordered not to touch at any of the Spanish possessions in the Pacific unless necessity compelled it, but was to start his researches "on the coast of New Albion, in latitude 45 degrees north." Then he was to sail northward along the coast to latitude 65 degrees, where he was instructed to begin to look for "such rivers or inlets as might appear to be of considerable extent and opening toward Hudson Bay or Baffin Bay."

It is interesting to note that two Americans, Lieutenant King, a native of Virginia, who succeeded to the command of the *Discovery* after the deaths on the voyage of Captains Cook and Clarke, and John Ledyard, of Connecticut, a corporal of marines, accompanied the expedition

On this, his last voyage, Cook dis-

covered the Hawaiian Islands, which he named the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty responsible for the expedition, but the name never was a favourite one. He sighted the coast of California in March, 1778, but, agreeing with his instructions, kept away, and he sailed north without even noticing the mouth of the Columbia River and the opening of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He first landed on British Columbian soil, at what he called Nootka, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. He then proceeded north to Cook's Inlet, in Alaska, explored the Aleutian Islands, and passed through Behring Inlet, which he named in honour of the great Danish navigator who first found the passage. A barrier of ice prevented him from making his way eastward, and after explorations in the Arctic Ocean he returned by way of the China coast to the Hawaiian Islands. There he was murdered by natives while directing a party of his men to recover one of the ship's boats which had been stolen.

Captain Clarke, who succeeded Cook in command, made a further attempt to find the Northwest Passage, but encountered a firm barrier of ice which drove him back. Believing, like Cook, that there was no such thing as a Northwest Passage, Clarke turned his ships toward home, but died en route. When the crews of the *Resolution* and *Discovery* reached home they found England at war with the American Colonies and the records of Cook's voyages were withheld from publication for four years. The sailors told such wonderful stories of the wealth of the northwest coast of America that several nations took part in a rush to the new country, which resulted in its opening to the world. But the chief factor in this direction was the good dinner which inspired Captain Cook to take command of the final expedition which crowned his notable career.



THE STORY

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

V.—THE GAINS OF CRITICISM (CONCLUDING ARTICLE)

BY REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

**A**FTER receiving a partial explanation of the Higher criticism, an earnest Christian woman said to me once, "Why, it is not what I thought it was at all." She had always heard it mentioned with derision or described as something dangerous, and she was surprised to find it an interesting and attractive subject. She was so pleased, indeed, that she expressed a desire to learn more about it. Many persons have probably felt, with her, surprised at its simplicity and delighted with its aim.

Its leading features having been presented, what we have gained by this method of study remains to be discussed. While others have spoken of the gains and losses, or the losses and gains, of criticism, I prefer to speak only of the gains, because there are no losses in the strict sense of the term. In the popular sense, of course, certain results may appear like losses to some people, as criticism destroys crude conceptions and corrects erroneous views; but to part with what is false or wrong is to gain, and not to lose, when we get something better in return.

Did the world lose or gain when men discovered that the earth is a spheroid? or when they demonstrated that it is not the centre of our planetary system? or when they proved that it revolves on its axis and moves about the sun? It is scarcely neces-

sary to ask such questions, since every well-informed boy or girl knows the answer to them. As facts like these become established, they add to our knowledge; and every addition to our knowledge not only enlarges our intelligence, but also increases our efficiency.

All that we lose by criticism is misconceptions, which arose from imperfect understanding, due to unscientific ways of thinking; for it requires us to surrender nothing that is true, but merely some things that are untrue. Thus it removes only excrescences, or abnormal growths, which are not simply valueless, but mischievous, because they keep good people in ignorance, and lead many of them into doubt. Rightly regarded, therefore, all apparent losses are actual gains; for, while we lose supposition and uncertainty, we gain assurance and certainty. In other words, we gain demonstrable knowledge for defective information.

The actual gains are so manifold that I shall not attempt to enumerate them. I shall, however, classify them, and deal briefly with each class. They may be conveniently grouped into three classes, namely, Intellectual, Biblical, and Religious.

1. Intellectual Gains. Our primary gains are intellectual, and we have gained intellectually in two respects. In the first place, we have gained

freedom, or the right to employ freely critical methods in the study of the Scriptures. That right has been achieved after a prolonged struggle on the part of many scholars, and at a considerable cost to some of them. This is a preliminary or preparatory gain, which every student of the Bible should appreciate. With the right to investigate achieved, the duty to take advantage of the method has been vindicated, so that every educated person should employ it, and apply its principles to the best of his ability.

In the second place, we have gained relief, for criticism relieves as well as liberates the intellect. It is a relief for us to know that the Bible was written naturally by men in communion with their Maker, and, therefore, contains a revelation of Him rather than *from* Him; it is a relief to know that the structure of the writings is what it seems to be, and that their testimony can be used to determine the date of their composition; it is a relief to know that these writings should be studied with grammar and lexicon, as we study any other literature, and that the human element in them is characterised by the limitations common to all literary productions of the same period. But, much as such knowledge eases the mind, it is a greater relief to know that some things formerly believed about the Bible are false, and to learn not only how such beliefs came to be cherished, but also how they may be corrected. Those are important intellectual gains that tend to remove prejudice.

2. *Biblical Gains.* Such gains are of many kinds, as the results given in the previous paper indicate, for every settled result is a Biblical gain. Hence we have gained a better arrangement of the books of the Bible, a completer form of the text, a fairer estimate of the history, a finer knowledge of the legislation, a closer acquaintance with the literature, a broader view of the religion, a clearer notion of the morality, a truer appre-

ciation of the science, a juster understanding of the doctrines, and a fuller agreement as to the meaning of each part. But, while every result mentioned is a Biblical gain, there are three belonging to that class of a more fundamental kind.

The first of these is didactic or instructive. Traditional scholars taught that the Bible was wholly divine, being equally inspired in every part; but critical scholars recognise in it two elements—the one human, the other divine—and they hold that it is the latter element which gives it a unique value. They teach, moreover, that the Bible does not contain a single revelation of equal breadth and brightness, but a progressive series of revelations; and that it does not present one system of doctrine from Genesis to Revelation. The conception of God in Joshua is not the same as that in Deutero-Isaiah, for in the former book Jehovah is regarded as the God of Israel, but in the latter as the only true God. Nor is the idea of sin in its earlier stages the same as that in its later, for critical study shows that sin was viewed as an act that put a man in the wrong with one who had the power to make him rue it before being viewed as an offence against God. What is true of these is true of all the other doctrines. They were gradually developed with the progress of revelation and the consequent broadening of human conceptions.

The second is hermeneutic or interpretive. Criticism has developed and introduced a scientific method of interpretation, designated by scholars the grammatico-historical method, which requires us not only to study the Bible with grammar and lexicon, as we study any other book, but also to apply to it the same use of reason and the same exercise of common sense. Its basal principle is to ascertain from the Scriptures themselves the meanings which the writers intended to convey. The employment of this method leads us to look for

the thought in the mind of each writer, instead of looking for the thought which fancy or bias, or both, may incline us to find. By substituting historical for dogmatic exegesis, it eliminates mystical and allegorical interpretations, and prevents interpreters from being arbitrary and unreasonable. Its employment leads us also to distinguish between the historical meaning of Scripture and its spiritual or religious application. That distinction is particularly necessary when dealing with the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, for many exegetes have supposed the evangelists and apostles to be interpreting prophetic passages when they were only applying their underlying principles. Its employment leads us further to interpret crude conceptions and unscientific beliefs in the light of their age and in accordance with the ideas prevalent at the time. This method brings the exact teaching of the Scriptures into closer view, as well as unifies the interpretation of them.

The third special Biblical gain is apologetic or defensive. As popularly used in conversation, apologetic means making excuse or expressing regret; but, as technically employed in theology, it means offering defence, apologetics being that branch of science that seeks to vindicate questionable positions by arguing in support of them. In bygone days traditional teachers spent much of their time in reconciling science and religion, when there was no necessary conflict between them; in harmonising contradictory accounts, where it was useless to try to make them agree; or in explaining difficulties and discrepancies away, instead of really explaining them. Some of their attempts at vindication were so feeble as to be almost laughable, and some of their answers to sepieties were so foolish as to be quite pitiable. Most of the old attacks on the Bible, because of the imperfect ideas and barbarous practices recorded in some parts of it, were

called forth by reason of mechanical theories of inspiration and false conceptions of revelation, which the Higher criticism corrects, or by reason of obsolete forms of defence, which the modern method of interpretation proves to have been unwise. Historical exegesis has not only made apologetics unnecessary, but also rendered sceptical attacks impossible. There is nothing to be attacked, nor anything to be defended, when we perceive that the imperfect ideas of Scripture express the thoughts of men who lived in an unscientific age, and that the barbarous practices it records represent the moral standard reached by those who were responsible for them. Neither the delinquencies of David nor the barbarities of the Israelites surprise us when we recognise those facts, however much we may be pained on reading the accounts, for the things that pain us were quite in keeping with the thought and spirit of the times. Such gains are immensely important in dispelling doubt, as well as in removing prejudice.

3. Religious Gains. All intellectual and Biblical gains are religious, so far as they create a deeper interest in the Scriptures and lead to a more reverent perusal of them; and criticism has not only given a great impetus to Biblical study, but has also made the Bible a living book to multitudes of earnest souls. No one can tell the number of them. Each part being studied in the light of its own day, it speaks with a new meaning to the mind, and comes with a fresh force to the heart. There are two special gains of a religious kind to be separately considered.

The one is practical, resulting from a full recognition of the human element. In their fondness for theology and their love of mystery, traditional scholars neglected that element, or failed to recognise it fully. As a consequence, they magnified the mysterious, regarding inspiration and prophecy and even conversion as miracu-

lous. By fully recognising that feature of Scripture, critical scholars have brought the humanity of the Bible into clearer view, and have shown that inspiration is spiritual, not mechanical; that prophecy is religious instruction, not miraculous prediction; and that conversion, though due to divine influence, is as natural as repentance. They have shown also that the Scriptures were intended to teach religion rather than theology; and that the Bible is not a theological treatise, but a record of religious experience. Such a recognition of its humanity brings its general teaching nearer and makes its leading characters more real to us. It is a great practical gain to know that the prophets and apostles were men of like passions with ourselves, that the Lord Jesus, while free from sinning, was tempted in every way as we are, and that godliness is the same in kind in all good men in every age of the world. These facts, as men become aware of them, lessen the strain on their faith, and render it easier for them to believe the Bible. They prove, too, that in the sphere of religion there is a natural, no less than a spiritual, law.

The other religious gain is spiritual, and results from a true appreciation of the divine element. As the older scholars underestimated the humanity, so they overestimated the divinity, of the Bible, not with respect to its value, but with respect to its character. They claimed that God had inspired the writers of Scripture and revealed his will to them, but failed to see that he is always inspiring devout men and disclosing himself to their minds. By recognising that fact, criticism brings the Deity nearer and makes him more real to us. He is a God not afar off, but close at hand, who deals with men to-day as he dealt with those of old; for revelation is not simply historical and progressive, but continuous. Then it recognises another fact that helps us to appreciate more thoroughly the di-

vine element. It perceives that each prophet and apostle spoke or wrote to a certain people, and delivered a message specially appropriate for them. Having a local and restricted application, what they taught is not always suitable for people of a later time. But, since truth is eternal, so far as the teaching of any Biblical writer contains it, what he taught, though it has no conscious relation to them, becomes a message to the people of any age. Thus the underlying principles of the Bible are applicable to the men of all time. Studied in that way, the first eleven chapters of Genesis, which contain some legendary and traditional matter, will be found to have a permanent spiritual value; for they are penetrated with religious ideas, and present much positive truth. Though it is mostly expressed in a pictorial or symbolic form, no similar portion of Scripture has profounder teaching with respect to the being of God, the source of life, the nature of man, the origin of sin, the birth of conscience, the significance of sacrifice, the final triumph of good over evil, or right over wrong, and the paramount importance of righteousness. As the intellectual gains tend to remove prejudice, and the Biblical gains serve to dispel doubt, so the religious gains help to inspire faith.

These seven gains show that criticism is advantageous to Christianity, as well as contributory to knowledge, and the last two prove that the Old Testament, not less than the New, will always have a unique value in the work of religious instruction. The greatest practical gain, however, is that criticism places faith upon a firmer basis, and one that no power can shake. By showing the applicability of the Bible to the lives of men in every age, it makes for belief, and not for disbelief; for, instead of weakening the appeal of the Scriptures, it strengthens the force of that appeal. But it is truth, not dogma, that the people of to-day desire, and that most

of them are bound to obtain. Having learned to think for themselves, they are no longer satisfied with dogmatic assertions, but are looking everywhere for certified facts. Hence the Church must learn to shape her teaching, not according to received opinion or traditional belief, but in accordance with the results of scientific investigation and historical research. People are coming more and more to be satisfied with nothing but certain knowledge; and, as criticism has substituted historical for dogmatic exegesis, so it will substitute internal for external authority, or the authority of the truth for that of a book.

An acquaintance with criticism, therefore, is one of the necessities of our time—one of the intellectual necessities, I mean. Such knowledge is necessary, not to salvation, but to intelligence. Salvation is an affair of the heart, and a very little knowledge is needed to get the heart right. The truth that saves, too, is so simple that a child may understand it. One who is ignorant of the results of criticism may be as good as one who is acquainted with them, but he does not know as much; and surely good people should desire to know all they can about the Book of Books. There are many persons, however, very many, who are not in harmony with the Church because they are not in sympathy with the Bible, and they are not in sympathy with it because they do not understand it. Criticism would give them just the knowledge they require. Hence a critical knowledge of the Scriptures is necessary to the intellectual relief, and so the complete salvation, of certain men.

But a critical knowledge of them is really necessary for all men, and especially for all those who teach or preach. The more intelligent we are the more useful we can be. Ignorance of established facts is thus a loss, not to our intelligence alone, but to our usefulness as well. There is the answer to the question so often asked in one form or another, How will the

Higher criticism help in the work of saving men? It will help, as any other kind of knowledge helps, only in a higher degree; for every kind of knowledge increases our efficiency, but a proper knowledge of the Scriptures increases our power for usefulness as nothing else can.

Besides, the Bible is our book of religious doctrine, and, so long as the Church makes it the basis of religious instruction, her members ought to understand it above every other book. Hence not merely those who teach and preach, but every Christian man and woman, should wish to learn the facts about it. All who recognise its importance should desire to know the truth, and the time is fast approaching, I believe, when all thoughtful religious people will so desire, partly for their own sake and partly for the sake of those who are demanding it.

Only a few more words are needed in concluding this series of articles. The origin of the Bible and the structure of its books have been shown to be different from what most men have thought, and their meaning has been shown to be other than what traditional teachers have taught; but the inspired ideas they contain are not made fewer by critical study, nor is the divine element in them weakened in any way. As no vital truth is affected by the process, their spiritual value is not lessened in the least.

To all who make it the man of their counsel the Word of God in Scripture will remain a lamp to the feet and a light to the path—a lamp that shines with greater brightness, and a light that glows with richer radiance, because of the work of criticism. Those of us who study the Bible earnestly will still draw inspiration from it, though we know it was not mechanically dictated, as we shall still draw light and heat from the sun, though we know he does not rise and set. Without sharing their misconceptions, we shall find it, what our fathers found it, namely, an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual life.

# PENITENCE AND CONFESSION

BY E. ST. JOHN-BRENON

LATE one lovely afternoon of a mid-June day I was seated in my favourite arm-chair in my library thinking over my next Sunday's sermon. The subject upon which I had promised my congregation a discourse was "Confession and Penitence" — one which interested me deeply, and which I hoped would as deeply interest my parishoners, and such casual hearers as now and again on Sundays, in the summer season, visited my church. I was just repeating to myself in a loud voice the lines of Omar Khayyam:—

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,  
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word  
of it."

when a tapping came to my door. At first I did not heed it; but as it was repeated in a hurried and eager manner, and knowing it to be my house-keeper, I called out, "Come in, come in, Mrs. Aldridge. What is it?"

"A messenger, sir, from the Cliff Chalet has called," said Mrs. Aldridge, "who says that you are wanted there at once. One of the ladies is dangerously ill, and she wishes to see you—and it is very urgent."

"Say I will come immediately," I said, rising; "and get me my hat and walking-stick, please." Mrs. Aldridge left the room to tell the messenger that I was following at once.

As usual, when receiving such a call, I prepared to put in order my pocket Communion service, in case I

should have to administer the Last Sacrament. Having done so, I hastened to obey the summons.

This summons surprised me not a little, as I had never spoken to the occupants of the stone-built cottage which stood high on the cliff facing the rectory windows about half a mile distant, and I knew little or nothing of its tenants nor had rumour ever helped me in that direction.

My parish is a tolerably large one, scattered on the coast of Dorset. Though I have some rich landed proprietors among my parishoners, the majority of them are farmers and fishermen. My health had broken down with the onerous responsibilities of a large London parish, so I had accepted this living to recoup my strength, and enjoy some repose in my declining years. Here I found an ample and somewhat untilled field for my labours—which for me were here, as in London, labours of duty and love.

I am not by habit curious; nor am I romantic; for experiences of an unpleasing sort when at the university, had destroyed all the romance I possessed in those far-off, joyous days. But I confess that frequently in my idle and thinking moods, I had formed many vague speculations as to why two ladies, who report said were still in the summer-time of life and beautiful, should have chosen this lonely and isolated cottage as a dwelling-place, and who, furthermore, had but very rarely, if ever, visitors.

The cottage had been built original-

ly for coast-guard purposes; but the position was found to have been inconvenient, and so it was abandoned for a more accessible one. Owing to being uninhabited for a long time the house fell into an almost ruinous state. One day, however, about three years ago, much to the surprise of myself and my parishoners, a number of workmen from an adjacent town were engaged by a local builder to put it into a habitable condition.

A few months afterwards a couple of loads of furniture were carted to the foot of the hill and borne on the shoulders of the men up to the cottage. As soon as the house was set in order, which was in a few days, the present occupants took up their abode there. They came in a private carriage one November evening when night had already fallen, and were only, as I afterwards learned from my housekeeper, attended by a maid. Deeming it my duty as the rector of the parish, upon having ascertained that they were members of the Church, I called upon them on two occasions; but I was not received. The ladies evidently thinking I might take umbrage at that which might have appeared a discourtesy, soon after my second call, a note to the following effect was sent to the rectory:

“Mrs. Trefusis and Miss Alington present their compliments to the Reverend Nassau Lawson and beg to thank him for his most kind visit. Mrs. Trefusis’s health, however, is in such a precarious state, that she and her sister are regretfully constrained to decline receiving all visitors.”

This naturally precluded the possibility of any further advances on my part to make the acquaintance of my mysterious parishoners; and for three years I heard little and saw nothing of the inmates of the cottage until the day when their urgent request to visit them reached me.

As I mounted the side of the cliff a fresh wind beat full in my face. The only short cut, and this I naturally took, as I was anxious to avoid all

possible delay, was by ascending a steep incline over a rough footpath, so narrow in some places that a careless step, or the slipping of my foothold, brought a small avalanche of dust and stones hurrying and scurrying down the side of the cliff, if not stopped by projecting rocks or thick clusters of weeds and brushwood. I now and again paused to take breath, and, as was always the case whenever I took this climb for pleasure, was struck with the almost sublime and romantic beauty of the mingled scene of sea and land which one got here. Nature in her hardest mood had carved and moulded the rugged rocks which edged the whole coast. There were no gentle undulations of the land, no bright patches of emerald meadow, no waving fields of ripening grain nor forest trees, nor bracken to soften the face of the hill; yet it had a beauty that enthralled, and which on this lovely June evening, as the heavens glowed in delicate green and red painted by the rays of the sun as he hastened to the evenings horizon, had a loveliness peculiarly its own, and which wakened in me a full sense of the supreme beneficence of the Creator of the Universe, and made me feel grateful that He had permitted me to regain my health and to live to enjoy it in usefulness to my fellow-creatures. After a somewhat wearisome climb I stood on a piece of tableland on which, backed by huge granite rocks, stood the lonely cottage which this evening was my goal.

Some rose-trees, laden with roses, laurel, box and shrubs, gave the only touches of colour to the neglected garden, with its flagless flagstaff and rickety sun-dial. Before I had time to knock, the door was opened by a lady of about thirty years of age. She was very pale, and through the welcome look which she gave me, I could see that she restrained with difficulty her tears.

“It is so kind of you to come, Mr. Lawson,” she said, courteously hold-

ing out her hand. "My sister is very, very ill. May I take you to her at once?"

I followed her into a darkened room, for the blinds were drawn, and there I saw lying amongst a pile of pillows, the attenuated form of a beautiful young woman. Kneeling by the couch on which she lay, and taking the invalid's hand in hers my guide said in a soft, sweet voice:

"Rowena, my darling, Mr. Lawson, the Rector, is here. Do you feel able to speak to him?" As soon as the introduction was complete she quietly retired from the room, leaving us by ourselves.

A very lovely face, that of a woman about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, was half lifted from amongst the pillows. Then I could clearly see that the hand of death was upon it, and that there was no time to lose. Seating myself on a low chair which Miss Alington had placed beside the dying woman I tried to say some comforting words.

For a little time the transparently white thin hands played restlessly and nervously with the lace frillings of her snowy white wrapper, then clasping them together convulsively, she said in a broken voice, "I have a confession to make—something in my life no one has ever known—will you hear it?"

I took her hands in mine and murmured I know not what — beyond that it was something consolatory. There was an inexplicably pathetic, yet weird expression in the sick woman's eyes from which I seemed to understand that the disease from which she was suffering and which was killing her, was mental as well as physical. Gathering her fast-ebbing strength, she told me the following story with many brakes and pauses:

"I was married on my eighteenth birthday to a man I loved with all the passionate ardour of my nature. He was a Captain in the Royal Navy and very rich, and I usually accom-

panied him on his voyages, that is to say I followed him from station to station, so we were seldom separated. I had been with him to China, Japan, Ceylon, the West Indies, Australia, and the Mediterranean. Two children were born to us—a sunny-headed boy and girl. Both died in their babyhood. And it was best so. After the birth of my second child I fell dangerously ill. Of those long and weary months of suffering I have no recollection, and my convalescence was a misty dream. I afterwards learned that I had been out of my mind for some time. Believing that the sea, which I loved so well would restore me to my health and strength, my husband, contrary to the advice of my physician and my relatives' opposition, decided to take me to the Mediterranean in his own steam yacht, leaving our children in the care of my parents.

"Well do I remember my awakening from the terrible fever, to which I had nearly succumbed. When I did so I found myself on the deck of the *Rowena*—it was named after me—anchored in the Bay of Naples, one lovely morning in May. I recognised where I was at once—Vesuvius, Capri, Posilippo, the castle of Saint Elmo, the Vomero, were all familiar to me; for I had been there many times before—but I wondered how I got there. I saw bending over me, fanning me with a dried palm-leaf, a woman, finely built, handsome and looking so neat in a nurse's costume. She had large violet-coloured, deep-set eyes, and dark rich wavy hair sweeping back in heavy glossy masses from a low forehead of an alabaster whiteness.

"I looked at her languidly at first, and with all-wondering curiosity — thinking who is she? Who can she be? Then in a faltering, far-away voice, which I hardly recognised as my own I called for my husband and inquired of him where I was.

"The woman leant over me again with a wistful, searching look, and



said, 'I am your nurse. I will send for Captain Trefusis—your husband. You are on board the *Rowena* (I started on hearing my own name) in the Bay of Naples, and you are much better, dear, you have been very ill!' On hearing this I said 'I want my husband. Tell him.'

'She spoke a few words to a sailor who stood near, and the next moment my beloved husband was by my side. I suppose he saw from the expression of my face that my wandering reason was restored, and his dark, honest eyes shone with an unspeakable gladness as he took me tenderly in his arms and caressed me. How happy I felt when he was by my side! I was too weak and languid for many a day to notice or care for anything but him and his companionship, and whenever I could, I would lie for hours on my pillows in a luxurious deck-chair on those lovely, warm, sunlit evenings, with my hands clasped in my husband's—very weak, but, oh, so happy!

'Soon I grew stronger, and was able to walk about the deck, and even to land and takes drives around Naples—to Baise, Capodimonte, Sorrento—and sometimes the yacht would cruise to Capri, Isehia and Procida—all for my pleasure. On our drives I was, besides my husband, always accompanied by Nurse Jephson. She had been selected by a famous mental physician as a most valuable nurse for me. When I was ill and weak her presence was almost unnoticed by me, but I was told it was necessary that she should look after me constantly. I could not understand. And since I was well and strong again the constant companionship became irksome and worried and even irritated me.

'Miss Ada Jephson—that was her full name—was a clever woman, and well-born as I afterwards learnt, and had adopted nursing first merely as an experience, a study, for she had independent means; but in consequence of her success in the treat-

ment of several patients suffering from nervous diseases she was induced to continue it as a profession.

'As a rule, she excited admiration among men and women, and was generally considered sympathetic, but to me, on close acquaintance, there was something intensely antipathetic about her—but if I were asked to say in which way, and what developed the feeling, I could not tell, beyond the fact that she never looked me straight in the face, but had an unpleasant way of taking swift furtive glances at me, which, although she never on these occasions allowed her eyes to meet mine, had the effect of an electric shock on my shattered nervous system. She never, I know, thought or knew I noticed this habit of hers. But this and her caressing, feline manner had an unaccountable effect on me that I began to loath not only her company, but the sight of her. I cannot hope to make you understand this feeling, and can only tell you how I felt and try to explain to you the baleful influences she exercised over me.

'She followed me everywhere, so much—so constantly, that I rarely could find myself alone with my husband. If I moved from one part of the yacht to another, she glided to my side in an instant with the excuse of offering me a fan, a pillow, a forgotten shawl or a book.

'I tried to tell this all to my husband one day. I begged of him to send her away, as I found I would be better alone; but he only laughed and said I was fanciful; so I dropped the subject disappointed and disheartened. She was the only woman on board who could be my companion, and I might require her services on the voyage home, he argued.

'At length, to my great joy, my husband, who had been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, was called to England to assume a command in the Home Station. All the bustle of leave-taking of our Neapolitan friends and preparation for our departure

fatigued me greatly. So when we got out of the Bay, the day being hot and sultry, I lay down in the deck cabin, and fell into a calm, refreshing, dreamless sleep. I must have been asleep for about an hour, when I was awakened by the touch of cold fingers on the back of my neck. I lay on my side, my back towards the cabin door—I felt the fingers creep round my throat and grasp it tightly for an instant and then relax the grip.

“I was terror-stricken and with a shriek (which showed how terrified I was) leaped up, and saw Nurse Pephson standing by my side.

“‘How dare you awaken me in that cruel, rough way!’ I said, trembling from head to foot, being not only frightened, but angry—‘How dare you do it?’

“‘I did not touch you at all, Mrs. Trefusis,’ she said, leaning against the small cabin table with her hands behind her, half-closing her eyes, and looking as if it were above me, but not at me.

“‘Captain Trefusis sent me to see if you were still asleep!’

“At the same time, attracted by my excited tone and somewhat loud voice, my husband entered the cabin—and I noticed they looked at each other in startled interrogation. Nurse Jephson gave him a swift glance of intelligence—and lifting her brows slightly, but significantly, seemed to form with her lips the word—

“‘Again!’ What did she mean? What could she mean? I thought.

“My husband came to my side, placed his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and then motioned Nurse Jephson to leave the cabin.

“‘Arthur!’ I sobbed, ‘I was sleeping quietly, and that woman suddenly awakened me by catching me by the throat as if she wanted to strangle me!’

“‘Nonsense, my love. You have been dreaming. It is all a dream—a nightmare—nothing more,’ and he kissed me, and tried to soothe me as

one would a frightened child; but I saw that he really believed I had been dreaming, and it was useless for me to say otherwise.

“From that hour I could never bear that woman near me. A certain and undefinable distrust and fear filled me whenever I was alone with her. I felt no longer myself, and grew sad and reserved. My husband, although unchangingly patient, tender, and loving, I now fancied watched my every movement with marked anxiety. I said nothing more of Nurse Jephson, as I knew I would be able to rid myself of her as soon as I reached England. I, however, showed her that I preferred being as much as possible left to myself—and I must say, though she seemed to watch me as if I could not be trusted alone, she did not force her attentions on me in any obtrusive way—in fact, apparently not as much as she had in the past. Still I could see that she kept me under the strictest observation—but why I could not understand, unless it was that she pretended to think that I had relapsed into my former state of mental weakness. And I hated her for it.

“My husband’s duties—for he frequently took the command of the yacht himself—occupied much of his time, nevertheless, every spare moment he had he was by my side, and I always observed that whenever he returned after any absence, however short, he directed a half-questioning glance towards Nurse Jephson. All this manœuvring and questioning by looks caused me much worry, and I could not explain satisfactorily to myself the reason of it. I fear I began to be jealous. Yet there was nothing in my husband’s conduct to justify such a suspicion.

“Whether Nurse Jephson grew to suspect that my mind veered in that direction or not, I never knew; but I saw that she perceived I had noticed the interchange of glances between her and my husband, so that ultimately, when an inquiring look

was given by him, she did not answer it, nor did she, so far as I ever knew, have any private conversation with him. Her attitude towards me was, therefore, a mystery I could not solve. I thought that perhaps she was in love with my husband, but there was nothing in her manner towards him which indicated it. Still the belief was taking such hold of my mind that I could not rid myself of it, and it burned into my soul. It was for this reason I suspected that she wanted to kill me—for I was convinced that had I not suddenly awakened when she was in the cabin that terrible afternoon, she would have murdered me. But it never occurred to me how easily the crime could have been brought home to her, and that she could be punished for it. A mad jealousy at times took hold of me, and I often found myself scheming how to be revenged on her—but in what way I knew not—while at other times I fought earnestly against the evil design.

“One day when we were nearing Marseilles, turning over some letters and papers on my husband’s writing-table I came across a sheet of paper with printed dates which had evidently been torn from a diary in Nurse Jephson’s handwriting. On this I read:

“May 24th. Mrs. T. excited this afternoon. Paroxysm violent, and dangerous. Captain T, unfortunately arrived when it had exhausted itself. Poor patient fancied I placed my hand on her throat.

“May 29th. Another paroxysm. Again very violent, but on appearance of Captain T. all trace of excitement disappeared.

“June 10th. Patient better last few days. Increased dislike to my society, but calmer.

“June 14th. Terrible seizure during Captain Trefusis’s absence. Managed to subdue it without allowing anyone to be aware of the occurrence. Did not call for assistance, as knowing Captain T.’s wish that no one should hear of these frightful scenes.”

“Merciful heavens! I saw it all. This cruel monster was trying, for

some reason of her own, to persuade my husband that I was insane, and she was evidently succeeding. Lying close to this paper lay a letter to his mother in which he wrote, ‘I enclose you a portion of Nurse Jephson’s diary which covers that which has been the worst period of my darling’s illness. Thank God! I have never witnessed any of these seizures. Nurse Jephson has kept them secret from every one on board, as she, by herself, was able to take ample care of my poor girl in these terrible moments. To look at Rowena no one who knew nothing of her malady would believe that she is in any way ill. All traces of the old fever have gone, only leaving this awful track—mental alienation—behind it.’

“I knelt by the table and burying my head in my hands wept silently. I felt so hopeless and wretched. Why was this woman behaving in this way? Why was she concocting this lying diary? Was I right in my suspicions? What should I do? I thanked God that I was daily getting nearer home. Once there, all would come right. Now I would try and calm myself. I tried to control the wild beating of my heart. When I found I could talk calmly, I took the portion of the diary and my husband’s letter to his mother in my hand, and went to look for him. He was not in the dining-saloon, nor anywhere below. He must be on deck—on the bridge. So I retraced my steps, and, on mounting the companion-stairs, perceived the flutter of a white dress in the stern of the boat, and the dim outline of my husband’s tall figure standing by the wearer. I approached, then I heard scraps of their conversation — both their backs were turned towards me, so they did not notice my approach. My husband was saying:

“‘Perhaps you are right. But I cannot say that I agree with you. We shall see on our arrival home what the doctors say.’

“‘The restraint of the asylum is

the only thing for her and for her safety,' continued the woman, 'I beg of you to consider well the matter, and place her in one on your return, not only for your own sake, but for hers!'

"On hearing this I could bear no more. All the blood of my body rushed to my head and like a tigress springing forward with a violent and sudden push I sent her backwards, head downwards, into the seething waters. Not a word was uttered—not a scream. The whole thing took place in an instant—like a lightning-flash—whilst the yacht was swiftly proceeding on its course. I can never forget my beloved husband's look of panic-surprise and horror as he sprang rapidly away from me, and thrusting me from him as he cried, 'Good God! What have you done? What have you done?' Then he seized the lifebuoy—shouting 'Man overboard! Stop her! Stop her!' and leaped into the sea to try and save the woman, whom with a dazed vision I saw struggling in the water, but who, with my husband, was left a long way behind before the yacht was stopped. The cry was taken up by everyone on deck—the first officer caught up the cry 'Man overboard!' following it by vehemently shouting, 'Lower the boats!' Then a hurrying of many feet, excitement everywhere, as the first officer again shouted, 'Good God! the Captain's overboard—and the Nurse! Hurry up! Hurry up!' It was an awful scene to everyone, but especially to me who was the cause of it all, and I and the victims alone knew it.

"After this I remember no more. God mercifully for some time deprived me of my senses. When I came to, I awakened to the awful knowledge that I had murdered them both. The yacht cruised about for many hours—until daylight, searching for the bodies; but, alas, they were never found.

"Up to this hour no one ever suspected a crime—that it was I who

pushed Nurse Jephson overboard—that I was a murderess—the murderess of my devoted husband, whom I idolised, and my nurse. My sufferings and remorse ever since have been terrible, I have never had a moment's peace of mind. It, however, has given me some relief to make my confession now—now that I am so near death, for I know I am dying.

"My sister and I have lived together for the last six years. For three we have wandered about from place to place—she ignorant of the trouble which made me so restless—till finally we settled down here, far away from all the world—I bemoaning my sin—known only to myself and God. I have prayed day and night all these years to die; but to punish me God has made me live on—to expiate in some measure my crime by my sufferings. Yet, surely, the Almighty knows my crime was the impulse of a poor brain-strained, mad and jealous woman, and will not damn me eternally for it. I hardly knew what I was doing till it was done.

"Tell me—Oh, tell me, is there any hope that I shall be forgiven," said the dying woman in a voice of agonised despair. Then grasping my arm and gazing into my eyes with an eager, pleading look, she added, "Shall I meet my darling husband again? I cannot die till I know this—I cannot—I cannot!"

I then spoke to the poor invalid such words of hope and consolation as I thought might give some comfort to her weary soul in the moment of her repentance and confession; but never before during my long ministry did I feel so helpless or so impotent as when endeavouring to give her the consolation she sought, and in these her last moments on earth, so much needed.

I sat by her side in company with her sister all through the night. Just as the lurid dawn was breaking over the sea's horizon my contrite penitent, who we thought was sleeping,

opened her beautiful eyes as if searching for her sister. She raised her head as if to say something, then, with one long sigh it fell back again on the pillow as her weary spirit took its eternal flight, and she was at rest forever.

\*

We buried her in the romantically-situated graveyard at the foot of the mountain; and I made her "Confession and Penitence" the subject of my sermon on the following Sunday in fulfilment of my promise made to my congregation before I thought I should soon have a sad object lesson in both in my own parish.

A couple of weeks after the funeral, Miss Alington left Cliff Chalet, and as it has never since been occupied, it soon fell into decay; nor did I ever have any tidings of her, save

a couple of letters, which came from Posilips, Naples, when a white marble cross was about to be erected over her sister's grave, and when she submitted to me, for my approval, the inscription, which was to be engraved upon its base, and which now may be seen upon it:

In Memory

of

ROWENA TREFUSIS,

Aged 29,

Died, June 15th, 19—

Her husband, Rear-Admiral Arthur Trefusis, was drowned in the Mediterranean Sea in his effort to save Miss Ada Jephson, who fell overboard from his yacht, the "Rowena."

June 15th, 189—

*Until the sea gives up its dead  
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of  
our hearts.*

---

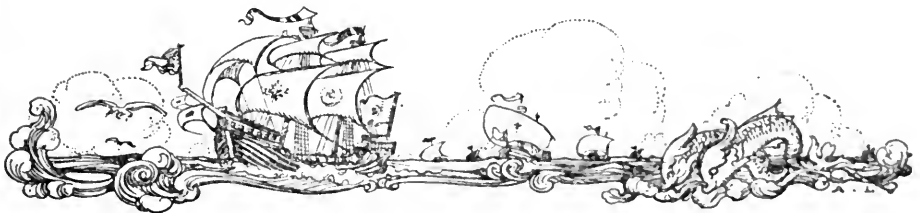
## ENIGMA

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

**A**S eager as the homing swallows' flight,  
And like calm waters of a deep, dark sea,  
And not unlike the stars God sows by night,  
And kindred to their cloud-hung mystery.

Sad as the backward glances of desire,  
Joyous as any nodding garden flower,  
Bright with the flashings of an inner fire  
And cool as a mid-summer mountain shower.

Never did Nature with the tools of Art  
Chisel a work more human and divine,  
In the true image of the inconstant heart,  
Than those sad, smiling, eager eyes of thine!



# GIVE THE FARMER CREDIT

BY J. H. HASLAM

CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO AGRICULTURAL CREDITS FOR THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

THERE are three basic wants of mankind, food, clothing, and shelter, and on these commodities and their accumulation and production all credit ultimately rests. The two former perish with the using and have to be renewed from year to year, while shelter, houses, stables, stores, offices, warehouses, are more or less permanent, and have to be renewed or repaired after a long period of use. Food and clothing are produced on the farms, likewise much that goes into shelter. The furnishing of our houses, the bedding, the curtains, the carpets, are produced originally on the farms. All manufacturers, all transportation, the great throbbing energies of mankind, are largely engaged in fabricating these products, devising new methods of utilising them to better advantage and conveying them with all possible despatch to where they are most needed.

In every age agriculture has been looked on by most people as the greatest industry. It has been fostered in every possible way. And where it has prospered in any country and where the people living on the farms have been contented and happy, that country has prospered most. If history teaches any lesson it is that as soon as the people of any country show a desire to leave the farms in large numbers and participate permanently in the pleasures of the cities, decay has set in, and the per-

iod of its greatness has reached its limit. We unfortunately have symptoms of that state of affairs in Canada. In none of our Provinces, except the three Western, are there as many people on the farms as there were ten years ago. There are fewer cattle and fewer sheep, and these animals provide us with most of our food and clothing. Even in Saskatchewan, the greatest agricultural Province in the Dominion, there is a very large movement from the farms in the older settled districts, and if this movement is not checked at once Canada must suffer deplorably.

The area under wheat, oats, barley, and peas in the five Eastern Provinces of Canada decreased during the last eleven years nearly one million acres, nor has this decrease in the acreage of grain crops been attended by any increase in the yield by acreage, and there has been a marked decrease in both flocks and herds. The only redeeming feature is that the farmer gets more for what he grows, but not sufficient to induce him to bring more land under cultivation, or increase his products. It is urged in many quarters that our farmers are moving from the Eastern to the Western farms, and while this is true to some extent, it is not true to the extent that many suppose. In 1910 there were in Manitoba 5,072,000 acres of wheat, oats, and barley, and in 1912 only 4,372,000 acres.

The great prosperity of the cities in the West is having the effect of luring the people from the farms. Even in Saskatchewan there was over 300,000 acres less in wheat, oats, and barley in 1912 than in 1911. Wheat, the staple crop of this Province, was grown at an actual money loss during the last three years, largely because the farmers are unable to pay cash, as do the farmers of Europe, for their needs. The crop is improperly financed and is thrown on the market in a great mass, when it immediately depresses the price. Having to be transported in a few months, it is done in the most expensive way and costs at least fifty per cent. more than it would if the farmer was able to select the most economical methods and the cheapest routes. Any other country in the world making pretence of agriculture, except Great Britain and the United States, has a complete system of agricultural finance, and all such countries have shown a remarkable growth in agriculture. England had twenty-five years ago 17,000,000 acres under cultivation and 13,000,000 acres under pasture. These figures are reversed now, and yet there has not been any such increase in the number of animals on the farms as in Italy, France, or Germany, where every available acre is producing crops. In 1860, 2,000,000 of the population of England and Wales was engaged in agriculture. There are now only 900,000, and yet the population has about doubled in this time.

Agriculture in England has never recovered from the depression of twenty-five years ago, which prevailed all over the world. All the other European countries have shown wonderful development. Even Italy during the last decade has about doubled the yield of its farms. The same tendency is true, but perhaps to a less extent, of all the other European countries I have visited lately.

The exports of butter from Russia, for instance, have nearly doubled in

the last three years and now amount to about \$45,000,000 in value a year. About forty per cent. of the butter now imported into the United Kingdom comes from Russia. The increase in production and the improvements in quality making this possible was brought about largely by the splendid system of agricultural credit introduced lately by the Russian Government whereby the Russian farmer is enabled to borrow the money necessary to buy cattle and the necessary implements for his farm at reasonable terms and for a long enough period to enable him to pay the debt through the earnings of the cattle, seed, implements, or whatever else he may purchase.

Under the Russian system of regional agricultural banks, forty terminal elevators are being erected for the storage of grain. It is the intention to increase these to 250 in the immediate future, with a storage capacity of 250,000,000 bushels. These elevators receive the grain from the small country elevators, which are owned by the local co-operative banks. Advances are made on the grain by the local banks and to the farmers when it is growing. The paper is rediscounted in the regional bank, which in turn rediscounts in the central bank of issue, in St. Petersburg. In the same way, when the local bank has a surplus of funds it deposits in the regional bank, which deposits its surplus in the central bank, which is under the control of the Government and serves both agriculture and industry. This is copied after the *Credit Agricole* of France, which derives its emergency funds from the Bank of France.

Every country in Europe which I have visited lately has a system of banking best adapted to its particular needs. They all appear to be based on the idea that the surplus money of agriculture shall be used for agriculture, and that of industry for industry, and the ordinary savings of the people for both, all the Govern-

ment savings banks lending to agriculture as well as industry. In many cases, however, agriculture has the preference. The Bank of France has given to agriculture 40,000,000 francs without interest during the term for which its charter was renewed, and it pays a portion of its profits to agriculture, as well as discounting farmers' paper at the usual bank rate of the Bank of France. The French farmer borrows at from two and a half to four and a half per cent., and the agricultural labourer gets money to pay for his house, which is built and sold to him at cost by a Government institution organised for the purpose. The rate of interest is based on the number of children he has. The man having no children, if admitted to the benefits of the society at all, paying the maximum rate of four per cent., and the father of five children getting the minimum, which is two and one-quarter per cent. The present birth rate in rural Ontario suggests a like remedy. Traders, contrary to the custom in Britain and Canada, have to shift largely for themselves. They are mostly Jews and have not much standing in the communities and are supposed to finance each other through their private banks. In fact, many of the large Jewish trading concerns I met in Europe told me that they did not borrow money, but lent it to their customers. They appear to be people of great wealth, they are very courteous and intelligent, usually speak English well, and I have no doubt their fathers made the money they now have, before the present system of co-operative financing and trading was introduced. The credit for the splendid system of co-operative finance now in operation in Italy, however, is due to the great Luzatti, who is a Venetian Jew, and David Lubin, a Russian Jew, is the great exponent of co-operative finance and production in the United States. The Jew is the trader *par excellence*,

and must be a political economist.

The largest grain merchant in the world, a French Jew, told me that he never speculates on exchanges, and never buys cargo space ahead. He never insures or deals in options. The only persons he pays to conduct his business are his clerks. He said that "I can insure my cargoes cheaper than a gambler at Lloyds' and grain exchanges only make prices at what I can sell wheat for." This man's firm handles 180,000,000 bushels of wheat a year and controls the marketing of the crop of two countries and used to control also that of another.

The spirit of the people in Europe is not as a rule to leave the farm, but the reverse. The desire to own a piece of land is the great consuming ambition of the peasant of Southern Europe. He wants to produce something, and it is to him all over Europe that the great rewards come, if not in money, at least in esteem and in the honour of his fellowmen. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the same high ambition will pervade the mind of the Canadian youth and that his talent and energy shall be diverted to the development of the natural resources of this great country. This is a far higher ambition than engaging in the exploitation of those who do.

We will not have a really great Canada and achieve that place among the nations which we deserve until our Governments see that all who have willing hands, whether native or foreign born, shall have placed at their disposal the necessary credit to engage in the cultivation of our soil, and that that money shall be placed at their disposal at a rate that they can afford to pay, and that the products of their toil shall be transported to market in the most economical way, and sold in such a manner that there shall come to all who deserve it the complete reward of the labour of their hands and brains.





MRS. SCROOPE EGERTON

From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE BEAR'S FACE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

"THERE ain't no denying but what you give us a great show, Job," said the barkeeper, with that air of patronage which befits the man who presides over and automatically controls the varied activities of a saloon in a Western lumber town.

"It is a good show!" assented Job Toomey modestly. He leaned up against the bar in orthodox fashion, just as if his order had been "whiskey fer mine!" but, being a really great animal trainer, whose eye must be always clear and his nerve always steady as a rock, his glass contained nothing stronger than milk and Vichy.

Fifteen years before, Job Toomey had gone away with a little traveling menagerie, because he loved wild animals. He had come back famous; and the town of Grantham Mills, metropolis of his native country, was proud of him. He was head of the menagerie of the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, and trainer of one of the finest troupes of performing beasts in all America. It was a great thing for Grantham Mills to have had a visit from the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, on its way from one important centre to another. There had been two great performances, afternoon and evening. And now, after the last performance, some of Toomey's old-time acquaintances were making things pleasant for him in the bar of the "Continental."

"I don't see how ye do it, Job!" said Sanderson, an old river man who had formerly trapped and hunted

with Toomey. "I mind ye was always kind o' slick an' understandin' with the wild critters; but the way them lions an' painters an' bears an' wolves jest folly yer eye an' yer nod, willin' as so many poodle dogs, beats me. They seem to like it, too."

"They *do*," said Toomey. "Secret of it is *I* like *them*; so, by-an'-by, they learn to like me, well enough, an' try to please me. I make it worth their while, too. Also, they know I'll stand no fooling. Fear an' love, rightly mixed, boys—plenty of love, an' jest enough fear to keep it from spilin'—that's a mixture'll carry a man far—leastways, with animals!"

The barkeeper smiled, and was about to say the obvious thing; but he was interrupted by a long, lean-jawed, leather-faced man, captain of one of the river tugs, whose eyes had grown sharp as gimlets with looking out for snags and sandbanks.

"The finest beast in the whole menagerie, that big grizzly," said he, spitting accurately into a spacious box of sawdust, "I noticed as how ye didn't have *him* in your performance, Mr. Toomey. Now, I kind o' thought as how I'd like to see you put *him* through his stunts."

Toomey was silent for a moment. Then, with a certain reserve in his voice, he answered: "Oh, he ain't exactly strong on stunts."

The leather-faced captain grinned quizzically. "Which does he go shy on, Mr. Toomey, the love or the fear?" he asked.

"Both," said Toomey shortly. Then his stern face relaxed, and he laughed good-humoredly. "Fact is, I think we'll have to be sellin' that there grizzly to some zoölogical park. He's kind of bad fer my prestige."

"How's that, Job?" asked Sander-son, expectant of a story.

"Well," replied Toomey, "to tell you the truth, boys—an' I only say it because I'm here at home, among friends—it's *me* that's afraid of *him*! An' he knows it. He's the only beast that's ever been able to make me feel fear—the real, deep-down fear. An' I've never been able to git quit of that ugly notion. I go an' stand in front of his cage; an' he jest puts that great face of his up agin the bars an' stares at me. An' I look straight into his eyes, an' remember what has passed between us, an' I feel afraid still. Yes, it wouldn't be much use me tryin' to train *that* bear, boys; an' I'm free to acknowledge it to you all."

"Tell us about it, Job!" suggested the bar-keeper, settling his large frame precariously on the top of a small, high stool. An urgent chorus of approval came from all about the bar. Toomey took out his watch, and considered.

"We start away at 5.40 a.m.," said he, "an' I must make out to get a wink o' sleep. But I reckon I've got time enough. As you'll see, however, before I git through, the drinks are on me, so name yer p'ison, boys. Meanwhile, you'll excuse me if I don't join you this time. A man kin hold just about so much.

"It was kind of this way," he continued, when the barkeeper had performed his functions. "You see, for nigh ten years after I left Grantham Mills I'd stuek closer'n a burr to my business, till I began to feel I knew most all there was to know about trainin' animals. Men do git that kind of a fool feelin' sometimes, about lots of things harder than animal trainin'." Well, nothin' would do me but I should go back to my old

business of *trappin'* the beasts, only with one big difference. I wanted to go in fer takin' them alive, so as to sell them to menageries an' all that sort of thing. An' it was no pipe dream, fer I done well at it from the first. But that's not here nor there. I was gittin' tired of it, after a lot o' travellin' an' some lively kind of scrapes; so I made up my mind to finish up with a grizzly, an' then git back to trainin', which was what I was cut out fer, after all.

"Well, I wanted a grizzly; an' it wasn't long before I found one. We were campin' among the foothills of the upper end of the Sierra Nevada range, in Northern California. It was a good prospectin' ground fer grizzly, an' we found lots o' signs. I wanted one not too big fer convenience, an' not so old as to be too set in his ways an' too proud to learn. I had three good men with me, an' we scattered ourselves over a big lot o' ground, lookin' fer a likely trail. When I stumblered onto that chap in the cage yonder, what Captain Bird admires so, I knew right off *he* wasn't what I was after. But the queer thing was that *he* didn't seem to feel that way about *me*. He was after me before I had time to think of anything jest suitable to the occasion."

"Where in thunder was yer gun?" demanded the river man.

"That was jest the trouble!" answered Toomey. "Ye see, I'd stood the gun agin a tree, in a dry place, while I stepped over a bit o' boggy ground, intendin' to lay down and drink out of a leetle spring. Well, the bear was handier to that gun than I was. When he come fer me, I tell ye I didn't go back fer the gun. I ran, straight up the hill, an' him too close at my heels fer convenience. Then I remembered that a grizzly don't run his best when he goes up hill on a slant, so on the slant I went. It worked, I reckoned, fer though I couldn't say I gained on him much, it was soothin' to observe that he didn't seem to gain on me.

"Fer maybe well onto three hundred yards it was a fine race, and I was beginnin' to wonder if the bear was gettin' as near winded as I was, when slap, I come right out on the crest of the ridge, which jest ahead o' me jutted out in a sort of elbow. What there was on the other side I couldn't see, and couldn't take time to inquire. I jest had to chance it, hopin' it might be somethin' less than a thousand foot drop. I ran straight to the edge, and jest managed to throw myself flat on my face an' clutch at the grass like mad to keep from pitchin' clean out into space. It was a drop, all right—two hundred foot or more o' sheer cliff. An' the bear was not thirty yards behind me.

"I looked at the bear, as I laid there clutchin' the grass roots. Then I looked down over the edge. I didn't feel frightened exactly — so fur — didn't *know* enough, maybe, to be *frightened* of any animal. But jest at this point I was mighty anxious. You'll believe, then, it was kind o' good to me to see, right below, maybe twenty foot down, a little pocket of a ledge, full o' grass an' blossomin' weeds. There was no time to calculate. I could let myself drop; an' maybe, if I had luck, I could stop where I fell, in the pocket, instead of bouncin' out an' down, to be smashed into flinders. Or, on the other hand, I could stay where I was, an' be ripped into leetle frayed ravelin's by the bear; an' that would be in about three seconds, at the rate he was comin'. Well, I let myself over the edge till I jest hung by the fingers, an' then dropped, smooth as I could, down the rock face, kind of clutchin' at every leetle knob as I went, to check the fall. I lit true in the pocket, an' I lit pretty hard, as ye might know; but not hard enough to knock the wits out o' me, the grass an' weeds bein' fairly soft. An' clawin' out desperate with both hands, I caught, an' stayed put. Some dirt an' stones come down, kind o' smart, on my head, an' when they'd

stopped, I looked up, trembling like.

"There was the bear, his big head stuck down, with one ugly paw hangin' over beside it, starin' at me. I was so tickled at havin' fooled him, I didn't think of the hole I was in, but sez to him, sauey as you please, 'Thou art so near, and yet so far.' He gave a grunt and disappeared.

"Ye know enough to know when you're euehred,' says I. An' then I turned to considerin' the place I was in, an' how I was to git out of it. To look at it was enough, and the more I considered, the more I wondered how I'd ever managed to stay in it. It wasn't bigger than three foot by width, out from the cliff face. On my left, there was a ridge running up straight, closin' off the pocket to that side clean an' sharp, though with a leetle kind of a roughness, so to speak — nothin' more than a roughness—which I calculated *might* do, if I wanted to try to climb to the other side. I *didn't* want to, jest yet, bein' still shaky from the drop, which as things turned out, was just as well for me.

"To my right, a bit of a ledge maybe six or eight inches wide ran off along the cliff face for a matter of ten or a dozen feet, then slanted up, an' widened out agin to another little pocket, a shelf like, of bare rock, about level with the top o' my head. From this shelf a narrow crack, not more than two or three inches wide, kind of zigzagged away till it reached the top o' the cliff, perhaps forty foot off. It wasn't much, but is looked like somethin' I could git a good fingerhold into, if only I could work my way along to that leetle shelf. I about made up my mind to try it, an' was reachin' out, in fact, to start, when I stopped sudden.

"A healthy-lookin' rattler, his diamond-pattern baek bright in the sun, come out of the crevice an' stopped on the shelf to take a look at the weather.

"It struck me right off that he was on his way down to this pocket o'

mine, which was maybe his favourite country residence. I didn't like, one bit, the idee o' his comin' an' findin' me there, when I'd never been invited. I felt right bad about it, you bet; and I'd have got away if I could. But not bein' able to, there was nothin' fer me to do but try an' make myself onpleasant. I grabbed up a handful o' dirt an' threw it at the rattler. It scattered all round him, of course, an' some of it hit him. Whereupon he coiled himself like a flash, with head an' tail both lifted, an' rattled indignantly. There was nothin' big enough to do him any damage with, an' I was mighty uneasy lest he might insist on comin' home to see who his impident caller was. But I kept on flingin' dirt at long as there was any handy, while he kept on rattlin,' madder an' madder. Then I stopped, to think what I'd better do next. I was jest startin' to take off my boot, to hit him with if he came along the narrow ledge, when suddenly he uncoiled an' slipped back into the crevice.

"Either it was very hot or I'd been a bit more anxious than I'd realized, for I felt my forehead wet with sweat. I drew my sleeve across it, all the time keeping my eyes glued on the spot where the rattler'd disappeared. Jest then, seemed to me I felt a breath on the back o' my neck. A kind o' cold chill erinkled down my backbone, an' I turned my face 'round, sharp.

"Will you believe it, boys? I was nigh jumpin' straight off that there ledge right into the landscape an' eternity! There, starin' 'round the wall o' rock, not one inch more than a foot away from mine, was the face o' the bear.

"Well, I was scared. There's no gittin' round that fact. There was something so onnatural about that big, wicked face, hangin' there over that awful height, an' starin' so close into mine. I jest naturally scrooged away as fur as I could git, an' hung on tight to the rock so's

not to go over. An' *then* my face wasn't more'n *two* feet away, do the best I could; an' that was the time I found what it felt like to be right down scared. I believe, if that face had a come much closer, I'd have *bit* at it, that minute, like a rat in a hole.

"For maybe thirty seconds we jest stared. Then, I kind o' got a holt of myself, an' cursed myself good fer bein' such a fool; an' my blood got to runnin' agin. I fell to studyin' how the bear could have got there; an' pretty soon I reckoned it out at how there must be a big ledge runnin' down the cliff face, jest the other side o' the wall o' the pocket. An' I hugged myself to think I hadn't managed to climb 'round onto that ledge jest before the bear arrived. I got this all figgered out, an' it took some time. But still that face, hangin' out there over the height, kept starin' at me; an' I never saw a wickeder look than it had onto it, steady an' unwinkin' as a nightmare.

"It is curious how long a beast *kin* look at one without winkin'.' At last, it got onto my nerves so I jest couldn't stand it; an' snatchin' a bunch of weeds (I'd already flung away all the loose dirt, flingin' it at the rattler), I whipped 'em across them devilish leetle eyes as hard as I could. It was a kind of a child's trick, or a woman's—but it worked all right, fer it made the eyes blink. That proved they were real eyes, an' I felt easier. After all, it *was* only a bear; an' he couldn't git any closer than he was. But that was a mite too close, an' I wished he'd move. An' jest then, not to be gittin' *too* easy in my mind, I remembered the rattler!

"Another cold chill down my backbone! I looked 'round, right smart. But the rattler wasn't anywheres in sight. That, however, put me in mind of what I'd been goin' to do to him. A boot wasn't much of a weepion agin a bear, but it was the only thing handy, so I reckoned

I'd have to make it do. I yanked it off, took it by the toe, an' let that wicked face have the heel of it, as hard as I could. I hadn't any room to swing, so I couldn't hit very hard. But a bear's nose is tender on the tip; an' it was jest there, of course, I took care to land. There was a big snort, kind o' surprised like, an' the face disappeared. I felt a sight better.

"Fer maybe five minutes nothin' else happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't any-ways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' roek till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find *that* out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' *up*. There was no such a thing as climbin' *down*. An' as fer that lettle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

"It wanted a good three hours of sundown, an' I knew my chaps wouldn't be missin' me before night. When I didn't turn up fer dinner, of course, they'd begin to suspicion somethin' because they knew I was takin' things rather easy an' not followin' up any long trails. It looked like I was there fer the night; an' I didn't like it, I tell you. There wasn't room to lay down, and if I fell asleep settin' up, like as not I'd roll off the ledge. There was nothin' fer it but to set up a whoop an' a yell every once in a while, in hopes that one or other of the boys *might* be erusin' 'round near enough to hear me. So I yelled some half a dozen times, stoppin' between each yell to listen. Gittin' no answer, at last I decided to save my throat a bit an' try agin after a spell o' restin' an' worryin.' Jest then I turned my head; an' I forgot, right off, to

worry about fallin' off the ledge. There, pokin' his ugly head out o' the crevice, was the rattler. I chuckled a bunch o' weeds at him, an' he drew back in agin. But the thing that jarred me now was, how would I keep him off when it got too dark fer me to see him. He'd be slippin' home quiet like, thinkin' I was gone, an' mad when he found I wasn't; fer, ye see, *he* hadn't no means of knowin' that I couldn't go *up* the roek jest as easy as I come down. I feared there was goin' to be trouble after dark. An' while I was figgerin' on that till the sweat come out on my forehead, I turned agin—an' there, agin, was the bear's face, starin' round the roek, not more'n a foot away.

"You'll understand how my nerves was on the jumps, when I tell you, boys, that I was seared an' startled all over agin, like the first time I'd seen it. With a yell, I fetched a swipe at it with my boot; but it was gone, like a shadow, before I hit it; an' the boot flew out of my hand an' went over the cliff—an' me pretty nigh after it. I jest caught myself, an' hung on, kind o' shaky, *fer* a minute. Next thing, I heard a great seratechin' at the other side of the roek, as if the brute was tryin' to git a better toe-hold an' work some new dodge on me. Then the face appeared agin, an' maybe, though perhaps that was jest my excited imagination, it was some two or three inches closer this time.

"I lit out at it with my fist, not havin' my other boot handy. But Lord, a bear kin dodge the sharpest boxer. That face jest wasn't there, before I could hit it. Then, five seconds more, an' it was back agin, starin' at me. I wouldn't give it the satisfaction o' tryin' to swipe it *agin*, so I jest kept still, pretendin' to ignore it; an' in a minute or two it disappeared. But then, a minute or two more an' it was back agin. An' so it went on, disappearin', comin' 'baek, goin' away, comin' 'baek, an' always jest when I *wasn't* expectin'

it, an' always sudden an' quick as a shadow, till *that* kind o' got onto my nerves, too, an' I wished he'd stay one way or t'other, so as I could know what I was up ag'instant.

"At last, settlin' down as small as I could, I made up my mind I jest wouldn't look that way at all, face or no face, but give all my attention to watchin' fer the rattler, an' yellin' fer the boys. Judgin' by the sun, which went mighty slow that day, I kept that game up for an hour or more; an' then, as the rattler didn't come any more than the boys, I got tired of it, an' looked 'round for the bear's face. Well, that time it wasn't there. But in place of it was a big brown paw, reachin' round the edge of the rock all by itself, an' clawin' quietly within about a foot o' my ear. That was all the furthest it could reach, however, so I tried jest to keep my mind off it. In a minute or two it disappeared; an' then back come the face. I didn't like it. I preferred the paw. But then, it kept the situation from gittin' monotonous.

"I suppose it was about this time the bear remembered somethin' that wanted seein' to down the valley. The face disappeared once more; and this time it didn't come back. After I hadn't seen it fer a half hour, I began to think maybe it had *really* gone away; but I knew how foxy a bear could be, an' thought jest like as not he was waitin', patient as a cat, on the other side o' the rock fer me to look round so's he could git a swipe at me that would jest wipe my face clean off. I didn't try to look 'round. But I kept yellin' every little while; an' all at once a voice answered, right over my head. I tell you it sounded good, if *'twasn't* much

of a voice. It was Steevens, my packer, lookin' down at me.

"'Hello, what in deuce are ye doin' down there, Job?' he demanded.

"'Waitin' fer you to git a rope an' hoist me up!' says I. 'But look out fer the bear!'

"'Bear nothin'!' says he.

"'Chuck an eye down the other side,' says I.

"'He disappeared, but came right back. 'Bear nothin',' says he agin, havin' no originality.

"'Well, he *was* there, an' he stayed all the afternoon,' says I.

"'Reckon he must a' heard ye was an animal trainer, an' got skeered!' says Steevens. But I wasn't jokin' jest then.

"'You cut fer camp, an' bring a rope, an' git me out o' this, *quick*, d'ye hear?' says I. 'There's a rattler lives here, an' he's comin' back presently, an' I don't want to meet him. Slide!'

"'Well, boys, that's all. That bear *wasn't* jest what I'd wanted; but feelin' ugly about him, I decided to take him an' break him in. We trailed him, an' after a lot of trouble we trapped him. He was a sight more trouble after we'd got him, I tell you. But afterwards, when I set myself to tryin' to train him, why I might jest as well have tried to train an earthquake. Do you suppose that grizzly was goin' to be afraid o' *me*? He'd seen me afraid o' *him*, all right. He'd seen it in my eyes! An' what's more, I couldn't forgit it; but when I'd look at him I'd *feel*, every time, the nightmare o' that great, wicked face hangin' there over the cliff, close to mine. So, he don't perform. What'll ye take, boys? It's hot milk, this time, fer mine.'



# IL CONTE

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

“*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*”

THE first time we got into conversation was in the National Museum in Naples in the rooms on the ground floor containing the famous collection of bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii; that marvellous legacy of antique art whose delicate perfection has been preserved to us by the catastrophic fury of a volcano.

He addressed me first. It was over the celebrated Resting Hermes, whom we had been admiring side by side. He said the right thing about that wholly admirable piece. Nothing profound. His taste was natural rather than cultivated. He had obviously seen many fine things in his life and appreciated them. But he had no jargon of a dilettante or the connoisseur. A hateful tribe. He spoke like a fairly intelligent man of the world, a perfectly unaffected gentleman.

We had known each other by sight for some few days past. Staying in the same hotel—good, but not extravagantly up to date—I had noticed him in the vestibule going in and out. I judged he was an old and valued client. The bow the hotelkeeper treated him to was cordial in its deference, and he acknowledged it with familiar courtesy. For the servants he was Il Conte. There was some squabble over a man’s parasol (yellow silk with white lining sort of thing) the waiters had discovered abandoned outside the dining-room door. Our gold-laced doorkeeper in-

terfered and I heard him directing one of the lift boys to run after Il Conte with it. Perhaps he was the only Count staying in the hotel, or perhaps he had the distinction of being the Count, *par excellence*, conferred upon him because of his tried fidelity to the house.

Having conversed at the Museo (and by-the-by, he had expressed his dislike of the busts and statues of Roman Emperors in the gallery of marbles: those faces were too inglorious, too pronounced for him). Having conversed already in the morning, I did not think I was intruding when in the evening, finding the dining-room very full, I proposed to share his little table. To judge by the quiet urbanity of his manner he did not think so either. His smile was very sympathetic.

He dined in an evening waistcoat and a “smoking” (he called it so) with a black tie. All this of very good cut, not new—just as these things should be. He was, morning or evening, very correct in his dress. I have no doubt his whole existence had been so—I mean correct, well ordered, and conventional, free of all startling events. His white hair brushed upward off a lofty forehead gave him the air of an idealist, of an imaginative man. His white moustache, heavy but carefully trimmed and arranged, was not unpleasantly tinted a golden yellow in the middle. The faint scent of some very good perfume and of good cigars (that last odour quite remarkable to come upon

in Italy) reached me across the table. It was in his eyes that his age showed most. They were a little watery, with creased eyelids. He must have been sixty or thereabouts. And he was communicative. I would not go so far as to call it garrulous, but distinctively communicative.

He had tried various climates, of Abbazia, of the Riviera, of other places, too, he told me, but the only one which suited him was the climate of the Gulf of Naples. The ancient Romans, he pointed out to me, who were men expert in the art of living, knew very well what they were doing when they built their villas on these shores, in Baic, in Vico, in Capri. They came down to this seaside to get health, bringing with them their mimes and flute players to amuse their leisure. He thought it extremely probable that the Romans of the higher classes were extremely subject to painful rheumatic affection.

This was the only somewhat original opinion I heard him express. It was based on no special erudition. He knew no more of the Romans than an average informed man of the world is expected to know. He argued from personal experience. He had suffered himself from a painful and dangerous rheumatic affection till he found relief in this particular spot of Southern Europe.

This was three years ago, and ever since he had taken up his quarters on the shores of the gulf, either in one of the hotels in Sorrento or hiring a small villa in Capri. He had a piano, a few books, picked up transient acquaintances of a day, week, or month in the stream of travellers from all Europe. One can imagine him going out for his walks in the streets and lanes, becoming known to beggars, shopkeepers, children, country people; talking amiably over the walls to the *contadini*—and coming back to his rooms or his villa to sit before the piano with his white hair brushed up and his thick, orderly moustache “to make a little music for myself.”

And, of course, for a change there was Naples near by—life, movement, animation, opera. A little amusement, as he said, is necessary for health. Mimes and flute players, in fact. Only, unlike the citizens of ancient Rome, he had no affairs of the city to call him away from these moderate delights. He had no affairs at all. Probably he had never had any grave affairs to attend to in his life. It was a kindly existence, with its joys and sorrows regulated by the course of Nature—marriages, births, deaths—ruled by the prescribed usages of good society and protected by the state.

He was a widower; but in the months of July and August he ventured to cross the Alps for six weeks on a visit to his married daughter. He told me her name. It was that of a very aristocratic family. She had a castle—in Bohemia I think. That is as near as I ever came to ascertaining his nationality. His own name, strangely enough, he never mentioned. Perhaps he thought I had seen it on the published list. Truth to say, I never looked. At any rate, he was a good European—he spoke four languages to my certain knowledge—and a man of fortune. Not of great fortune evidently, and appropriately. I imagine that to be extremely rich would have appeared to him improper, *outré*—too blatant altogether. And obviously, too, the fortune was not of his making. The making of a fortune cannot be achieved without some roughness. It's a matter of temperament. His nature was too kindly for any sort of strife. In the course of conversation he mentioned his estate. It came out quite by the way, in reference to that painful and alarming rheumatic affection. One year, staying incautiously beyond the Alps as late as the middle of September, he had been laid up for three months in that lovely country house with no one but his valet and the caretaking couple to attend to him. Because, as he expressed it, he “had

no establishment there." He had gone for only a couple of days to confer with his agent, or manager. He promised himself never to be so imprudent in the future. The first weeks of September would find him on the shores of his beloved gulf.

It is only in travelling that one comes upon such lonely men, whose only business is to wait for the unavoidable. Deaths and marriages have made a solitude round them, and one really cannot blame their endeavours to make the waiting as easy as possible. As he remarked to me: "At my age freedom from physical pain is a very important thing."

It must not be imagined that he was a wearisome hypochondriac. He was really much too well bred to be a nuisance. He had an eye for the small weaknesses of humanity. But it was a good-natured eye. He made a restful, easy, pleasant companion for the hours between dinner and bedtime. We spent three evenings together, and then I had to leave Naples in a hurry to see a friend who had fallen gravely ill in Taormina. Having nothing to do, the Count came to see me off at the station. I was somewhat upset, and his idleness was always ready to take a kindly form. He was by no means an indolent man.

He went along the train peering into the carriages for a good seat for me, and then remained talking to me cheerily from below. He declared he would miss me that evening very much. He announced his intention of going after dinner to listen to the band in the public garden of the Villa Nazionale. He would amuse himself by hearing excellent music and looking at the best society. There would be a lot of people as usual.

Poor fellow! I seem to see him yet, his raised face with a friendly smile under the thick moustache, and his kind, fatigued eyes. As the train pulled out he addressed me in two languages: first in French, "Bon voyage," then in his very good, somewhat emphatic English, encouragingly, be-

cause he could see my concern: "All will—be well—yet!"

My friend's illness having taken a decidedly favourable turn, I returned to Naples on the tenth day. I cannot say I had given much thought to the Count during my absence, but upon entering the dining-room I looked for him in his habitual place. I had an idea that he might have gone back to Sorrento, to his piano and his books and his fishing. He was great friends with all the boatmen, and fished a good deal with lines from a boat. But he was still there. I made out his white head in the crowd of heads, and even from a distance noticed something unusual in his attitude. Instead of sitting erect, gazing all round with serene urbanity, he seemed to droop over his plate. I stood opposite him for some time before he looked up, a little worldly, if such a strong word can be used in connection with his correct appearance.

"Ah, my dear sir! Is it you?" he greeted me. "I hope all is well."

He was very nice about my friend. Indeed he was always nice, with the niceness of people whose hearts are genuinely humane. But this time it cost him an effort. His attempts at general conversation broke down into dullness. It occurred to me that he might have been indisposed. But before I could frame the inquiry he muttered:

"You find me here very sad."

"I am sorry for that," I said. "You haven't had bad news, I hope?"

It was very kind of me to take an interest. No. It was not that. No bad news, thank God. And he became very still, as if holding his breath. Then, leaning forward a little, and in an odd tone of awed embarrassment, he took me into his confidence.

"The truth is that I have had a very—a very—how shall I say?—abominable adventure happen to me."

The energy of the epithet was suf-

ficiently startling in that man of moderate feelings and toned down vocabulary. The word unpleasant I should have thought would have fitted amply the worst experience likely to befall a man of his stamp. And an adventure, too. Incredible. But it is human nature to believe the worst; and I confess I eyed him steadily, wondering what he had been up to. In a moment, however, my unworthy suspicions vanished. There was a fundamental refinement of nature about the man, which made me dismiss all idea of some more or less disreputable scrape.

"It is very serious, very serious," he went on nervously. "I will tell you after dinner, if you will allow me?"

I expressed my perfect acquiescence by a little bow, nothing more. I wished him to understand that I was not likely to hold him to that offer, if he thought better of it. We talked of indifferent things, but with a sense of difficulty quite unlike our easy, gossipy intercourse. The hand raising a piece of bread to his lips—I noticed—trembled slightly. This last, in regard of my reading of the man, was no less than tremendous.

In the smoking-room he did not hang back at all. Directly we had taken our usual seats he leaned sideways over the arm of his chair and looked straight into my eyes earnestly.

"You remember," he began, "that day you went away? I told you then I would go to the Villa Nazionale to hear some music in the evening?"

I remembered. His handsome old face, so fresh for his age, unmarked by any trying experience, appeared haggard to me for an instant. It was like the passing of a shadow. Returning his steadfast gaze, I took a sip of my black coffee. He was very systematically minute in his narrative, simply in order not to let his excitement get the better of him.

After leaving the railway station he had an ice and read the paper in a

café. Then he went back to the hotel, dressed for dinner, and dined with a good appetite. After dinner he lingered in the hall (there were chairs and tables there) smoking his cigar; talked to the little daughter of the Primo Tenore of La Scala Theatre, and exchanged a few words with that "amiable lady," the wife of the Primo Tenore. There was no performance that evening and there people were going to the Villa also. They went out of the hotel. Very well.

But at the moment of following their example—it was half-past nine already—he remembered he had a rather large sum of money in his pocketbook. He entered, therefore, the office and deposited the greater part of it with the bookkeeper of the hotel. This done, he took a caravella and drove to the seashore. He got out of the cab, and entered the Villa on foot from the Largo di Vittoria end.

He stared at me very hard. And I understood then how really impressionable he was. Every small fact and event of that evening stood out in his memory as if endowed with a mystic significance. If he did not mention to me the colour of the pony which drew the caravella, and the aspect of the man who drove, it was a mere oversight arising from his agitation, which he repressed manfully.

He had then entered the Villa Nazionale from the Largo di Vittoria end. The Villa Nazionale is a public pleasure-ground, laid out in grass plots, bushes, and flower beds, between the houses of the Riviera di Chiaja and the waters of the bay. Alleys of trees, more or less parallel, stretch its whole length—which is considerable. On the Riviera di Chiaja side the electric tram cars run close to the railings. Between the garden and the sea is the fashionable drive, a broad road bordered by a low wall beyond which the Mediterranean splashes with gentle murmurs when the weather is fine.

As life goes on late in the night at Naples, the broad drive was all astir

with a brilliant multitude of carriage lamps moving in pairs, some creeping slowly, others running rapidly under the rather thin, motionless line of electric lamps defining the shore. And a brilliant multitude of stars hung above the land, humming with voices, piled up with houses, all astir with lights and the silent, flat shadows of the sea.

The gardens themselves are not very well lit. Our friend progressed in the warm gloom with his eyes fixed upon a distant and luminous region extending nearly across the whole width of the Villa as if the air had glowed there with its own cold, bluish but dazzling light. This magic spot behind the black trunks of trees and masses of inky foliage breathed out sweet sounds, bursts of brassy roar with sudden clashes of metal and grave, vibrating thuds.

As he walked on, all these noises combined together into a piece of elaborate music whose harmonious phrases came persuasively through a great disorderly murmur of voices and shuffling of feet on the gravel of that open space. An enormous crowd immersed in the electric light, as if in a bath of some radiant and tenuous fluid shed upon their heads by luminous globes, drifted in its hundreds round the band. Hundreds more sat on chairs, in more or less concentric circles, receiving without flinching the great waves of sonority that ebbed out into the darkness. The Count penetrated the throng, drifted with it in tranquil enjoyment, listening and looking at the faces. All people of good society, mothers with their daughters, parents with their children, young men and young women all talking, smiling, nodding to each other. Very many pretty faces and very many pretty toilettes. There was, of course, a quantity of diverse types; showy old fellows with white moustaches, fat men, thin men, officers in uniform, but what predominated in the masculine part, he told me, was the South Italian type of young men

with a colourless, clear complexion, red lips, jet-black little moustache, and expressive black eyes, wonderfully effective in leering or scowling.

Withdrawing from the throng, the Count shared a little table in front of the café building with a young man of just such a type. Our friend had some lemonade. The young man was sitting moodily before an empty glass. He looked up once and then looked down again. He also tilted his hat forward. Like this . . . The Count made the gesture of a man pulling his hat down over his brow, and went on.

“I think to myself; he is sad. Something is wrong with him. Young men have their troubles. I take no notice of him, of course. I pay for my lemonade, and go away.”

Strolling about in the neighbourhood of the band, the Count thinks he saw that young man twice in the crowd. He was alone. Once their eyes met. It must have been the same young man, but there were so many of that type there that he could not be certain, moreover, he was not very concerned except in so far that he had been struck by the pronounced, as it were peevish, discontent of that face.

Presently, tired of the feeling of confinement one experiences in a crowd, the Count edged away from the band. An alley, very sombre by contrast, presented itself invitingly with its promise of solitude and coolness. He entered it, walking slowly on till the sound of the orchestra became distinctly deadened. Then he walked back and turned about again. He did this several times before he noticed that there was somebody on one of the benches.

The spot being midway between two lamp-posts, the light was faint.

The man lolled back in the corner of the seat, his legs stretched out, with his arms folded and his head drooping on his breast. He never stirred, as though he had fallen asleep there. but when the Count pass-

ed by, he had changed his attitude. He sat leaning forward. His elbows were propped on his knees, and his hands were rolling a cigarette. He never looked up from that occupation.

The Count continued his stroll away from the band. He returned slowly, he said. I can imagine him enjoying to the full, but with his usual tranquillity, the balminess of this southern night, and the sounds of music softened delightfully by the distance.

Presently he made out the man on the garden seat still leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. It was a dejected pose. In the semi-obscurity of the alley his high shirt collar and his cuffs made small patches of vivid whiteness. The Count said that he just noticed him in a casual way getting up brusquely, as if to walk away, but almost before he was aware of it, the man stood before him asking in a low, almost melancholy tone whether the Signor would have the kindness to oblige him with a light.

The Count answered this request by a polite "Certainly" and dropped his hands with the intention of exploring both pockets of his trousers for the matches.

"I dropped my hands," he said, "but I never put them in my pockets. I felt a pressure there."

He put the tip of his finger on a spot close under his breastbone, the very spot of the human body where a Japanese gentleman begins the operation of the *hari-kiri*, which is a form of suicide following upon dishonour, upon an intolerable shock to the delicacy of one's feelings.

"I glance down," he continued in an awe-struck voice, "and what do I see? A knife! A long knife—"

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, amazed, "that you have been attacked like this in the Villa at half past ten o'clock within a stone's throw of fifteen hundred people?"

He nodded several times, staring at me with all his might.

"The clarinet," he declared solemnly, "was finishing his solo, and I

assure you I heard every note. Then the band crashed fortissimo, and that creature rolled his eyes, and gnashed his teeth, hissing at me with the greatest ferocity, 'Be silent! No noise, or—'"

I could not get over my astonishment.

"What sort of knife was it?" I asked stupidly.

"A long blade. A stiletto—perhaps a kitchen knife. A long, narrow blade. It gleamed. And his eyes gleamed. His white teeth, too. I could see them. He was very ferocious. I thought to myself: If I hit him he will kill me. How could I fight with him? He had the knife, and I had nothing. I am nearly seventy, and this is a young man. I seemed to recognize him. The moody young man of the café. The young man I met in the crowd. But I could not tell. There are so many like him in this country."

The distress of that moment was reflected in his face. I should think that, physically, he must have been paralysed by surprise. His thoughts, however, must have been extremely active. They ranged over every alarming possibility. The idea of setting up a vigorous shouting occurred to him, too. But he did nothing of the kind, and the reason why he refrained gave me a good opinion of his mental alertness. He reflected that nothing prevented the other from shouting, too.

"This young man might in an instant have thrown down his knife and pretended I was the aggressor. Why not? He might have said I attacked him. Why not? It was one incredible story against another! He might have said anything — bring some horrible charge against me—what did I know? By his dress he was no common robber. He seemed to belong to the better class. What could I say? He was an Italian—I am a foreigner. Of course, I have a passport and there is our consul—but to be arrested, dragged at night

to the police office like a criminal!"

He shuddered. It was in his character to shrink from scandal more than from mere death. And certainly for many people this would have always remained—considering certain peculiarities of Neapolitan manners—a deucedly queer story. The Count was no fool. His belief in the respectable placidity of life having received this rude shock, he thought that now anything might happen. But also a notion came into his head that this young man was perhaps merely an infuriated lunatic.

The way he said this gave me the first hint of his attitude toward this adventure. In his exaggerated delicacy of sentiment, he felt himself personally affected by it. But nobody need be affected in his self-esteem by what a madman may choose to do to one. It became apparent, however, that the Count was to be denied that consolation. He enlarged upon the abominably savage way in which that young man rolled his glistening eyes and gnashed his white teeth. The band was going now through a slow movement of solemn braying by all the trombones, with deliberately repeated bangs of the big drum.

"But what did you do?" I asked, gently excited.

"Nothing," answered the Count. "I let my hands hang down very still. I told him quietly I did not intend making a noise." He snarled like a dog, then said in an ordinary voice:

"*Vostro Portafoglio.*"

"So I naturally," continued the Count—and from this point acted the whole thing in pantomime. Holding me with his eyes, he went through all the motions of reaching into his inside breast-pocket, taking out the pocketbook and handing it over. But that young man, still bearing steadily on the knife, refused to touch it.

He directed the Count to take the money out himself, received it into his left hand, motioned the pocketbook to be returned to the pocket, all this being done to the thrilling of

flutes and clarinets, sustained by the emotional drone of the hautboys. And the "young man," as the Count called him, said: "This seems very little."

"It was indeed only 340 or 360 lire," the Count pursued. "I had left much of my money in the hotel, as you know. I told him that was all I had on me. He shook his head impatiently and said:

"*'Vostro orologio.'*"

The Count went through the dumb show of pulling out the watch, detaching it, presenting it. But as it happened, the valuable gold timepiece he possessed had been left at a watchmaker's for cleaning. He wore that evening (on a leather strap) the Waterbury fifty-francs thing he used to take on his fishing expeditions. Perceiving the nature of this booty, the well-dressed robber made a contemptuous clicking sound with his tongue like this, "Tse-Ah," and waved it away hastily. Then as the Count was returning the disdained object to his pocket, he demanded with a threateningly increased pressure of the knife on the epigastrium by way of reminder:

"*'Vostri anelli.'*"

"One of the rings," went on the Count, "was given me many years ago by my wife; the other is the signet ring of my father. I said, 'No.' That you will not have!"

Here the Count reproduced the gesture corresponding to that declaration by clapping one hand upon the other and pressing both against his chest. It was touching in its patient resolution. "That you will not have," he repeated firmly, and closed his eyes, fully expecting—I don't know whether I am doing right by recording that such an unpleasant word had passed his lips—fully expecting to feel himself being—I really hesitate to say—being disemboweled by the push of the long, sharp blade resting murderously against the pit of his stomach—the very seat of anguishing sensations.

Great waves of harmony went on flowing from the band.

Suddenly the Count felt the nightmarish pressure removed from the sensitive spot. He opened his eyes. He was alone. He had heard nothing. It is probable that the "young man" had departed with light steps some time before, but the sense of the horrid pressure had lingered even after the knife had gone. A feeling of weakness came over him. He had just time to stagger to the garden seat. He felt as though he had held his breath for a long time. He sat all in a heap, panting with the shock of the reaction.

The band was executing the complicated finale, and with immense *bravura* it ended with a tremendous crash. He heard unreal and remote, as if his ears were stopped, the hard clapping of two thousand, more or less, pairs of hands like a sudden hail shower passing away. The profound silence which succeeded recalled him to himself.

A tram car, like a long glass box wherein people sat with their faces strongly lighted, ran along swiftly within ninety yards of the spot where he had been robbed. Then another rustled by, and yet another going the other way. The thick ring about the band had broken up, the dark figures were entering the alley single and in small, conversing groups. He sat up straight and tried to think calmly of what had happened to him. The vileness of it took his breath away again. As far as I can make it out he was disgusted with himself. I do not mean his behaviour. Indeed, if his pantomime rendering of it for my information was to be trusted, it was the perfection of dignified, calm, almost courteous resignation. No, it was not that. He was not ashamed. He was shocked at being the selected victim, not of robbery so much as of contempt. It was something like this. His tranquillity had been rudely disturbed. His lifelong kindly, placid, nicety of outlook had been disturbed.

Nevertheless at this stage, before the iron had time to sink deep, he was able to argue himself into comparative equanimity.

As his agitation calmed down somewhat, he became aware that he was frightfully hungry. Yes, hungry. The sheer emotion had made him simply ravenous, he told me. He got up from the seat, and after walking for some time found himself outside the gardens and before an arrested tram car without knowing very well how he got there. He got in as if in a dream, by a sort of instinct. Fortunately he found in his trousers pocket a copper to satisfy the conductor. Then the car stopped and as everybody got out, he got out, too. He recognized the Piazza San Ferdinando, but apparently it did not occur to him to take a cab and drive to the hotel. He told me he had wandered aimlessly on the Piazza like a lost dog, thinking vaguely of the best way of getting something to eat at once.

Suddenly in a flash, he remembered his twenty-franc piece. He explained to me that he had the piece of French gold for something like three years, and he used to carry it about with him as a sort of standby. Anybody may have his pocket picked—a quite different thing from a brazen and insulting robbery.

The Monumental archway entrance of the Galleria Umberto faced him at the top of a vast flight of stairs. He climbed these without loss of time and directed his steps toward the Café Umberto. All the tables outside were occupied by a lot of people who were drinking. But he wanted something to eat. He went into the café, which is divided into something like aisles by square pillars, set all round with long looking-glasses. He sat down on a red velvet settee against one of these pillars, waiting for his *risotto*. And his mind reverted to his abominable adventure.

He thought of the moody, well-dressed young man with whom he had exchanged glances in the crowd



around the bandstand and who, he felt confident, was the robber. Would he recognise him again? Doubtless. But he did not want ever to see him again. The best thing was to forget this humiliating episode.

He looked round anxiously for the coming of his *risotto*, and there to the left against the wall—there was the young man! He sat alone at a table with a bottle of some sort of wine or syrup and a carafe of iced water before him. The smooth olive cheeks, the red lips, the little, jet-black moustache turned up gallantly, the fine black eyes, a little heavy and shaded by long eyelashes, that peculiar expression of cruel discontent which is met in all its force only in the busts of some Roman Emperors—it was he, no doubt at all. But that was a type. The Count looked away hastily. The young officer over there reading a paper was like that, too. Same type. Two young men farther away playing drafts also resembled—

The Count lowered his head with the fear in his heart of being everlastingly haunted by the vision of that young man. He began to eat his *risotto*. Presently he heard the young man on his left call the waiter in a bad-tempered tone.

At the call not only his own waiter, but two other idle waiters belonging to quite a different set of tables, rushed toward him with obsequious alacrity which is not the general characteristic of the waiters in the Café Umberto. The young man muttered something and one of the waiters, walking rapidly to the nearest door, called out loudly into the Galleria, "Pasquale." He is the old fellow who, shuffling between the tables, offers for sale cigars, cigarettes, picture postcards, matches to the clients of the Café. He is an engaging scoundrel. The Count knew Pasquale. He saw the gray-haired, unshaven, sallow ruffian come in his shabby clothes, the glass case hanging from his neck by a leather strap, and at a word from the waiter make his shuffling

way with a sudden spurt to the young man's table. The young man was in need of a cigar, with which Pasquale served him fawningly. The old peddler was going out when the Count, on a sudden impulse, beckoned to him.

He approached, his smile of deferential recognition combining oddly with the ironic, searching expression of the eyes. Leaning his case on the table, he lifted the glass lid without a word. The Count took a box of cigarettes and, urged by a fearful, aimless curiosity, asked casually:

"Tell me, Pasquale, who is that young signore over there?"

The other bent his box at once.

"That, Signor Conte," he said, beginning to rearrange his wares busily, and without looking up once—"that is a young *cavalière* of a very good family from Bari. He studies in the university and is the chief *capo* of an association of young men—of very nice young men."

He paused and then, with mingled discretion and pride of knowledge, murmured the word "*camorra*" and shut down the lid. "A very powerful *camorra*," he breathed out. "The professors themselves respect it greatly. It is *una lira e cinquanta centesimi*, Signor Conte."

Our friend paid. While Pasquale was making up the change he observed that the young man of whom he had heard so much in so very few words was watching the transaction covertly. After the old vagabond had withdrawn, with a bow, the Count settled with the waiter and sat still. A numbness, he told me, had come over him.

The young man paid, too, got up and crossed over, apparently for the purpose of looking at himself in the mirror a little behind and at right angles to the Count's seat. He was all in black, with a dark green bow tie. The Count looked round and was startled by meeting a vicious glance out of the corners of the other's eyes. The young *cavalière*

from Bari, according to Pasquale (but Pasquale is, of course, an accomplished liar), went on arranging his tie, settling his hat before the glass, and meantime he spoke just loud enough to be heard by the Count. He spoke through his teeth with the most insulting venom of contempt, gazing straight into the mirror.

"Ah! So you had gold on you—you old *birba*—you *furfante*. But you are not done with me yet."

The fiendishness of his expression vanished like lightning and he lounged out of the Café with a moody, impassive face.

The poor Count when telling me this trembled and fell back in his chair. His forehead broke into perspiration. There was an extravagance of wantonness in this outrage which appalled even me. What it was to the Count's delicacy I can't even imagine. I am sure that if he had not been too refined, too correct to do such a blatantly vulgar thing as dying of apoplexy in a café, he would have had a fatal stroke there and then. But, irony apart, my great difficulty was to keep him from seeing the extent of my commiseration. He shrank from every excessive sentiment and my commiseration was practically unbounded. It did not surprise me to hear that he had been in bed two days. Then he got up to make his arrangements for leaving Southern Italy at once.

And he was convinced that he could not live a whole twelve months in any other climate.

No argument I could advance had any effect. It was not fear, though he did say to me once, "You do not

know what a *camorra* is, my dear sir. I am a marked man." He was not afraid of what could be done to him. To be so marked hurt his delicate conception of life's ease and serenity. He couldn't stand it. No Japanese gentleman hurt in his exaggerated sense of honour could have gone about his preparations for *hari-kiri* with greater steadfastness of purpose. For it really amounted to that with the Count. He was going and there was an end of it. He was going the very next day—to die on his estate, I suppose, from the excessive infamy of that outrage tainting life itself—as it was.

There is a saying of Neapolitan patriotism intended for the information of foreigners, I presume: "See Naples and then die." It is a saying of excessive vanity, and everything excessive was abhorrent to the nice moderation of Il Conte. Yet as I was seeing him off at the railway station, I thought he was behaving with singular fidelity to its conceited spirit. He had seen Naples. He had seen it completely. He had seen it with a startling and excessive thoroughness. He had seen more than his niceness could stand. He had nothing else to see. He had seen—and now he was going to his grave. He was going to it by the International Sleeping Car Company's train de luxe via Trieste and Vienna. As the four long, sombre carriages pulled out of the station I raised my hat with a queer sensation of it being a tribute of respect to a funeral cortège. His profile, much aged already and stonily still, glided away behind the lighted pane of glass. *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*.





THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOOD

From the Drawing by André Lapine

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE ASSIMILATION OF CHRISTINA

BY JEAN N. McILWRAITH

WHEN Miss Maitland made up her mind to go to her island in the middle of June in order to have her cottage in readiness for the influx of nephews and nieces expected by the Fourth of July, she decided to take with her Christina, the maid servant who had come out from Scotland the preceding spring.

"She thinks we're all uncivilised over here. I'll show her the real thing," said the mistress to herself, having in mind the log hut upon the island wherein dwelt the family of Ojibway Indians who protected her summer home from autumn marauders. "It's a good idea, too, to get Christina away from the baker, the mill man, and all the other men who come about the house in town. She's pretty and she's homesick, so she might easily be won; but I don't intend to have her snapped up just as soon as I get her trained into my ways."

"Is all America as flat as this?" Christina asked Miss Maitland, when they were on the steamer northward bound from Penetanguishene.

"Oh, no, but there aren't any mountains about here, only bare reefs and wooded islands, thirty thousand of them!"

"Indeed!" said Christina, and at once began to count them. She lost her reckoning as the day wore on, for the number mounted up with bewildering rapidity. There were all sorts and sizes and shapes of islands, smoothly water-worn, twisted into grotesque forms by volcanic action,

some thickly wooded, others entirely bare, or carrying only grasses and shrubs in the cracks.

"This is the original granite, Christina," said Miss Maitland, "the first rock that hardened on top of the fire inside the earth. We are at the very oldest part of America."

"It doesna look so new as the town," replied the girl with a heartfelt sigh. She had been dreaming that this was Loch Katrine and that behind the next headland Ben Lomond would presently come in sight.

There was not a sign of human habitation, when all at once the steamer whistled four times.

"That means the captain is not going into our harbour, but expects a boat out for us. He might have gone in," continued Miss Maitland, testily, "considering he has women to land, but I suppose he's late, as usual. I hope the Indians are on the lookout."

Apparently they were. A rowboat with two men in it rounded the point of the island just in front and pulled far ahead of the steamer, which slackened speed so as not to sweep past them. One of the Indians grasped the bow fender with a boat hook and held on, while the other received Miss Maitland's hand baggage and then Miss Maitland herself.

Long experience had made the elderly lady an expert at embarking and disembarking between steamer and rowboat, but with Christina it was different. She stood irresolute at the gangway, looking down in abject ter-

ror at the "sma' boat," the like of which she had never ventured into in all her four and twenty years. The stalwart young Ojibway who was holding up an encouraging hand to her only alarmed her the more.

"Come, be quick, Christina," said Miss Maitland, impatiently. "The captain won't wait."

"I canna, I'm so feared," quavered the girl.

"Where's our rope ladder?" asked the porter at her back, but the purser said:

"There's really no danger, Miss. Sit down at the edge of the gangway, if you like, and then you can slip in quite easily."

Christina was sure she would—in to the water.

"Hurry up there!"

The stentorian call from the front of the wheelhouse made the girl cast a hurried glance backward into the haven of the lower deck. Why, oh, why, had she ever left the firm soil of her ain coundree? But the smiles of stewards and deck hands fired her Scottish blood. She turned her back upon them all to look down upon the fearsome North American Indian. He was not laughing at her, that was certain. His perfectly calm face so nerved her that she gave a mad leap fairly into his arms.

Joe was surprised, but, true to his race, betrayed no emotion. It was not customary for Miss Maitland's nieces to disembark in that fashion; but neither was it customary for them to have hair like burnished copper, cheeks the colour of a sunset sky, nor eyes like the dome above or the water beneath upon a sunny day. This girl did not talk like those either. She had a softer, lower-toned voice more nearly akin to his own.

Joe wished that his father, the old man in the bow, would not persist in rowing so hard. For his own part he would fain double the distance to the shore. *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua*, that was the proper name for her. Being interpreted it meant Daylight. Per-

haps she had come like dawn to the island.

Christina was a grand house cleaner. Miss Maitland had never before drawn such a prize in the domestic lottery. Through the long June days, while the tiny wren was chortling in its joy at the corner of the cottage, and the insistent egotistical refrain "Phœbe! Phœbe! Phœbe!" was ringing out near by, the Scotch lassie scoured, scrubbed, swept, shook rugs, and beat pillows with a fierce energy that astounded the solemn young Indian who sat on the nearest boulder to watch her. He did not rest content with watching. The day after her arrival he took the beating stick out of her hand to wield it with a strength born of many winters' work in the lumber camps. That he should thus demean himself was a surprising circumstance to the maid from Scotland, where the lords of creation think it beneath their dignity to do anything about the house. Joe's command of English seemed limited, but he came round quite naturally to lend a hand in whatever she was doing, from cleaning windows to mopping floors. To see a swarthy savage, who, judging by his features, ought to be in war paint and feathers, deftly handling wire screens and shouting through a megaphone, were anachronisms which the girl fully appreciated. He had his reward when the first free evening came.

"I want you to take Christina out in your canoe," said Miss Maitland. "The sooner she gets over her silly fear of the water the better. Show her some of the islands round about."

To go out in a wee boat, alone with a red Indian, was a terrible thought to the lassie. Joe noticed her faltering footsteps as she came down the slanting rock toward him, but that she should be afraid of him did not enter his mind. None of Miss Maitland's other nieces had been. They had ever treated him as if he were scarcely a man at all, merely one of

the lower animals whom they could, metaphorically, pat upon the back and make use of with scant ceremony. He motioned Christina to put her foot in the centre of the canoe, her hand upon his shoulder, while he held the boat to the landing-place. Once seated, the girl set off into wonderland. The setting sun claimed one-half of the sky with its violet, crimson, and gold, and silhouetted against it were the trees of intervening islands, resting in a red sea. The other half of the sky was possessed by the cold, pale moon, swimming in a fathomless sea of azure.

"What way are all the tall trees bent to the east?" she asked.

"Wind," Joe replied.

"What way is there such a when o' bare poles stickin' up abune the fresh green trees?"

"Bush fires."

But when the girl proceeded to question him about the curious formation of the rocks, the Indian shook his head. Geological knowledge was beyond him, though he knew the whereabouts of every submerged reef that had to be avoided, and Christina was drawn on from being afraid when she did not see bottom to being afraid only when she did.

Joe knew where the bass were likely to bite at sundown, and night after night the girl was carefully landed upon one rock or another to try her luck with a bamboo fishing pole. The Ojibway sat patiently by, baiting her hooks and killing all that she caught. If fortune proved unkind, she would see a light far out on the bay, when the late darkness fell, indicating that her faithful friend was spearing fish for her, which he would bring over in the morning, skinned and boned, ready to be cooked for breakfast.

Christina lived in a dream those days, the centre of her own romance. All the tales of red Indians that had been told to warn her against seeking her fortune in America circled about this tall young brave with the eagle face, who was so gentle, so timid

even, in his approaches to herself, though there was an expression gaining force in his eyes which she could not ignore. Miss Maitland smiled, as she watched what was going on.

"Never before did I get so much work out of those lazy Indians," she said to herself.

How could any young girl with a heart in her bosom keep on thinking about a man's dark skin or his broken English when night after night he took her out into the world of nature where he belonged? Motor-men, plumbers, electric light men, with their cheap slang and clumsy gallantries were part of the semi-civilisation that had kept up the heartache for old Scotland. Here, at last, was the free, untrammelled America of her dreams. To be no hireling, but to fish and hunt directly for his living—that seemed the fitting way for a man to live. Joe did not wait for other folk to do things for him; everything that had to be done he could do for himself. He built and repaired his own boats. It was he who had moved over from the mainland and set up on the island the log cabin which his parents occupied. Joe was the only one remaining to them out of a large family, and the old man told with pride how the boy had brought home his first deer on his shoulder when only thirteen. Family affection seemed to be quite as strong among the Ojibways as among the Scotch. There was nothing of the "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" attitude toward parents and others in authority which had fair affronted this Scottish peasant while in town.

By the end of the first week, the house was well in order, the company had not yet come, Miss Maitland took long sleeps in the afternoon; what was to hinder Christina going sailing with Joe? The boat was large enough for her to feel safe in it, but not too large to be rowed home should the wind fail at sunset. Away out into the open sailed these two young people, saying little, but feeling in sym-

pathy with each other and with the wavelets dancing in the sunshine all about them. As the dinghy leaped forward like a live thing, Christina's red hair blew in curly rings about her neck and face, now thickly freckled, for she had long since discarded a hat. The look of adoration deepened daily in Joe's black eyes. What were the dark-haired, dusky-skinned women of his own race in comparison with this gloriously tinted stranger from over seas? He thought of her continually as he laboured at his old-fashioned plowing and planting on the mainland. She was ever talking of how these things were done in Scotland. Perhaps one day he would learn.

Already he had drawn from their hiding-place his treasured horde of books, being secretly proud of his scholarship, though he disdained to display it before his kinsfolk who valued only those virtues that bespoke the primitive man—hunting, fishing, the like. He could both read and write in English, but was diffident about speaking it, though he had understood perfectly all that was said to him until this braw lass, with her Scottish dialect, had been landed on the island. What did she mean by being "sair forfoughten" for example? He could find no such words in his dictionary, nor could he there discover the meaning of "scunner" or "swither."

"Joe's spoiling you, Christina," said her mistress, one day. "How will it be when you go back to town and have to put up with a policeman and a letter carrier for beaux?"

"Black men dinna count," replied the girl with a toss of her head, but she reddened through her sunburn, for Joe was at the door. He turned away in silence.

"Take care," said Miss Maitland. "These Ojibways are not the descendants of slaves from Africa. They used to own all this part of the country. We are the land thieves."

Christina missed Joe sorely for the

four long days that he avoided the house. Only then did she realise how much he had been doing for her. The weather had turned very warm, the cottage was crammed with guests, and the amount of work was appalling to one not yet acclimatised.

"Get the old squaw to help you wash up the dinner dishes, Christina," said Miss Maitland one evening when she noticed how languid her maid was looking.

"I wadna see her in my road, mem," was the tart reply.

A startling crash at her back announced that Joe had just flung down upon the hearth the armful of logs he was carrying. Now he was stalking out of the door with the air of a brave upon the warpath. That this idol he had been worshipping should despise himself was bitter enough, but that she should turn up her already tip-tilted nose at his poor old mother was an insult not to be endured.

He remembered now how Christina had held up her skirts the few times she had come into his father's shanty. The expression of her face as she looked round had been the first thing to make the young man feel that the place was dirty and untidy. He had been trying to clean up of late, but she would probably never enter the door again to see what improvement he had made. He had even tried to get his mother to don the spotless white cap which Christina said had belonged to her own mother. It was evidently the proper thing for women of her age to wear, but the old squaw had used it for making cottage cheese. This girl was not of their own race nor of their kind. He would forget her. He would sail over to Christian Island next Sunday and see the Johnson family. They had a pretty daughter who had smiled upon him last summer; this year he had never gone near her. The red locks had made him forget the raven.

The gay party of young people had gone off on a fishing picnic and had



taken Miss Maitland with them. Christina was left behind in peace to get through a very large ironing, and the day was one of August's warmest. The water was like glass, the leaves without motion. Everything in nature seemed poised, breathless, as if waiting the onrush of the relentless winter. With the neck of her dress turned in and her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, Christina toiled away at her task. Surely plainer underwear might have done for these fine young ladies in this out-of-the-way place.

"The simple life they talk about," sighed the girl, "there isn't ane o' them what lives it—but Joe." Again she sighed. Joe had been seen by moonlight the night before, paddling a dusky maid in his canoe.

"He's no' carin' to learn the meanin's o' ony mair Scots words."

Apparently he already knew how to use some, for just as a tear sizzled on the hot iron there was his dark head at the window.

"What way you no go fishin'?" he asked.

"I wasna invited," replied Christina, whisking her baek toward him as she wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Have they seunner at you?"

"Na, na, Joe!" cried the girl, dimpling and smiling. "It's no my place to gang about wi' the gentry, bein' but a servant, ye ken."

"Not me!" The young man threw baek his head in aboriginal pride.

Christina laughed outright.

"A man's a man for a' that."

Joe did not quite understand. Was she jeering at him again? "Black men dinna count."

"No, indeed, Joe, you mistake me." She put her iron on the range and leaned her elbow on the window sill, looking up through the wire screen at the dark face without. "I'm no better than a black slavey myself since a' they fine folk came about, but it's a gran' thing for me to have this guid place and mair pay than ever I got in Scotland."

"Huh! Your own home better."

"Indeed it was not, Joe. My mother had nine o' a family, and seven o' them lasses. We had a' to turn out and work afore we kent what hame was."

"I mean," said Joe, with great deliberation, "I will make for you here a home of your own, over on the mainland. There is my farm and you can be my wife."

"Squaw!" retorted the girl with heightened colour, and the tall Indian left the window without another word.

Christina attacked her ironing viciously. "Gey like me to be thinkin' o' sie a thing," she said to herself, but she continued to think about it, and the more she thought the more amazed was she at the presumption of that wild Indian dreaming she could ever marry him, even if he were more intelligent and manly than any white man of her acquaintance.

"Christina! Christina! The boat has whistled four times, so she's not coming in. Run down to Joe with the milk can and tell him to row out with it." Christina hesitated. "Quick! Quick! You know the captain gets cross if we haven't a boat out there on time."

The girl ran till out of sight of her mistress, but her paece grew slower and slower as she drew near the youth sawing logs into lengths that would be split and brought to the back door after dark, ready for her fire in the morning.

"Joe!" He lifted his head and silently regarded her. He saw the can in her hand and knew well what was wanted, but waited for her to tell him. "Miss Maitland says will ye no gang out to meet the boat. Nane o' the ither men are about."

"So black man do." He went on with his sawing.

"She will be blamin' me if ye winna gang."

Joe kept on sawing. "I'm no nigger," he said at last.

"She kens that fine, Joe. She tellt

me hersel' ye were ane o' the first 'o'k o' America." The Indian looked sharply at her. Was she making game of him? Christina seated herself upon the end of the log to steady it for him, as she had often done before.

"Old man not here — can't go alone," he said shortly.

"If that's all, Joe, I can gang wi' ye. Ye mind how brawly ye hae taught me to row."

The young man lifted his head from his sawing and looked her squarely in the face. Christina's blue eyes faltered for a moment, and when they met his own there was mirth as well as woe in them.

"My mother do better." He took up another log.

"Ay, that she wad, Joe. She's far smarter nor me. But she's thrang wi' her washin'. I was in the shanty enow mysel'."

"You not afraid?"

"I wad gang wi' ye onywhere, Joe, onywhere."

He led the way sturdily to the boat. She was beguiling him, this fair lass, but not easily would he let himself get into the toils again.

Scot and Ojibway rowed with all their strength, but they were late, and the captain had given up expecting them. He did not slacken speed soon enough and the steamer had still considerable way on when Christina, as Joe directed, stood up in the bow of the rowboat and caught the front fender, while the mate at the gangway took secure hold of their craft with a boat hook. Joe let his oars drag to free his hands for delivering up the empty milk can and receiving the full one, as well as whatever else might be coming.

But the steamer was still moving ahead too fast for the safety of the small boat pinned to its side. The bow was drawn under water. Joe heard a frightened gasp—that was all—but he saw Christina's pink gingham skirt spreading out around her like a balloon. She was sinking.

The boat was swamping, her foothold gone—where was Joe? Her one hope of rescue died, as his head disappeared beneath the water. But what was this coming up below her? A strong hand was at the back of her neck, raising her face above the surface. The one word "Still!" in her ear calmed her struggles. Had she ever doubted that Joe could take care of her?

He was in no hurry to reach the nearest island. The milk pail might sink to the bottom of the bay and the boat be split into kindling by the paddle wheel for aught he cared, as he very leisurely drew *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua* out of harm's way.

"All right, Joe?" sang out the mate from the gangway.

"All right!" was the response. The sensation among the passengers was at an end, though several of them suggested that the captain linger to let them watch the handsome young Indian swimming to the rock with the red-headed girl. Christina lay upon it where he left her, drenched, half conscious, till the thought came to her, "This is no like a brave squaw. He will be thinkin' lightly o' me."

Trembling with nervousness, she tottered to her feet and began to wring the water out of her skirts. Where was Joe? The black head of him had been visible a moment since, above the water, making toward the spot where the boat had gone down. Surely he had not been daft enough to dive after it. If so, he was keeping below as long as one of those loons he had bade her watch, guessing all the while where it would come up. The girl shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed along the track of the setting sun, but there was naught to be seen but a ripple of golden waves.

"He's owre guid a swimmer to be droont," she said to herself, "but whaur is he?"

The short twilight of early September would speedily deepen into darkness. What if she should be left

alone all night upon her islet? This was certainly not one of those upon which pigs had been placed to eat up the rattlesnakes. The reptiles were swarming all about her, she felt sure. At midnight they would come out of their holes and devour her bodily. But her keenest alarm was not for herself. What had become of that braw laddie who had but now saved her life? Had he swam away off to the island and left her there alone to repent of her sins? A just punishment, truly, for having lightlied him! But he must know how wet and cold and frightened she was. It was not like Joe to have left her thus forlorn. Perhaps he was even now drying himself at the shanty stove, and laughing at the fright he was giving her. Well, he should find out she had a spirit equal to his own, even if she were not so good a swimmer.

The water seemed shallow between the back of her islet and the next one. If she waded through it she would probably find a shallow channel between that and the next again. Before it was dark she might work her way near enough to Miss Maitland's island for her shouting to be heard. One of the nephews would surely come to the rescue. That dour savage, Joe, should see that she was not in any way dependent on him.

After the chilly evening air, the water felt warm as she slipped into it. Her foothold was firm to the next island, much larger than the one she had left. Indeed, it proved to be a peninsula, and there was still easier wading to the next island, and the next again. But Miss Maitland's home did not appear to be drawing any nearer. The Union Jack had been hauled down at sunset and there was no other indicator to the site of the cottage. All the islands looked alike to Christina, even by daylight.

She shouted herself hoarse, but who was there to hear? Her mistress would be seated snugly at the side of the blazing fire of logs in the living-room, reading her novel and

worrying not at all about the return of her nephews and nieces from their far-away picnic, still less about the excursion of Joe and Christina out to the steamer and back. The girl could go no farther. A swiftly running current, whose depth she could not estimate, barred her advance. She must try to get back to the rock whereon Joe had left her. It was there he would look for her and he was the only one likely to look, or to care whether she ever came back or not.

But where was that island? Darkness had crept in to bewilder her. She stumbled along in despair, swinging her arms at intervals, in a vain attempt to warm herself. Her teeth were chattering and her heart died within her as she thought of the snakes. Oh, it was a cold and cruel country, this Canada! Why had she ever left her own? The lads there were not the sort to leave a shivering lassie all night alone upon a bare rock.

"Joe's no the ane to dae that either," she moaned. "He's droont! He's droont! And his mither—she will be blamin' me, puir auld body!"

She buried her face in her hands and cried for some minutes. When she lifted it the whole aspect of the bay had altered. The harvest moon had risen in all its glory above the horizon. Here she was, not near Miss Maitland's island, as she had imagined, but quite close to the mainland. There was no mistaking that point of rock standing out so clearly in the moonlight. Joe had taken her there to fish, many a time.

"*Wah-sah-yah-bcn-oqua! Wah-sah-yah-bcn-oqua!*"

"Joe! Joe!" she cried in response.

The canoe darted round the jutting rock, swiftly as an Indian arrow, but the Indian in it was quiet, as usual, while he wrapped the girl in a homespun blanket and lifted her into his boat. He paddled out into the moonshine before he spoke. "What way did you not stay where

I put you till I go get the canoe?"

"I was feared ye'd never come back to me, Joe."

"Would you be caring?"

The girl snuggled so deeply into the blanket that only the top of her head was visible, but her voice came out of the nest.

"What was you ye cried to me?"

"Your name — *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua*."

"It's a squaw name, but maybe it suits me."

The moon was high in the heavens when the pair reached home. It was so late that even the unexacting Miss Maitland was scandalised.

"Christina! Where have you been? Spearing fish?"

"No, mem. Joe's been speirin' at me—"

"What?" She looked astounded.

"He's been asking me to marry him."

"Good heavens! The impertinence of him! Why, the man can hardly talk English."

"But he kens it fine."

"Oh, I see! You did the proposin'."

"I did naething o' the kind," said the girl, her Scotch dander rising.

"He showed me his farm and whaur he means to build his bit hoose. It will be a gey bonny place in a year or twa. Hech, sirs! I never thoct to marry a landed propreeitor."

"But think of the long, cold winters up here, Christina."

"If I dinna marry him it will be a lang, cauld winter for me a' the rest o' my life."



# CRUMBS OF CULTUR

MYRA KELLY

"**H**AVE you, either of you got 'European Morals'?" said Billy Blight.

Elizabeth and I looked up simultaneously, and in doing so we naturally looked at each other, she was writing at a combination desk and table in our little drawing-room and I spreading my things on the dining-room table. There was nothing between these two rooms but an arch partly filled with fretwork arabesque, and in this arch stood the tall figure of Billy Blight and the cheeked gingham outlines of Margaret, our housekeeper—our Mrs. Grundy.

"He would come in, Miss, say what I would," she apologized, with one stern, and one admiring eye on Billy. "I told him as how the young ladies was particularly engaged, but in he comes and says he only wants to ask a question."

"Then ask it," commanded Elizabeth. "We're busy. Have only until to-morrow to finish this comparative philosophy thing. Ask it and trot!"

"I have asked it," he broke out. "Have you 'European Morals' or have you not?"

"Well, to be sure, sir," cried Margaret. "Don't speak to him, Miss Elizabeth dear; I'll take him to the kitchen. Come, Mr. Billy, there's a good young gentleman. Come with Margaret. A nice black cup of coffee—" But Billy shook her off.

"Have you got 'em?" he demanded for the third time.

"Don't know," answered Eliza-

beth. "What part of Europe, for instance?"

"The whole little shop, I believe. It's a book, as you jolly well know, by a chap called Leeky. One of the references for this very identical paper you're writing, and which I ought to be writing too. I badgered them so about it at the library that at last they told me you had it and I came around to borrow it."

"I'm sorry, Billy," said Elizabeth, "but I've lent it to Miss Peterson. You know that graduate student whose place is two seats beyond yours at Education 1. She lives some place about here. I'll look her up in the Register. Maybe she will let you have it."

"But I never saw her," Billy protested. "I can't walk up to a strange young lady and inquire about morals."

"Nonsense," I said, interrupting. "You've seen her three times a week when you didn't 'cut.' She's a quiet little thing in spectacles. Now go before you're slain."

Breakfast time the next morning brought Billy back to us. We were then more at leisure to listen to his transports; and he was generally well worth listening to. He was a handsome, clever, wonderfully gifted young fellow. The son of a famous father and the grandson of a sensible old martinet, who vowed that she would cut him off with a shilling unless he adopted a profession. So here he was, in a co-educational college, preparing to fill the

chair of Art, in some great and still mythical university. No one, not even the dragon Margaret, could resist him; and even Blaisdell, the head of the Art Department and our particular Nero, accepted, with what grace he might, the boy's superior talent. And it can not be pleasant for a professor to know that he is far outclassed by one of his students, and to know that the student knows it. But this was only in the actual painting or drawing. In all other subjects treated of in our halls of learning, Billy was, as he pathetically described it, a hopeless duffer.

On the morning that he dropped in, all uninvited, to breakfast with us, he was so radiantly delighted with himself that Elizabeth and I greeted him in chorus with:

"So you've finished the paper after all!"

"I forgot it," said Billy, as nearly crestfallen as he knew how to be. "I give you my word, I never thought of it since I was here yesterday afternoon. I found those morals though," he cheered up to tell us, "and I found Miss Peterson, too. Why didn't you ever tell me," and he turned reproachfully to Elizabeth, "that she has perfectly beautiful eyes? As blue and sweet and innocent as a child's. She's going to let me do them."

"Ah! Billy, Billy," said I, "you've been doing it already, and you promised, you know how faithfully you promised, to devote yourself exclusively to your work."

"That's just what I was doing," he replied triumphantly. "I call upon you both to witness that I went forth in search of 'European Morals,' so that I might finish my paper in philosophy. I've forgotten every word of it now, but as I was thinking it out it promised to be a corker. I won't stop to ask you young ladies what morals, even Lecky's morals have to do with philosophy. We'll let them have that question for some night at the debating society. To re-

sume: I went to the address you gave me and consumed a whole box of matches in reading the names on the bell plates. It's a flat-house, you know. Not a lordly apartment like this in which you female sybarites loll away your days with an elevator and Margaret. But a regular common or garden variety flat-house where you press the button and you never can tell who does the rest. And there I found Ferguson's name. You know Ferguson, that chap with whiskers who is nearly always late for Education I. when I'm there."

"He's generally late when you're not there, too," I supplemented. "He's always dashing about in a breathless hurry."

"This is my story and my stage," remonstrated Billy. "Again I shall resume. And under Ferguson's name Miss Peterson's was written. 'European, by jove!' thinks I when I sees that combination: and Southern European at that."

"Now, Billy," said I, threateningly "you'll get no more breakfast unless you behave."

"I'm resuming, I'm resuming," he pleaded. "I pressed that bell, the door clicked open and I walked up past beefsteak and onions on the first floor, past cornbeef and cabbage on the second, past Irish stew and coffee on the third — all in the dark, mind you—past fried ham and eggs on the fourth up to a lady and a baby on the fifth. I could hardly see her face, but I could see the kid's white dress. 'I'd like to see Miss Peterson' says I."

"'I am Miss Peterson,' said she. 'Won't you come in?'"

"So I followed her into a dark, narrow hall. I give you my word I touched it on both sides and top and bottom. Then I broke into a room where a dull patch of evening showed through a window. I was just preparing to roar for help. I felt so far from my mother you know, and everybody I ever loved. And it was ghostly to be in that strange room

and not to be able to see anything moving except that white kid sailing through mid-air under the arm of Miss Peterson's dark dress. She seemed to be looking for something, feeling about on table and mantel-piece. "I can't find the matches," she said at last, "may I trouble you to hold Morton while I go through to the kitchen?"

"Oh Billy!" bubbled Elizabeth, "I'd have given anything to see it."

"The point is that no one could see it," he retorted. "'Twas all in the ghostly dark, and there I stood holding that kid, afraid that if I moved it would get upside down or something, while the woman went away clean out of hearing."

"A mad woman in my opinion," boomed Margaret from the kitchen door. "Anyone ought to be able to see even in the dark that Mr. Billy is not one to be trusted with babies."

"There she goes," he expostulated, "discrediting me and interrupting me when I'm trying to bring a little romance into your empty lives. And I am fit to be trusted with babies, though you don't believe it, Margaret. I held that kid up against my shoulder and it gurgled like water under a birch-bark canoe. Then, presently, Miss Peterson came back with the matches, lighted the gas and shook hands with me. I was jolly glad, Miss Blake, that you told me I knew her, for I give you my word I never remember having seen her before. However, she seemed to recognize me." Billy Blight's six feet of handsome boyhood was not likely to go unobserved. "I began asking her about the 'Morals' and she said Mr. Ferguson had 'em and would be in any moment. And all this time I sat there holding Morton and looking him over generally. He's one of the finest children—"

"And you know so much about 'em, Sir," scoffed Margaret.

"I shall from now on," Billy announced. "I tell you my friend Morton is a great little chap. A back as

flat as a pancake and dandy bumps on his head. He let me feel 'em and never said a word."

"How old is he?" asked Elizabeth.

"Six months, Miss Peterson told me."

"That explains his not saying much."

"Your conduct is most disagreeable," cried Billy, "and yet I will resume, though you don't deserve it. Ferguson came in after a while, and I asked him about the 'Morals.' He never turned a hair, but stalked out of the room and was back again in a minute with the darned old book and Mrs. Ferguson, who had just come home from a psychology lecture which Ferguson wanted notes on, but had not time to go to. Now there's a wife for you," cried Billy, with enthusiasm. "It seems that Ferguson got some sort of scholarship, not half enough of course to live on, but he saved some money and borrowed some out in the western town where he was principal of the high school. Then he came east with the missus and the kid, and if he can pull off his Ph.D. this year he can get a better salary and a better position when he goes back. But he told me it's pretty close sailing."

"And Miss Peterson is ballast, I suppose," Elizabeth suggested.

"Yes, she takes a room from them. Lord, a fellow must be badly off for a few letters after his name when he works as Ferguson does for them."

Elizabeth and I, but more particularly I, had much sad knowledge of the straits and makeshifts to which many of the students were reduced. They seemed never able to form any pre-vision of the enormous expense of life, bare life, in New York. And they were continually giving up, as Mr. Ferguson had, the chicken in the hand for the turkey in the bush. I was engaged to marry Professor Wentworth, one of the younger members of the faculty; and it was natural that I should hear more of the personal life of the student body

than the ordinary senior would. The Students' Aid Society, some of the more humanitarian trustees, and even the "Prexy" himself, had often allowed me to bridge the abyss which separates noble poverty from the aloofness imposed upon the authorities.

Miss Peterson was a case in point. She had taught in country schools in northern New York for more years than Billy Blight would have believed. She had been boarded about in the houses of farmers. She had worked long and faithfully and she had sent all her little savings to an invalid mother in Utica. Four years ago this mother died and the daughter then commenced to hoard all that she might toward the fulfillment of her supreme ambition — a year of study in the city. She had never missed a lecture. She never wasted a moment. She read far into the night, and before daylight in the morning; and she learned, inexorably and unanswerably, that it would take not one year, but eight or ten, to reach the pinnacle of culture and efficiency at which she aimed.

I was, perhaps, the most intimate friend she had, not only at college, but—as I discovered with an unaccountable sinking of the heart — in the world. The farm people among whom she had passed her life had never satisfied her. They resented as affectations the quaint and self-taught refinements which seemed so provincial to us of broader, happier lives. She told me once, wonderingly, about Billy's first visit. How she was sitting in the dark, realising all her failures. Little Morton was asleep in her arms, and as she felt his gentle breathing against her breast she found another pathway to misery. All her thought and effort had been given to children: other women's children: always other women's children. She had written her love upon the shifting sands, and now, when she stopped and turned back to read what she had written, the sands were

scattered—the writing gone. She held Morton's warm little body close to her empty heart and prayed for courage, for strength. Then enter Billy Blight, gay and young, handsome and debonnaire. You are to remember that, save Ferguson, she had never known what is commonly called a "gentleman." And here was one who shone unquestioned, undimmed even when set among the men of learning and distinction among whom he moved by virtue of his father's name and his own surpassing charm.

"And there he sat, Miss Blake," she told me, "holding Morton on his knee and talking the sort of foolishness that sounds like sense, or of sense that sounds like foolishness. He talked," her eyes glowed behind their glasses, "as people do in great books. And when he told me how glad he was to meet me and how often he had watched me sitting just two places from him at Education I., I was surprised. Somehow, I didn't think the gentlemen students noticed us young ladies very much."

Oh! Billy! Billy!

From the evening of that first meeting life somehow changed for Miss Peterson. It had been contracted enough before: but now it narrowed down until it meant nothing but Education I., three hours a week. That was the only course of lectures which both Billy and she attended. But the joy: the radiant, shy joy which his mere presence in the room gave her would have served to illuminate a much fuller life. Happiness glowed in her eyes, through her whole face, when he was near, so that she shone resplendent—translated—although she never, even at the very last, wore anything but the plain, rather well made dark blue and green plaid gown which was somehow characteristic of her.

We were quite accustomed to Billy's raptures about his long succession of charmers. Their number and variety and his earnestness about them made his table-talk unique.



Their ages ranged from six to sixty, but most at the extremes. John often said that a true record, a regular scientific one I mean, of Billy's mind would be a valuable addition to "man's study of mankind." So friendly, so crystal clear, so self-centred and so generous. He could weep, openly and unashamed, over the loves and sorrows in the fifteenth century *chansons* to which he was devoted; and he could pass quite unaware through the love and the sorrow all about him.

Billy Blight was never one to take a new interest calmly, and we were soon deluged with reports on Morton, whose psychology down to its last motor reaction, had been studied and tabulated by Mr. Ferguson and set forth in a thesis, which John, my fiancé, reported to be really admirable. Billy had borrowed a copy of this thesis and he insisted upon regarding its observations and conclusions as so many proofs of Morton's precocity. In vain we pointed out to him that the value of the treatise depended upon its being a study of the normal child.

"Normal," he scoffed, "there never was anything like him. Think of it, when he was three days old he closed his fist and jabbed it in his eye. Here it is. Read it for yourselves. Did either of you ever see a three-days-old baby do anything like that?"

"I did not," Elizabeth admitted, "for I never saw a three-days-old baby, did you?"

"Oh! Suffering Moses!" groaned Billy, "there are some persons a fellow simply can't talk to. They may be decent enough looking, and all that sort of thing, but they will ask the most beastly questions. I shall never again demean my friend Morton by mentioning him to you."

Although Billy kept tolerably close to this last threat, we gathered that his intimacy with the Ferguson *ménage* continued. He frequently entertained them—his friend Morton

always included — in his luxurious quarters. These domestic festivities must have been in striking contrast to some of those over which he presided, and it was at one of them that he made a remark for which I think he will never quite forgive himself. He told me about it weeks afterward in a tempest of sorrow and self-condemnation.

"But how was I know," he cried, "how could anyone have known. Nobody could have known or guessed it, could they, Miss Blake?"

"No, no," I soothed, "Billy, dear. Of course you couldn't have known." And yet all the time, from the very beginning, I had marvelled that he could have escaped knowing.

It was on a night when he was host to the Fergusons. The occasion was one of Morton's monthly birthdays, and everything was very gay and perfect, as Billy and his Japanese "boy" knew how to make them. There was ice-cream, and with it some sticky, heavy, yet delicious little cakes, the like of which neither the Fergusons nor Miss Peterson had ever tasted.

"I never ate anything so exquisite, but I shouldn't think they'd be very wholesome," said Miss Peterson. "I suppose you don't eat very many of them."

"I'd eat a hundred and think nothing of it," he answered, inconsequent as usual, and as usual far overleaping his guest's faint praise. "There's nothing I wouldn't do to get them. I'd beg, borrow or steal. I'd go to tea with impossible old ladies or to lunch with more impossible new ones if they'd lure me with Maillard's *petite fours*."

"You do seem real partial to them," smiled Miss Peterson.

The next day Elizabeth had, as we afterwards realised, an opportunity to avert the not yet inevitable. Perhaps thinking my friend more frivolous than she thought me, Miss Peterson asked her where *petite fours* might be obtained. And Eli-

zabeth, without thought and without inquiry, gave the desired information and promptly forgot all about it. Billy had forgotten too; but Miss Peterson, grudging car fare, walked three miles down town (you will say she was a country girl) and three miles back, and paid seventy-five cents for one pound of the sticky little cakes. Billy had never expressed a desire to her before. His part had been all giving; flowers, theatre tickets, books and his companionship. To him these were civilities not quite impersonal, perhaps, for he was above all things kind, and this forty-year-old child—she was in many ways no more than a child—held him and fascinated him. But such gifts, such attentions as he had shown her were an old story to him and they were part of the language of everyday courtesy that the people among whom he lived understood and accepted.

But here was a creature, a woman, to whom the last petal of his last flower was a treasure, who held the very boxes precious. Nothing was a matter of course to her. Her god was forever popping in and out of his machine like a jack-in-the-box and showering favours as he moved. She never knew or dreamed that he was being ordinarily and quite conventionally polite. And she had such a genius for communicating her pleasure that Billy felt every throb of the joy he gave and spent his kindly heart in devising ever new ways of giving and sharing happiness.

"Take her to the theatre," he told us once, "and, before the curtain goes up on the second act, she'll make you feel that the play is a masterpiece; that you wrote it; and that you could beat the leading man to a standstill if you hadn't something more important to do. And take her to the opera—"

"Have you?" I asked.

"Two or three times. You never saw anything like her enjoyment.

It's dreadful to think of her being shut away from it all for so many years. She told me quite frankly that she had expected to "do" the musical season rather thoroughly, but that the prices staggered her. She was so concerned at my buying tickets that I had to tell her my father gave them to me. Then she settled down to "absorb," and I tell you she didn't miss much. She even reads the libretto," he marvelled. 'Twas little he knew of the eager soul in search of culture.

I think it is not necessary to say that she loved him. Emotion had hardly touched her before, and now it racked her. But she hid it with all the shy, sweet reserve which belongs to love's youngest dreams. I think that only I guessed the secret, and I never should have done so if it were not for loving John. Billy never had the faintest suspicion. He went to tea with her almost daily now, and she made almost daily trips to Mail-lard's. 'Twas the one way in which she could give him pleasure. Somehow it touched the mother in her heart that his desire should be so boyish. Little cakes! Sweet, soft, sticky little cakes! After the third or fourth of her expeditions down town she stopped to see the woman who for three dollars a week supplied her with what they agreed to call three meals a day.

"If you don't mind," she faltered, "I'll settle with you now. I'm thinking of getting board where I have my room. It would be more convenient, you see."

"I'll be sorry to lose you," the woman answered, "and the other young ladies at your table will feel the same, I'm sure. You was real friendly together. But, of course, you must suit your own convenience."

"It's not so much that," said Miss Peterson. "Thank you for your kindness to me—and—good-bye."

Neither then nor at any subsequent time did she broach the matter of

board to Mrs. Ferguson. She made no other arrangements and she had no facilities to prepare anything but tea in her own room. It was, as we afterwards computed, about three weeks after this that Billy decided to spend a day at home with a pipe and a novel. There was no transfiguring joy in Miss Peterson's face that day to disguise its woeful emaciation. She was evidently hurt and surprised by something which had already occurred, and Billy's failure to turn up at Education I. seemed almost to paralyse her. She sat in her place watching the door, half blindly (for some chance remark of his had caused her to discard her spectacles), until it was plain that he would not be there. She seemed almost unconscious of the rest of us, and several times during the ensuing hour I saw the tears spring from under her closed lids. Naturally I waylaid her in the hall, but she seemed timid and ill and most keenly anxious to get away from me, and it was really in desperation that I asked her whether she had seen Billy lately. I simply could not see a creature suffer so without trying to find the cause and the cure.

"Not since Monday." It was then Thursday. "I've been a little lonely lately." She amplified sadly, "Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were called back home to attend her father's funeral. They left Monday night and took Morton. But I'm expecting Mr. Blight this afternoon. He often drops in to tea, and if you'll excuse me I'll go right along now and see that it's ready for him." She swayed a little as she spoke and her face seemed to be all eyes. Eyes blue and sweet and innocent as a child's, Billy had called them, and even the pain and fright that filled them now was childlike—surprised.

She wanted, I foolishly decided, just one thing, and she should have him to tea that afternoon if I had to drag him there. I telephoned to his apartment and learned that he'd

gone down to see some new work of his father's. I telephoned to Mr. Blight's studio and was told that the father and son had gone out together.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you could find them?"

"I'll try, madam," the man answered. "I'll call up one or two of the clubs."

"And if you find them," I charged him, "tell Mr. Blight, Junior, that a friend of his is ill and that Miss Blake wants to see him immediately."

It was quite two and a half hours later, which made it about seven o'clock, when Margaret ushered him in. I had told Elizabeth as much as was necessary of what I guessed, or knew, or feared, and she left me alone with Billy.

"Who is it?" he demanded instantly.

"Miss Peterson," said I. "When have you seen her?"

"Oh, Monday."

"And you've not written to her? You've simply dropped her without a word?"

"And a jolly cad I'd have been if I hadn't stopped going there. Don't you know the Fergusons are away? Don't you know that that's the reason I've not been there? How could I have gone? What would you have thought of me if I had?"

"You should have explained it to her. She doesn't understand much about convention and she's hurt. We'll go together now," said I as I adjusted my hat before the mirror and threw by jacket at him. "She's never had an inkling of your reason, and she's been expecting you since half-past four o'clock this afternoon."

We were met by no welcome, after our five-stairs' climb. "She's in," he said, as the door yielded to his hand. "They lock up only when they're going out."

I entered the dark little hall. I stood in the drawing-room while Billy found a match and lighted the gas.

And very patiently and quietly Miss Peterson was waiting in a chair beside the tea-table on which the teapot had long grown cold. There were two cups upon the table and a plate heaped high with sticky, heavy, little cakes. Everything was very still. Only the gas shrieked and laughed above us as Billy turned to his hostess.

Well, we were in time. By some miracle, just in time. By another miracle Billy produced a cab in that quiet section. He carried her down and put her in it, and we bore her

off to be nursed by Margaret.

When she was better—and she really needed only food—John secured for her a position in the library, to which a small salary was attached. And so it all ended well. Miss Peterson daily expects Billy to distinguish himself prodigiously and does all kinds of juggling with the order-cards whenever he wants a book. Thus far he is much the same Billy as of yore, but he has quite outgrown his boyish appetite for *petite fours*.

"Hate the very name of 'em," says the inconstant Billy.

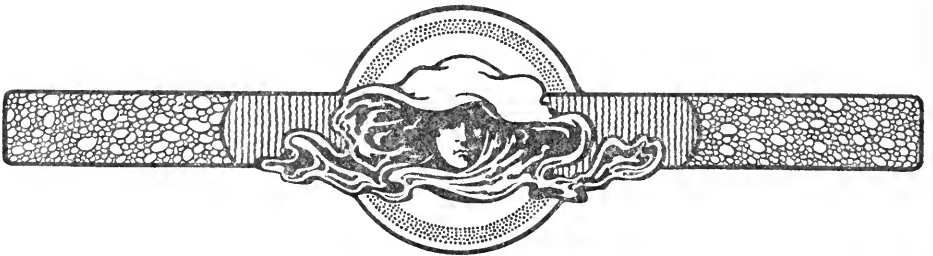
## DAPHNE

CLARE GIFFIN

THEY wove a royal robe for me,  
The robe that I must wear,  
Yet, in its priceless web, I see  
No gold like Daphne's hair!

They wove that robe in strange designs,  
With threads of gorgeous dyes;  
Yet in its fair-wrought pattern shines  
No blue, like Daphne's eyes!

Fate wove that robe; and all may note  
I walk in kingly pride;  
I'd change it for a shepherd's coat  
So Daphne were my bride!





A YOUNG WOMAN

From the Painting by Rembrandt. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# LONESOME

BY ZONA GALE

"**SOME** folks," Calliope Marsh said, "has got spines, an' some folks hasn't. But what I say is, nobody can tell which is which. Because now an' then the soft-spined breed just hardens up all in a minute an' behaves same as steel. So when I meet a stranger that sort o' sops along through life, limp an' floppy, I never judge him. I just say: 'You look like the kind that'd knock with one knuckle, but mebbe you can fair bu'st the door in, if you're rill put to it.' It was that way with Eb Goodnight; leastways, I think so now."

I loved Calliope all the time—rosy, wrinkled little creature of sixty, with her bag of extracts and laces to sell, but especially I loved her when she was ready to tell a story. Then she took on all the mystery and promise of the distinguished cover of a book.

"Land, land," she went on, "I donno how it is other places. But I've noticed with us here in Friendship—an' I've grown to the town from short dresses to bein'-careful-what-I-eat—I've often noticed 't when folks seems not to have any backbone to speak of, or even when they go 'round sort o' crazy—they's usually some other reason, like enough. Sensitive or sick or lonesome, or like that. It was so with Eb—an' it was so with Elspie. Elspie, though, was interestin' on account o' bein' not only a little crazy, but rill pretty besides. But Eb, he was the kind that a sign-

board is more interestin' than. An' yet—"

With that she paused. I knew Calliope's "and yet." It splendidly conceded the entire converse of her arguments.

"Eb come here to Friendship," she went on, "less public than Elspie did. Elspie come official, as an inmate o' the county house. Eb, he sort o' crep' in town, like he crep' everywhere else. He introduced himself to me through sellin' needles. He walked in on me an' a two-weeks' ironin' one mornin' with, 'Lenme present myself as Ebenezer Goodnight, sewin' needles, knittin' needles, crochet hooks, an' shuttles, an' anything o' that,' an' down he set an' never opened his mouth about his needles again. Eb was real delicate, for an agent. He just talked all the time about Friendship an' himself. 'The whol' blame' town's kin,' s'e, 'I never see such a place. *Everybody's* kin' only just me. Air you,' he ask' me wistful, 'cousin of 'em all, too?'"

"'Mis' Myers is connected up with me by marriage an' Mis' Sykes is my mother's secunt cousin, once removed,' I owned up.

"'That's it again,' s'e, signin'. 'The only things in town that ain't a cousin is the horses an' the dogs. An' they mostly come from the Old-moxons, so they kind o' match up, too. I'm the odd number, dum it,' s'e, sorrowful.

"Well, an' he hed sort of an odd

number way about him, too. He went along the street like he didn't belong. I donno if you know what I mean—but he was always takin' in the tops o' buildin's an' lookin' at the roads an' behavin' like he noticed—the way you don't when you live in a town. Yes, Ebenezer Good-night went around like he see things for the first time. An' somehow he never could join in. When he walked up to a flock o' men he stood *side* of 'em an' not with 'em. An' he shook hands sort o' loose an' temporary like he meant somethin' else. An' he just couldn't bear not to agree with you. If he let out 't the sky was blue an' you said, No, pink, he'd work around till he'd dyed *his* sky pink, too. He seemed to hev a spine made mostly o' molasses. An' sometimes I think your spine's your soul.

'Eb hed been lonelyin' 'round the village a month or so when Sum Myers, that run the big rival grocery to the post-office store, took him an' his peddler's pack into the grocery—an' Eb was pretty tickled. He went down first mornin' in his best clo'es to dish up kerosene an' cheese. But when somebody remarked on the clo'es he didn't hev backbone enough to keep on wearin' 'em—he slimped right back to his peddler duds an' done his best to please. An' he did please—he made a real first-rate grocer clear up till June o' the year. An' then Sum Myers, his employer, he went to work an' died.

"Sum died on a Tuesday—an', bein' it never rains but it pours, an' piles peelin's on ashes, or whatever it is they say—it was the Tuesday that the poorhouse burnt down. The poorhouse use' to be across the track, beyond the cemetery an' quite near my house. An' the night it burnt I was sittin' on the side stoop without anything over my head, just smellin' in the air, when I see a little pinky look on the sky beyond the track. It wasn't moon time, an' they wa'n't nothin' to bonfire that time o' year, an' I set still pretendin' it was rose

bushes makin' a ladder an' buildin' a way of escape by night. It was such a nice evenin' you couldn't imagine anything really happenin' bad. But all at once I heard the fire-engines bell poundin' away like all possessed—an' then runnin' feet, like when there's an accident. I got to the gate just as somebody come rushin' past an' I piped up what was the matter. 'Poorhouse's afire,' s'e. 'Poorhouse,' s'I. 'My land!' An' I out the gate an' run alongside of him, an' he sort o' slowed down for me, courteous.

"Then I noticed it was Ed Good-night—lonelier'n ever now that his employer hed died that day. I'd never see Eb hustle that much before, an' the thought went through my head, kind o' wonderin', that he was runnin' as if the fire was a real relation o' his an' he was sent for. 'Know anything else about it?' I ask'd him, keepin' up. 'Not much,' s'e, 'but I guess it's got such a head-start the whol' thing'll go like a shell.' An' when we got to the top o' the bank on the other side o' the track, we see it was that way—the poorhouse'd got such a head-start burnin' that nothin' could save it—though Timothy Top-lady, that was town marshal, an' chairman o' the county board, an' Silas Sykes, an' Ephraim Holcomb, that was managers o' the poorhouse, an' some more, went puffin' past us yellin' 'Put it out—run fer water—why don't you do suthin'?'—and like that, most beside theirselves.

"'Them poor critturs,' says I, 'oh, my, them poor critturs in the home—' for there must 'a' been twenty o' the county charges all quartered in the buildin'. An' when we come to the foot o' the poorhouse hill, land, land, I never see such Bedlam.

"The fire had started so soon after dusk that the inmates was all up yet. An' they was half of 'em huddled in a bunch by the side-yard stile an' half of 'em runnin' 'round wild as anything. The whol' place looked like when you hev a bad dream. It



made me weak in my knees, an' I was winded anyway with runnin' an' I stopped too, takin' bearin's. An' there I was, plump against Elspie, standin' holdin' her arms 'round the tree trunk an' shiverin' some.

"'Elspie,' s'I, 'you poor child.'

"'No need to rub *that* in,' s'she, tart. It's the one word the county charges gets sensitive about—an' Eb, he seemed to sense that, an' he ask'd her, hasty, how the fire started. He called her 'Miss,' too, an' I judged that 'Miss' was one o' them poultice words to her.

"'I donno,' s'she, 'but don't it look *cheerful*? The yard's all lit up nice, fer comp'ny,' she says, rill pleased.

"'It sort o' uncovered my nerves to hear her so unconcerned. I never hed understood her—none of us hed. She was from outside the state—but her uncle, Job Ore, was on our county board an' he got her into our poorhouse—like you can when you're in politics. Then he up an' died an went home to be buried, an' there she was on our honds. She wasn't rill crazy—we understood't she hadn't ben crazy at all up to the time her mother died. Then she hadn't no one to go to an' she got queer, an' the poorhouse uncle stepped in; an' when he died, he died in debt, so his death wa'n't no use to her. She was thirty-odd, but awful little an' slim an' scairt-lookin', an' quite pretty, I allus thought—an' I never see a thing wrong with her till she was so unconcerned about the fire.

"'Elspie,' s'I, stern, 'ain't you no feelin',' s'I, 'for the loss o' the only home you've got to your back?'

"'Oh, I donno,' s'she, an' I could see her smilin' in that bright light. 'oh, I donno. It'll be some plaece to come to, afterwards when I go out walkin,' s'she, 'I an't no plaece to head for. I sort o' eirele 'round an' come back. I ain't even a grave to visit,' s'she, 'an' it'll be kind o' eosey to come up here on the hill an' set down by the ashes—like they *belonged*.'

"'I know I heard Eb Goodnight laugh, kind o' cracked an' enjoyable, an' I took some shame to him for makin' fun o' the poor girl.

"'She's goin' plumb out o' her head,' thinks I, 'an' you'd better get her home with you, short off.' So I put my arm around her, persuadish, an' I says: 'Elspie,' I says, 'you come on to my house now for a spell,' I says. But Eb, he steps in, prompt-er'n I ever knew him—I'd nevvver heard him do a thing decisive an' sudden excep' sneeze an' them he always done his best to swallow. 'I'll take her to your house,' he says to me; 'you go on up there to them women. I won't be no use up there,' he says. An' that was reasonable enough, on account o' Eb not bein' the decisive kind, for fires an' such.

"'So Eb he went off, takin' Elspie to my house, an' I went on up the hill where Timothy Toplady and Silas Sykes an' Ephraim was rushin' round, wild an' sudden, herdin' the inmates here an' there, vague an' energetic. I didn't do much better, an' I done worse, too, because I burned my left wrist, long an' deep. When I got home with it Eb was settin' on the front stoop with Elspie, an' when he heard about the wrist he come in an' done the lightin' up. An' Elspie, she fair su'prised me.

"'Where do you keep your rags?' s'she, brisk.

"'I that flour chest I don't use,' I says, 'in the shed.'

"'My land, she was back in a minute with a soft picee o' linen an' the black oil off the clock shelf that I hadn't told her where it was, an' she bound up my wrist like she'd created that burn an' understood it up an' down.

"'Now you get into the bed,' she says, 'without workin' the rag off. I'm all right,' s'she. 'I can lock up. I like hev'in' it to do,' she told me.

"'But Eb puts in, kind o' eager:

"'Lemme lock up the shed—it's dark as a hat out there an' you might sprain over your ankle,' he says, awk-

ward. An' so he done the lockin' up, an' it come over me he liked hevin' that little householdy thing to do. An' then he went off home—that is, to where he stopped an' hated it so.

"Well, the poorhouse burnt plumb to the ground an' the inmates hed to be quartered 'round in Friendship anyhow that night, an' nex' day I never see Friendship so upset. I never see the village roust itself so sudden, either. An' before noon it was settled 't the poorhouse in Alice County, nearest us, should take in the inmates temporary. We was eatin' dinner when Timothy an' Silas come in to tell Elspie.

"Eb was hevin' dinner with us, too. He'd been scallopin' in an' out o' the house all the forenoon, an' I'd Elspie. She'd got the whol' dinner—she was a rill good cook an' that su'prised me as much as her dressin' my wrist the night before. I declare, it seemed as if she done some things for me just for the sake o' doin' 'em—she was that kind. Timothy an' Silas wouldn't hev any dinner—it was a boiled piece, too—bein' as dinners o' their own was gettin' cold. But they set up against the edge o' the room so's we could be eatin' on.

"'Elspie,' says Timothy, 'you must be ready to go sharp seven o'clock Friday mornin'.'

"'Go where?' says Elspie.

"'To the Alice County poorhouse,' says Silas, blunt. Silas Sykes is a man that always says 'bloody' an' 'devil' an' 'coffin' right out instead o' 'bandaged' an' 'the Evil One' an' 'casket.'

"'Oh!' says Elspie. 'Oh, . . . an' sort o' sunk down an' covered her mouth with her wrist an' looked at us over it.

"'The twenty o' you'll take the 7.06 Accommodation,' says Timothy, then, 'an' it'll be a nice train ride for ye,' he says, some like an undertaker makin' small talk. But he see how Elspie took it, an' so he slid off the subjec' an' turned to Eb.

"'Little too early to know who's

goin' to take the Myers's store, ain't it?' s'he, cheerful.

"'Eb, he dropped his knife on the floor.

"'Yes, yes,' he says, flurried, 'yes, it is—' like he was rushin' to cover an' a 'yes' to agree was his best protection.

"'Oh, well, it ain't so early either,' Silas cuts in, noddin' crafty.

"'No, no,' Eb agrees immediate, 'I donno's 'tis so very early, after all.'

"'I'm thinkin' o' takin' the store over myself,' says Silas, tippin' his head back an' rubbin' thoughtful under his whiskers. 'It'd be a good idee to buy it in an' no mistake.'

"'Yes,' says Eb, noddin', 'yes. Yes, so 't would be.'

"'I donno I'd do it, Silas, if I was you,' says Timothy, frownin' judicial. 'Ain't you gettin' some stiff to take up with a new business?'

"'No,' says Eb, shakin' his head. 'No. No, I donno's I would take it either, Mr. Sykes.'

"'I was goin' to say somethin' about the wind blowin' now east, now west, an' the human spine makin' a bad weathercock, but I held on, an' pretty soon Timothy an' Silas went out.

"'Seven o'clock Friday a.m., now!' says Silas, playful, over his shoulder to Elspie. But Elspie didn't answer. She was just sittin' there, still an' quiet, an' she didn't eat another thing.

"'That afternoon she slipped out o' the house somewheres. She didn't hev a hat—what few things she did hev had been burnt. She went off without any hat an' stayed most all the afternoon. I didn't worry, though, because I thought I knew where she'd gone. But I wouldn't 'a' asked her—I'd as soon slap anybody as quiz 'em—an' besides I knew 't somebody'd tell me if I kep' still. Friendship'll tell you everything you want to know, if you lay low long enough. An' sure as the world, 'bout five o'clock in come Mis' Silas Sykes,

lookin' troubled. Folks always looks that way when they come to interfere. Seems 't she'd just walked past the poorhouse ruins, an' she'd see Elspie sittin' there side of 'em, all alone—

“—*singin'*,” says Mis' Sykes, impressive, ‘like the evil was in the music, sittin' there singin', like she was all possessed. ‘An’,’ says Mis' Sykes, ‘let me tell you, I scud down that hill, *one goose pimple.*’

“‘Let her alone,’ says I, philosophic. ‘Leave her be.’

“‘But inside I ached like the toothache for the poor thing—for Elspie. An' I says to her, when she come home:

“‘Elspie,’ I says, ‘why don't you go out 'round some an' see folks here in the village? The minister's wife'd be rill glad to hev you some,’ I says.

“‘Oh, I hate to hev 'em sit thinkin' about me in behind their eyes,’ s'she, ready.

“‘What?’ says I, blank.

“‘It comes out through their eyes,’ she says. ‘They keep thinkin': Poor, poor, poor Elspie. If they was somebody dead 't I could go to see,’ she told me, smilin', ‘I'd do that.’

“‘That evenin' Eb come in an' set down on the edge of a chair, experimental, like he was testin' the cane.

“‘Miss Cally,’ s'e, when Elspie was out o' the room, ‘you goin' t' let her go with them folks to the Alice County poorhouse?’

“‘I guess I disemulated some under my eyelids—bein' I see t' Eb's mind was givin' itself little lurches.

“‘Well,’ s'I, ‘I don't see what that's wise I can do besides.’

“‘He mulled that rill thorough, seein' to the back o' one hand with the other.

“‘Would you take her to board an' me pay for her board?’ s'e, like he'd sneezed the i'dea an' couldn't help it comin'.

“‘Goodness!’ s'I, neutral.

“‘Eb sighed, like he'd got my refusal.

“‘Oh,’ s'I, bold an' swift, ‘you great big ridiculous *man!*’

“‘An' I'm blest if he didn't agree to that.

“‘Why under the canopy,’ I ask'd him, for a hint, ‘don't you take the Sum Myers's store, an' run it, an' live on your feet? I ain't any patience with a man,’ s'I, ‘that lives on his toes. Stomp some, why don't you, an' buy that store?’

“‘An' his answer su'prised me:

“‘I did ask Mis' Myers fer the refusal of it,’ he said. ‘I ask' her when I took my flowers to Sum, to-day—they was wild flowers I'd picked myself,’ he threw in, so's I wouldn't think spendthrift of him. ‘An' I'm to let her know this week, for sure.’

“‘Glory, glory, glory,’ s'I, under my breath—like I'd seen a real live soul, standin' far off on a hill somewheres, drawin' cuts to see whether it should come an' belong to Eb, or whether it shouldn't.

“‘Nex' day I was gettin' ready for Sum Myers's funeral—it was to be at one o'clock—when Elspie come in my room, sort o' shyin' up to me gentle.

“‘Miss Cally,’ s'she, ‘do you think the mourners'd take it wrong if I's to go to the funeral?’

“‘Why, no, Elspie,’ I says, su'prised, ‘only what do you want to go for?’ I ask her.

“‘Oh, I donno,’ s'she. ‘I'd like to go an' I'd like to ride to the graveyard. I've watched the funerals through the poorhouse fence. An' I'd kind o' like to be one o' the followers, for once—all lookin' friendly an' together so, in a line.’

“‘Go with me then, child,’ I says. An' she done so.

“‘Bein' summer, the funeral flowers was perfectly beautiful. The mound at the side o' the grave was piled knee-high, an' Mis' Myers went home real cheerful from the funeral an' was able to help get the supper for the out-o'-town relations—a thing no widow ever thinks of, anyway till the next day.

“‘Well, a few of us waited 'round the cemetery afterwards to fix the flowers on the top o' the sod, an' El-

spie, she waited with me—fussin' quiet with one thing an' another. Eb, he waited, too, standin' 'round. An' when it come time for us women to lay the set pieces on, I see Elspie an' Eb walkin' off toward the top o' the cemetery hill. It's a pretty view from there, lookin' down the slope toward the Old Part, where nobody remembered much who was buried—an' it's a real popular walk. I liked seein' 'em go 'long together—some way, lookin' at 'em, Elspie so pretty an' Eb so kind o' gentle, you could 'a' thought they *was* real folks, her sanne an' him with a spine. I slipped off an' left 'em—the cemetery bein' so near my house—an' Eb walked home with her.

"But I'd just about decided that Elspie wa'n't to go to Alice County. I hadn't looked the *i-dee* in the face an' thought about it, very financial. But I ain't sure you get your best lights when you do that. I'd just sort o' decided on it out o' pure shame for the shabby trick o' *not* doin' so. I hadn't said anything about it to Timothy or Silas or any o' the rest, because I didn't hev the strength to go through the arguin' agony. When the 7.06 Accommodation had pulled out without her, final, I judged they'd be easier to manage. An' that evenin' I told Elspie—just to sort on' clamp myself to myself, so's I'd pull together on what I'd decided an' not give way at the knees on account o' the responsibility o' keepin' her. An' I fair never see anybody so happy as Elspie was. It made me ashamed o' myself for not doin' different everything I done.

"I was up early that Friday mornin', because I judged 't when Elspie wasn't to the train some o' them in charge'd come tearin' to my house to find out why. I hadn't called Elspie an' I s'posed she was asleep in the other bedroom. I was washin' up my breakfast dishes quiet, so's not to disturb her, when I heard somebody come on to the front stoop like they'd been sent for.

"'There,' thinks I, 'just as I expected. It's one o' the managers.'

"But it wa'n't a manager. When I'd got to the front door, lo an' the hold, there standin' on the steps, wild an' white, was the widow o' the day before's funeral—Mis' Sum Myers, lookin' like the grave *hed* spoke up.

"'Cally!' s'she, from almost before she laid eyes on me, 'Cally! Somebody's stole every last one o' the flowers off'n Sum's grave. An' the ribbins.'

"She was fair beside herself, bein' as the loss hed piled up on a long sickness o' Sum's an' a big doctor's bill consequent an' she nervous anyhow an' a good deal o' the ribbin' tyin' the stems was silk, both sides.

"'I'll hev out the marshall,' s'she, wild. 'I'll send for Timothy. They can't hev got far with 'em. I'll know,' s'she, defiant, 'whether they's anything to the law or whether they ain't.'

"I hed her take some strong coffee from breakfast, an' I got her, after some more fumin's an' fustin's, to walk back to the cemetery with me, till we give a look around. I do as many quick-moved things as some, but I allus try, *first*, to give a look around.

"'An' another thing,' s'I to her as we set out, 'are you sure, Mis' Myers, that you got to the right grave. The first visit, so,' I says, 'an' not bein' accustomed to bein' a widow, an' all, you might 'a' got mixed in the lots.'

"While she was disclaimin' this I looked up an' see, hangin' round the road, was Eb. He seemed some sheepish when he sees me, an' he said, hasty, that he'd just got there, an' it came over me like a flash 't he'd come to see Elspie off. An' I marched a-past him without hardly a word. I'd seen one or two other lords o' creation that wasn't fit to lord it over the insee' world. It looked to me Eb didn't hev the spine of a mackerel. Vertebrates—as they call 'em! Well, some vertebrates acts like cocoons.

"We's no more'n past Eb when we heard some shoutin'. An' there, comin' drivin' like mad, was an early delivery waggon o' somebody's, an' in it Silas an' Timothy, wavin' their arms.

"It's Elspie—Elspie!" they yell-ed when they was in hearin'. 'She ain't to the depot. She'll be left. Where is she?'

"I hadn't counted on their comin' before the train left, but I thought I see my way clear. An' when they come up to us I snoke to 'em, quiet.

"She's in the house, asleep,' s'I, 'an' what's more, in that house she's goin' to stay as long as she wants. But,' s'I, without waitin' for 'em to bu'st out, 'there's more important business than that afoot for the Marshall,' an' then I told 'em about Sum Myers's flowers. 'An',' s'I, 'you'd better come an' see about that now—an' let Eph an' the others take down the inmates, an' you go after 'em on the 8.05. It ain't often,' s'I, crafty, 'that we get a thief in Friendship.'

"I hed Timothy Toplady there, an' he knew it. He's rill sensitive about the small number o' arrests he's made in the village in his term. He excited up about it in a minute.

"'Blisterin' Benson!' he says, 'ain't this what they call vandalism? Look at it right here in our midst like a city!' says he, fierce—an' showin' through some gleeful.

"'Why, sir,' says Silas, 'mebbe it's them *goals*. Mebbe they've dug Sum up,' he says, 'an' mebbe—' But I hushed him up. Silas always grabs onto his thoughts an' throws 'em out, neck an' crop, dressed or undressed. An' there was Mis' Myers nervous as a witch a'ready, an' a widow for the first time, an' all.

"Well, it was rill easy to manage 'em—they bein' men an' susceptible to fascinations o' lawin' it over some-thin'. An' we all got into the delivery waggon, an' Eb, he come, too, sittin' in baek, listenin' an' noddin'.

"I allus remember how the cemetery looked that mornin'. It was the

tag end o' June—an' in June cemeteries seems like somewheres else. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality hed been tryin' to get a new iron fence, but they hadn't made out then an' they ain't made out now—an' the old white-washed fence an' the field stone wall was fair pink with wild roses, an' the juniper tree was alive with birds, an' the grass layin' down with dew, an' the white gravestones set around, placid an' quiet, like other kind o' folks that we don't know about. Mis' Myers, she went right through the wet grass, cross lots an' round graves, holdin' up her mournin' an' showin' blue beneath—kind o' secular, like her thinkin' about the all-silk ribbin at such a time. Sure enough, she knew her way to the lot all right. An' there was the new grave, all sodered green, an' not a sprig nor a stitch to honour it.

"'Now!' says Mis' Myers, real triumphant.

"'Land, land!' s'I, seein' how it really was.

Timothy an' Silas, they both pitched in an' talked at once an' bent down, teehneical, lookin' for trackes. But Eb, he just begun seemin' peculiar—an' then he slipped off somewheres, though we never missed him, till, in a minute, he come runnin' baek.

"'Come here!' he says, 'Come on over here a little ways,' he told us, an' not knowin' anything better to do we turned an' went after him, wonderin' what on the earth was the matter with him an' ready to believe 'most anything.

"Eb led us past the vault—where Obe Toplady, Timothy's father, lays in a stone box you can see through the grating tiptoe; an' round by the sample cement coffin that sets where the drives meet for advertisin' purposes, an' you go by wonderin' whose it'll be, an' so on over toward the Old Part o' the cemetery, down the slope of the hill where everybody's forgot who's who or where they rest,

an' no names so. But it's always blue with violets in May—like Somebody remembered, anyhow.

"When we got to the top o' the hill we all looked down the slope, shinin' with dew an' sunniness, an' little flowers runnin' in the grass, thick as thick, until at the foot o' the hill they fair made a garden. A garden about the size of a grave, knee-deep with flowers. From where we stood we could see 'em—hothouse roses an' straw flowers, an' set pieces, an' a lot o' pillows, an' ribbins layin' out on the grass. An' there, side of 'em, broodin' over 'em lovin', set Elspie, that I'd thought was in my house asleep.

"Mis' Myers, she wasn't one to hesitate. You could always depend on her to bu'st out with whatever celebration o' *i*-dees her head got up. She was over the hill in a minute, the blue edge o' petticoat bannerin' behind.

"'Up-on my word,' s'she, like a cut, 'if this ain't a pretty note. What under the sun are you doin' sittin' there, Elspie, with *my* flowers?'

"Elspie looked up an' see her an' see us streamin' toward her over the hill.

"'They ain't your flowers, are they?' s'she, quiet. 'They're the Dead's. I was a-goin' to take 'em back in a minute or two anyway, an' I'll take 'em back now.'

"She got up, simple an' natural, an' picked up the fruit piece an' one o' the pillows, an' started up the hill.

"'Well, I nev-er,' says Mis' Myers; 'the very bare brazenness. Ain't you goin' to tell me *what* you're doin' with the flowers you say is the Dead's, an' I'm sure what was Sum's is mine an' the Dead's the same—'

"She begun to cry a little, an' with that Elspie looks up at her, troubled.

"'I didn't mean to make you cry,' she says. 'I didn't mean you should know anything about it. I come early to do it—I thought you wouldn't know.'

"'Do *what*?' says Mis' Myers.

"Elspie looks around at us then as if she first really took us in. An' when she see Eb an' me standin' together, she give us a little smile—an' she sort o' answered to us two.

"'Why,' she says, 'I ain't got anybody, anywheres here, dead or alive, that *belongs*. The dead is all other folks's dead an' the livin' is all other folks's folks. An' when I see all the graves down here that they don't nobody know who's they are, I thought mebbe one of 'em wouldn't care—if I kind of—adopted it.'

"At that she sort o' searched into Mis' Myers's face an' then Elspie's head went down, like she hed to excuse herself.

"'I thought,' she said, 'they must be *so* dead—an' no names on 'em an' all—an' their live folks all dead, too, by now—nobody's care much. I thought of it yesterday when we was walkin' down here,' she said, 'an' I picked out the grave—it's the *littlest* one here. An' then when we come back past where the funeral was, an' I see them flowers—seemed like I hed to see how 'twould be to put 'em on *my* grave, that I'd took over. So I come early an' done it. But I was goin' to lay 'em right back where they belong—I truly was.'

"I guess none of us hed the least *i*-dee what to say. We just stood there plumb tuckered in the part of us that senses things. All, that is, but one of us. An' that one was Eb Goodnight.

"I can see Eb now, how he just walked out o' the line of us standin' there, starin', an' he goes right up to Elspie an' he looked her in the face.

"'You're lonesome,' s'he, kind o' wonderin'. 'You're *lonesome*. Like other folks.'

"An' all to once Eb took a-hold o' her elbow—not loose an' temporary like he shook hands, but firm an' four-cornered—an' when he spoke it was his voice hed been starched an' ironed.

"'Mis' Myers,' s'he, lookin' round at her, 'I's to let you know this week

whether I'd take over the store, Well, yes,' he says, 'if you'll give me the time on it we mentioned, I'll take it over. An' if Elspie'll marry me an' let me belong to her, an' her to me.'

"'Marry you?' says Elspie, understandin' how he'd really spoke to her. 'Me?'

"Eb straightened himself up an' his eyes was bright an' keen as the edge o' somethin'.

"'Yes, you,' he says gentle. 'An' me.'

"'Oh,' she says to him, 'are you just thinkin' in behind your eyes: Poor, poor Elspie?'

"'No,' he says, 'no—I ain't thinkin' 'poor me,' like I've been all my life.'

"An' then she looked at him like he was lookin' at her. An' I felt all hushed up, like the weddin' was be-ginnin'.

"But Timothy an' Silas, they wa'n't feelin' so hushed.

"'Look a-here!' says Timothy Top-lady, all pent up. 'She ain't discharged from the county house yet.'

"'I don't care a *dum*,' says Eb, an' I must say I respected him for the 'dum'—that once.

"'Look a-here,' says Silas, without a bit o' delicacy. 'She ain't responsible. She ain't—'

"'She is, too,' Eb cut him short. 'She's just as responsible as anybody can be when they're lonesome enough to die. I ought 'a' know that—it's all's been ailin' me. Shut up, Silas Sykes,' says Eb, all het up. 'You've just et a hot breakfast your wife hed ready for you. You don't know what you're talkin' about.'

"An' then Eb sort o' swep' us all up in the dust pan.

"'No more words about it,' s'he, 'an' I don't care what anyone o' you says—Miss Cally nor *none* o' you. So you might just as well say less. Tell 'em, Elspie!'

"She looked up at him, smilin' a little, an' he turned toward her, like we wasn't there. An' I nudged Mis' Myers an' made a move, an' she turns right away, like she'd fair forgot the funeral flowers. An' Timothy an' Silas actually followed us, but talkin' away a good deal—like men oftentimes will.

"None of us looked back from the top o' the hill—though I will say I would 'a' loved to. An' about up there I heard Silas say:

"'Oh, well. I *am* gettin' kind o' old an' some stiff to take a new business on myself.'

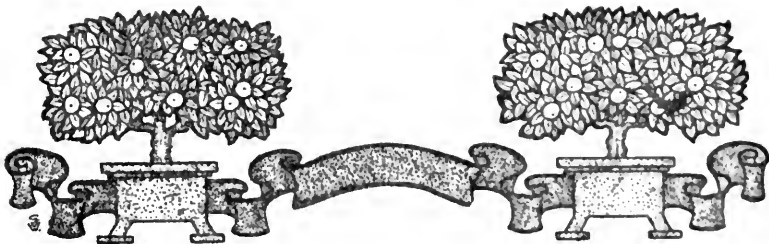
"'An', Timothy,' he adds, absent, 'I don't s'pose, when you come right down to it, as Alice County'll really care a whoop.'

"An' Mis' Myers, she wipes up her eyes, an', 'It does seem like courtin' with Sum's flowers,' she says, sighin', 'But I'm rill glad for Eb.'

"An' Eb not bein' there to agree with her, I says to myself, lookin' at the mornin' sun on the cemetery an' thinkin' of them two back there among the baskets an' set pieces—I says, low to myself:

"'Oh, glory, glory, glory.'

"For I tell you, when you see a livin' soul born in somebody's eyes, it makes you feel pretty sure you can hev one o' your own, if you only try hard."



# NOVA SCOTIA: THE LAND THAT WAS PASSED OVER

A REVIEW

BY A. W. SAVARY

THE literary reputation of Mr. Beckles Willson, the author of the book recently published and entitled "Nova Scotia: The Land That Has Been Passed Over," is a guarantee that it is a volume worth reading for entertainment and instruction. In the latter particular, however, as we turn over its pages, we meet not a few disappointments. The book is written in an easy, flowing, and agreeable style, with little or no affectation or mannerism, although what the author means by "fat" timbers in a house, we can only conjecture; while "heaps of closet room" reminds us of the language that Haliburton and Charles Farrar Browne impute to their Yankee characters.

Where the portrayal of present conditions in different sections of the Province is the result of personal observation, the book may impart to readers abroad much valuable knowledge on the present state and future prospects of the Province. His topical descriptions are graphic, and the illustrations add much to the value and attractiveness of the book.

It is refreshing to find the author calling the strait which connects the Bay of Fundy with Digby Basin by its right name, instead of that abominable Yankeeism, the Gap.

It is where the author relies on second-hand information that he

sometimes fails egregiously. His statistics are voluminous and evidently compiled with great care and industry, but when he deals with the past and undertakes to discuss historical events, he is quite often fantastically, sometimes ludicrously, wrong. His explanation of the reason for the application to Nova Scotians of the sobriquet "Bluenose" is fanciful, although unquestionably original. He imagines that the Loyalists who came to Shelburne called themselves, or were called by their admirers, "true Blues," in recognition of their incorruptible adherence to their principles, and that from this complimentary designation the name "Bluenose" developed, and was applied to the whole population of which he erroneously considers that these faithful people were the main source and origin. He assumes the Shelburne Loyalists to have been progenitors of the great bulk of the English-speaking people of the peninsula.

Now there certainly was in the American Revolution a small Loyalist corps called the "Nassau Blues," probably from the colour of their uniform, or of some portion of it, but they were too insignificant in numbers to transmit a distinctive appellation to Loyalists in the aggregate.

In reality the name "Bluenose" was applied as a term of contempt by



the Loyalists themselves to the pre-Loyalist settlers of Annapolis and Kings Counties in the days when social and political rivalry between these two classes was keen and bitter, but why the epithet was considered apt has not yet been explained. The leading Loyalists of Annapolis County came from New York and New Jersey, and perhaps the term was applied by the people of the southern to those of the more northern Provinces before either of the migrations to Nova Scotia. Its extension to the whole population no doubt began in the United States. The term which the Loyalists applied in derision to their unsympathetic neighbours who constituted the large majority of the population of the country of their exile, their old antagonists in turn applied to them and those derided neighbours indiscriminately. Very little account is taken by writers on the Loyalists of the considerable numbers of them, especially of the settlers at Shelburne who returned to the United States, when after the lapse of a few years they could with any degree of safety do so. The author, as I have intimated, calls these founders of Shelburne the fathers of the English Canada of to-day; but what about the enterprising people, who, he tells us, were building vessels in Yarmouth in 1761, and the founders of Halifax under Cornwallis twelve years earlier still? The author is evidently altogether ignorant of the immense migration from New England which about 1759 began to re-occupy and reclaim the desolated regions formerly cultivated by the Acadians in the Counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, and Cumberland; for after mentioning the Scots, French, and Germans, he tells us broadly that the rest of the white population is the fruit of the Loyalist immigration from (the United States of) America. The influence of the Loyalists on our society and institutions was strong and beneficent, and is felt in some directions to-day, but it was small in

comparison with that of their largely more numerous predecessors in the settlement of the country.

From these earlier settlers and the earlier accessions to their numbers coming directly from the British Islands, have descended by far the larger number of our great public men, and builders of Nova Scotia: Tupper, T. C. Haliburton, the Archibalds, the Uniackes, Borden, while Johnston, Howe, and Chief Justice Halliburton as brilliant sons of Loyalists are exceptions. Our author comments on the great numerical strength of the Baptists, who are descended mainly from that early migration from Puritan New England, which he so strangely ignores, and are most numerous in the counties founded by those pioneers, from Hants to Yarmouth. King's College, Windsor, of grand achievement, was the child of the Loyalists, while Acadia College, with its now far more extensive influence, was founded by descendants of the old settlers.

Speaking of the deportation of the Acadians, whose fate he justifies but commiserates, he says that all who had taken the oath were safe in their homesteads, when every tyro in the history of the Province of the time of that event must know that every Acadian homestead in the land, with every barn and outbuilding, was burned, lest it might afford shelter to some fugitive seeking escape from the absolutely indiscriminate proscription. And yet he professes to have read enough of Richard's Acadia to conclude that its author was the victim of hysteria, and that his book is disfigured by its wealth of epithet and invective. One may agree with him in the latter opinion: and it is quite consistent to condemn any such blemish in a historian's style or diction and yet be utterly unable to refute any of his allegations or nullify any of his conclusions: and no one has yet attempted to impugn any of the authorities cited and commented on by Richard in support of his contentions,

or show where he has garbled or distorted any original source of information. Purity and brilliancy of style and dignified moderation in language will not atone for errors of fact, nor ought the want of them to be allowed to shut the minds of the readers to the truth conveyed, and it must be admitted that the pill prescribed by Richard to the new school of writers on his subject is not sugar-coated.

Notwithstanding the evidently strong anti-Roman Catholic feeling of the author, he has good words to say for St. Francis Xavier's College, in Antigonish, which certainly now takes high rank among the institutions for higher learning in Eastern Canada.

Perhaps the most grotesque assertion in the book, and the one most likely to give offence to his Roman Catholic readers, refers to a matter of less importance and more recent history. He tells us that a priest ministering to the Acadian French of Clare, by threats and supplications succeeded in getting the route of the railway from Digby to Yarmouth diverted so as to cut out that entire community and leave them isolated between the railway and the Bay. It would almost look as if some heartless wag, suspecting in our author an

Anglican, or hyper-Anglican prejudice against French people and their priests, had attempted too successfully to impose upon his credulity. I hardly know what he means by "primitive" as applied to the people of Clare; but if he could have visited that beautiful region and spent a few weeks among its genial and warm-hearted people, he would have found that whatever their forefathers may have been a hundred years ago, those of the present day are equal to the average rural population in intelligence and enterprise, and superior in morals and in devotion to the religion they profess. He would have had nothing but good words for them.

The aim of the author was to commend the Province, its people, and resources to the world, and while he exposes faults, they are of a minor order, and he discusses them more gently than English writers generally do, and he speaks graciously of individuals who have greeted him with welcome and hospitality. The task of the critic is therefore an ungracious one. It would have been much more agreeable to say as the author in effect says of his subject, what the Roman poet said of the object of his voluptuous admiration, *nil non laudabile vidi*.



# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

**P**RESIDENT WILSON has been confronted early in his career as head of the executive with the necessity for defining a policy in relation to Mexican affairs. All the other great Powers, except the United States, have officially recognised the Huerta Government. President Wilson refused to afford recognition to the Mexican Government until a President was constitutionally elected by the people, and Mr. John Lind, an ex-Governor of Minnesota, was despatched to Mexico in a quasi-official capacity to inform Huerta of the conditions precedent to recognition. One of these was that Huerta should retire and not go forward for re-election. President Wilson regards Huerta as the murderer of Madero, and has a natural repugnance to him as head of the Government. Another consideration that weighed with President Wilson was the failure of Huerta to strengthen his hold on the country or to restore peace. President Wilson has taken a definite stand against intervention and in this he has the support of sane opinion in the United States. Active intervention in Mexico would involve the United States in a protracted and costly guerilla war, the end of which no one could foretell. The loss of American property is not a sufficient cause for intervention, and the feeling of the people of the United States is that Congress should uphold President Wilson in his efforts to secure stable government in Mexico.

The situation in Mexico is deplor-

able, and Huerta's influence is practically confined to the Capital. Anarchy reigns in every State, and the Government exercises little control beyond the immediate vicinity of the line of railway as far north as Zacatecas. The Government is helpless for want of funds, and these will not be forthcoming until the Administration has been recognised by the United States. Huerta makes the mistake of supposing that he can return to the highly centralised and despotic regime of Diaz, but that is no longer possible. Madero may have been before his time, but he was no crank. He represented the awakened consciousness of the nation, and the reforms he foreshadowed must pass into legislation before peace can be finally established. It is popularly supposed that Mexicans are incapable of establishing a democratic form of government, that revolution has become a habit of mind, and that what the country requires is a strong man like Diaz. The murder of Madero has not weakened, but strengthened, the reform movement. The revolution in Mexico is a class war and the goal aimed at is the settlement of the land question. American interests are of comparatively small account compared with the cause of the down-trodden peon of Mexico. The breaking up of the large estates into small holdings and the planting of the people on the soil held up by the large owners is the pressing problem in Mexico that is driving men into revolt. It is the Irish land war over

again. The compulsory expropriation of the large estates and the creation of a peasant proprietary is the cause that distinguishes the present revolution from nearly all the rebellions of the past century. The trouble in Mexico springs from agrarian discontent, and those who urge American intervention in the interests of the foreign investors are not moved by any real concern for the welfare of the Mexican people.

\*

One big navy to maintain peace throughout the world. This rather than the immediate limitation of armaments is the goal of the Peace Congress, which met at The Hague last month. Put in the technical phraseology of Professor C. van Vollenhoven, it means the "enforcement of sanctions in international law by means of an international peace system." An attempt to ensure the enforcement of the law of nations, he declares, ought to take precedence of any attempt to limit armaments. This suggestion is not Utopian, as the principle of compulsion is already accepted and acted upon. The attitude of the Concert of Europe towards Turkey is based on this principle of compulsion, and the extension of it, therefore, is not a chimerical conception altogether absurd and impracticable. International co-operation is slowly extending, and while the spirit of war will never die out, there is no reason to doubt that in time it will rank with disease and crime as a cancerous growth in the body politic.

The dove of Peace has gone forth from the Ark built by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The Palace of Peace at The Hague was opened last month by Queen Wilhelmina, and the occasion was hailed as the dawn of a new era of universal peace by pacifiers throughout the world. Since the Eirsenikon of the Tsar was issued in 1898 little progress has been made towards the realisation of the dreams that famous document inspired in the breasts of men tired of war's alarms

and crushed by the ever-increasing burden of an unproductive and uneconomic expenditure. The fifteen years that have expired have brought not peace, but the sword, and the opening of the Palace of Peace synchronises with an era of war preparations more extensive than any in the world's history.

Lucien Wolf, the well-known writer on international politics, points out that when the first Hague Conference met, the combined war budgets of the six great Powers of Europe amounted in round figures to \$1,080,000,000. How do we stand today? The \$1,080,000,000 of 1899 has not been diminished or even arrested, but it has increased by over \$500,000,000. Last year's war budgets of the same six Great Powers totalled no less than \$1,750,000,000. And this colossal sum is still growing on a tremendous scale, as witness the new German, French, and Russian Army Bills.

When the first Hague Conference met three-quarters of a century had passed since the great Napoleonic convulsion. Cobden's scheme of disarmament was ridiculed by Palmerston on the ground that "man is a fighting and quarrelling animal" and that "it is human nature to go to war." Until 1855 there was no return to war on a large scale. During the next twenty years, however, there were the Crimean, the War of Italian Liberation, the Danish War, The Six Weeks' War, the Franco-German War, and the Russo-Turkish War. Then another twenty years' peace was followed by two minor wars, the Turco-Greek in 1897 and the Hispano-American in 1898. A total of eight wars in seventy-five years. After the first Hague Conference this rate was immediately increased, for in fifteen years there were no fewer than five wars. In the seventy-five years before the Conferences wars were in the proportion of one in nine and a half years, and in the subsequent fif-

teen years they were one in three.

There does not appear, from these blood-stained records, to be much improvement in human nature. The Old Adam is still alive in the human race, and while the desire for peace is a Christian aspiration, it cannot be brought about by artificial methods. The moral standard of the nation must be no lower than that set for the individual if a basis for international peace is to be obtained. National rights are not respected by the Great Powers. The partition of Persia by Britain and Russia, Austrian aggression in the Balkans, the partition of Morocco, the seizure of Tripoli, and the annexation of Korea are some of the recent historic incidents in the lives of nations which the moral law does not sanction in the case of the individual. The Hague Conferences are keeping alight the torch of international righteousness, but little practical headway has been made towards the elimination of war.

\*

A section of the British press is greatly agitated over what it conceives to be the growing apathy and indifference of the British people in regard to religion and other departments of national life. One correspondent ascribes the religious apathy to the following causes:

1. The churches are always siding with the wealthy, with very few exceptions, against the poor, and are always grasping and begging for money and power.

2. They are not true to their standard and preach what they don't practise.

3. They are mostly little better than fashionable clubs.

4. There is too much in their services that is very little better than childish superstition.

5. Too much clockwork.

6. They are mostly in favour of high birthrates in spite of knowing that the same is the prime cause of three parts of the poverty.

7. They are, or pretend to be, very much concerned with the fate of humanity in the next world, but care nothing how it exists in this, or they would not be so unconcerned.

\*

The Duke of Westminster has provoked a storm of controversy over the alleged decay of sport in the British Isles. An appeal for half a million dollars to finance entrants for the Olympic sports was followed by a wordy battle on the question of sport, some contending that Britain was being driven out of the field by Americans, while others deplored the introduction of American methods into the realm of British sport. When the Duke of Westminster's polo team was beaten last season in the United States, the *London Times* attributed the defeat to the superior organising powers of the Americans. British and American sporting ideals are as far apart as the Poles. The American makes a business of his sport, professionalises it, and forms it into trusts and combines. The professional athlete is the outcome, and one of the by-products is the "fan" whose main delight is in other men's legs. One of the most glaring defects in democratic Canada and the United States is the difficulty in obtaining healthy recreation at a moderate cost. The tendency among Americans to specialise in one particular form of sport—"one man one game"—may help to capture prizes, but it does not encourage all-round sportsmanship and makes for professionalism. Many will sympathise with the views of the English headmaster who, in reply to the appeal for funds, wrote: "We think these modern pseudo-Olympic games are rot, and the newspaper advertisement of them and the hundred-thousand-pound fund for buying victories in them positively degrading."

\*

British Liberals are looking forward eagerly to the opening of the

land campaign by Mr. Lloyd George in the autumn. On the success of this campaign will depend very largely the prospects of the party at the next general election. The appeal to the country will be made early next spring, it is thought, and the Liberals must go to the constituencies with something more alluring than their past record. Eaten bread is soon forgotten, and it is not so much the party that has done things as the party that promises much more which the silent voter helps back into power. Much of the Liberal social legislation of the past six years is still in the experimental stage. But the greatest obstacle to the return of the Liberals is the discontent among the middle classes, who in respect of social legislation are between the upper and nether millstones. Much has been done for the working man, but the backbone of the nation—that silent, unorganised middle class which has been such a powerful factor in the growth of the Empire—is neglected by both parties, save for the in-

creasing burden of taxation which always follows social legislation. For this reason the State Insurance Act is highly unpopular in middle class circles. The land campaign will make but little headway among this class. On the other hand, the Unionist party are trying to outbid the Liberals for the farmers' and labourers' votes. The Unionist policy for the farmer and labourer is ownership through State aid. The policy of the Liberals is tenancy for both farmer and labourer, as opposed to ownership. The Liberals allege that the aim of the Tories is to foster the Conservative instinct in the farmer and labourer by rooting them in the soil as owners. As ownership is the principle underlying the land settlement in Ireland it will be difficult for the Liberal party to explain to the farmer the superior advantages of tenancy as a solution of the land question in Great Britain. The magic of ownership may prove irresistible, for it is not in human nature to prefer a tenancy to a fee simple.





## GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN. Toronto: McClelland and Goodechild.

**T**HIS selection from the correspondence of Goldwin Smith begins in 1846, a year after graduation at Oxford, with a letter written to Rondell Palmer (afterwards Lord Chancellor and created Earl of Selborne) and ends on May 31, 1910, a week before the venerable writer died, with this brief message to the Right Honourable Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett:

Dear Sir Horace Plunkett,

I see from the newspapers that you continue to visit this continent.

Ireland, moreover, is a subject on which we did, and I hope do still, sympathise.

You must catch me soon or not at all. I am very near my end.

Ever yours most truly,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Between the dates of these two letters, a period of sixty-four years, there is a volume of correspondence which at this later time furnishes

most interesting material for reflection. For whatever might be said of Goldwin Smith, it is safe to conclude that he was sincere, and it would be a meagre estimate of the man that would acknowledge for him nothing more than brilliance in the realm of letters. Although he was not a politician, his pen always was full for comment on the politics of the day—not merely the politics of Canada or of England, but of the whole world.

We find most of these letters written from the superb isolation of *The Grange*, at Toronto. From the library of that former seat of the Family Compact he sent forth his erudite, pessimistic, caustic, and sometimes bitter comment. His correspondents included in their number the Earl of Selborne, the third Marquis of Salisbury, Professor Max Müller, Professor Tyndall, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Marquis of Lorne, the third Earl Grey, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Gladstone, the editor of the *Contemporary Review* (Sir Percy Bunting), Lord Farrer, Matthew Arnold, the Earl of

Minto, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Viscount Peel, the present Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Goschen, Lord St. Helier, the Earl of Cromer, the Right Honourable Lewis Harscourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Lord Herschell, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and other eminent persons.

Picture, therefore, a man who had been a professor at Oxford, a journalist of standing in London, an associate of men of high place in England, a professor at Cornell, living his secluded life at *The Grange*, but keeping himself posted and writing his opinions on British and foreign questions of the moment. One of his first letters from Toronto is addressed to Professor Max Müller. It is interesting to us because it shows him to have possessed a feeling for England warmer than many of us would have guessed. "I am glad to escape for a time from the Anglophobia which rages in the States," it says; "so that I can quite sympathise with your annoyance at the Prussophobia which rages in England. It offends not only one's patriotism, but one's sense of justice."

We find him writing again to Professor Müller, soliciting sympathy with the launching of *The Canadian Monthly*, and to Mr. Charles Lindsey, expressing interest in the first copies of *The Nation* (Canadian) and avowing his intention of getting into the Provincial Parliament for a session or two, to get a practical insight into Canadian politics. His fear that George Brown's opposition would make his entrance difficult proved to be fear well grounded.

One letter that has caused much resentment is addressed to Mrs. Hertz, a friend of long standing in England. It says in part:

Toronto is just now in a paroxysm of flunkeyism, called forth by the visit of the Princess [Louise] and her husband. My wife proposed to me at once to fly, and I readily consented, though I should rather have preferred to stay and stand aloof. We left all our neighbours (literally) practising presentation bows and

curtseys for a monkeyish imitation of a "Drawing-room" which the Princess was to have. The other day at a state ball at Ottawa a number of people were drunk, including a Minister of State, a Chief Justice, and a Bishop. Thus does royalty refine and elevate colonial society! And the people who are debauched in this fashion are the statesmen and leaders of the community, on whose characters its destinies in great measure depend. If the colony taxes English goods, it pays a pretty heavy tribute to Imperial pride.

Again, writing to a friend, he reports:

One of the most ludicrous parts of the Jingo policy is the attempt to set up a court here, with an aristocracy of knights. One of the knights had been a chemist, another a miller. The people call them Sir Bolus and Sir Bran. As to the court and its etiquette, they beggar description. . . .

And so on. But the book is valuable and entertaining for its day to day comment on passing events by one of the outstanding minds of his time.

\*

### THE WORKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

Definitive Edition in Three Volumes.

Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. London: Burns and Oates.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all that might be said of Thompson's weakness for the unusual word, it would be difficult to improve on anything that comes from his transcendental mint. Even this weakness becomes a virtue, because it is after all on a thing's fitness that a judgment of it should be based; and if anything can be said for Thompson's words it can be said for their supreme fitness—fitness in meaning, in cadence, in quality of song.

On heaven's high palimpsest,

seems to so well express what is meant that one scarcely would substitute "parchment," even if the rhythm sufficed. Again,

But each resurgent moon



thrills one with a sense of something more than the mere reappearance of night's enchantment. Thus Thompson, although he uses unusual words, uses them as if they were usual and in fine keeping with the eternal fitness of things. But great as is Thompson's poetry, equally great is his prose. One of the three volumes contains his essays. The essay on "Shelley" should be read again and again, so illuminating is it on the great subject of poetry, on Shelley's poetry in particular, and so determinative on the subtle quality of art. For instance, Thompson observes that Wordsworth, a poet of nature, is dominated by nature, is, in short, a transcriber of nature, while Shelley uses nature to serve his own artistic ends. When once the essence of that distinction is grasped, the one who grasps it has possession of the rare knowledge of what art is and means.

✽

### POEMS

BY ALICE MEYNELL. Collected Edition. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

CATHERINE TYNAN, herself a writer of distinction, gives this appreciation of Alice Meynell:

There could be nothing more expressive, more explanatory, of Mrs. Meynell's unique personality in the literature of our day than the fact that her Collected Poems fill one slender volume of 117 pages, of which sixty-five are taken up by those precious early poems, "Preludes," which were published in the author's young girlhood. Her additional output here covers in all forty-one poems since "Preludes." While we wonder at the fertility of other writers in our day, we offer her the greater distinction of our wonder at her reticence. Who shall say if we ought to grieve or rejoice at this reticence? Whether we should grieve for the noble numbers she has not given us, or rejoice at the perfect fruition of her genius which the Collected Poems offer us, hailing it as the fruit of abstinence and self-denial? One thing is certain: with "To the Body," "Two Boyhoods," "The Modern Mother," "The Two Poets," Mrs. Meynell



FRANCIS THOMPSON

From a Drawing by the Honourable Neville Lytton, October, 1907.

moves on to take her place in the starry line—not among the minor lights, but the major—a fixed star.

We can add nothing to this tribute, although we profess a fondness for the superb sonnet, "Renouncement," one of the Preludes:

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song,  
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright,  
But it must never, never come to sight:  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,



MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

From a Drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

Must doff my will as raiment laid away—  
 With the first dream that comes with  
 the first sleep  
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy  
 heart.

\*

### THE LAW-BRINGERS

BY G. B. LANCASTER. Toronto: The  
 Musson Book Company.

**I**N this fine tale of the Northwest Mounted Police, which, by the way, is dedicated to two Toronto ladies, Dr. Helen MacMurehy and Miss Marjorie MacMurehy, the author, Mrs. Lancaster, adds both to her reputation and her popularity. Sergeant Tempest and Corporal Heriot had been friends, but had fallen out for love of a woman. But they meet again, as members of the Force. Her-

iot still chafes under memories of the past, and it is only after he has been convinced that the woman who broke his life has broken Tempest's also and driven him into this exile that his former friendship reawakens. The widely differing characters of the two men are drawn with real insight. There are two women who count in the story: Jennifer, married to the rascally Ducane; and the childlike, pretty, non-moral half-breed, Andree. You feel it natural that such a man as Tempest should be irresistibly drawn to such a blithe, careless, charming little creature as Andree; and as natural that Andree should care nothing for him; and the tragedy that ended his love for her saved him from a tragedy that would have been greater had it ended as he wished. And it is Heriot's love for Jennifer, that looked as if it might have cast him deeper into the mire, which is the final means of his regeneration.

\*

### THE LITTLE HOUR OF PETER WELLS

BY DAVID WHITELAW. Toronto: Hod-  
 der and Stoughton.

**T**HE prestige of kings may be declining in fact, but in fiction it is still a fine thing to be a king. So thinks Peter Wells, fruit dealer's clerk and knight of romance, who for a brief but glorious period is lifted up that he may observe the great ones of the earth. The chronicle of his adventures we have in "The Little Hour of Peter Wells." By means of a bicycle, a wrathful pedestrian, and a man who insists on getting himself killed in the alley of Peter's master's warehouse, our little colourless London clerk is embarked upon magnificent adventure. In the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he is a clerk no more, but a person of importance, a rescuer of distressed damsels, a man who speaks with kings. Then, as if the whole thing had been some enchantment, the opened circle closes

once more, with Peter the clerk fast inside. He will never get out again, we know that; but neither will he wish to. Peter is not the stuff of which adventurers are made; but he has, as we all have, his moments, and in these moments he has memories. For those who do not insist upon impossibly happy endings, the book is an interesting one, combining clever realism and its opposite.

\*

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TORONTO REGION

Toronto: The Canadian Institute.

**T**HE Canadian Institute in publishing this book is entitled to great credit by all naturalists in Toronto, and indeed throughout Ontario. Hitherto it has been a difficult matter to find out just what natural history specimens can be obtained in this vicinity and where. The Institute by placing the fruit of years of labour of specialists in a collected and condensed form has made a distinct contribution to the scientific literature of the country, and the book should stimulate the study of natural history. It will also serve as a guide to future naturalists in tracing the changes that are taking place in our flora and fauna. It is quite certain that had a similar book been prepared fifty years ago, one would find that many of the plants, birds, and animals which were then so common as to pass almost unnoticed, have now unfortunately disappeared from our midst.

\*

### THE SOUTHIERNER

By THOMAS DIXON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

**A**LTHOUGH this novel is manifestly in sympathy with the cause of the South during the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln

is in it the outstanding character. The author makes the statement that everything written in it is historically correct, and that the narrative is drawn from authentic sources. He dedicates the book to "The first Southern-born President since Lincoln—Woodrow Wilson." We do not find this novel greatly different from many other novels of the American Civil War, particularly in its love element; nevertheless, it presents many dramatic moments, and its characterisation of Lincoln is at least interesting—a man of opposing elements and broad human sympathy; but the feature of the book is its sympathy with the South.

\*

### DAISY DARLEY

By W. P. RYAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

**T**HE fascination and mystery of Fleet Street permeates this novel of journalistic and literary life in London. Here is revealed much of the comedy, irony, and tragedy of that great newspaper thoroughfare at the heart of the Empire. The hero is a singular blend of Oriental, Celtic, modern, and mystical propensities, and there are other characters in the story that are not lacking in individuality and interest. Political and social questions are introduced, but the human interest attaching to the story of Daisy Darley is the important part of the book.

\*

—The admirable historical essay entitled, "The Peace Coming After," by Dr. J. M. Harper, which is printed in this issue, will compose a chapter in Dr. Harper's volume entitled "The Annals of the War," which is being published, in commemoration of the century of peace, simultaneously in London and Toronto, by the Musson Book Company.



#### TAKING NO CHANCES

Dugald was ill, and his friend, Donald, took a bottle of whiskey to him.

Donald gave the invalid one glass, and said:

“Ye’ll get anither yin in the mornin’.”

About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed: “Ye’d better let me hae the ither noo, Donald; ye hear o’ sae mony sudden deaths nooadays.”

\*

#### ONE OF MANY

Fellow Guest (who has just told humorous artist an appalling chestnut)—“Aw—thought you might illustrate it, you know. It happened to my father!”

Artist—“Many thanks; but what makes it even more interesting is that I must have met twenty or thirty of your brothers.”—*Punch*.

\*

#### IN THE HOOKWORM ZONE

“Is Dobbs a hard-working man?”

“I guess you can call him that. Any kind of work seems hard to him.”—*Birmingham Age Herald*.

#### NOT SO WELL DRAINED

Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittinghame informed Mr. Balfour that “It’s gaun to rain seventy-twa days, sir. ‘Come, come!’ said the statesman. ‘Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days.’ ‘Aye, aye!’ was the response, ‘but the world wasna’ sae weel drained, as it is now.’”

\*

#### GYMNASTIC STUNT

Barbour—“You seem warm; have you been exercising?”

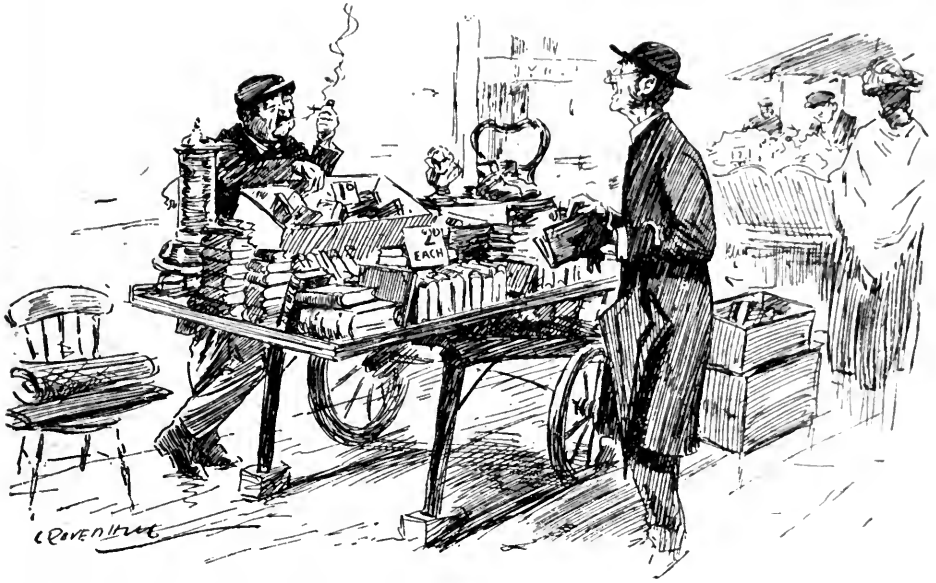
Waterman—“Yes, indeed; I went to the mutes’ dance and swung dumb belles around all evening.”—*The Gargoyle*.

\*

#### THE CRITIC’S DEFENCE

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: “No, John, you can’t appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself.”

“No,” retorted John, “and I never laid an egg, but I’m a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State.”—*Argonaut*.



"These fine old theological works don't appear to be a very saleable commodity with you, my man."  
 "Well, sir, the way is, we buys the books in lots, an' we 'as to take the bad with the good."

—Punch

### RECRUITS

Jigson—"Hear you have had an addition to your family?"

Nugson—"Yes, two."

Jigson—"No—a baby boy and my wife's mother."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

### MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

'Arold—"Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?"

Jimmie—"No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an' got it sunburnt."

—*London Sketch*.

\*

### WORTH IT

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, my lord, there is nothin' I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra."—*Tit-Bits*.

### NO LINGUIST

Mrs. Mills was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her and in a quiet way Mrs. Mills said:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that, ma'am?" he said.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speak Italian," he replied, shaking his head.

\*

### LITERATURE TO-DAY

A great author, one of our six best sellers, was interviewed by an enterprising reporter.

"What are you writing now?" was the first question.

"The advertisement for my new book. I write my own advertisements, you know."

"How about the press notices?"

"I'll write them next."

"And then?"

"Then I'll write the book."

## SCOTCH HOSPITALITY

Bailie M'Tavish—"An' so ye leave Glesea on Saturday. What are ye daein' the morrow nicht?"

Mr. Jarvis—"To-morrow—Thursday? I've no engagement."

Bailie—"And the next nicht?"

Mr. J.—"I'm free then, too."

Bailie—"And what will ye be daein' on Saturday?"

Mr. J.—"On Saturday I dine with the Buchanans."

Bailie—"Mon, that's a peety. I wanted ye to tak' dinner wi' us o. Saturday."—*The Bailie.*

\*

## ACCIDENTAL

The *Southern Bivouac* attributes a severe remark to Stonewall Jackson, who was not a man to speak ill of another man without strong reasons. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is really so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—*Christian Register.*

\*

## THE MOTH KILLERS

An Irishman had besought the druggist to give him something to kill moths. The druggist gave him camphor balls. The next day he was back again, holding some of the fragments of the balls in his hand.

"Are yez the same man pwhat sold me them things yesterday?" he roared.

"I am," replied the druggist, composedly. "What's wrong with them?"

"Pwhat's wrong with them?" repeated irate Mike. "The idea av sellin' thim things to kill moths or anything else! See here! If yez can show me the man that can hit a moth wid a single wan av thim I'll say nuthin' about the ornaments an' lookin' glass me an' the missus broke."

## ANGELIC

Customer—"But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language."

Dealer—"E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot."—*London By-stander.*

\*

## PREPARED TO STAY

Little Miss Vivian Martin, who is playing Joan Carr in "Stop Thief," tells a story which has to do with the visit of old Dr. Stork to a friend's house. Calling at the residence of the newly arrived youngster, Miss Martin was met at the door by a small daughter of the family.

"Hello, Elizabeth, I hear you have a new baby brother."

"Yes," responded Elizabeth.

"Is he going to stay awhile?" asked the actress.

"I dess so," responded Elizabeth, "he's dot his clothes off."



"Pardon me, madam, you're standing on my feet."

"If you were anything of a man you'd be standing on them yourself." —*Punch*



GIC

REF  
CIR

SR

REF  
CIR







